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From a drawing by R. Emmett Owen.

SUMMER. THE WOOD ROAD TO THE VILLAGE.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXII

JULY, 1922

NO. 1

Masterpieces of American Taxidermy

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

Director of the New York Zoological Park

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GROUPS DESCRIBED



THE rise of American taxidermy to a level with the other fine arts thus far is a chapter of unwritten history. It is probable that not more than a score of persons now

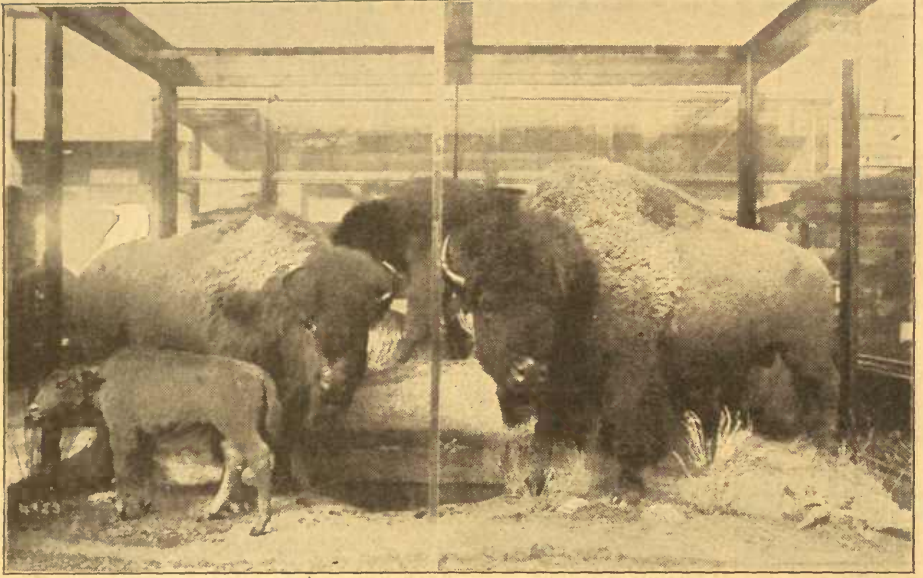
living know the real story of the Society of American Taxidermists, and the revolution that it wrought. It would be utterly inadequate to write of the masterpieces of American taxidermy without setting forth at least an outline of the history that they represent. A few members of the youngest generation of workers, snugly ensconced in stone palaces of peace and plenty, have talked learnedly of the "new school" of taxidermy without mentioning the men who toiled in laying the foundations and in erecting half the walls of that "school." I am told that to-day there are taxidermists who do not like being called anything less than "sculptors."

We opine that never since art was born did any branch of it, or any twig of it, ever receive so swift and forceful an upward thrust as taxidermy received in America from 1879 to 1890. From 1880 to 1885 a small group of young men spent all their savings, and also broke their backs, for the cause represented by the small but vigorous "S. A. T." They have lived to see all their dreams come true, and they have lived to contemplate with outrageous pride and satisfaction a great cycle of results in the class yclept "I-told-you-so."

It cannot be said, in hackneyed phrase, that "they builded better than they knew," for with boundless complacency they believed that they were making history and laying the foundations of a real uplift. Fortunately, in that belief they were not alone, or unaided; for everybody helped!

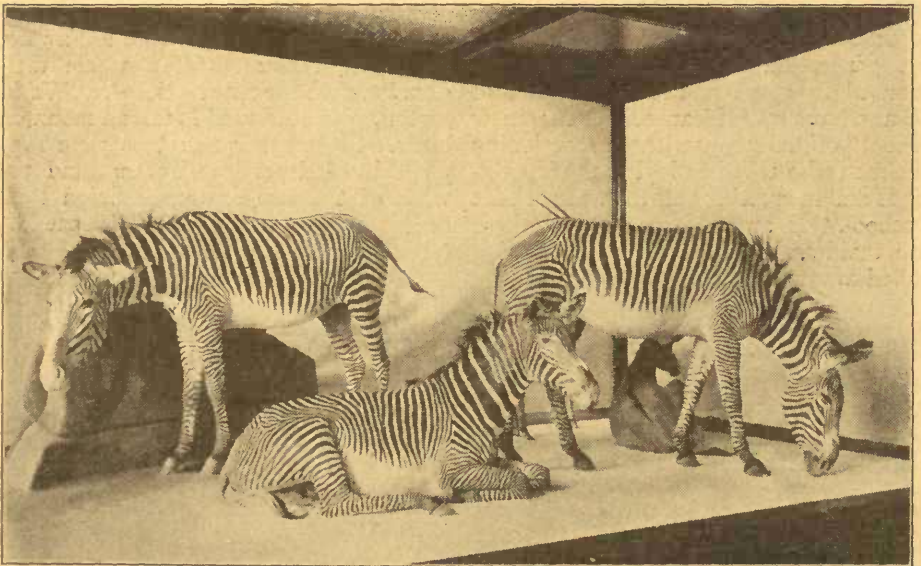
In 1879 there were in America a few very good bird taxidermists, but no amount of bush-beating could scare out even one good mammal-mounter. All "animals," big and little, were "stuffed"—literally—with straw, tow, cotton, sawdust, or worse. So far as we are aware, no museum maintained a whole taxidermist, save the new National, at Washington, where Edward Marshall mounted birds. Most other museums were supplied by independent workers and the work of the two or three foreign taxidermists at Ward's Natural Science Establishment at Rochester.

The idea of scientific museum groups of large mammals, with natural or artificial accessories, was born in a forest reeking with live orang-utans and gibbons on the Sadong River, Borneo, in the glorious month of November, 1878. It was there that the first large mammal group ever produced in America was thought out and determined upon. A year later it took visible form in "A Fight in the Tree-Tops," mounted at Ward's, in 1879, and first exhibited (in 1880) at the Saratoga meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. There it was seen by



The group that opened the road.

American bison in the United States National Museum. Collected and mounted under the direction of Doctor G. Brown Goode by William T. Hornaday, 1887.



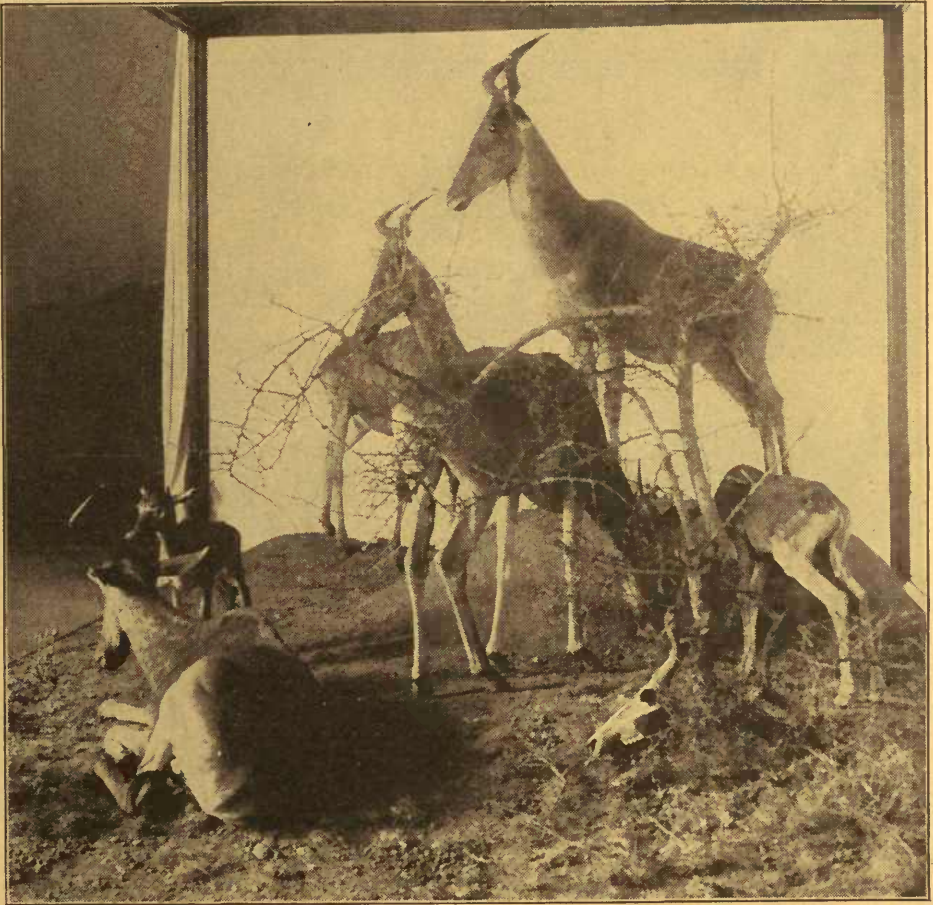
Grevy zebras, United States National Museum.

Collected by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Mounted by George B. Turner.

a young and daring museum builder named G. Brown Goode, assistant director of the United States National Museum. In 1883 that group was acquired by the National Museum, and when we

degree of animal intelligence, and the universal good fellowship, that was displayed by its members.

The absurd jealousies and closet "secrets" in methods that previously existed



Coke hartbeest in the United States National Museum.

Collected by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Designed and mounted by James L. Clark.

saw it there in June, 1920, forty years after, it was in so good a state of preservation that it gave us a thrill of satisfaction. Yes; even forty years after we are not ashamed of it; for it is sufficiently near to the standards of to-day to be entitled to a place in the sun.

The Society of American Taxidermists, for the advancement and development of taxidermy to a place with the fine arts, was organized at Rochester on March 24, 1880, and to this day I marvel at the

were all swept aside. All its members laid their best methods wide open upon the table, for the benefit of all. Among the founders of the society were Frederic S. Webster, Frederic A. Lucas (now director of the American Museum in New York), J. William Critchley, Jules F. D. Bailly, Thomas W. Fraine, F. W. Staebner, John Martens, and the writer. There were twoscore of widely scattered men and women who actively participated to the extent of their ability. Of these, Mr.

and Mrs. George H. Hedley (Medina), David Bruce (Lockport), Fred T. Jencks and J. M. Southwick (Providence), P. W. Aldrich (Boston), and Thos. Rowland (New York) are gratefully remembered for their support and co-operation. In 1883, William Palmer, Edward Marshall,

generous and sorely needed sum of five hundred dollars. So far as the writer knows, that was Andrew Carnegie's very first gift to museology. And more than that, Mr. Carnegie actually permitted the society to elect him its treasurer for the year, 1883, by which the society en-



Colobus monkeys, United States National Museum.

Mounted by Frederic S. Webster, 1888.

and L. M. McCormick joined from Washington.

Three very systematic competitive exhibitions were held. The first was at Rochester, in December, 1880; the second at Boston, in December, 1881; and the third (and last) took its place in history at Lyric Hall, New York, April 30 to May 5, 1883. The judges of those exhibitions were Doctor J. A. Allen, Doctor J. B. Holder, Daniel C. Beard, J. Carter Beard, W. E. D. Scott, Professor J. W. P. Jencks, and Thomas H. Hinckley. As one-half the expenses of the New York show, a "model millionaire" gave the

joyed the prestige of having a financial backer known to be worth the fabulous sum of fifteen *million* dollars! In view of subsequent occurrences in museum development, we opine that our great and good friend always regarded with satisfaction the outcome of that very hazardous venture.

The irrepressible S. A. T. promptly received the approval and encouragement of the leading vertebrate zoologists of America, notably Professor Henry A. Ward, Doctor J. A. Allen, Doctor J. B. Holder, Doctor G. Brown Goode, Doctor G. E. Manigault, and others. Our ac-



American bison in American Museum of Natural History.

Designed and mounted (1890) by Jenness Richardson.

quaintance with Daniel Carter Beard, of the Boy Scouts of America, began at Lyric Hall on May 3, 1883, when he acted as one of the judges of that last and best exhibition.

From start to finish the leading men of the Society of Taxidermists vigorously advocated the group idea as a promoter of new life and interest in museums. Many excellent groups of birds, mammals, and reptiles were toilsomely wrought out and shown in the three exhibitions, and the great possibilities in groups as scientific and legitimate museum exhibits were insisted upon.

It is now indisputable history that the competitive exhibitions, the lively public appreciation of artistic effort, and the

cordial and constant exchange of methods and ideas, wrought in five short years a complete revolution in taxidermic methods and results. For example, it quickly became apparent that the days of mediæval straw-and-tow "stuffing" were forever over and done. It was conceded that the external anatomy of animals no longer could be ignored.

In 1882, at the National Museum, the writer developed the clay-covered hollow-statue method for the treatment of large mammals. The African elephant "Mungo" was its first beneficiary. If we had him to do over again to-day, we could not improve upon the original edition, and we suspect that it is not every "sculptor-taxidermist" who is destined to view with



Fur seals in the American Museum of Natural History. Doctor Frederic A. Lucas, director.

Mounted by Frederick Blaschke, 1911. Accessories and background by Albert Operti.

smug complacency his work on large mammals thirty-eight years after its perpetration.

One more word of early history is all that the traffic will stand. It concerns the first actual adoptions of the group idea in two great museums.

As a practical museum builder Doctor G. Brown Goode was a far-seeing and daring progressive. Whenever he saw the

posed to Doctor Goode a group of bison, with Montana accessories, that would do justice to the most conspicuous mammal species of all America. A sketch was submitted and the cost was calculated. The latter looked enormous. After a comprehensive survey of the idea, and a heavy discounting of prospects and promises regarding the final result, he said: "Go ahead!"



Desert antelope group in the Brooklyn Museum. W. H. Fox, director.

Mounted by Robert H. Rockwell. Plant life executed by Antonio Miranda. Background painted by Herbert B. Tschudy.

possibility of a good result, there was literally nothing that he was afraid to try out. The splendid pace that he set in museum development and administration made, throughout all America, a tremendous impression. It has had the effect of shoving our American museums far ahead of their rivals in Europe. But alas! how many of our younger museum men to-day remember this fact, and openly offer a tablet or a tribute to the memory of G. Brown Goode?

In 1886 the writer collected twenty-four American bison skins and skeletons in central Montana, for the National Museum, and others. In 1887 he pro-

posed to Doctor Goode a group of bison, with Montana accessories, that would do justice to the most conspicuous mammal species of all America. A sketch was submitted and the cost was calculated. The latter looked enormous. After a comprehensive survey of the idea, and a heavy discounting of prospects and promises regarding the final result, he said: "Go ahead!"

To-day the zoological museums of the United States are developing large "habitat groups" of mammals and birds to the utmost limits of the space available for them. The two elder-brother museums of Washington and New York, which started first, are in the lead, and at the

extreme northern side of the chapter of museum-building in America we see the University of Minnesota developing groups at the rate of two or more per year, even before the building to contain them has been erected.

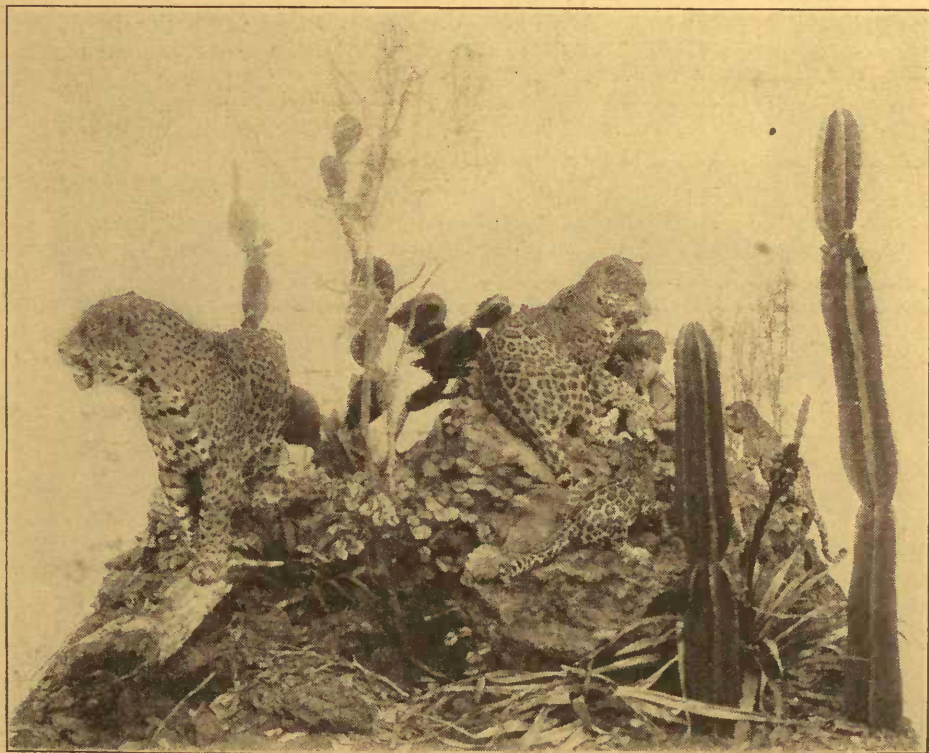
The drawing power of group exhibits is thoroughly conceded by all persons in interest, and their value in educating the public is entirely beyond the domain of argument. Not only do they bring the charms of wild nature within daily reach of the cribbed and confined millions of city dwellers who cannot go afield, but they are permanent. In comparison with their cumulative value their cost is utterly trifling.

It is the rule to furnish each group, as far as possible, with natural accessories, taken from the haunts of the animals displayed, regardless of labor and expense. This fashion was set in 1887, when we brought on from Miles City, Montana, enough actual sods of curly buffalo-grass,

and enough clumps of real sage-brush, to cover the entire bit of trail-marked buffalo range on which our group was installed. A Sioux Indian visitor once said to his friends: "I know that they *do* walk around in there at night, for there are their tracks, in the mud by the water-hole and on the trail."

Trees and branches are easily transported and set up, but when leaves are to be shown, and living plants, they must be made artificially. They are cast in wax. Most cacti, also, must be artificially made. The desert antelope group in the Brooklyn Museum shows wonderful work in the artificial reproduction of the remarkable cacti and other strange plant products of the Sonoran desert as it is seen in southern Arizona.

It is impossible to appreciate too highly the thought, the labor, and the expense that have been lavished upon these efforts to bring wild mammals and birds to the very doors of the millions of city dwellers



Jaguars in the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh. Doctor W. J. Holland, director.

Designed and mounted by R. H. Santens. Collected and presented by John M. Phillips.

who cannot travel all over the world, and see all manner of wild life in its haunts.

This last thought reminds me to salute the toiling museum directors and curators who by hook and by crook, and at times by great labor, have found the money, the space, and the men that, taken in conjunction, make habitat groups possible.

The United States National Museum, a pioneer in group-making, now contains about all the large groups of mammals that can be displayed until the Freer Gallery of paintings goes out, and enters its own special building to remain for aye. The men represented by them are, by seniority, the writer, Joseph Palmer, F. S. Webster, William Palmer, George B. Turner, and James L. Clark. The species represented are the bison, moose, prong-horn, mountain-sheep, mountain-goat, musk-ox, coyote, and in the Roosevelt collection the lion, zebra, white rhinoceros, Coke hartbeest, and oryx antelope.

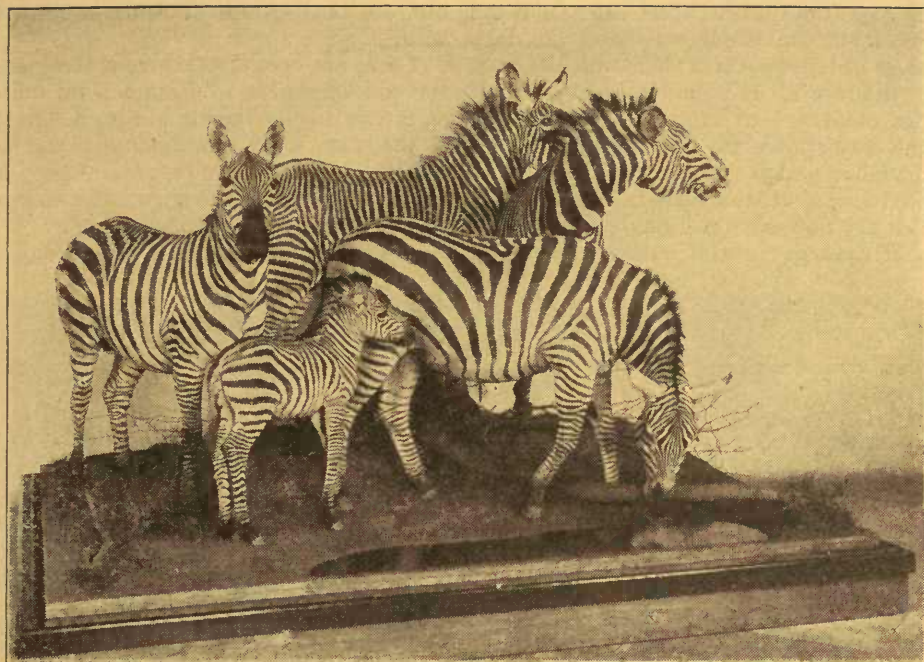
Of the work of George B. Turner, two

groups in the Roosevelt collection claim first attention. The African buffalo group is important, and well executed, but the coarse physical fibre and overpowering bulk of that ungainly species insensibly demands a mental effort in its acceptance as a real work of art, as it truly is. On the other hand, Mr. Turner's group of Grevy zebras is a fine composition, and clearly is entitled to a place in the first rank of habitat groups. It represents a peaceful and prosperous herd, in its desert home, where the wicked sometimes cease from troubling and the weary wild animals occasionally are at rest.

Mr. James L. Clark's group of three Rooseveltian white rhinoceroses is a grand piece of work, and well worthy of reproduction here, but for the fact that Clark's group of Coke hartbeests is far more pleasing as a work of taxidermic art. The smaller size of the animals contributes artistic values in poses and grouping that are out of the question in any



African black rhinoceroses, Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh. Doctor W. J. Holland, director.
Mounted by R. H. Santens. Specimen at left shot and presented by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Specimen at right shot and presented by Childs Frick.



Grevy and Chapman zebras, Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh.

Mounted by Joseph Santens. Two Grevy zebras marked by many stripes. Shot and presented by Childs Frick.

rhinoceros group installed in a case that really is too small for it, and the universal verdict is that the hartbeests stand forth as Mr. Clark's most artistic creation. And really, the latter is a realistic translation from the wild veldt to the museum hall, without the aid of a painted landscape background and under the handicap of four visible sides. All the National Museum groups save two are four-sided exhibits, with all the loss in perspective and color which that hard condition invariably entails.

The American Museum of Natural History was the first cash patron of the "artistic group" idea.

In 1881 it purchased from Ward's Natural Science Establishment, with funds supplied by Mr. Robert Colgate, the second group of oranges mounted by the writer, entitled "The Orang-Utan at Home." That group represents a peaceful family gathering in a Bornean treetop, where the delectable durian is being eaten. Of course that effort is now to be seen in the American Museum, and from its excellent state of preservation it seems

fitted to survive several times forty years more.

The completion of the American bison group in the National Museum, in 1887, attracted the attention of Mr. Morris K. Jesup, who took an early opportunity to inspect it. That visit presently resulted in the engagement of the author's assistant, Jenness Richardson (Sr.)—a genuine artist—as the first chief taxidermist of the American Museum. In 1880 Mr. Richardson mounted the American bison group that down to the present day has occupied the most commanding position there, and it is an unqualified masterpiece. So far as we are aware it is the largest mammal group in America, and quite too large to be shown in one photograph.

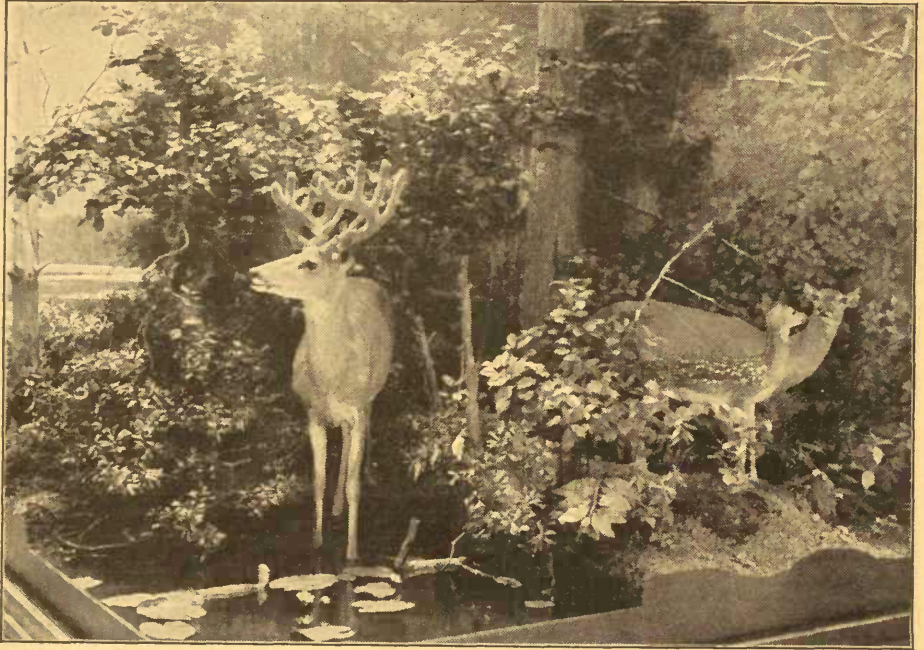
Mr. Richardson died in 1883, and his assistant and successor, John Rowley, produced the fine moose group that today is one of the most conspicuous of the many mammal groups of the American Museum. Aside from the excellence of the animals, the observer is profoundly impressed by the graphic representation,

by means of natural accessories from the depths of the Maine woods, of the deep layer of moss-covered debris on the floor of the forest. It is probable that few of the observers of museum groups even half-way appreciate the many-sided skill, the labor, and the expense involved in the production of the elaborate accessories that are necessary to bring the haunts of wild animals to the museum hall and

but the bird groups of America form a subject quite apart.

There are occasions wherein the home surroundings of a wild animal are quite as interesting as the animal itself. Such is the case with the mountain-goat in British Columbia, the mountain-sheep of Pinacate, and the pronghorned antelope of the Sonoran Desert in Arizona.

In no museum group of my acquaint-



Portion of white-tailed deer group, "The Four Seasons." Field Museum, Chicago.

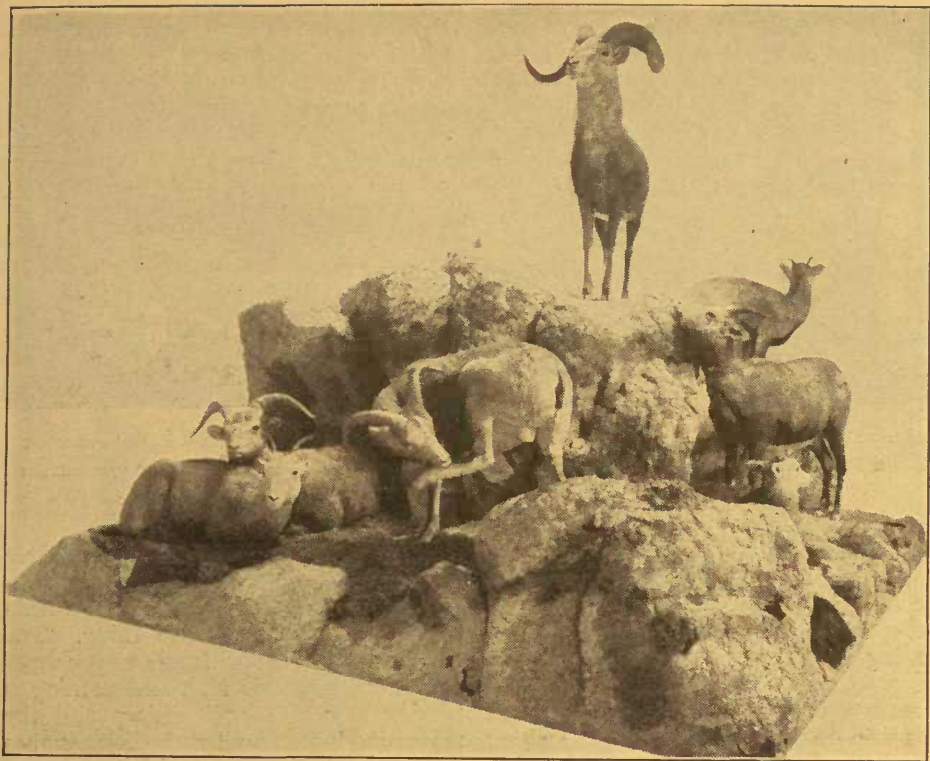
The quarter section entitled "Summer." Designed and mounted by Carl E. Akeley.

within the visual range of the visitor. Sometimes the accessories represent twenty-five per cent of the total achievement, but they are worth all they cost.

There is one medium-sized group in the American Museum that is an artistic gem. It is the group of fur seals mounted by Frederick Blaschke, and provided with a landscape background by that consummate boreal artist, Albert Operti. Director Lucas contemplates a larger group of fur seals, but the present group is a good one to keep the wolf from the door for an indefinite period.

The beautiful bird groups of the American Museum long have been celebrated,

and the home atmosphere and the local color of more thrilling interest than in the pronghorned antelope group of the Brooklyn Institute Museum. Its really wonderful setting of desert vegetation and desert landscape gives the visitor an actual section out of a veritable wonderland. I cannot imagine an intelligent mind that can view that masterpiece, even in a picture, without a thrill. A doubting Thomas who has not seen the desert pronghorn amid its choyas, ocatillas, bisnagas, and giant cacti might be tempted to say, "There never was such a combination"; but having seen it, we believe.



Black mountain-sheep (*Ovis stonci*) in the Field Museum, Chicago. F. J. V. Skiff, director.
Mounted by Carl E. Akeley.

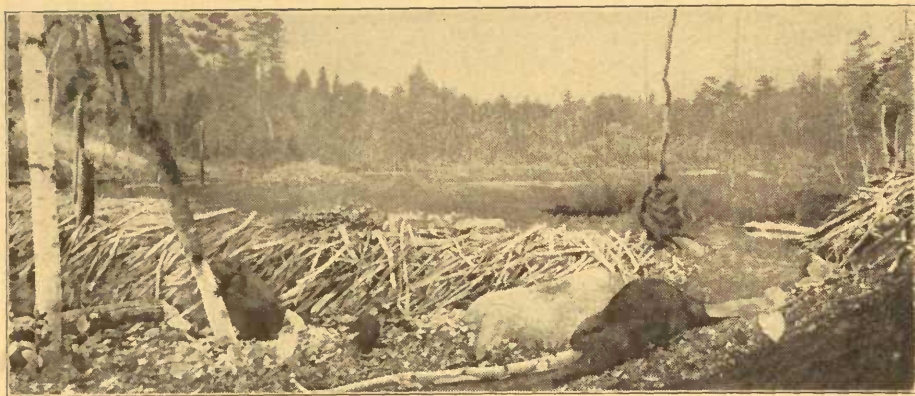
Now, there are a very few museum groups in which the accessories preponderate over the zoological specimens in a proportion of about nine to one. In two groups that could be cited, the vertebrates are so overwhelmed by their setting that they sink to the level of trifling accessories, difficult to locate. That is bad art. A human portrait that shows more of furniture and fixtures than of face and figure jars the divine sense of proportion, and mounted groups are to be judged by the same rules.

In the desert group mentioned above, the accessories represent quite as much effort, achievement, and real art as the zoological specimens themselves, and they render their separate recognition imperative. Many museum labels need to give, and do give, separate credit for the accessory work. The honors due for the Brooklyn desert antelope groups must be doubled in order to be divided between

the taxidermist and the plant maker who produced the truly wonderful choyas, opuntias, palo verdes, and ocatillas. If you cannot make a journey to southern Arizona, between Tucson and Wall's Well, then go to Brooklyn and see the next best thing.

The Carnegie Museum at Pittsburgh, of which Doctor W. J. Holland is the master builder, contains many zoological prizes of high value. It scored for all America the first white rhinoceros, the first inland white bear, the first jaguar group, and the first reticulated giraffe.

When I observed that Chief Taxidermist R. H. Santens was committed to the creation of a four-sided jaguar group without a background, I was outrageously sceptical regarding the result of that hazardous experiment. In fact, it seemed like attempting the impossible. But Mr. Santens won. The jaguar group, composed of the hard-won specimens of that



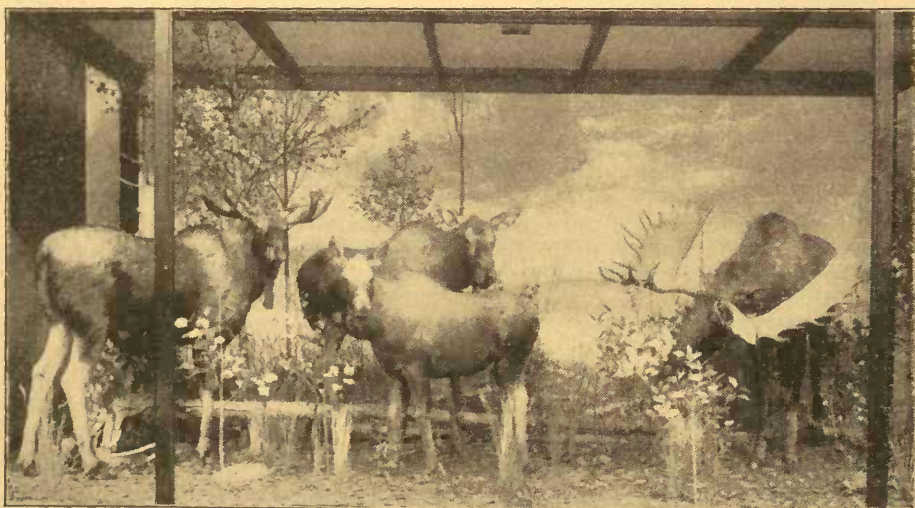
Beaver group in the Zoological Museum, University of Minnesota. Doctor Thomas S. Roberts, director. Designed and mounted by Jenness Richardson, who also collected the materials. Size 20 x 10 x 12. A representation of Siegfried Dam, Itasca Park, Minnesota.

museum's faithful ally, John M. Phillips, is not only a success, but it is a masterpiece.

I estimate a four-sided group as representing about double the difficulty of a group with a landscape background, and, therefore, exhibiting but one side. Let him who thinks otherwise try the making of an all-around group and see for himself.

The composition of the Pittsburgh jaguar group brings those fearsome animals very close to the visitor. On four

sides, everything is foreground. There is no painted picture of the thorny Mexican jungle to help out. You are within arm's reach of the whole thing. The rough rock and the arid and scraggy vegetation are glaringly real, and nothing is lacking save the baying dogs and the perspiring hunters, all with their tongues hanging out from heat, thirst, and exhaustion. If the visitor could hear the story of the running down and killing of that old he-one, as John Phillips told it to me, he would feel with me that the



Moose in the Field Museum, Chicago. F. J. V. Skiff, director.

Mounted by Julius Friesser.

story and the group are quite sufficiently near to the real adventure.

The Carnegie Museum is really rich in groups of great mammals, or great groups of mammals, whichever the visitor chooses. The Santens black rhinoceros group is truly a *tour de force*, and the group of Burchell and Chapman zebras is a beautiful and spirited achievement. The African buffaloes and mountain-kudu are perfectly satisfactory, and the two

a gigantic conception and artistic effort successfully realized. It needs to be shown in a court at least a hundred feet square. It is a magnificent production, but, like the Sphinx among sculptures, it is not comparable with smaller creations of a pictorial character. It is in a big and new class quite by itself.

In the Field Museum Mr. Akeley wrought long and well. Of the highly artistic groups he there produced we



Colorado grizzly bear, Colorado Museum of Natural History, Denver. J. D. Figgins, director.
Mounted by Albert C. Rogers. Collected and presented by James A. McGuire.

huge giraffes, reticulated and Nubian, strongly point toward a great giraffe group in the near future—such as at present does not exist.

The Field Museum at Chicago early and effectively entered the field of group production. To-day it contains a fine showing of masterpieces in American taxidermy. Its group of African elephants (fighting), by Carl E. Akeley, was the first elephant group ever executed in America, so far as we know. Judged by the standards of artistic conception, this group is truly overwhelming. It is only by an effort that the imagination rises to its level, and yields to it the vast admiration that it deserves. It represents

choose first his four-ways group of white-tailed deer, representing the "Four Seasons." We regret that all four sections cannot be reproduced here. They stand together, four-square, and their exquisitely mounted bucks, does, and fawns, in varied pelages, with landscape backgrounds and a wealth of forest and waterside foliage, render them quite irresistible. These four masterpieces under one title come very near to telling the life history of the white-tailed deer of the North, and as a sample quarter we have chosen the "Summer" section.

But the crucial test of taxidermic ability is the production of four-sided groups that without any background as-

sistance strike twelve. In this class there is a group of black mountain-sheep, from British Columbia, that is so finely composed and so admirably executed that instantly it challenges attention and admiration. The rock foundation and accessories are of the simplest character, it is open on all sides, but its place on our list of masterpieces is secure. It is the work of Mr. Akeley, and in breezy mountain-top effect it is just about perfect.

American beaver group, collected, designed, and executed by Jenness Richardson, worthy son of the late Jenness Richardson, who from 1888 to 1893 was chief taxidermist of the American Museum of Natural History.

Any beaver group that adequately shows the work of the beaver in tree-cutting and in house and dam building is necessarily a case of preponderating accessories. This is because the wonderful



Musk-ox group in the Oakland, Cal., Museum.

Designed and mounted by John Rowley. Background by Maurice C. Logan. Accessories by Miss Susie W. Mott.

There is a moose group of large size and commanding importance, the work of Julius Friesser, which is well worth a place in this review of masterpiece groups.

The new zoological museum of the University of Minnesota was put on the map by the large groups of animals that were brought into existence when that museum entity was, as to visibility, "without form and void." The joint initiative group work was done by Doctor Thomas S. Roberts, director, and Mr. James Ford Bell, the sportsman and public-spirited citizen who supplied the specimens and the sinews of war.

There is a fine group of caribou, but by reason of its success in a very difficult venture, I am most impressed by the

works of the beaver cannot be slighted by a true zoologist. When an animal the size of a bulldog builds a dam fifty feet long by six feet high, a house ten feet in diameter at the base and five feet high above water, set in a pond three hundred feet by one hundred, what can you do but show them, regardless of balance between the accessories and the animals?

Not many American taxidermists have attempted beaver groups, and some of those who have, have fallen a bit short of complete success. But Mr. Richardson's group, made wholly by himself, with Mrs. Richardson's skilful assistance in the plant life, is a very gratifying and artistic success. Reduced to its lowest terms, it is twenty feet long, twelve feet wide, and

ten feet high. An excellent painted background leaves actually nothing more to be desired.

To all American cities of reasonable size even yet in need of museums, I commend the Colorado Museum of Natural History as a model. It is safe and sane, logical, understandable, and admirably adapted to the ends it is serving and to serve. The public-spirited citizens of Denver are justly proud of it, and they are doing well by it. It is keeping step with the general progress of one of the most progressive cities in America, and we hope that a dozen other American cities speedily will follow this example.

As a sample of its fine group exhibits, we present the group of silvertip grizzly bears. The specimens composing it were shot in Colorado and presented by James A. McGuire, editor of *Outdoor Life* magazine, and they were mounted under the personal supervision of Director J. D. Figgins, by Albert C. Rogers. Mr. Figgins's own experience as a museum taxidermist has proven to be a valuable asset to the museum.

Quite recently Mr. McGuire has made a great expedition to Alaska and Yukon Territory, where he collected specimens and accessories for groups of white mountain sheep, goat, moose, caribou, and

Alaskan bears. These, when mounted and displayed, will put Denver permanently on the map as the proprietor of a museum having a collection of big-game groups worthy of international admiration.

From Denver we must journey to the Pacific coast to find the next assembly of groups of museum mammals. In San Francisco, for the museum of the California Academy of Sciences, and in Oakland, for the Oakland City Museum, John Rowley has wrought long and well. Backed by his experience in the American Museum, at first as the pupil of Jenness Richardson, he needed no further preparation for work in his new field.

The group of musk-oxen, chosen by Mr. Rowley as one of the best examples of his Pacific coast work, is shown herewith, and its right to a place in the masterpiece class will be denied by no one.

To the writer there is genuine satisfaction in the thought that the group idea of the S. A. T. has spread across the continent, taken root, and flourished in two California museums, and now is well represented all the way from Long Island to the Golden Gate.

To all American and Canadian cities which as yet have no great groups of mammals, we say, *get them now, while the getting is good!*

Barges

BY J. D. GLEASON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR



If you should ask almost any one of the commuters that twice daily crowd the ferries for Staten Island and elsewhere, "What kind of a boat is that being towed along?"

he would, without concealing his surprise at your ignorance, answer that it was "a barge." This designation would meet all of his requirements, but not so with the tugboat men. It was not long after my

interest in boats led me to make a study of the subject that I found a distinct classification which obviates much confusion. Since each individual barge has a name chosen at the caprice of its owner, many names are duplicated, and a tugboat captain who had orders to call at a certain dock for the *Gold-Dust*, for instance, would be puzzled if he found the *Gold-Dust* twins were sharing the same berth. So the general term "barge" must be classified according to the purpose and tonnage of the craft.

The flat scow is a box-shaped affair with a level deck upon which it carries the cargo, usually sand or brick, held in place by raised bulkheads at each end.

The derrick lighter is intended for handling bulky freight, railroad rails, machinery, et cetera. It looks all utility with never a point for grace. It can easily be distinguished by its clumsy hoisting apparatus.

One of the barge oddities is the portable grain-elevator, standing out among barges as the giraffe does among animals, on account of the tall tower-like house for hoisting the grain, which is transported from the railroad terminals to the ships waiting to carry it to the ports of the world. It is the most awkward of all for the tugs to handle, for it cannot be towed astern, as the wind will catch it, and the tugs have a time keeping out of the way. So they hook on alongside, completely shutting off the captain's view, so that he must depend entirely upon the judgment of the deck-hand he puts over there to keep a lookout.

The trash-barges carry away all the sweepings from the streets, the refuse from the houses, dead tabby cats, and so forth, which are given a watery burial off Sandy Hook. We will but mention the odoriferous garbage-scows which perform the same office.

The ice-barges bring us our supply of ice from the storage-houses up-state. They are built high and are always topped with a windmill to pump out the water from the melting ice.

Then there are double-decked excursion-barges which may be seen on a pleasant holiday being towed up the Hudson, with flags flying and band playing while hundreds of merry pleasure-seekers dance, lunch, or play cards.

The most common barge is the square "box," as it is called among tugboat men. It carries about five hundred tons, of coal usually, and is the bum of the harbor, black and dirty as becomes its trade. The captain is very much like his boat, the bane of the tugboat men—never has a line ready when needed, and is never satisfied with the berth selected for him.

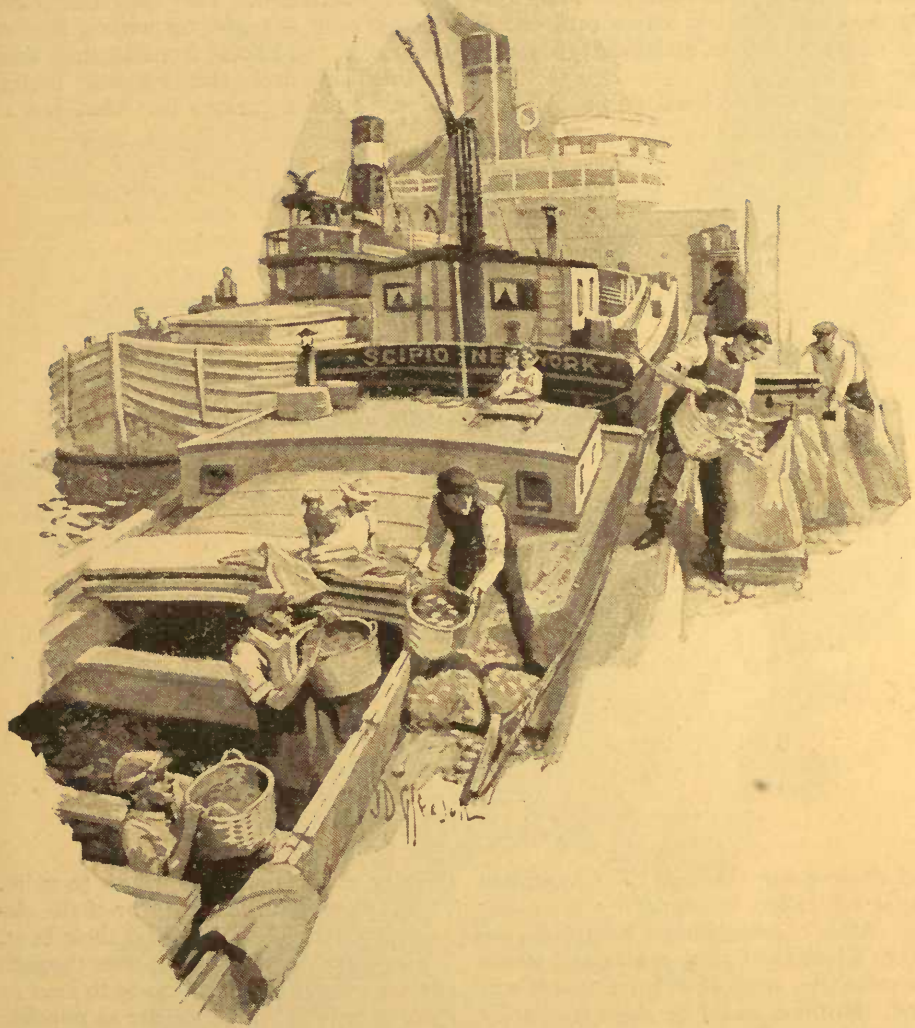
In striking contrast are the canal-boats, built for service on inland waterways. They are a neat, well-kept craft, built on the picturesque lines of the boats of Holland. Some go to Perth Amboy and

thence by the inland route to Philadelphia. However, most of them go up the Hudson River to Albany and then either to Buffalo by the Erie Canal or to Quebec, Montreal, and other Canadian points through the Champlain Canal. As Ohio produces presidents, so Champlain, a town of but eighteen hundred inhabitants which yet boasts of two hundred and twenty-five barges, one to every eight people, is the port of hail of the canal-boat captain. Although on St. Patrick's Day the barges are all gaily bedecked with flags, in honor of the few Irish among their number from Rondout and Port Huron on the Hudson, the majority of captains are from Champlain near the Canadian boundary-line.

These people are of French-Canadian birth, and their thrift is exemplified by the fact that every captain owns his own boat. He goes to points where the railroad does not touch, and does not fear the trusts, as the business could not profitably be conducted on a large scale. He must pick up a cargo where he can, and profits are too small to attract big business. However, by taking his family with him, thereby saving rent, and by all lending a hand, he is able in time to buy another barge to keep down the costs of an ever-increasing family. The bargeman is a lover of children, and his cabin is usually packed to capacity.

French is the language generally spoken, giving a foreign suggestion, as do the boats themselves. They are, as a rule, built in the United States on the shores of Lake Champlain. They can be built for half the price in Canada, but could not then enjoy the advantages of being under American registry. Some captains resort to this subterfuge—the boat is built in Canada, and at some safe point on this side of the border she is sunk, accidentally, of course. The inspector comes and looks at her, and he too agrees that she is sunk. She is then raised and placed in dry dock; exactly forty new planks are put in the bottom, and all conditions of the law are thereby complied with to place her under American registry.

A three-hundred-ton barge costs about five thousand dollars, and one of six hundred tons represents an investment of twelve thousand dollars, so that a man



Unloading potatoes at Coenties Slip.

who owns a couple of barges would be well set up with that amount of property on shore. As reading and writing enter very little into the daily work, many owners are illiterate, and the children often escape the rounds of the truant officer. But this is not from force of circumstances, because the barge is tied up during the winter wherever the captain may

choose, and the more enterprising send the children ashore to school. In New York the rendezvous of this craft is Coenties Slip on South Street, within a stone's throw of the Wall Street financial district. Nine dollars a month is paid for dockage during the winter.

When spring comes and the canals are open, the barges join the big tow for Al-

bany with a cargo under hatches. Sometimes as many as seventy-five barges are bunched together, including a few ice-barges, and maybe a small schooner or two. There is one company which handles this business, and every evening during the summer a tow leaves each end of the run, and arrives at its destination in fifty hours.

The tow usually breaks up at Albany,

is carried further by the French chatter of the children playing about the deck. By this time, if you are fortunate enough to be making this trip, your mind is more at ease about these lively youngsters falling overboard. This they rarely do, having been brought up with a fear of the water, and having lived all their lives on this same deck, they know its limitations. It is a curious fact that few of



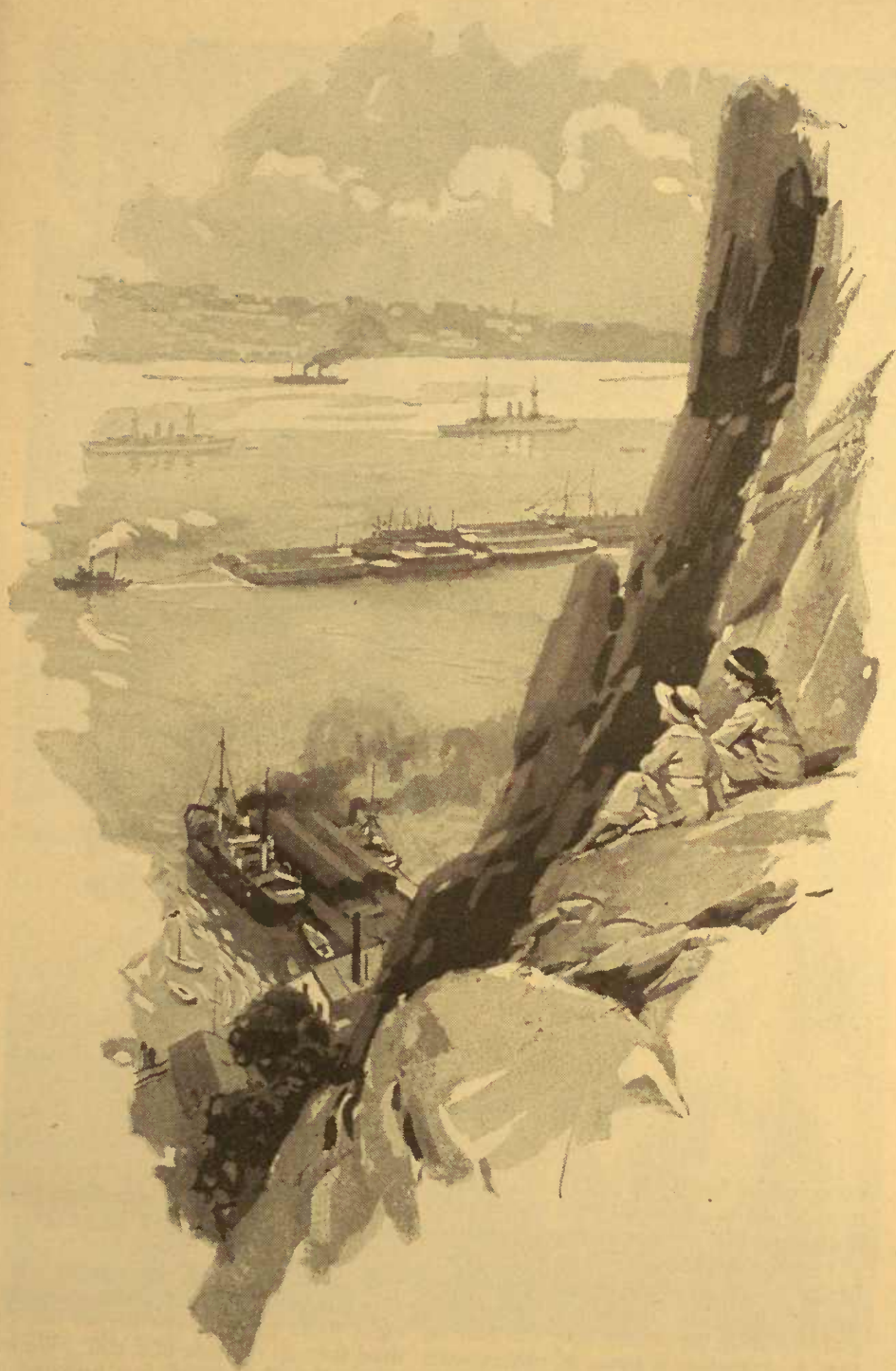
Sea-going barges outward bound passing a gas harbor buoy.

and those going through the Champlain Canal are taken in charge by a smaller tug. After crossing Lake Champlain, the lovely Chambly Canal is entered, where the primitive method of horse-tow is still used. Nothing could be more tranquilly beautiful, nor in utter contrast to the busy harbor life lately quitted. Through the trees which line the shore and overhang the canal, one catches glimpses of workers in the green fields, as Millet would have painted them. There is never monotony in the slow progression—the facile and continuous blending of meadow, hill, and wood, with little farmhouses dotted here and there. There is a sense of intimacy about this stretch, a confidential allurements that one cannot describe. One might be in Brittany, and the illusion

them or their parents know how to swim. This is due to their inbred fear of the element upon which they spend their lives.

There are eleven locks to pass through and occasional stops are made to load or unload cargo, when, if you are so minded, you can drop a line overboard and catch a mess of fish for supper. After eleven miles of this enchanting scenery, we come to the Richelieu River at Sorrel, where the patient horse is displaced by a powerful tug, and the barge shakes off its lethargy as the water once more boils at bow and stern. It is forty-nine miles to Quebec, with ten locks to pass, and a night to be spent tied up to the banks.

If the captain owns two barges, he will live on the rear one, from which point he can steer them both. The forward one is



Drawn by J. D. Gleason.

The big tow passing the Palisades.



In the quiet waters of the canals the young wife often takes the tiller.

occupied by his helper, if he has one, or most likely by some canoeists to whom he is giving a lift, for hospitality is a matter of course with these good people. Good health makes good dispositions, and they are rich in both. Docked so closely together during the winter does the fleet lie that it resembles a town of cabins with the decks for thoroughfares, and the barge folk are all well acquainted, so that in summer it is like one big community ex-

tending from New York to Canada. When barges pass, the greetings always carry a feeling of good fellowship and well-wishing.

At Quebec, one of the wonders of the trip is encountered in a combination of eight locks that lift the barges two hundred feet up the side of a cliff. We have covered a distance of five hundred and twenty-five miles, after which stops are made along the St. Lawrence River col-



Drawn by J. D. Gleason.

Barges are the red and white corpuscles of the harbor.—Page 25.



Where a small amount of bad judgment would cause a large amount of loss.

lecting a cargo for the return trip. Going north, they carry coal or merchandise and, returning, bring back lumber, hay, wood-pulp, or paper. The last trip down, they usually load with potatoes consigned to some commission merchant in New York. They are covered with straw to keep from freezing, and are sold in small lots to the peddlers during the winter.

It is not a life devoid of danger, for there is the chance of collision in New York Harbor, and severe storms may

be encountered while crossing Lake Champlain, during which the hawser often parts, allowing a string of boats to batter on some of the rocky ledges that abound in the lake. Then there is the chance of meeting one of the big liners in the narrow channel of the St. Lawrence River. Due to the shallowness of the water and the speed which these boats often make, a great wave is sucked up astern. This is a real peril to the canal-boat unless the larger boat slows down, as

it is required to do by law. Often, however, it pays no attention to the frantic whistling of the tug, and a heavily laden barge may be swamped or rolled completely over. Laden with lumber, a barge will keep afloat, but if the cargo is coal, it is a different matter, and lucky then is the captain if he is able to get all of his family safely onto the tug.

The sons usually follow in the steps of the father, and the daughters marry other bargemen's sons, and so the circle widens. When the canals are closed for the winter and the barges are tied up, sometimes fifty in one berth, many a pretty romance is started, and then ripened by chance meetings during the summer. When the wedding-day has been set, there are busy times on the barge in which the young man has been investing his earnings. The cabin must be freshly painted inside and out, and new curtains put at the little green-blinded windows.

"They two, forth pacing to the river's side,
Receiv'd those two faire brydes, their loves
delight,
(Which, at the appointed tyde,
Each one did make his bryde.)
Against their brydale day, which is not long,
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my
song."

—Edmund Spenser.

The prototypes of the canal-boats in that they make a long haul are the ocean-going barges, running to Sound ports, Boston, Salem, and so forth. They are usually old sailing-vessels too slow to compete with steam, but with hulls stanch and sound. They carry a shortened schooner rig to steady them in a gale and to help

the tug. Some of the ship barges are the remains of once proud clippers whose straining spars and billowy canvas once carried the fame of American boat building and seamanship into the far corners of the world. Maybe the same old captain sits dozing on some quarter-deck, dreaming of sailings o'er deep blue waters with flying fishes flitting across her foamy bows. Now, with chopped-off bowsprit and two patches of sail, with dirty coal in her hold instead of tea and spices, she is ignominiously pulled along by the nose by a sacrilegious iron tug.

Barge traffic forms an important part of the patchwork of an amazing commerce, a distributing system bridging the gap between the railway and steamship terminals and the consumers. Barges are the red and white corpuscles of the harbor, some bringing in new material and others carrying away the waste. Whether there is beauty in barges depends upon how you measure beauty—to me they are built along lines of utility and so must contain beauty, rugged as it may be. How bare the steamer at the dock would look without its cluster of busy barges hustling coal and freight aboard! Take it down in the Narrows when the first approaches of night are but faintly shadowed and the golden glow slants obliquely across from the Jersey shore—a tug is bringing up two barges from Perth Amboy, splashing water from their broad bows, the sun plays on the bright colors of the cabins. There may be grander pictures, but nothing could speak in more eloquent terms of the busy life of this greatest harbor in all the world.



The Elusive American and the Ex-European

BY ERNEST BOYD



IN the voluminous literature of foreign comment upon America, which runs from Mrs. Trollope and Dickens to Arnold Bennett and W. L. George, there is a common insistence upon certain aspects of life in this country which, in the course of time, have come to be accepted as typically American. The generalizations current in one country about another are usually resented by the initiated, but in this case it is possible to discern a method in the apparent madness of the alien view of American life. Against the obvious plea that this is an immense continent, and that a hasty tour of the larger cities, chiefly in the East, cannot give an adequate idea of it, must be set the fact that this is the country of standardized, large-scale production. For that reason the production of impressions of America is facilitated in the same fashion as the production of Ford cars. In neither case will the critical be satisfied, but the product is serviceable, so far as it goes. It does not take the foreign visitor long to discover that it is unnecessary to have actually been in Little Rock, before concluding that the Kansans "chew it after every meal," and that Oklahoma and Maine are at one in their cheerful readiness to "tell the world they satisfy." The utterances of syndicated soothsayers are also a guaranty that a certain unanimity of platitude characterizes the thoughts of mute, inglorious citizens from New York to San Francisco. It is natural that a standardized civilization should produce standardized criticism.

The America which invariably engages the attention of visitors from abroad is this community of mass-production Americans, who have been Americanized and turned out to a pattern, with the speed

and volume peculiar to American industry. An analysis of those features of civilization in the United States which chiefly intrigue the foreign commentator, and are responsible for unfavorable impressions, will show that they are usually the phenomena of Americanization rather than of genuine Americanism. While there is a prevalent superstition that the alien population maintains surreptitious, and sometimes sinister, relations with the countries of its origin, the truth is that the Americanizing process is so successful that these ex-Europeans thrust the real Americans out of sight. So far from resisting the friendly advances of Uncle Sam, the immigrant eagerly snatches at everything proffered in his name. In fact, while the good man is appealing to him to enter the household, the enterprising stranger has long since crept up-stairs, donned his host's wardrobe, and is giving orders, as if he were quite at home. Thus it comes about that, although European observers are unanimous in their view that the races which emigrate rapidly lose all traces of their nationality, there is an illusion in some American quarters that these people are incurable aliens. When there is an outbreak of mob intolerance, the arrested ringleaders, who have beaten up some class-conscious proletarian, will probably be called by some such un-Mayflowery appellation as O'Sullivan or Klempinsky. The gentlemen who provide the Klassy Klothng, and impose the same styles and colors upon unresisting millions, are, as a rule, more familiar with Prague or Dantzig than with Old or New England. The uniformity, the intolerance, the machine-made culture, against which the younger intellectuals protest so violently, seem to me to be, in the main, peculiar to the ex-European rather than to the American.

In the same way, the corruption of politics, the vulgarity of wealth, the craving for novelty and excitement, which are the standard counts in the indictment of America, are mostly in evidence where the neo-Americans are. The native race seems to have abandoned everything except its privacy to these proselytes of Americanism who, like all proselytes, make their newly acquired virtue hateful. The foreigner intent upon the realities instead of the appearances of American life will wait a long time before unearthing the real American. When he does, it is a pleasant surprise, after a prolonged experience of the more obvious, blatant patriots, whose noise is frequently intended to conceal the fact that their parents cannot speak English. It is an illuminating experience to penetrate into the haven of refuge which the old, indigenous New Yorkers have made for themselves, amidst the glare of Broadway, the hordes of garment workers, the hideous uniformity of millions of enfranchised European peasants, which largely make up the strangers' impression of New York. An old culture and a native distinction survive in circles where the intellectual lynching party is an unknown institution, and patriotism is something more subtle than "treating 'em rough." Similarly, after those squalid suburb fragments which so often stand for American villages, what an adventure it is to come upon those charming little places in New England where pleasant courtesy is not considered incompatible with democratic independence, and grassy commons and main streets shaded with old trees take the place of those raucous, flaring thoroughfares whose chief adornment is an excessive series of red gasoline-pumps!

Those are the Americans who are unhonored and unsung by the vast majority of critics whose text has been America. Their attitude seems to be one of resigned acquiescence in the usurpation of their good name by the masses of the Americanized, whose formation—incidentally—from their standardized shoes to their standardized editorials, is largely at the hands of converts similar to themselves. That is the tragedy of this great refusal, this withdrawal of the real Americans from so much of the life of their own

country; they are leaving to the proselytes of Americanism a kingdom in which the one-eyed are kings. With Henry Adams and those self-revelations of his, we are left to conjecture what America might have become if it had not been abandoned to denaturalized Europeans, who have forgotten everything of the Old World, and learned nothing of the New. Yet, so powerful is the fetish of Americanism that the system which produces these innumerable libels on the genuine American is often defended by the latter. So the writers of American impressions are encouraged to describe the America of acquired, machine-made characteristics where the naturalized, or second-generation, American is in his element.

That element is the element of the ex-European rather than of the authentic American, and the process of Americanization only too frequently means the infection of the newcomers with this virus, which they pass on from one to another. They do not attempt to emulate real Americans, but imitate the veneer of pseudo-Americanism, which they find in those of their compatriots who have immediately preceded them to this country. It is often noted with regret that the immigrant rapidly loses the characteristics of his old country; he forgets the language, the traditions, and the customs of his race. This tendency has been bewailed by critics who hint that it is proof of a diabolical conspiracy to crush the foreigner into a uniform mould of philistine Americanism. The fact, however, seems to be that the chief influence in this direction of uniformity comes from the proselytes, filled with the zeal of the tribe for converts. It is they who resent in their fellow countrymen any sign which might reveal them as "foreigners." Only recently a ludicrous case in point came to my notice in the person of an Alsatian who had done all that popular clothing and a thoroughly native haircut could do to look American, but he preserved an alien mustache! Of this relic of his unregenerate Europeanism he proudly related how a compatriot had refused to go about with him, because "every one can see by your mustache that we are foreigners"! The Americans are accused of sharing the English reluctance to speak foreign languages, but the

most ardent enemies of bilingualism, it seems to me, are the children of parents in this country whose language was not English. They are proud of the fact that they are ignorant of their mother tongue, and that they have wasted an excellent opportunity of growing up in the possession of two languages, a possession which I find cultivated Americans only too anxious to provide for their children.

In brief, the ex-European suffers from an inferiority complex, and all his efforts are directed toward the concealment of what he imagines are weaknesses or disadvantages. The percentage of Americanism can never be too high for him. He likes it overproof! The proportion of ex-Europeans to genuine Americans is very high, and as the former have coagulated into just those centres to which the literary visitor is drawn, most books on America are drawn from impressions based upon observation of this class of citizens. To judge Americans by such standards is equivalent to judging Protestants by those sheets of frantic, anti-Catholic propaganda which are so often conducted by recent converts to the heresy of Geneva. Possibly their intentions are excellent, and their aims are sound, but the method and the means hardly appeal to civilized people. It may well be that this exuberance of the neo-American is a necessary phase of the laborious and amazing process of building up an American nation. The hyphen has a sinister sound to American ears, and doubtless much will be pardoned to those who so resolutely discard it. Yet, I question if this veneer of Americanization is as promising as it may seem, for it is not incompatible with hyphenation. This country teems with clubs and associations of various kinds in which citizens of alien birth or origin are united in the name of race, nationality, and even province. But, as the members are chiefly ex-Europeans, their pretense that they represent anything of real value in the countries whose names they take in vain will not bear examination. All that is necessary is to hear the candid comment of

a real European upon these gatherings of his exiled countrymen. The common complaint of all such visitors is that they do not recognize themselves in these supposed microcosms of their respective countries. You cannot hold a transplanted mirror up to nature. The hyphen of the ex-European, like his Americanism, is innocent of cultural values.

If hyphenation meant the contribution to the common stock of culture in America of the fine and distinctive qualities of the various European races that come here, the hyphenated American would not be a phenomenon of ill omen. Unfortunately, the word has very different connotations, although in art and literature, to some extent, the infiltration of Continental European traditions is giving a new impetus to the American genius. In the main, however, the hyphenates misrepresent their countries of origin just as the proselytes of Americanism misrepresent America, and since both functions are constantly discharged by the same people, the wise and the experienced usually leave them severely alone. It is easy for the foreigner here to avoid and evade the problem, but the position of the American is complicated. I have the impression that the real Americans have, more or less, abdicated. Since the Civil War, at least, they have receded into the background of public life, and their sole concern is to preserve themselves against the irresistible onrush of the immigrant tide. Meanwhile, the ex-Europeans have pushed forward eagerly to undertake the tasks which should be left to their betters. They enjoy whatever kudos authentic Americanism has given to this country, while America as a whole suffers from the vulgarities and excesses with which they have identified it. America seems to keep in reserve, as a delightful surprise for foreigners, just that element in the nation which every other country thrusts into the foreground. These elusive Americans are an excellent reward for the prolonged search required for their discovery, but why should America not have them?



The "Lapin Agile" was still frequented by men and women well known in social, political, and theatrical circles.—Page 40.

A Season in Montmartre

BY FRANCES WILSON HUARD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

TO those of us who go to the United States as visitors it would seem that the chief interest not only of the government but also of a great many individuals is watching and speculating as to just how European countries will eventually emerge from the recent upheaval. Jugoslavia and Lithuania were words to which my ear became quite accustomed, but though the moral standards and financial difficulties of all the monarchies and republics were openly discussed, I do not think I ever heard any one mention Montmartre.

Mais oui, Montmartre, the famous "Butte," her spirit aroused, has proclaimed her independence, and, jealous of the precedent gained by the Irish Free

State, is loudly clamoring to be separated from Paris—in fact, completely segregated from France herself.

Regeneration has been swift along the Boulevards Extérieurs. How can it be otherwise when there is question of but "esprit"? And, though the big cosmopolitan dailies may fail to give it constant recognition, the importance of such a movement will undoubtedly have its influence on history.

That the old spirit is revived there can be no doubt, and those of us who had occasion to know Montmartre other than as a pleasure-ground for foreigners rejoice in the great good news.

It seems only a moment ago that I was initiated to her charm, but it was really

long before the war when we were making plans for our annual holiday.

"What? No vacation this summer?"

"No."

"Not leave town?"

"No."

I pulled a long face. Though disappointed, I felt that H. was right. His big work was still under way and the remembrance of that seven hours' ride in a stuffy

he asked me to meet him at Conard's bookshop so that we might take a drive together before dinner. When I arrived I found H. already installed in a taxi with a large pile of books and periodicals on the seat before him. I could not resist an immediate investigation, and shortly became oblivious to the noise and movement about me.

Presently, nevertheless, the motor began puffing most audibly, and suddenly the chauffeur got down from his seat and came to the door.

"I'm afraid the hill's too steep, sir. My motor won't go any farther."

I lifted my eyes in amazement. We were half-way up a long unpaved incline, bordered on either side by queer little vine-covered cottages or austere portals.

"Where on earth has the man taken us?" I gasped.

"Never mind. He's all right," came the answer. "But what a nuisance! We shall be obliged to finish the hill on foot."

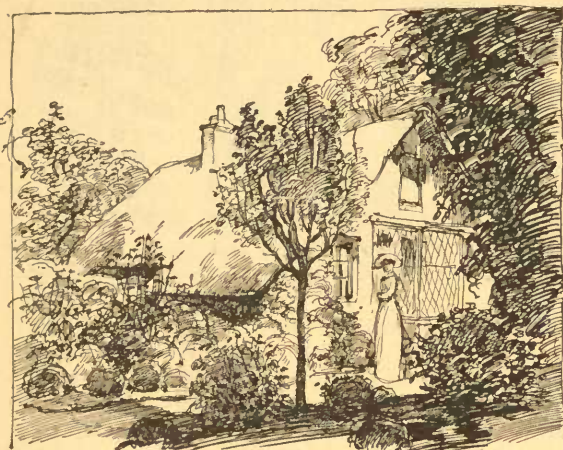
I was too astonished to ask further questions. Besides, I realized where we were, but it was all so quaint, so charming.

H. stopped in front of an immense door and pulled the bell. I could hear the faint tinkle in the distance, followed by steps hurrying in our direction, and to my astonishment Claude, my own servant, opened the door.

H.'s trump-card had been played. The surprise was complete. Our season in Montmartre had begun, and I was too enchanted by the newness of the situation even to give Normandy a thought.

To the right and left, as I entered and the huge portal slammed behind me, I caught sight of cunning little ivy-grown chalets, almost theatrically unreal, and before me stretched a view which is surely unique of its kind.

Beginning at the very entrance, a wide, three-sided court, separated in the middle by a path that was flanked on both sides by flower-beds and shrubbery, ran on for some hundred feet. At that point it stopped and then began a perfect cascade



In the garden.

train every time his attention was demanded in Paris the preceding year came back most forcibly and I hadn't the courage to insist.

Unfortunately, however, the summer had set in early, for though we were only in the first weeks of June the heat was fast becoming intolerable. The little patch of green grass which constitutes our Parisian garden was already turning a sickly yellow, in spite of much watering, and the sun had scorched the leaves of the lime-trees until they had begun to fall off and rattle along the gravel path.

There was apparently nothing to do but to resign myself as gracefully as possible and pray that the sun god be merciful. I made many good resolutions, and yet I couldn't completely hide my disappointment at not visiting our Norman home and I continually wondered at H.'s cheerful forbearance.

One day, toward the last of the month,

of terraces, overgrown with trailing vines and plants of every description, a veritable jungle, reaching so far below that I felt dizzy as I stood on the first step.

Overhead the picturesque Moulin-de-la-Galette stretched its long black wings in the evening light; in the middle distance, at my feet, lay St. Ouen and St. Denis, veiled in a gray mist; while in the background the dim blue hills of Epinay and Montmorency caught the last rays of the setting sun. It was most impressive, and it seemed to me I could have stood for hours enjoying the strange but captivating sensation of being perched on a mountain, in the heart of a great capital, and at the same time surrounded by everything that betokened the country.

The touch of H.'s hand on my shoulder brought me back to life, and I realized that as yet I had hardly spoken a word of appreciation.

"Come, come," he said, "and see what we have arranged. We'll return here afterward."

Then followed a minute inspection of



Mimi Pinson at her window.

the house, which consisted of an immense studio, a bedroom, and on the other side of the court a dear little old-fashioned kitchen and the servants' quarters.

My delight was simply childish, for as I went from room to room, followed by H. and Catherine my maid, discovering something new at every turn, my joy was manifested by little shrieks.

Not so very long ago a well-known French periodical published a series of photographs representing the characteristic scenes of a little village. There was the Roman church, a secluded lane, a farmyard with chickens, horses, and cattle, and a small café opening onto a tiny square and pompously entitled "Au rendez-vous des Clairons des Bataillons des Chasseurs-à-pied."

The question was asked, "Can any of our readers tell in what part of France this little village is situated?" and a prize was offered to the person giving the correct answer. The result of the contest was duly announced and great was the surprise of many Parisians on learning that the village in question was to be found in Montmartre. So, after dinner, which we ate beneath an arbor in the garden, I was most anxious to make a tour of this newly discovered country, and we started out as we had done a hundred times before on arriving in an unknown locality, to get a general idea of our surroundings before making plans for the morrow.

After an hour spent in rambling up and



A real troubadour and the most bedraggled specimen of gutter mongrel.—Page 32.

down the streets and poking about in all sorts of mysterious nooks and corners, H., who had carefully guided my promenade, proposed that now we had seen the village we had better visit the beach.

"The beach?" I queried.

"Yes."

And before I had time to make further inquiries we had turned a corner and a fresh breeze blew into my face, accompanied by a dull roar, as of the sea. We mounted a steep incline, much as though ascending a cliff, the murmur growing louder and louder, the breeze stronger and stronger, until presently we emerged upon the Butte, to see the seething capital spread out below us as though upon a map.

The day had been somewhat sultry and over in the west a storm threatened. From different parts of the city, now half hidden in the deepening twilight, rose little streams of vapor, like steam from a crater, and the sound of trumpets playing a tattoo, mingled with the cries of children and the rumble of distant thunder, made the illusion of the ocean quite complete.

The mere existence and the curious situation of such a village would seem sufficient to class it as a thing to be seen, but while globe-trotters of various nationalities often wander listlessly about after visiting the cathedral of the *Sacré Cœur*, this true Montmartre is far less known and certainly less appreciated than certain noisy third-rate establishments on the Boulevard de Clichy, frequented because they are reputed to be so gay and so "typically French."

The morning after our arrival we proposed to visit Jean Dampt in his studio, and as the day announced itself clear and warm we set off early. As we walked up the hill I stopped in front of a green-painted fence, and was promising myself an investigation of what was advertised above the gate as the "*Boulodrome*," when suddenly my attention was attracted by a strangely attired masculine figure which swung around a near corner and advanced in our direction.

In spite of the heat the man was draped in a long black cloth mantle. A broad-brimmed felt hat was pushed back on his head, permitting a full view of his tanned face, down which poured the perspiration,

and as he approached I noticed a guitar peeping from beneath the folds of his cloak.

"A real troubadour, by jinks," said I to H. in English. "I thought they were all dead since Murger's time?"

But the troubadour passed on, and when only about ten feet from my ear turned about, and in a stentorian voice cried:

"Almonzor! Almonzor!"

The call was soon repeated, and then, to my utter astonishment, from around the same corner emerged the puniest, most bedraggled specimen of gutter mongrel I have ever seen, wagging its tail and literally galloping ahead on its short legs, trying to catch up with its romantic-looking master, who had disappeared down the hill, apparently unaware of their incongruity and certainly undisturbed by my uncontrollable mirth.

As we drew nearer the *Sacré Cœur* the street became peopled by little groups of timid men and women whose airs and attire were anything but Parisian. We soon recognized them as pilgrims to this newly consecrated shrine, and as they stood there clustered about the priests the whole scene reminded me of certain little ecclesiastical townships in the very depths of the provinces which are thus periodically invaded.

Breton caps and Norman bonnets stood side by side with fichus from Picardy and Alsatian bows. There were many charming old regional costumes in which linen, velvet, and lace predominated, and even the Breton men wore their native clothes, which in these days is becoming a rare sight in Paris.

The row of shops where medals, rosaries, post-cards, and souvenirs in general can be procured was doing a flourishing business, when suddenly, in response to a word from a reverend father, everything was abandoned and grouping themselves about their banners, each cortège proceeded to enter the basilica chanting a canticle.

"Sauvez Rome et la France
Au Nom du *Sacré Cœur*.
Sauvez Rome et la France
Au Nom du *Sacré Cœur*."

The refrain became fainter and fainter, but never entirely died away; and all dur-

ing our visit to the studio of the master, who has so marvellously executed the four magnificent angels that crown the highest corners of the campanile, the strains penetrated the walls and seemed to bring with them a peculiar air of sanctity which was strangely appropriate in such a place.

We returned through a little wooded lane, so deserted, so tranquil, that it was

of visiting the premises, or if he thought there were any relics to be seen, when we were startled by a voice calling our name. We faced about.

"Delaw!"

That delightful artist came toward us with outstretched hand.

"I knew you travelled a lot," he said. "But I never thought you got as far



Pilgrims to this newly consecrated shrine, the Sacré Cœur.—Page 32.

difficult for me to believe we were not in the midst of the country. Overhead the birds were chirping in the trees whose branches touched across the road. A few stray chickens darted into a hedge at our approach and as we passed a certain little cottage I'm sure I heard a donkey bray and a pig grunt.

Some thirty yards farther on our road ran into the rue du Mont Cenis, where I stopped on recognizing the house where Berlioz, the celebrated composer, once lived. We were gazing at it and I was just about to ask H. if there were any way

as Montmartre. Welcome! Welcome! Come to the farm. We must celebrate this occasion."

And, true enough, the draftsman who has amused so many children and quite as many "grown-ups" with his quaint illustrations of the "Mère L'Oie" and other well-known nursery rhymes, lives in a real farmhouse with the cathedral of the Sacré Cœur opposite his barn door. Naturally the proportions are a bit exiguous, but the place is quite complete, and Delaw has furnished it according to tradition.



The house where Berlioz once lived, rue du Mont Cenis.—Page 33.

We were ushered into a large eighteenth-century kitchen, which serves, as it did in olden times, as the main room in the dwelling. It was almost lunch-time and a chicken was turning merrily on a spit before an open fire in the great chimney, and I noticed back of me a splendid carved dresser whereon reposed some highly polished copper-ware. Through the latticed windows I caught a glimpse of the barnyard, and Delaw, evidently pleased by my interest in his poultry, offered to do the honors. He was particularly fond of his chickens, which afforded him much pleasure and a certain amount of comfort in the days when fresh eggs are scarce. But above all he prized a certain splendid cock, given him by Edmond Rostand, whose house in Cambo Delaw decorated, the which cock was supposed to be the direct descendant of the original "Chantecler."

Decidedly our stay in Montmartre had

opened most promisingly, and even certain domestic questions, which at home had become monotonous, took on an inviting aspect under new auspices. Marketing itself became a pleasure, a thing to be looked forward to, and many a time during our stay did I accompany Catherine on her morning errands, sure of coming across something interesting in the course of our promenade.

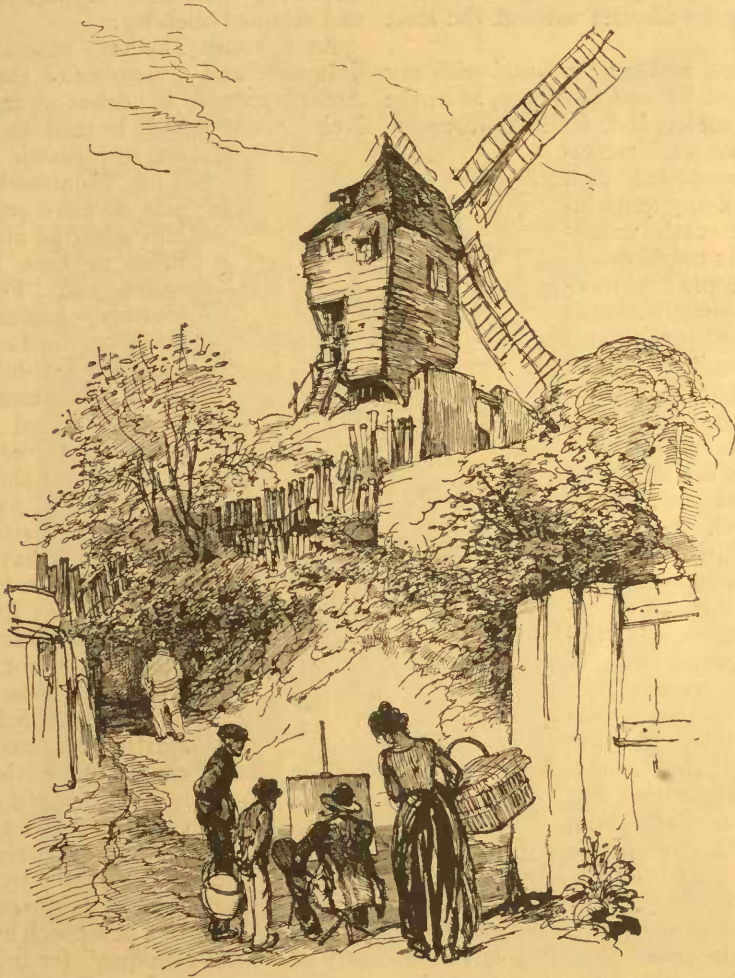
To begin with, the view of the Moulin-de-la-Galette always delighted me. Seen from the bottom of our street at any time of the day or night it continually offered a pleasing spectacle, sometimes most dramatic against a mass of purple clouds, sometimes quite coquettishly Parisian beneath a delicate blue sky, and in the evening a truly phantom mill, such as one reads about in books of fairytales.



That delightful artist.—Page 33.

Nor was I alone in my admiration. It seems to me I have never seen the old Moulin without an ardent admirer at its feet, more or less successful in his efforts

particularly taken by an old vegetable woman who thrice weekly installed her goods in the corner of an ancient vine-grown court. Her display was not only most harmonious



I have never seen the old Moulin without an ardent admirer at its feet.

to fix the well-beloved profile on a canvas or a sheet of paper. Artists of every class and every nationality have stretched their easels on the same well-known spot. No one heeds them any more; they are too numerous and seem to have become part of the landscape.

The merchants and bourgeois who live in Montmartre are by no means the least interesting of the population. I was par-

in color, but particularly enticing to the palate, and at first I wondered if the prices of her luscious melons and her Argenteuil asparagus were in proportion to the pocketbooks of the "rapins" and "midinettes" who form a greater part of the inhabitants of Montmartre. But when I saw a dignified old gentleman in a frock coat and a tall hat toddle across the cobbled court and tenderly touch the fruit

and vegetables, all the while asking questions about the "family," I realized that I was in the presence of a provincial Parisian, a real bourgeois, one of that society to be found everywhere in France, connoisseur of all the good things in life, and demanding its niceties without the least pretension.

As I grew better acquainted with my environment I found that here, as in the provinces, society is divided into three distinct classes, each pursuing its existence in its own way, and living quite independent and unconscious of its neighbors.

The "people" are most picturesquely represented by street types and "midinettes," or, to be more explicit, that interesting class of working girl who is employed by the "petits métiers," and from whose agile fingers flower forth those "articles de Paris" unparalleled for taste and style.

The well-to-do or retired bourgeois sets himself the genial task of passing the remainder of his existence as agreeably as possible, and I soon learned that the "Boulo-drome," whose sign had attracted my attention, was nothing more nor less than a bowling-alley, where every afternoon little groups of the above-mentioned gentlemen would meet to enjoy their favorite sport. Later on they were joined by less fortunate confrères, still obliged to attend business, and those who preferred checkers or a game of croquet were always sure of finding some one to join them. It is almost useless to add that the proprietor of the place also keeps a café, so the afternoon is invariably terminated by a round of "apéritifs."

But enough of the commoners. Let us speak of the artists (and the word must be taken in its broad sense), the real aristocrats of Montmartre.

Corot, Lépine, Cazin, and Ziem were among the legion of world-renowned

men who at one time or another dwelt here.

Donnay, Charpentier, Steinlen, Courte-line, Léandre, and Willette, to mention but a few, are contemporaries whose names have long since gone beyond the Butte and attained celebrity.

As a youth Donnay, now a famous dramatist and a member of the French Academy, made his début at the "Chat Noir," where nightly he read his verses to an enthusiastic public.

The Montmartois are said to have reproached him when he abandoned them to take his seat among the "Forty Immortals" beneath the dome on the Left Bank, but they are duly proud of the commencements which have led up to so splendid a career.

Who but a child of the Butte could have harmonized the street cries of Paris and have woven them into the very plot of an opera? Every one knows that Charpentier's "Louise" is not a myth. It is merely a characteristic picture of life in Montmartre, rendered more charming by the subtle imagination and the delicate handling of its

author-composer. And one feels instinctively that he was penetrated by his subject before putting his ideas into execution.

"Louise" marks a new epoch in the history of "opéra-comique," for it required a certain amount of courage, not to mention talent, to offer the Parisian public an opera whose setting could be found in their midst, whose music embodied the noises familiar to all their ears, and whose costumes were so ordinary a sight that the term hardly applied. And yet—well, the sign-board which announces the five-hundredth performance attests the success of one of the Butte's cherished darlings.

Steinlen was another artist whose eye was quick to appreciate the beauties of the life that surrounded him, and the



Types of artists.

working classes of Montmartre have been immortally portrayed by his able pen.

When we visited his studio I was particularly attracted by several splendid cats which lay dozing in the sun. Steinlen,

Constantinople, it is easy to perceive that space was soon wanting. But rather than turn them out Steinlen built them an immense cage with a door opening onto the Butte. The cats are free to come and go



A dignified old gentleman in a frock coat and a tall hat, . . . connoisseur of all the good things in life, and demanding its niceties without the least pretension —Pages 35-36.

like Willette, has a particular fondness for cats. He has introduced them into his drawings whenever occasion has permitted, and his posters which represent his pets are now much sought after.

At one time he used to adopt every stray cat that followed him. Now, as these animals are almost as numerous in Montmartre as dogs used to be in the streets of

as they please, and many a bloody battle has been fought over the admittance of a new member who may not have proved himself a sufficient vagabond to warrant the good treatment so generously accorded his fellows.

Each artist has his particular hobby or interesting personal peculiarity. I remember with what delight I visited Neu-

mont's villa, which is perched like an eagle's nest on the rocky side of the Butte, commanding an admirable view over all Paris; Charvais's and Léandre's gardens, where these city-bred lovers of nature have let their fancy run wild; the "Musée Courteline," founded by the subtlest of all modern French humorists. Some one has dubbed it "Le Musée des Horreurs"

"La Vierge aux Yeux bouillis" ("The Virgin with Boiled Eyes").

Willette, the creator of an art which is typically Montmartois in its charm, its poetry, and its fantasy, after having changed his residence several times, now lives in a house at the foot of the Butte, almost like an adorer before a shrine. For Montmartre is his mother country, his



Those who preferred checkers were always sure of finding some one to join them.—Page 36.

("The Museum of Horrors"), and while correct, the epithet is hardly just. The author of such masterpieces as "Boubouroche" and the "Train de huit heures quarante sept" could hardly be accused of buying bad paintings just for the sake of ugliness. One must go farther and realize, as did Courteline when the first picture came to hand, that there was a curious collection to be formed containing the works produced by naïve intelligences, falsely convinced of their aptitudes for the fine arts, untiring in their sterile efforts to attain the beautiful. The collection contains some eighty to a hundred canvases, among which I particularly remarked the portrait of an auburn-haired girl, entitled,

well-beloved, and he defends it with every energy, employing to that end this delightful talent as a painter, a draftsman, a writer, and a speaker. He was the very soul of the famous "Chat Noir," and whenever there has been question of a ball or a fête offering a chance for an artistic demonstration he is sure to be found among the organizers, lavishing his precious time, indefatigable in his efforts to produce something truly artistic and enchanting to the eye.

The famous "Vachalcades" (untranslatable save by the word "Cowvalcades") and later on the "Crowning of the Muse" are things that will never be forgotten by all those who participated in them, and

Willette's name will ever be attached to those demonstrations which were something besides an occasion to romp in costume.

He is a true lover of grace and juvenility, fearful lest French gaiety disappear mid the waves of commercialism which are rapidly gaining even the most secluded corners of the country. These are the sentiments that predominate in his work, and have made him, par excellence, the painter-poet of youth, comparable only to a Banville or a Musset.

His panels for the "Hôtel de Ville," in which he has portrayed the sights of Parisian streets with an unrivalled brush, have charmed every one who has seen them, and all those who visited his exhibition at the "Arts Decoratifs" came away with their wits refreshed by the "enchantment" and "joie de vivre" which exhaled from every scrap of paper, every canvas touched by this master hand.

When we called upon him we found him arrayed in what might have been a pirate's costume—loose velvet trousers, a flannel shirt, a red silk handkerchief knotted about his throat, and a long, naked bowie-knife shoved into his belt.

Personally I didn't see the necessity of having so dangerous a weapon upon one's person, but later on H. explained that Willette used it to sharpen his pencils, finding it handier than a penknife, which was so small that it was continually getting lost.

"Dressing up" is one of the delights of his existence, and Willette's im-



Rue St. Vincent.

personations are innumerable and inimitable, some of them, such as "Pierrot," having become quite renowned. To the famous "Bal Gavarni" he went as Louis Philippe, offering his arm to Queen Victoria, who was admirably personified by Léandre.

I remember one summer when he had a cottage near us in Normandy his chief amusement was to don the attire of a Norman peasant. The long blue linen blouse, ornamented with white embroidery, and the soft black hat were most becoming, but how on earth he managed to ride a bicycle with huge wooden sabots on his feet was a question which set the peasant boys of our country to thinking.

Taking "When in Rome do as the Romans do" for a motto, preparatory to a first visit to London, Willette ordered a suit of clothes that might have been appropriate for a Protestant pastor, and then spent hours in front of the glass becoming



A poète.

accustomed to the sober expression he must needs assume to be in keeping with his attire and his surroundings.

But to return to our visit. After he had shown us about the studio we soon fell into an animated conversation, toward the end of which I asked him if he knew of any means of bringing the general public more in touch with the "esprit" of Montmartre.

"Ah, madame, how can you expect them to comprehend artists when such simple things as toads, donkeys, and women are still misunderstood?"

A little later in the year, however, I heard him deliver a delightful speech in defense of Montmartre, pleading that "it is not a country of Bohemians, vagabonds, and jokers, as serious people and foreigners pretend to believe.

"This last rural refuge of an artistic paganism, this little mountain so frolicsome in appearance, when in eruption has given birth to personalities who have left their mark on the history of Paris.

"The real, the true originality of Montmartre for the last half-century lies in its serving as a retreat for poets and artists, weary of the contact with the serious people below who flounder about in that turbulent sea called business.

"Unfortunately for the Butte, the serious man, who at first scorned our careless gaiety, at length began profiting by it, and with his ugly stones he has ruined our arbors where birds and lovers used to bill and coo.

"The cupidity of serious people has petrified the 'Butte chantante'; old age has paralyzed the wings of our mills; we are the last of the martyrs, being slowly walled up in Montmartre."

The summer passed away but too quickly, so busy were we receiving old acquaintances and taking part in everything that went on about us. The cafés were my chief delight, each one claiming to have launched such and such a celebrity on his road to fame and fortune. The "Coucou," once a quiet little corner on the Place du Calvaire, is rapidly becoming a favorite haunt for Parisians and foreigners, who come in their evening clothes, bringing with them their own atmosphere, which has completely destroyed that of this easy-going Bohemian haunt.

The "Lapin Agile" at the time of our stay was still frequented by men and women well known in social, political, and theatrical circles, and its proprietors protested energetically against the nickname of "Cabaret des Assassins."

"Never, never, madame, has my clientèle been composed of anything but the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen."

"Apaches? *Jamais!* Why, that sobriquet was given to this place by the gamins of the quarter who once saw my predecessor come home with a large picture representing Troppman's crime strapped to the back of a hack. That's as true as I'm alive, and you can go and ask the 'Mère Adèle,' who now keeps a place on the rue de Norwins, if she didn't give that picture to Monsieur Courteline for his 'Musée des Horreurs.'"

Alas, poor Estelle, pride goes before a fall, for an unfortunate affair has forced her to close her doors. But I shall always remember the place most cheerfully, for it was here that H. presented me to his old friend, Jules D., an illustrator of no mean ability and unmatched for his original ideas on all subjects.

I had always wanted to meet him ever since H. had told me the story of his dachshund, which was given him when quite a puppy and whose growth D. watched with deepening anxiety. When the animal attained its full size its body was so long and so curved, its legs so short and so crooked, that D. imagined it would break in two. In a moment of compassion he bought a small castor which he attached to a leather strap and fastened about the dog's abdomen, so that the little wheel rolled merrily on the ground and D. was satisfied that he had done his dog a good turn. 'Legend has it that he taught his dog how to coast down-hill.

Another amusing tale was told me by a charming little Parisian actress whom D. had presented with a muff of his own fabrication. It was carved out of solid wood and so ingeniously painted that it looked like real curly astrakhan! Its possessor was so proud of it that several times she could not resist the temptation of carrying it, and when seated in a restaurant or in a theatre she would let it drop just to see the faces of the people about her.

You may well imagine I was delighted

when one afternoon H. spied him and brought him over to our table, and after presenting me gently chided him for never having come to see us.

"You know well enough where we live! Why be so timid?"

"Oh, it's not timidity," replied D. "But you see you live on an island."

"Well, what of that?"

"I never could go there because of the bridges."

"I don't understand."

"Why, you see I couldn't possibly cross them because I am subject to vertigo!"

And then we fell to talking about the theatre, for D. is a dramatic author as well as a cartoonist, and his play will not soon disappear from the memory of the critics who were invited to be present at its one and only performance.

"Jack in the Box" was written in collaboration with a musician friend who chose forty accordions as the appropriate instruments to interpret his overture.

"Why don't you get it reproduced?" demanded H., referring to the above-mentioned play.

"Oh, I haven't the time to bother about it. I'm too interested in my new ones."

"What's the subject?"

"Oh, I haven't got very far as yet, but the beginning strikes me as something very new. It ought to be a go. You see the stage represents a dungeon. The lights are all down and one can just catch a glimpse of a very old man sitting on the edge of his cot. As the curtain rises he begins slowly counting on his fingers until

he reaches one hundred and fifty thousand."

D. was so convinced, so sincere, that it was difficult to know just how to take him, and when I asked H. for more details about him he told me, among others, the following story, which is one of the most

artistically naïve and pathetic tales I have ever heard.

D., on arriving in Montmartre from his native town, took lodgings in a little furnished hotel. Years elapsed, during which he became better known, yet he still remained in his same uncomfortable quarters. H. and a number of artist friends, after much persuasion, succeeded in convincing him that it was stupid to live in such a sordid manner, and finished by finding him an apartment and taking him to Dufayel's



Street type.

immense department store on the Boulevard Barbès, where he purchased the necessary furniture on the instalment plan.

All went well the first month, but the second found him well-nigh penniless and, worse than all, terribly mortified and worried when the promissory notes appeared. In his dilemma he took pen in hand and wrote personal letters to Monsieur Dufayel, accusing him of spoiling his life. He was no longer a free man. Debt appalled him. The great gilded dome of the stores which could be seen from all parts of the Butte haunted him night and day, and as to passing on the Boulevard Barbès that was out of the question.

"Ah, jeunesse, jeunesse," as Courteline would say.

Painted Canyon

BY HARRIET WELLES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE



OUR point of view about this story will depend entirely upon the angle from which you happen to view it. If Macha could be induced to look up from her wash-tub to discuss it the description would have, for the discriminating, moments of very real pathos. From the view-point of Sarah Jane, the voluble half-breed waitress at the hotel, it would be a monologue of vulgar, shrill animosities; her uncle, Pahala Blacktooth—sheriff of the settlement near the Indian Reservation—would give you an opinion that would be frankly and unprintably blasphemous. I gained my view-point from over the shoulder of the manager-owner of the small hotel near the hot springs, and because he was attempting to run his hostelry with the sole assistance of the Reservation Indians as servants, and was, at times, suddenly and unwillingly elected to fill every job from cook to carpenter, I heard many details which, in normal and unstressful times, would never have reached alien ears, nor faced the untempered light of day. For the innkeeper, Mr. Kipp, was often sorely tried; Indian servants have the habit of getting tired or bored by their jobs, and they leave—without even the scant courtesy of giving an excuse or a reason.

"*Fat-igue*," remarked Mr. Kipp glaring after the dairyman who had deposited the cow-barn keys on the desk and was departing happily up the manzanita-bordered road toward the Reservation, "is his middle name." Discarding sarcasm, he looked grimly at the keys. "I got a new cook this morning; that lets me out of the kitchen just in time to give me a little outing in the milking-shed," he said.

I was loitering before the office fireplace waiting for the hour when I was due at the bath-house for my daily treat-

ment in the really remarkable boiling-hot sulphur water for which the place is famous.

"What made him leave?" I inquired conversationally.

"Goodness only knows! Same reason that makes Old Macha—who never has quarrelled with any one since she's been here—go up in the air every time Sarah Jane carries the table-linen down to the laundry," he volunteered.

"Well, I can understand *that*! Sarah Jane may be a good waitress, but she is just as nearly impertinent as she safely dares to be," I commented, adding thoughtfully: "Sarah Jane is the only effusive, whining, smirking Indian I ever saw; most of them have a very real dignity."

"She ain't all Indian, is the reason," explained Mr. Kipp. "Her father was what some folks call white—he used to drive our stage and he was an accommodatin', obligin' sort; he'd shop for the ladies, and pay them compliments—a real fusser, he was. He'd failed at most everything that there was money in; I recollect the time he rented some land and tried to raise grapes; he came to me, and wanted to book me for an advance order for malagas. I told him malagas never tasted natural to me unless they had sawdust on 'em, and he was real cast down because he hadn't planted nothin' else—but shucks! He never picked two bushel! The birds got all of 'em!"

"What became of him?" I asked.

"Goodness knows!" said Mr. Kipp, and made an elaborate gesture of affectionate farewell. "Got tired, and lit out—leavin' Sarah Jane for her ma, and the rest of us, to remember him by."

I did not choose to notice this. "I should be very sorry to see an ill-bred girl like Sarah Jane make so nice a woman as Old Macha unhappy," I commented primly.

"Oh, well—it's sort of a long-standin' feud, startin' with the time when Sarah Jane had a job of standin' around and bein' a convert, in that play they had

in it, all one winter. She came back here in the spring, with a plaid suit, feathers on her hat, and a yellow suitcase that had to be hurried in out of the rain. But



She came back here in the spring, with . . . a yellow suitcase that had to be hurried in out of the rain.

down to the city; it was all about the days of the padres who founded the missions, and Sarah Jane got good pay for doin' real little work. Shucks! You should have seen her—butter wouldn't have melted in her mouth! She wasn't even a skin-deep convert, because all she had to do was *not to grin* when one of the leadin' actors was solemnly addressin' the saved; and Sarah Jane stood around

they hadn't hired her for another season's run, and, although she talked big about not signin' up unless they gave her more salary, I happen to know that she never got a chance to state her rates," he explained.

I smiled. "I can imagine that she'd be more trying as a make-believe convert, than most of the real ones are," I commented, and glanced at the clock;

it still lacked fifteen minutes of the time for my appointment. "What feud could there be with Macha over Sarah Jane's acting?" I inquired.

Before Mr. Kipp could reply, the telephone-bell rang, and he went to answer it. "Huh?" he called. "Yes! Uh-ha! What? Well, it ain't no use to tell *me* that—I'm the hotelkeeper! Yes, we got a constable: Pahala Blacktooth's his name . . . but the nearest judge and jail's at Bonita, and that twenty-five miles away. Huh? Well, you needn't tell me that again . . . I'll take your word for it that he done it—but out here, after you catch your bird you have to get some one to cart him to jail. . . . Huh? . . . Well, you can't hardly expect a man to pay his own way to jail, can you? Huh?—Huh? How do *I* know whether you'd ever get your money back? If your man proved his innocence, you *wouldn't*! . . . You can't afford to indulge in arrestin' folks, in this country, 'thout you've got your own automobile to ride 'em to jail in!"

Mr. Kipp hung up the receiver and turned to me. "That man seemed to think that the county'd ought to pay the hire of an automobile to take a fellow he'd caught settin' fire to his barn, to jail!" he volunteered with amazement.

I was not interested in the jail. "*Why* did Macha mind about Sarah Jane's acting?" I inquired.

His mind reluctantly reverted to the earlier subject. "She didn't," he said; "Sarah Jane's the one that minded. You see: the autumn after she came back, a movin' picture concern came through here filmin' Indian stuff. I remember it only too well because they paid five dollars a day to all the Indians they hired, which, by the contrariness of happenin's, seemed to be about every man that was a-workin' for me!

"Of course, *I* couldn't afford to pay 'em any five dollars a day—so I might as well have attempted to dam the Rio Grande River with a fly-swat, as to try to hold 'em! 'I won't take you back—if you leave me in the lurch just as the huntin' crowd is beginnin' to come,' I threatened; but shucks! What'd *they* care? 'A few five-dollars-a-day weeks 'll keep us a-goin' all winter,' they an-

swered happy-like. 'There'll be other winters,' I told 'em darkly—but I might as well have saved my breath to cool my soup! They wasn't worryin' about winters that hadn't come. And besides, they liked the job of ridin' around on horses, and yellin', and shootin'—and then gettin' the biggest pay they'd ever pulled down. They all went—exceptin' Macha's husband, Kioussa. I'll always remember that autumn because there wasn't no kind of work that I didn't do; I wasn't more than three feet tall by Christmas—I'd wore my legs down so, a-runnin'! It was a big year for quail and duck huntin', and the hunters stayed on 'til I was drove to suggestin' that the women they'd married had a right to expect to see *some*thin' of them. I think that they enjoyed guyin' me, and they'd suggest that, as they'd had a hard day, they guessed they'd take their breakfast in bed—and such like," he said, and stopped to give a rueful, reminiscent smile.

Knowing Mr. Kipp, I realized that I shouldn't miss this opportunity. "What did you tell them?" I asked.

He stopped smiling, and glanced severely at me. "It don't matter *what* I told them—it was enough," he cryptically remarked; then questioned: "Didn't you ask me *some*thin' about Macha?"

"Yes," I answered; "you started to tell me about Sarah Jane's acting, and what it had to do with her present quarrel with Old Macha."

"So I did!" he agreed. "Well, you see, those movie people upset this place for fair—took all the men, and paid 'em so much that their wives, daughters, and sweethearts went along; folks that had been engaged so long that no one ever expected 'em to be engaged to do anythin' but wait, trailed over to Bonita and got tied up in style—apparently the millen-yum had arrived, and opened up shop here. Every one wore a smile that buttoned on the back of their head—exceptin' me.

"And just about that time, the head movie man gave out that he wanted one special, first-class, Indian woman to put in his show; she was to represent 'The Spirit of the Tribe.' There wasn't so much pay in it—the spirit was only to be photographed once: standin' on a

rock, and lookin' far away—but every squaw, maiden, and papoose was just *wild* to be the one chosen. The day of the selection, girls cruised in here that I hadn't seen before—or since (but none of

shook his head. 'None of you will do—or come within ten miles of bein' what we want. Any tribe that you were the spirits of, would be out of luck,' he said. Sarah Jane, standin' in the front row,



"'Any tribe that you were the spirits of, would be out of luck,' he said."

'em didn't want to work in a hotel). And such clothes! *You'd* have laughed 'til you cried!

"Sarah Jane wore all that was left of her convert finery, and carried the remains of the suitcase; it was sort of understood amongst 'em that Sarah Jane's fame and experience would land the job for her, and you could tell by her antics that she thought so too; in fact she'd boasted that she'd get it—but the others were hopin' against hope!"

"But surely dignified Old Macha didn't enter any such a competition?" I cried.

"She didn't have to," he answered. "The head man inspected the gang, and

looked like she couldn't believe her ears! And just at that minute Old Macha came out of the wash-house with a basket of clothes, and the movie man saw her. 'You all can go,' he said; 'I have found the woman I want—a woman that's got somethin' to her face besides two eyes, and a nose, and a mouth,' he says, and went over to talk to Macha. I didn't blame him. For, you see, there's somethin' into her face that's better than just prettiness; you can tell that, though life's been hard, it ain't never got the better of her; lookin' at her, you'd know what to expect, without her sayin' a word. And that picture of her as 'The Spirit of the

Tribe' has gone all over the country; folks who never heard of Sarah Jane's actin' as an imitation convert are well acquainted with Macha's looks—and Sarah Jane ain't never forgiven her; she hangs onto the grudge to this day," volunteered the hotel keeper.

I arose with guilty haste and departed toward the bath-house where my daily appreciation of the beautiful smooth whiteness of the bath towels and sheets made me, on my way back an hour later, take the lower path which led past the laundry on the chance of having a little talk with Macha about some work I wanted done. But before I reached the open door the sound of a loud, shrill voice told me that some one was there before me; I was near enough to recognize Sarah Jane's taunting inflections, although she, standing with her back to the path, did not see me. She had come to get the day's supply of clean napkins for the hotel, and she carried a huge bundle of soiled table-linen tied up in a tablecloth. This Macha untied; now she stood looking down at the mussed, blackened, and scorched napkins which it contained.

"You've been using these again to wipe dishes and pans, and to clean the stove with—instead of washing and keeping track of the towels that are given you for that," commented Macha evenly.

Sarah Jane's loud laughter was shrill with malice. "What are you a-goin' to do about it?" she asked tauntingly.

Macha picked up a napkin. "I cannot make this look as it should for the table," she commented, examining a scorched place in the centre.

"That's what I say," agreed Sarah Jane glibly; "I always say that uneducated old squaws can't hold down a job where things have to be done right!"

Macha was looking at the napkins. "Miss'r Kipp bought these less than two weeks ago; already they are ruined. That is not right. Miss'r Kipp should not so often have to replace the table-linens," she said sternly.

Sarah Jane stopped her aggravating laughter. "What's it to you how often he buys napkins? It's none of your business," she asserted.

Macha's voice did not change its quiet

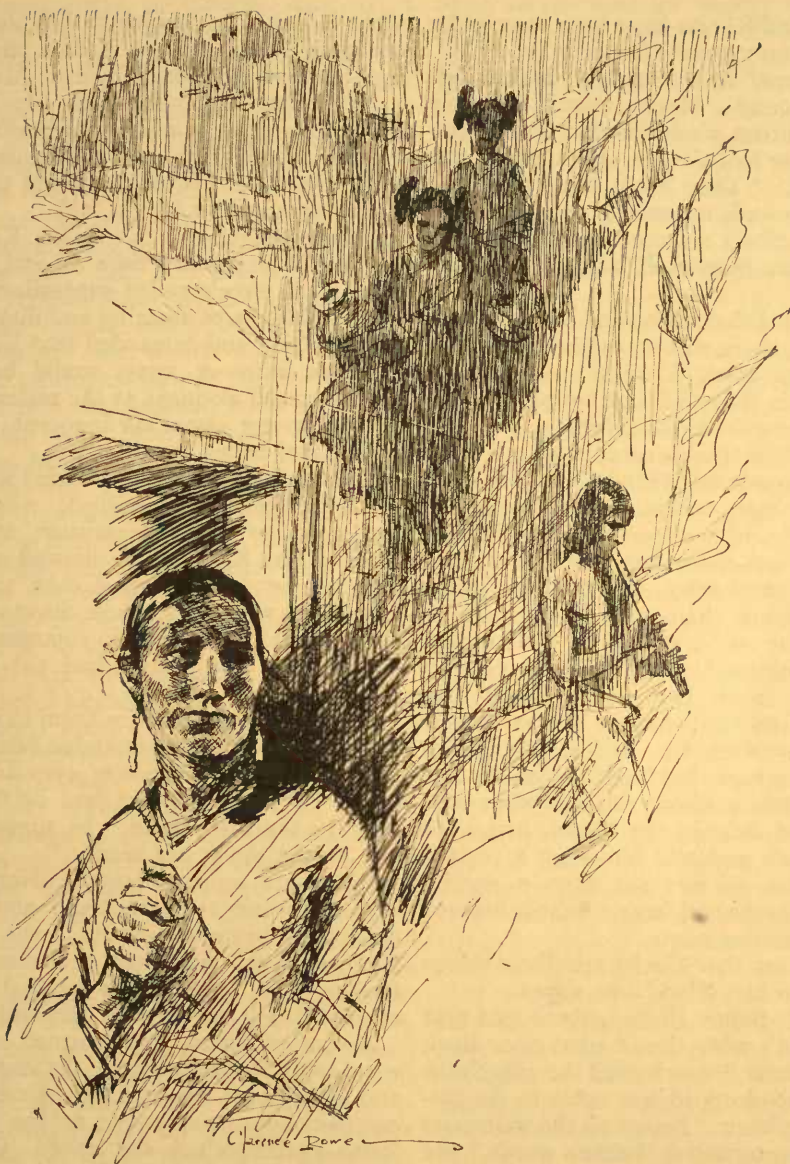
tone. "*It is not right* so to destroy. Nor is it honest," she said.

Sarah Jane flushed an angry red. "Honest," she screamed, "*honest!*" What d'you know about honesty? Who are you to talk to decent people—you, who ain't even married to the man you call your husban'! You, who've spent years runnin' up and down the country after him—and still you can't catch up with him long enough to get him to buy you a weddin'-ring! . . . '*You are married?*' . . . Well, then, show me your weddin' writin'! Let's see your weddin'-ring! '*You ain't got a certificate or a ring?*' Well, then, what d'you want to lie for, about bein' married? What right have you got to preach? You shouldn't even be here——"

"Macha!" I called; "may I come up and talk to you about some pressing I want done?"

Sarah Jane wheeled sharply around; her tone dropped to a servile whine. "Macha's here," she volunteered ingratiatingly; then, as I walked past her, "Macha'll be glad to do what you want," she said. Ignoring her, I stepped inside the laundry door and asked my questions; Macha answered quietly. When I came out Sarah Jane had gone.

But during the next fortnight I saw that the half-breed girl's humiliation and resentment over the memory of Macha's triumph with the moving-picture people had really affected her judgment and unbalanced her mind; she was not, on that one subject, quite sane; let her but have the opportunity to spend a few minutes alone with Macha, and Sarah Jane's voice would rise to a hoarse shriek as she uttered her ugly accusations, or racked her unlovely mind for insulting or offensive things to say; only once could I see that she pierced the Indian woman's armor; that was the time when Sarah Jane suggested that the men should be encouraged to run Kioua off the settlement. Macha winced—and Sarah Jane saw it; after that she made a point of carrying down the table-linen so that she might have the chance to taunt and provoke the old Indian woman. And I think that she intentionally used the napkins to clean the knives, the kettles, and the stove, so as to make Macha's work harder.



Involuntarily she clasped her toil-hardened hands together as she remembered that long-ago April.—Page 49.

I was so angry at the little I overheard that I was almost persuaded to speak to Mr. Kipp about it, and went so far as to ask a few preliminary questions about Macha and Kioussa. Mr. Kipp answered readily.

"Macha and Kioussa ain't like other folks; they've been through tight places

and hard times together, and it's tied them closer together than most folks get tied. You can't sympathize with Macha, and she won't talk—but other folks have told me. It ain't anythin' for those first white settlers to be proud of!" commented Mr. Kipp.

I asked a question. "I suppose that

Macha and Kioussa have been *married* for a good many years?"

"Oh, yes," he answered; "Indian girls marry young. Macha wasn't probably more'n fifteen when Kioussa carried presents to her folks." He paused and shook his head. "They don't come any finer than her—red, nor white, nor black, nor yellow! She's no more like that triflin' Sarah Jane than chalk's like cheese," he said.

I decided that, as no one had asked for my help, there was no excuse for my interfering; later, I wished that I had spoken; in the end I took my place where I had started—an outsider.

The whole trouble came to a head when Mr. Kipp was told that he would have to purchase more table-linen and, quite unexpectedly, he went on a tour of inspection of out-of-the-way corners in the kitchen, storerooms, and pantry; there, finding more than enough evidence to provoke an outburst of angry plain speaking, he pointed his remarks at the volubly innocent Sarah Jane and said all that occurred to him; mostly it was shrewd guesswork—but the half-breed's guilty conscience made her imagine that she saw in it Macha's direct attack; when Mr. Kipp had finished she betook herself to her uncle's and told him such a revised description as was not even a remote relative to the real facts. Pahala listened with mounting anger.

"You say that Macha said these things of you to Mr. Kipp?" he asked.

"Yes! Before all the girls he said that I shouldn't advertise of what poor stock I came from," vouchsafed the glib Sarah Jane, and dropped her voice to its customary whine: "Before all the waitresses Mr. Kipp repeated Macha's words," she said.

"I will speak of this to Kioussa. And to-night you will leave the hotel; you can say, quite truly, that your mother needs your help," directed Pahala.

Leaving the hotel meant that Sarah Jane would return to the reservation and to the dull routine of housework, and this she had no idea of doing while the hunting season brought crowds to the hotel and she garnered a rich harvest of tips. Her explanation of why she could not leave made up in voluble quantity for

what it lacked in lucidness; but she encouraged Pahala to see Kioussa and to frighten him by threats against Macha.

"Tell him that you'll lock 'em both up if they don't behave themselves," directed Sarah Jane, and her smile was not pleasant. "I'll teach her not to try to get ahead of *me*!" she said.

Pahala sought out the listless Kioussa before his anger had time to cool and, due to his niece's veiled suggestions, he accused Macha of amazing and disgraceful activities, and demanded that Kioussa curb his wife—or worse would befall! Pahala waxed eloquent as the realization of the wrong done his innocent niece crystallized in his slow mind.

Kioussa listened in dumfounded silence until the sheriff had finished; when he had gone he asked permission of the passing Mr. Kipp to be allowed a few minutes' rest, and hurried over to the laundry to repeat the whole discourse to his wife. Macha made no comment except to ask why Pahala had not come directly to her.

"What need is there for them to make *you* miserable?" she demanded fiercely.

Kioussa lifted his heavy eyes to her face. "I think that we had better go back to the reservation," he suggested; but Macha shook her head.

"You are unhappy there. Here we will stay—and trust to truth and fair dealing to bring affairs out," she said. Nor would she reconsider or discuss the matter. "As long as it is me that they attack, it will not count," she added.

But after Kioussa had returned to the wood-pile, Macha went to the doorway and looked out; her face was as stolidly, emotionlessly inexpressive as the door-frame against which she leaned. Quiet-eyed she glanced at the clustering bath-houses, the steaming pools of sulphur water, the concrete-bordered plunge, the network of clothes-lines surrounding the laundry building. Across the narrow canyon a thin line of willows, eucalyptus, and cottonwood trees followed the grudging dampness of the dwindling stream as it went desertward; a little wind whirled the loose sand into curious wave semblances, and above, in the cloudless sky, a wedge-shaped group of migratory ducks were etched blackly as they swept, in a

widening circle, northward; near by, a clump of greasewood showed stiff spikes of bloom, and the air was full of the tonic odor of sun-baked sage; except for the sound of slow-dripping water it was warmly, peacefully still—the whole land seemed steeped in a measureless, quiet content of which the old Indian woman in the doorway was the visible and confirming sign. This was her place—her life; this, and the reservation a few miles distant over the mountain. Macha, looking, needed no reminder that, inevitably, she would remain in this place until such time as she should creep back into the darkness from which, according to her belief, she had emerged.

But her thoughts were not as peaceful as her eyes. Sarah Jane's words, apparently unnoticed, had eaten like some acid into the fibre of her mind; for Pahala and his niece, Macha felt a sharp scorn—but, where the half-breed girl was concerned, this was tinged with a wistful wonderment if, in voicing her ugly accusations, Sarah Jane were repeating the gossip of the hotel kitchen. For months she had enlarged upon the taunting accusations about Macha's lack of a wedding-ring, and had made the fact of the Indian woman's acknowledgment of not owning a marriage certificate the peg on which to hang her revilements of Kioussa.

Was it because she heard it discussed; or had she realized that criticism of Kioussa was Macha's one vulnerable point? "If she says anything to make *him* unhappy, I won't be responsible for what I'd do to her," whispered Macha, clinching her hands. "The rules set down by the teachers in the white man's schools aren't the only ones!" she added.

Tiredly she let her thoughts run back to the old days; those days when she, an unmarried girl, had her hair arranged in the fashion dedicated, by long usage, to Indian maidenhood, and had followed the careful prescripts set down for the conduct of young females; but always, since her early childhood, there had never been but one potential brave for Macha—and that was Kioussa. Involuntarily she clasped her toil-hardened hands together as she remembered that long-ago April.

It was not customary among Macha's tribespeople to allow young girls to go

alone to the pool for water; always in pairs they set out with their pottery jugs. And by the spring the hidden brave, waiting, watched for the approach of the desired one, and made known his choice by playing the love-call on a primitive, cedar flute. Very like the mating signal of the meadow-lark, the notes had risen from the rustling tules that April of Macha's youth, in the days before she went to Kioussa's dwelling. . . .

But those years—those early seasons. . . . All of her life she was to recall each detail with agonizing clearness: Dawn, and the gray mists of the night land fading before the Sun-god's gold; the white truce of noon across the enchanted mesa, and through the streets of desert pueblos which had resounded to the echoing footsteps of Coronado's men; evening, and low, amethyst hills adrift in a sea of violet light. . . . Macha's flower had been the ceanothus—she never saw it, during these later springs, without a shudder of anguish.

For the years of her contentment and happiness had been few; they ended with the first clash between her tribesmen and the invading whites; that earliest desultory squabble quickly shaped into the forerunner of a bitter feud which, in the end, spelled in plain letters the death-warrant of the tribe. During those years Macha and Kioussa had known the bond of a common cause as, turning, fleeing, struggling, parrying, they had fought their losing fight. Macha's small son had died of starvation in the first weeks, and they had buried him in Painted Canyon; after that she had given her whole thought to Kioussa, and during those bleak years a beautiful companionship had grown up between them. Kioussa had never achieved her serenity, and when the long struggle was over he accepted reservation life, under government supervision, with the listless acquiescence of despair, for always his thoughts turned with homesick longing to the lost camping-grounds, the blue shadows, and misty hills of Painted Canyon. There was a town there now, but they had never seen it. Macha often had to reiterate her comforting words about the small, neglected grave near the old, subterranean cave-temple where the tolerant gods of the

Hidden Faces still waited for the return of their scattered flocks.

Later, Macha had welcomed the chance for both of them to get work at the hotel; there, the unfamiliar surroundings awakened no rebellious thoughts in Kioussa's brooding mind.

The old Indian woman moved restlessly, remembering—

From the pathway a shrill voice sounded: "Always lazy! And we haven't enough clean napkins to set up the supper-tables," as Sarah Jane rounded the corner of the laundry.

Macha, with a start, came back to the present. "I sent up enough for the day this morning," she said.

Sarah Jane laughed insolently. "Did you?" she jeered; "well, now, because *I say so*, you can send up more!" she added.

Macha made no reply.

Sarah Jane, secure in the knowledge of her uncle's backing, because of his belief in her story about Macha, cast discretion aside; laying her hands on the Indian woman's shoulders she shook her roughly. "Don't try any sulkiness on me! And don't talk back!— You know a lot—but not enough. F'r instance, you don't know that you're a fool to let a man treat you the way Kioussa has! But we'll teach *him*! We'll run him off the place for not marryin' you——"

She broke off in sudden terror at the look in Macha's face; the Indian woman seemed to grow preceptibly taller as she towered above the cowering half-breed. Then, twice, she slapped Sarah Jane; slowly, deliberately, with the evident intention of making the act one of greatest humiliation, Macha lifted her hands and boxed the half-breed's ears; turning, she went into the laundry and quietly closed the door behind her, while Sarah Jane fled up the path toward Pahala's store. I think that she would prudently have ignored the occurrence if the hotel keeper, also pursuing those necessary napkins, had not witnessed the grand finale and welcomed the sight of her mortification with unrestrained mirth.

"Got what you deserved, didn't you, Sarah Jane? Old Macha knows that you used them napkins fer dish towels! You'd better not fool with *her* again—or we'll be havin' a first-class funeral

'round here, and you'll be the only person at it who won't smell the flowers!" he said, and laughed uproariously.

Sarah Jane, trembling with rage, did not answer.

The hotel keeper shook his head. "She sure is a pizen squaw! Sometimes I feel like firin' her—good waitress and all," he said; "I suppose she's goin' up to talk to her pin-head uncle about the insult Old Macha's offered their family," commented Mr. Kipp, and broke off to laugh. "Did you see Macha's face?" he questioned.

I nodded.

"I didn't blame Sarah Jane fer bein' scared—Macha looked about twenty feet tall," he said, then sobered. "Of course, Macha and Kioussa ain't been really married—accordin' to *our* way of thinkin'; but the Indians had their own recognized customs. And she's helped and cheered him through such trials as most women don't even know about—and is still doin' it. There's somethin' sort of *beautiful* in the *helpin'* way Old Macha loves her husband.

"After all," commented the hotel keeper reflectively, "if *that* ain't marriage, what is?"

We had reason, during the next few days, to realize the power of Sarah Jane's anger, augmented by her fluent imagination. By the end of the week, any one who heard and believed her description of the encounter could not have found an excuse for Macha; according to Sarah Jane, the old Indian woman had made a brutal, unprovoked, attack upon a young girl who, in the interests of her work, had asked for enough clean napkins to suitably fit out her employer's dining-room.

"From now on," whined Sarah Jane plaintively, "I'll use the dirty napkins over and over. It ain't up to me to get myself injured in the int'rests of a hotel that keeps such a washwoman."

Gradually, to her uncle, she built up a fine case; by the end of the week she had worked upon his slow anger until he was ready to act in her behalf. "I'll show Kioussa whether his wife'll dare strike Sarah Jane," threatened Pahala.

The hotel keeper, hearing of this new development, went up to the store and

faced the irate sheriff. "What's this I hear about your swearin' out a warrant for Macha and Kioussa, Pahala?" he demanded.

Pahala muttered an unintelligible reply. "This'll be the only arrest you've

you'll be sorry for it. I promise you that—and I don't never break my word!"

But under Sarah Jane's skilful manipulation this common-sense advice took on a different aspect. "He don't want you to realize that all the trouble was



Pahala, behind the counter of his store, turned a scowling face toward all customers.—Page 52.

made. You'd better be careful not to prove yourself a fool on the first count," volunteered Mr. Kipp. "I seen what happened, Pahala. Sarah Jane got just what she deserved," he added.

"I have to start with some one," growled Pahala sullenly.

"That so?" inquired Mr. Kipp sarcastically; then pounded the counter with his fist. "Now listen to me, Pahala: If you believe Sarah Jane's yarns enough to try to do somethin' mean to Macha—

caused because he didn't provide enough napkins," she interpolated, and dropped her voice to a whine: "All the girls is laughin' at you and me. And all of them is wonderin' why you are afraid of Kioussa." She let the suggestion sink in. "Don't you care how folks insult us?" she queried.

That evening Pahala served a summons on Macha and Kioussa to appear before the judge at Bonita, twenty-five miles away. Macha fingered the paper with

trembling hands. "How can I get there? I can't walk so far," she said.

"The only automobile there is, is in our garage. Pahala'll have to rent it, with driver, to take you over. And I'll deduct the amount from this month's bill for provisions from his store," vouchsafed Mr. Kipp grimly.

Pahala, blinking, commenced to object, but the hotel keeper waved him aside. "Get this dose of spite work out of your system; you'll have better sense, next time," he cryptically remarked.

I was as angry as Mr. Kipp when I watched that machine drive away the next morning. But I did not tell him that Macha had refused my offer to accompany her.

"There is a reason . . . why we have always wanted to go back . . . but we have never had the chance. Best that Kioua and I go alone to . . . Painted Canyon," said Macha.

"I can't bear to think of them spending their one day in their old home—at a police court," I said brokenly.

They returned late that evening. I did not see them, but the hotel keeper informed me that, after descending from the automobile, they thanked the bewildered Pahala and bade him a courteous good-night, then went to their own quarters. In the morning Macha was bending above her wash-tub; Kioua was busily engaged at the wood-pile. On the events of their day they volunteered no explanation, nor would they answer any questions. I was actually irritated by the baffling lack of information. Mr. Kipp only smiled.

Gradually, over the settlement, a wave of mirth spread and grew. Indians rarely smile—but when they are amused they laugh unrestrainedly, and during those days, when whispered comments went the rounds, each detail of the sheriff's excursion to Bonita was received with chuckles of appreciation. Pahala, behind the counter of his store, turned a scowling face toward all customers, nor found reason for rejoicing over the sudden influx of traders because their requests for goods were interlarded with hilarity.

After a few days Sarah Jane was put to the trouble of inventing a fictitious offer

for her services, and hastily departed to fill the place.

"She really went home—up to the reservation. I saw her there when I was tryin' to round up enough chickens for Sunday dinner. I told her to forget her foolishness and come back—good waitresses don't grow on every bush," explained the hotel keeper apologetically; then added: "She and Pahala can't stand bein' laughed at—besides it's costin' the sheriff money."

"What did Pahala spend?" I demanded.

"He paid for a real, first-class, weddin'-trip that Sarah Jane suggested," answered Mr. Kipp.

"Surely, Pahala hasn't married his niece?" I cried.

"Oh, no," answered the hotel keeper, and ordered a restless bird-dog through the door: "Go hunt for your native sons outside, Towser," was his command.

"If Kioua and Macha are all right I am not interested in the others," I said.

"Well, they're all right. Pahala's the only one that's walkin' lame," commented Mr. Kipp.

"Was Pahala hurt?" I inquired.

"Yes. In the pocket-book. He's got to pay for the ride, and the day at Bonita—it's up to him," said the hotel keeper.

"Why is it 'up to him'?" Pahala's the sheriff; he arrested Macha. The government pays for transporting prisoners," I asserted.

Mr. Kipp was instantly belligerent. "Wasn't they acquitted? And didn't Pahala make 'em go over to Bonita on a fool charge? And don't gasoline and tires, and a driver, and up-keep cost money? Who'd pay for the ride if Pahala didn't?" he demanded.

"If it was a 'fool charge,' why did they stay at Bonita all day?" I inquired.

Mr. Kipp made a motion as if to clasp his head with his hands, and raised his eyes to the ceiling. "If you've made up your mind to know, I'll save time by tellin' you!" he remarked. "Near as I can figure out from Macha's occasional word and Pahala's bursts of profanity, the prisoners had an enjoyable time. They set on the back seat and rode in style through the country they'd fought and suffered and starved in. When they



"They ate the weddin' lunch Macha had took along in a shoe-box."

got to Bonita the judge said he couldn't hear the case 'til late in the afternoon; so Macha and Kioua cruised about, visitin' around, seein' old landmarks, and enjoyin' themselves. Amongst other things, they ate the weddin' lunch Macha had took along in a shoe-box," volunteered Mr. Kipp.

"You've spoken of that wedding sev-

eral times. I'd be grateful if you would mention *who* was married!" I said with exasperation.

"Didn't I name the high contractin' parties? Shucks, now, wasn't that careless of me! Well, Macha and Kioua got tied up in proper style—with all the trimmin's—even to callin' Pahala in as witness. And when they went back to the

court, the judge gave just nine minutes to the case—and eight of them were spent in callin' Pahala down and tellin' him just how Sarah Jane had made a fool of him," vouchsafed Mr. Kipp.

I gasped. "Are you sure? I've seen Macha several times, and she hasn't mentioned getting married," I cried.

"She wouldn't," he commented, "and neither would Pahala—if he hadn't been trying to get out of payin' for the automobile. But he needs the lesson, and I'll see that he remembers it!"

Something in his manner aroused my suspicions. "It's your hotel automobile—so you can fix that charge. But what I want to know is: who telephoned the judge? Macha is too inarticulate to plead her case in nine minutes—or nine hours. And while you are explaining: I'd like to hear if it was difficult for you to arrange with the judge to call the case late—so that Macha and Kiousa could

have the day, undisturbed, at Painted Canyon?" I asked.

He hastily raised a silencing finger. "Ssssh! The idea!" he ejaculated. "Do you want to bring *me* under the range of Pahala's profanity? He's havin' trouble now to coin words hot enough to suit his needs! It ain't *safe* to mention his dear niece to him! I asked him if he thought I could get Sarah Jane to come back, and help out, for the rest of the huntin' season, and what do you think he answered?"

"He couldn't say anything against that horrid girl that I wouldn't agree with," I answered shortly.

"*He couldn't?* Why, he said— No, I guess I'd better not!" said Mr. Kipp. Glancing at the clock, he reached for the dinner-bell. "I wasn't enamoured of Sarah Jane's manners—but when meal-times come 'round, and I have to go in and do her work—I wish she was back!" said the hotel keeper.

The Tents of the Conservative

BY ALLEN D. ALBERT



QUARTET of saxophones was imitating bullfrogs according to "The Wizard of Oz."

I was waiting my chance at the audience out front. While I waited I peeped be-

tween the green curtains at the back of the Chautauqua stage.

In the front rows little girls and boys giggled each time the bass saxophone spoke for the biggest frog. A thousand of their elders were smiling broadly. The men, coats off, sat with their shoulders against the shoulders of their wives. Young people home from college did not altogether succeed in being unconscious of their sports togs.

Farmers, merchants, garage-men, preachers in the uniform of the rural clergy, with their families, identified themselves to any one who would study

them. It was a tentful of respectability, of the respectability of a typical American farming community.

A tenth of our people gather in such audiences every summer. This tenth represents probably more than a fifth of our total population. I told myself so much while I studied the audience that day. This fifth, away from the cities, unmoved by swirls of opinion that do not grow into mighty winds, is the American home guard. Other Americans ought to be intensely interested to know what these folk, the reserves of our public opinion, are thinking about in these parlous days.

Through eight summers I have been observing them. That seems a long stretch of hot weather to spend in accommodation trains and what are known to the circuit as bowl-and-pitcher hotels. It is, indeed, a long stretch, and to one writing on a farm, with the autumn land-

scape gloriously changing color, the outstanding teaching of that experience does not make the stretch a day shorter in retrospect or a single degree cooler.

Here is that outstanding teaching:

The very foundation of the home guard, which musters under Chautauqua tents, is the most old-fashioned conservatism and morality.

If ever you wonder what counterweight America has to the growing volume of radicalism, think of the Chautauqua. In its chairs and on its platform prevails not only the most conservative but the most conventionally moral influence of our national life. More than once I have smiled in thinking that it is something beyond all this, that it is the most monotonously moral agent I have ever observed among men.

The Chautauqua is above the human yieldings that make a good, bitter, scandal-fanned church row. Its foot never slips. Its character is so fixed that it allows every newcomer freedom to say or do anything that pleases him. If he have intelligence enough to last he will soon learn—the sooner the better for everybody—that he imperils his service in any cause by any unnecessary attention whatsoever to card-playing, to dancing, to sex, to non-Christian religion, to any theory of any philosophy that threatens the security of property.

Every lecturer must have his own reminders of all this. I certainly have mine aplenty. The material for my talks is town organization for the enrichment of town life, play as medicine for social ills, the adventures of spirit that young people crave no matter whether you find them in a Chautauqua tent or patronizing this year's Follies. A man who speaks of such causes for eight years to audiences substantially of one character cannot plead lack of warning as to the sensibilities of his hearers.

Nevertheless, forewarned as I ought to be, I have more than once driven from the tent some matron of conspicuously resolute shoulders, followed, it may be, by a daughter with conspicuously reluctant step. What had I done? I usually have to think back to find out; and usually I have made some such reference as to "those poor little victims of it all who

come into the world under the heavy handicap of illegitimacy."

You think this out of the question, a pose, in this day and age!

The donor of a park to a certain town in Illinois asked me, one day in the past summer, to outline a programme to foster the use of the park. As one of many features of that programme I suggested a platform and stage for amateur plays, roller-skating, and dancing. Next day a committee of the guarantors of the Chautauqua in that community called upon the superintendent to reason with him, solemnly, that the speaker of the night before—meaning no less a person than me—could not possibly be a Christian if he believed in dancing.

From town to town, through several months, I motored with the young people of a prelude company. We were resting one day in a grove, and three of them asked me to teach them to play "bridge." There was a compliment to any man! I wanted to play, moreover, as only the few will understand. Yet—

"Never in a thousand years," I answered, "unless you three want to be known to the committees as card-players."

These incidents are nothing more serious than illustrations of what I have described as the most old-fashioned conservatism and morality. In the brassy glare of the Sunday newspaper or the elaborate sameness of the country club, it may be you have forgotten that all Americans do not dance, that millions of them keep Sunday as something other than a play-day.

We of the Chautauqua do not forget it, either patrons or "talent." Some of us are entirely willing to belong to a movement that waits half a generation before it accepts the changing standards of representative city circles.

There are two observations that should be made, I think, upon this quality of conservatism in Chautauqua circles:

It is the very key to the influence of the Chautauqua.

It is an altogether natural product of the heart and soul of Chautauqua supporters.

Now this does not mean, by a great deal, that the home guard musters in the

Chautauqua tent only the out-of-date or the uninformed. Community high schools, good magazines, newspapers, the Chautauqua itself, have taught too successfully for that. Moreover, in every town there are, perhaps, fifty of a lecturer's hearers who follow what is said with the lenses of extensive travel and wide reading.

The automobile is increasing this number rapidly, not so much because our auditors go touring in it as because it extends the area from which our audiences are recruited. One notes license-tags from three or four States on the edge of the enclosure. Here a seven-passenger car has brought members of the faculty of a college more than ten miles; and their stay for a chat after the lecture makes a memory that enlivens long hours afterward in the day-coach. Here a block of thirty seats or more is reserved for Rotarians and their wives, coming through the dusk from a city twenty miles distant.

Almost any town may provide a specially encouraging hearing for some performer. Thus, one day, our young pianist was given helpful criticism by a woman who had studied with Theodor Leschetizky and is now teaching just enough to be busy and living a life of quiet and content in a city of less than ten thousand population. From such a community the woman's club wrote at the beginning of a season to ask Chautauqua headquarters for respite from "One Fine Day," out of "Madame Butterfly," and surcease from the threadbare sextet out of "Lucia di Lammermoor."

If you who live in the metropolitan centres have not noted it you would be astonished to learn how many from the little towns endure with you the length of grand opera, share with you the freaks of the winter lecture season, pay with you the baksheesh of fashionable restaurants. As a guess there are three or four families to each thousand of our rural population that go twice a year to the nearest large city that appeals to them.

It is one of the technical difficulties of the platform that the Chautauqua lecturer must observe the conventionalities of the circuit without boring this handful of leaders to the point of rebellion. They that stay at home, however, are a large

majority, and a majority with an extremely simple faith in certain extremely simple things. They are, in all their interests, our American reserves of conservatism.

Consider music: they love the old songs and the popular classics.

There used to be on the circuit, until its leader became head of the department of music in a State university, a quintet of conspicuous musical character. The leader made a specialty of explaining each number, and did it with such charm that his hearers were loath to have him retire; and at night, as a prelude to my own lecture that season, he nearly always presented a programme of numbers requested by persons of his afternoon audience.

Toward the end of the tour he and I went over his diary. We found that the whole number of selections which had been asked for more than once or twice only did not exceed nineteen.

Know, then, the nineteen favorite selections of representative Chautauqua assemblies from Jacksonville to Manistee, as nearly as I can remember them (which I think is decidedly near, indeed): "A Perfect Day," "Annie Laurie," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "The Palms," "One Fine Day," from "Butterfly," Tosti's "Good-bye," the aria "My Heart at Thy Dear Voice," from "Samson and Delilah," "Aloha Oe," "The Song of the Evening Star," "Absent," "I Hear You Calling Me," the "Cujus Animam," from the "Stabat Mater," the Beethoven "Minuet in G," the Rubinstein "Melody in F," Dvořák's "Humoreske," the Largo from Handel's "Xerxes," the "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhäuser," Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and the "Meditation" from "Thais."

What a creditable list it is! And what an interplay of influences it evidences! Can you not feel in one number the repertoire of a daughter home from boarding-school, in another a roll well worn out on the player-piano, in another the phonograph, in another a special service in church, in another the band concerts on the "square" of a summer Thursday evening?

What a superiority to jazz! According to the calendar, jazz should now be

rising to its height in Chautauqua programmes, since it is passing from the cities. Yet more than one Chautauqua company made its way through the season last closed without a single note of jazz! In these United States of America! In 1921!

Our young people in college would gnash their teeth over the literary taste of the circuit. I have no reason to think it ever gave a thought to "free verse." Chautauqua folk are now studying the history of China or the growth of the social settlement. In 1922 they will be "reading up" on the economic consequences of the war.

If a speaker would quote impressively let him recite either "Recessional" or "Smile, You Son-of-a-gun, Smile!" Humor must be unmistakable. Sometimes, when the point misses, the more hardened lecturers go over the joke a second time.

References to passing book crazes fail of any marked response. In three or four towns this past summer I had superintendents ask how many in the tent had read a certain book as much discussed nowadays as "Ships That Pass in the Night" was discussed in the 90's. Not ten in any town.

For these readers the literary culture of all time is still encompassed in the phrase "Shakespeare and the Bible." They know Drinkwater: he wrote of Lincoln.

In political opinion the Chautauqua groups seem to me impressively uniform throughout the nation. They are strongly partizan in their political affiliations, and, anywhere beyond the South, more of them appear to be partizan Republicans than Democrats. If there is any large persistence of progressivism I have not perceived it. They revere Roosevelt—and support the local bosses.

They want some sort of disarmament, and want it quickly enough to reduce their taxes right away. And some sort of League of Nations; though they do not want this, for the present, so positively that they will turn on their party to get it. They attach the greatest significance to the possession of property: it is in itself a seal of respectability; and I should be more amazed than I could easily express if any one could find a thousand out-and-

out Socialists in all the Chautauquas of a

Like most of us, they are for lower taxes on general principles, and all the time. This attitude took lately the direction of a general war on the increasing levies for schools in the rural districts. Retired farmers led the fighting, writing into leases the condition that tenants must pay any new school levies, and in many, many instances threatening the tenant with dispossession proceedings if a proposed increase in the school tax should pass.

Money is more easily raised among them for their churches than for any other objectives now that Germany is whipped. But they writhe enough over giving to anything—which is only a sign that they have slumped like the rest of humanity since the war. I could find a hundred towns in any section of the United States of distinctive Chautauqua size and character wherein public properties are deteriorating rapidly because this powerful element is against the spending of money for any public purpose whatever.

Thus the composite of Chautauqua opinion has the pinching of pennies as its most assertive expression. With that proviso the Chautauqua assemblies are earnestly devoted to orthodoxy—in patriotism, in morals, in religion. It is not, so far, according to my reactions from audiences of many localities, greatly interested in any of the arts.

Here is the key to the perennial welcome the Chautauqua extends to Mr. Bryan. He is no longer the sensation he was in 1900. He is heard, however, as gladly as any man, and by audiences of good size over a longer succession of seasons than any other man. The explanation is that he fits Chautauqua opinion like a glove.

All his political views begin with economy in public funds. He has only the most indefinite regard for painting, music, architecture, literature. He is enormously concerned for prohibition, world peace, godliness, and homeliness. To hear those causes argued skilfully, earnestly, persuasively, these Chautauqua folk will welcome Mr. Bryan until they and he alike are no more.

Out of such predilections has been evoked a distinctive type of discourse for the Chautauqua and its winter counterpart, the Lyceum.

Chautauquans themselves call it "the mother, home, and heaven lecture." It is described, invariably, as "inspirational." It is a kind of monologue, put together of sayings that are expected to please without offending against any of the Chautauqua conventionalities; delivered month after month with the same shadings of voice, the same accusing pointing of the finger, and altered from year to year only as new phrases can be tried without disturbing the tested success of the whole.

It is a type easy to make fun of and hard to be fair to. Doctor Russell H. Conwell's "Acres of Diamonds" is the perfect example. The teaching is solid as rock. Distant pastures are not fairer after all. Dip down where you are, you are in fresh water. Do not save for a trip to Kimberley; save to develop the mines of diamonds in the old home place.

Men who have heard this lecture as children take their children to hear it, watching to note the effect on the child of the sentences that thrilled them thirty-five years earlier. In one city where Doctor Conwell was to speak, a morning newspaper published the text of his lecture from beginning to end, and did not apparently affect the attendance in the evening.

Perhaps there is an element of strength in the very fact that the lecture is not changed. I wonder if it does not affect the hearers as the "Poet and Peasant" overture affects them: they know what is coming and have a sense of partnership in the performance as, step by step, they travel again the familiar ground?

A hundred or more lecturers obtain regular employment with the Chautauquas every summer to present to that part of America just such teachings of just such solid-rock impenetrability. They are, in my acquaintance with them, good men, good citizens, good lecturers; and always they are safe. A programme with no other lecturers than these may be expected to "get over" more regularly than any other combination.

The themes are kept close to the plain

people: "The Man Who Does," "Daring to Think," "Human Pickles," "Miles of Smiles," and "Just Folks"—here are titles so close to reality that those who know the Chautauqua and Lyceum will laugh aloud as they read.

"Mother, home, and heaven" may be expected always to be prominent in these programmes. The form of the lecture may change a little; the delivery may tone down from the present "rapid-fire," Gatling-gun, "straight-from-the-shoulder" style; but they will continue to have the favor of Chautauqua guarantors, I am confident, until the guarantor himself is changed.

Yet what is called the "information lecture" has come now to press "mother, home, and heaven" harder and harder. Leaders like Arthur C. Coit, president of the extensive Coit-Alber system, Harry P. Harrison, general manager of the many Redpath circuits, and Paul M. Pearson, now the president of the Lyceum and Chautauqua Association, are genuinely eager the Chautauqua shall be of maximum service to its patrons, and in that eagerness are keeping their programmes well ahead of the demands of local committees. It is they who are bringing forward a type of lecture of larger substance and more definite value.

They find what they seek sometimes in the "sensation" lecture. A man who flies to Greenland in an airplane will probably be heard with curiosity, even though he be technically a poor speaker; and the story of his expedition will have value in teaching geography.

But such a sensation is usually short-lived. In a year or two some one else will fly to the North Pole and Greenland will have to step aside. The "information lecture" is bigger than this. It is the talk of one who knows a subject authoritatively, preferably one of the sciences, and has the unbelievably rare ability to talk of it entertainingly.

The "Gatling-gun" lecturer observes this movement and does not fear it, saying:

"It is easier to give 'information' to those of us who have platform power than to give platform power to the man who has 'information.'"

As far as this is true, the trouble lies

largely in the traditional bookishness of scholars. The terms in which they think, and in which, naturally, they speak, are like:

"Even the planetary satellites share in the peculiarities of the solar system."

Hear the man with "platform power":

"You may call it 'The Great First Cause'! You may call it 'Nature'! You may call it anything you like! I call it God—who holds the least of the stars in the hollow of His hand!"

Trouble lies also in the undersurface contempt of the representative scholar for the concessions required to hold the attention of general audiences. They hear the more successful lecturers slide vocally up hill and down. They hear some of them ask themselves questions and answer themselves wittily. They hear practically all of them state a principle, amplify it, and illustrate it, cycle after cycle. And they groan as they hear every speaker who "makes good" tell stories at intervals of not more than five minutes.

Classrooms and laboratories do not train men in such methods. Undergraduates who do not listen merely punish themselves. Story-telling is for entertainers, not scholars.

A jurist who failed at lecturing is, I venture, speaking for hundreds who might serve the Chautauqua admirably but do not, when in deprecation of his own failure he says:

"You know how impossible it is to relieve a subject like penal and correctional reform with anecdote."

A subject like "The Yoke of the Law" beyond anecdote! Lincoln would not find it so, or Lord Erskine, or Cicero.

In a single day, in a court like that of this man, I myself have heard sentence passed on a weak-mouthed girl for sending threatening letters to a rich woman she had never seen, an Italian boy for mailing an infernal machine to an American girl because she would not marry him, and half a dozen youthful river-rats

for poaching on the preserves of a rich men's gun club!

Some twenty men and women, as a guess, are now succeeding in this new type of Chautauqua service. Some are lecturers of the old type glad to escape the slavery of the "rapid fire." Some are editors who find the perspective of their desk work helpful in the new focus and the response of the audience helpful to the desk. Some, like Doctor William A. Colledge, of Chicago, have been "information lecturers" for years. The remainder are specialists in various fields—with "platform power."

The Chautauqua is moving, I fancy, toward an approximately even division of its programmes between such entertainment as magic and music, "mother, home, and heaven" lectures, nine days' sensations, and "information lectures." As this change progresses the thinking of the American home guard will change.

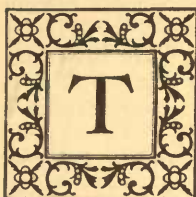
There will hardly be more music, but much of it will be of better quality; and there will be more attention to other arts. There will be more candid speaking on social problems and more candid listening. There will be a rapid advance in independence of party lines and a slower advance in thought upon taxes, the direction being away from the political philosophy of the Ohio valley and toward that of the Pacific coast. Even the sensations will come from new fields, so that the man who fills an art institute with children in Toledo may some day draw as big a crowd as the man who quells a riot in Seattle.

Yet, how far soever the thinking of America away from the urban centres may respond to more definite and more liberal social teaching, I do not perceive any reason to expect it to change fundamentally. It promises to continue, I believe, to be conventional, moral, conservative, in the most old-fashioned sense. This fifth part of America organizes itself intuitively into ranks of conservatism.

The Gentleman with Plaid Eyes

BY REBECCA HOOPER EASTMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER TITTLE



HEY had had no lunch.

"The minute the World War ended, I stopped being cheerful when hungry," complained Mrs. Perry Jones, from behind her rust-colored motor-

veil. "No lunch, and it's half past four!" "They say that the Armenians are still—" began Mrs. Bromfield.

"Don't remind me of suffering Syrians! I was so swayed by that humorist I heard speak for them that I handed over a cool ten thousand. Why 'cool'? There's nothing cool about money! I'm restless before I've spent mine and angry afterward. That same ten thousand would have bought a comfy little hydroplane, and if we were hydroplaning we could see a dozen leading hotels at a glance, instead of poking along on lonely wood roads, lost. This cheap, common motoring is suited only to lovers, children, and old people."

Nick Everso lolled luxuriously on the front seat of his car. Whenever he wanted a perfectly gorgeous week-end, with no exertion other than laughter, he invited the Perry Joneses and the Tom Bromfields motoring and let them plan the trip.

"Which way?" growled Everso's chauffeur, who was the only one present not having the time of his life.

"Which way?" repeated Mrs. Perry blandly. "How much every road looks just like every other road, when you're motoring! My feeling is that the left-hand road leads to the Blue Bird Tea-Room, but I'm always wrong, so we'd better take the right-hand road. The tea-room is the second house beyond the church, and you'll recognize it because there's a cage out over the road, in which dwells a celluloid bluebird."

They came eventually to a church, because, if you motor long enough, you

usually do come to a church. The second house beyond was one of those old New England mansions which every one, unless he wanted to boast that he was up from the dust, would like to claim as his ancestral home. It had the usual assets, from classic doorways, a sun-dial, a walled garden, and a terrace, to an ever-shifting arabesque laid upon it by the shadows of the elms.

"This is it!" declared Mrs. Perry.

Nicholas regarded her with a satisfied smile.

"Of course! There being neither a cage nor a bluebird, it must be the place you described! I adore the law of opposites which governs your mentality."

Before Everso's chauffeur could drive through the substantial ivy-covered stone gateway, round the corner from the stable puffed a pair of fat chestnut horses drawing a carriage such as royalties use in illustrated weeklies and driven by a proud, bumptious old coachman, with white hair and mahogany-colored cheeks. As soon he reined up at the front door there emerged from the house an angry dowager in purple mohair and a toque of bilious pansies. Although she walked with apparent ease, her feet looked as if they were deformed.

When she had driven away, conspicuously *not* noticing mere tourists, Everso ran up the steps and rang the bell. The girl must have been standing directly behind the door, for she opened it at once, and stood before him, tall, slender, blond, with her violet-blue eyes slightly but not unbecomingly red-rimmed. She was dressed in mourning, and carried in her hand a crumpled cobweb which had formerly been a handkerchief.

"Is this the Blue Bird Tea-Room?" inquired Nicholas. Seasoned bachelor though he was, he found himself breathless.

The girl hesitated briefly, and it seemed as if the universe had halted with her.

"This is the Green Dragon Coffee-House," she said. "Won't that do just as well?"

"Can you take care of a party of six? The chauffeur has such an unrestrained appetite that the bills for his food are rhapsodical."

"I'm quite sure I have enough—even for a hungry chauffeur."

As a lad of seventeen Nicholas had worshipped at the shrine of Burne-Jones's "Hope." Although the picture was almost out of his system now, the girl in the doorway so resembled it that he decided that if Burne-Jones could have painted a voice it would have been like the lyric one of the lady in the doorway.

"Please may we wash up?" inquired Mrs. Perry, as she surged up the steps.

Again the girl hesitated, and then, with a charming, enigmatic smile, led them up a spindle staircase into a great square hall, with square bedrooms opening off, and in the distance two blue-and-white bathrooms with guest towels waving a welcome in the breeze.

"You'd never know it from a private house!" whispered Mrs. Perry, as she adjusted a fresh hair-net.

"I serve people in the drawing-room," said the pretty girl with a touch of formality, as they descended.

It was evident that she understood her business, for there, on a rare old table, were tea, coffee, sandwiches, and rows of china cups with big green dragons on them. The hostess seated herself behind the samovar and poured the coffee, thus displaying quite the most beautiful pair of hands that Nicholas had ever beheld. They were white, small, not too slender, and, although they were exceedingly busy, they weren't nervous. They passed the sandwiches and little cakes, and occasionally they made an absurd, adorable gesture, by way of warding off a compliment. At length their owner inquired somewhat timidly if any one cared for home-made ice-cream.

"You don't have a sign out?" inquired Nicholas, as she brought him a second plate of ice-cream.

"No." She smiled warmly at him, as one who, having had the blues, smiles, and in smiling finds the world again delightful.

"It's rather unusual *not* to have a sign, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it is!" The enchanting hands approached him with a silver cake-basket.

"How do people know it's the Green Dragon Coffee-House?"

"People tell people."

"I think the reason you don't have a sign is because, if you did, you would be obliged by law to serve every one who came along. As it is, you can choose your guests."

"Yes," agreed the girl hastily. "If I don't like their looks, I can tell them that the Green Dragon is closed to-day."

"So you liked *our* looks!"

"If I hadn't, I shouldn't have let you in. It's not as subtle a compliment as you seem to infer."

"It is subtle enough to be quite satisfactory. May I please have the check?"

"Oh, dear!" The girl blushed. "Why, of course, I didn't think. Just a moment! I must have left it in the pantry." She vanished, and they heard her running hurriedly through the great quiet house.

"I've rummaged and rummaged," she said as she reappeared, "and I can't find a pencil. Could any of you lend me one?"

When Nicholas passed her his she retired importantly to the library across the hall, wherein ensued a great rustling of papers and then an absorbed silence.

"She's as unbusinesslike as she is charming," whispered Perry Jones.

"Unbusinesslike people are *always* charming," remarked Nicholas, who was an efficiency expert.

When at last the girl returned, she handed Everso a sheet of monogram note-paper with a faint mourning band, and the initials "S. L." at the top, in black. She watched him anxiously while he read it.

ONE AFTERNOON COFFEE-PARTY

6 cups of coffee, at 5 cents a cup.....	\$.30
Sandwiches.....	.10
Olives.....	2.50
Ice-cream, 50 cents each.....	3.00
	<hr/>
	\$5.96

"You multiplied the coffee wrong!" began Nicholas. "And why did you charge so little for the sandwiches and so much for the ice-cream? You haven't

put down the cake and almonds at all, and you should have charged more for your coffee. I never heard of such a price for olives."

"But your chauffeur ate two bottles," she explained. "And I never calculate the sandwiches when I serve more than one kind, because it gets me all mixed up. You must know yourself how awfully they charge for ice-cream at hotels. I didn't put down the cake and almonds, because they were presents and didn't cost me anything. I have never"—she tried to look severe—"had any one object to a bill before!"

"I don't object, except that you don't charge enough."

"If you argue, I shall charge nothing!"

"Don't you enjoy argument?"

"I refuse to do it, where money is concerned."

Meekly Nicholas handed her a five-dollar bill and a one-dollar bill.

"I haven't a bit of change!" she said. "So you'd better keep the one-dollar bill. Five dollars is a plenty, and will do very nicely. I wish I had thought to say five dollars at once, instead of getting excited over the arithmetic. What *did* I do with your pencil? I suppose it's lost! They ought to sell papers of pencils the way they sell papers of pins. Then you could tear off rows at a time."

"I wish I might know your name," purred Mrs. Perry.

"My name," said the Burne-Jones girl, "is Sylvia Lee."

It was exactly as if she had struck a chord on a harp.

"Mundane as it is to mention it, the Aspinwalls dine at eight," said Tom Bromfield, breaking the spell. "And considering that we invited ourselves to dinner with them, and that we are now seventy-five miles away and that it is a quarter after six——"

"Just a minute!" said Nicholas. "I want to get Miss Lee to show me those day-lilies in her garden. They are a rare variety!" The resourceful and deeply smitten Everso tried to look horticultural.

"Five minutes is all we can spare!" said Perry, sinking back in his chair in response to his wife's "Can't you see that he wants to speak to her alone? Have you lost *all* your sense of romance?"

"I want to know your password," be-

gan Nicholas, as he stood with Sylvia Lee among the tall day-lilies.

"My password?"

"I want to be sure and get in—the next time I come."

"I will let *you* in, no matter when. But I shan't serve your friends unless you bring them. I am very particular, you see."

"Once I started to have a garden," said Everso, talking against time. "But it was not successful because I planted the lily-bulbs upside down. And now, having exhausted the subject of gardens, let's talk about you. You had been crying just before we came!"

"Mrs. Meserole had been scolding me. You must have seen her drive away. She's the only woman multimillionaire in the State, and she was my mother's best friend."

"What's the matter with her feet?"

"Nothing, except that she wears her right shoe on her left foot, and vice versa, because shoes worn that way last longer."

"What was she scolding you about?"

"She wants me to do something I can't."

"What is it? Marry her son?"

"Mercy to goodness, she has no son!"

"Does she want you to marry some one else?"

"I don't see why you think my unhappiness has anything to do with marriage."

"It is absurd of me. What I ought to be thinking about is the great number of people who are going to be unhappy because you can marry only one person."

"How easily you talk of marriage—just as if it were the weather and you were hard up for a subject. Do run along, please. I'm dining out, myself."

Everso drove away from Sylvia Lee with imprecations for dear old friends who ask you to dine. Why was it that whenever you really wanted to do anything there was always something else that had to be done? And, conversely, whenever you had nothing to do there was never anything interesting going on anywhere!

How lovely she had looked among the lilies!

II

It was barely a week later when Everso asked Margaret Cameron to motor out to



Drawn by Walter Tittle.

"How do people know it's the Green Dragon Coffee-House?"—Page 61.

the "Green Dragon" with him. Margaret was good-looking, of good family, and had a good income. Moreover, she never questioned the whys and wherefores. No one had ever heard her ask what the world was coming to. The fact was that Margaret took the world for granted and believed what she wanted to. Despite history, she believed that Fifth Avenue had been there always, with good-looking people strolling along after lunch. During the war Margaret had worked like a dog for her country, because you always work like a dog for your country during wars. It can be seen why Margaret was just the person to take to the Green Dragon. In case Sylvia Lee was out Everso would have company both ways, and if Sylvia Lee was in Margaret was so unobtrusive and so unseeing that it would be as good as being alone with Sylvia.

"There isn't any ice-cream to-day," began Sylvia Lee the moment she opened the door. "I thought I ought to tell you, because you can go on to the 'Blue Bird.' They always have it."

"Don't want any ice-cream," said Nicholas, entering the house in a lordly manner. He was so glad to see Sylvia again that he found himself smiling in an undignified and unforeseen manner, giving himself away, as it were. He was obliged to tell a funny story as an excuse for his mirth, and he disliked telling funny stories. People always told them back to you next time.

"How is trade?" inquired Nicholas, after the story had been politely laughed at.

"Wonderful!" sighed Sylvia Lee, as if the world was replete with happiness.

"Margaret, you really ought to go out and see Miss Lee's lilies!" said Nicholas abruptly.

"May I go out and look at the garden and poke round all by myself?" inquired Margaret, promptly taking up her cue.

"But I'd be delighted to—" began Sylvia rising.

"Sit down!" said Nicholas. "Miss Cameron has a passion for wandering in gardens alone."

Sylvia Lee began picking up the empty plates and making enchanting little staccato gestures in the air, in reply to Nicholas's fervid, disjointed conversation. He had planned to be so impressive, but

the sight of her and the sound of her voice unmanned him. All his worldly experience deserted him; he felt like a boy at his first grown-up dance.

"Been doing any crying lately?" he asked almost bashfully.

"Dear me, no! I've had too many invitations to go visiting."

"You don't *like* to visit, do you?"

"I adore visiting rich people. They have so many dinners and things, and it doesn't cost anything to live—when you're visiting. I hate provision-bills and checking up items. I hate butchers and grocers because they are so exact about money. Every one says my husband will have a terrible time with me."

And Sylvia Lee laughed delightedly at the plight of an imaginary spouse.

"Are you engaged?" Nicholas hoped he didn't look as pale as he felt.

"No, indeed, but of course I shall get married some day, because every one says I'm the marrying kind. In fact, my finances are so peculiar that they all wish I'd hurry up. But it's one of the things you can't very well hurry with, unless you have the right man to help you hurry!"

"What's your ideal sort of romance?"

"Oh—to have some wonderful man sweep me off my feet and say: 'I adore you; let's have a big wedding with heaps of presents, and my dear old aunt who has no home will come and live with us and do the accounts.' What is your ideal romance?"

"I've abandoned ideals for the real thing. The trouble is, the girl hasn't begun to care."

"Why, dear me, your eyes are variegated, near to, aren't they? In the distance they look a warm brown, with little green flashes, but, near to, the iris has little patches of dark blue, brown, tawny yellow, green, and—er—gray. Dear me, your eyes are plaid!"

"I hope you have no prejudice against plaids."

"I don't care for plaid neckties, but I like plaid eyes. Some literary old dear said something about the eyes being the windows of the soul, didn't he?"

"I believe so."

"You must have an odd and pleasant soul—if the eyes are any indication. Is Miss Cameron the girl you care for?"

"She's a fine girl!" He hoped he could make Sylvia jealous.

"I saw at once that she was one of those whom every one calls a 'fine girl.' It's so uncomplimentary, isn't it? She has just looked at her watch and she's coming back. You'll both have to go, because to-night Mrs. Meserole is having a really truly dinner-party, with three new men. She's doing all she can to marry me off! Did you like the lilies, Miss Cameron? The bill is five dollars, Mr. Everso. I decided to charge the round sum always, no matter what people eat, unless they think five dollars is too much."

"I can stand it this time!" declared Everso, laying the crisp bill in her bewitching fingers.

"Do come again, *both* of you! So glad I had no other clients to-day. It's lots more fun not to be too successful."

"Are you going to marry her?" inquired Margaret, after she and Everso had driven a mile in silence. Not being deaf, dumb, and blind, she had been obliged to observe the state of Everso's feelings.

"I am if I can get her."

"How funny of her to keep a coffee-house in that magnificent place! Does she live alone? Where were the servants? Who is she?"

"That's the whole fascination," said Nicholas slowly. "I don't know anything about her."

III

By dint of enormous self-control he managed to stay away another week, and then he again asked Margaret Cameron to take the thirty-mile drive with him.

"I'll go with you this time, Nicky," said Margaret, "but never again. She will probably throw you down, because she is the first girl you've ever bothered with seriously. And you will be awfully poor company on the thirty miles home. Don't ask her to-day, because I want to enjoy my ride *both* ways."

When they reached the "Green Dragon," before the door stood the same pair of pompous old horses that had been there the first time, and, just as Nicholas threw on his brake, down the steps came Sylvia

Lee, dressed for driving. In the most bare-faced manner she pretended not to see them, and she put up her parasol and stepped into the carriage, obviously hiding behind the coquettish black-and-white sunshade. The moment she stepped into the carriage, the coachman drove her away before their face and eyes. As the royal barouche turned the corner she leaned out and smiled back at them wickedly.

Nicholas immediately caught up with her.

"I've a good mind to drive ahead of you, and cover you with dust," he said, as he stopped the car by her carriage.

"You mustn't do that, because my horses are so old and wheezy they'd drop dead, I'm sure. Can we let Mr. Everso drive ahead of us and make dust, Martin?" she inquired of the coachman's back.

"No, miss," said Martin, with a scornful glance at Everso.

"Martin says you mustn't drive ahead of us and make dust, and he's one of the Selectmen, so you'll have to mind. You'd better eat at the 'Blue Bird' to-day. My horses need exercise and I need the fresh air."

"I thought this was Mrs. Meserole's carriage," said Everso.

"It was. She left it to me in her will."

"Her will? You said you were dining with her a week ago."

"I know. And she died that night. Drive on, Martin!"

"Well—upon my word!" muttered Everso, as he drove after Sylvia Lee, on low speed.

"I know you're going to be disagreeable going home," moaned Margaret Cameron.

Everso had again stopped by Sylvia Lee.

"You know very well that Mrs. Meserole couldn't die and leave you a coach and horses all in a week," said Everso.

"This is my first ride," said Sylvia. "And she did die. She had indigestion after the dinner, and by mistake took something meant for external use internally. Don't make me talk about it, please!"

It was impossible not to believe Sylvia Lee now, for her under lip was quivering.

If this was not sufficient evidence, Martin's shoulders were heaving up and down too rapidly for natural breathing.

"I'll come again!" said Everso.

But Sylvia Lee's pretty face was buried in one of her cobwebby handkerchiefs.

IV

"I'm so glad you've come!" said Sylvia Lee.

It was, of course, only a week later, because a week was Everso's limit of endurance at staying away from Sylvia Lee. This time an elderly maid with omniscient eyes admitted him, and in the drawing-room there was not a vestige of the wonderful tea-table with its silver samovar and green-dragon china. Had Sylvia Lee retired from business?

She came running down the spindle staircase at once and seized both his hands.

"I'm so glad you've come!" she cried. "Everything will be all right now."

Nicholas, who inwardly echoed her sentiments, inquired solemnly if there was something he could do for her.

"I'm in terrible trouble!" she said engagingly. "Tuck has died. He's the fattest of Mrs. Meserole's two horses. It must have been apoplexy. Martin is sick over it and won't listen to reason. You see Martin has taken care of Nip and Tuck every day for over twenty years, and he loves them next to his children. Now, *you* can reason with Martin."

"Why does Martin need to be reasoned with?"

"Why, although I've talked and talked and talked to him, he won't bury Tuck unless there's some kind of a service. The minister, although I've talked and talked and talked to *him*, won't read the service, and there we are! I'll have Martin in."

Martin's grief was, indeed, pathetic. His sensibilities had been undermined by the death of his beloved mistress two weeks before, and, now that this other, perhaps closer, friend had gone, he was unable to do anything but insist on what seemed to him his rights. It didn't seem to occur to Martin that Tuck might have lived to an even greener old age if he hadn't constantly overfed him.

"He ain't going to be buried without formalities, not while I live!"

"Couldn't *you* manage the funeral for us?" asked Sylvia Lee suddenly of Everso. "Tuck really was a perfect old dear."

"Would it do, Martin, if I conducted the—er—obsequies?" asked Everso, thus proving that there was nothing he wouldn't do for Sylvia.

"I suppose it'll have to do," said Martin. "I wanted Miss Sylvia to read a hymn. She used to ride on horseback on Tuck when she was a little girl."

"I *couldn't* read a hymn, Martin. I should cry too much!"

"I'll take charge," said Nicholas masterfully. "Are you ready, Martin?"

"You're sure you're going into this in the right spirit?"

"I have always liked horses—if that's what you mean," said Everso.

And he followed Martin out behind the barn to the pasture where Tuck lay; Sylvia Lee and three elderly women servants trailed on behind. Wondering what he ought to say, and what he would say, and what he *could* say, Everso took off his cap, and looked squarely up into the sky, with puzzled, reverent eyes, and words came.

"If men were half as decent and half as uncomplaining as horses, how much better this bad old world would be! Horses never have their own way: they always serve. They bear no malice when they are put aside for a better horse or for an automobile. There is good reason for saying, when you want to compliment a man, that he has horse sense. I wish that I personally could be as un-questioning about doing what was expected of me as the average horse. I haven't the slightest idea where you have gone, Tuck—I'm not entirely certain that you have gone anywhere. But of one thing I am very sure, that it is well with you."

Martin, who had been gazing frantically upward in order that his torrents of tears should run down his throat instead of out of his nose, threw on the first earth, and Nicholas, taking off his coat, helped finish the job.

"It was glorious!" muttered Martin. "The Ladies Cemetery Association couldn't have managed the thing better."

Thus commended, Nicholas wandered



Drawn by Walter Tittle.

"I haven't the slightest idea where you have gone, Tuck—I'm not entirely certain that you have gone anywhere."—Page 66.

into Sylvia Lee's garden and found her working among her flowers.

"You'll stay and dine with me?" she asked half shyly.

"I'd love to. May I help you weed?"

Their first silence fell upon them.

"It was a sweet funeral!" sighed Sylvia Lee, as the dinner-gong chimed its interruption. "I knew you were like this, though, the minute I saw your plaid eyes."

They talked about nothing and anything and everything at dinner, not realizing what they said, just revelling in the sound of each other's voice and the fact that they sat opposite each other. Afterward they had coffee in her garden, by moonlight.

At his fourth cup, Sylvia demurred. She had begun to take care of him.

"You won't sleep!"

"I shan't sleep anyway. I'm too happy."

And she poured his fourth cup with a hand that trembled.

"I've a number of wicked confessions to make," she said quickly. "I'll make them all in a lump, so that you won't have time for reactions between them. This isn't the Green Dragon Coffee House, and it never was!"

"Explain."

"That first afternoon, I had arranged the party for a lot of friends of Mrs. Meserole's who were visiting her. She came alone, on purpose to scold me for catering to her wealthy friends, and told me she would have nothing more to do with me if I didn't sell my house and go to work; that it was time one of the Lees braced up and did something. She said she was going home to change her will, after having promised my mother that she would leave me enough to live on. And she *did* change it. All she left me were the horses and carriages and her old servants. A lawyer who doesn't know how to smile pays their wages and my provision-bills, and I have only the five hundred a year my mother left me, and this house. She left the servants to me so that they could look after me. Fancy!"

"But why did you tell me this was the Green Dragon Coffee House?"

"Because somebody had to eat up the party. I'd been two days getting it ready,

and I didn't want it wasted, did I? I'd have had to live on sandwiches and ice-cream a week. It was a pretty party, wasn't it?"

"Even this doesn't explain why you had another party waiting the second time I came."

"The second time? Oh, yes. Well, of course it was a lot of work getting ready every day, not knowing whether you were coming, but it was such fun to see you behave as if you were a paying guest!"

"You enjoyed seeing me make myself ridiculous."

"Oh, no, but don't you see, if I hadn't said it was the Green Dragon Coffee House in the first place, I never should have known you. And I thought, if I wanted to keep on knowing you, I should have to keep on saying it was the Green Dragon Coffee House."

"I can't believe you!"

"Perhaps you don't want to believe that I liked you from the beginning."

"Sylvia!"

"After one look at your intriguing plaid eyes I'd have said the house was anything you wanted it to be. If you had asked if it was an orphanage, I should have said, 'Yes, and I'm the orphan,' and if you had asked if it was an insane asylum, I should have said: 'Yes, I have just lost my wits over you!'"

It was queer how naturally her head descended to his shoulder, and queer how much at home it felt when it got there.

"You know absolutely nothing about me!" she accused him.

"In a quiet corner of the most conservative club I know sits a white-haired old beau, by the name of Colonel Sellers. He once wanted to marry your mother. We were talking about your family yesterday."

"A great many men wanted to marry mother. They all say such nice things about her. She was quite famous for her charming way of saying 'No.'"

"I hope you have no such reputation."

"I had, but I'm out of practice. In fact, I'm getting so very rusty that I doubt if I could say 'No' at all. But isn't it rather soon for us to be getting married?"

"My dear!" His tone was hurt. "It seems to me that we have been waiting ages."

Ode to Shelley

BY GEORGE STERLING

LIFT trumpets, silver trumpets, to the light!
Lift trumpets, Fame, to the revealing day!
For he it is whose way
Goes forth forever in the great sun's sight.
O singer, fled afar!
The erected darkness shall but isle the star
That was your voice to men,
Till morning come again
And of the night that song alone remain.
O you whose holy pain
Pierced the world's heart with music of that woe,
Now is our sorrow made
As deep as theirs who lost you long ago.
Human it is that every rose shall fade,
But not on its first morning. Many lands
Knew many griefs that day, but could not know
What loss was theirs, when, by the shoaling jade,
Your ashes, like gray snow, were on the sands.
It is of wounds like this that Time has scars,
And tears are of the eternal, and our hands
Are lifted to inexorable stars.
Ah! fled forever, past atonement's word!
Gone to the timelessness where sleep is long!
Lost, like the music of an unborn bird,
Or your unwritten song!
Mute, though the given song awhile impart
Beauty's inherent sorrow to the heart!

Lift silver trumpets, Fame, for this is he
Whose joy was in the silver of the sea—
The shudder of the wave-crest on the light,
The foam of oceans desolate and pure,
Snows that might not endure,
And waters riven on the windy height.
O singer, winged from birth!
Spirit of light, impatient of this earth
And its old bonds that chafe the star-lured wings!
How great your love
For restless wind and cloud, for dews and star!—
All clean and crystalline and radiant things,—
All clarities that are
Beyond man's soilure and intolerance,—
All azure bent above
The long-lost Islands of the lost romance.
For you the lyric heavens no more are dumb,
And Beauty, moulded by the cancelled Past,
Touched by your light shall cast

ODE TO SHELLEY

Her shadow on the mighty years to come.
 The noblest heart that ever slept in Rome
 Finds in our hearts a home.

Wherefore when winter skies are sheerest blue,—

 When fallen waters chime,—

When silvern rains are on the lucid lake,

 Ah! then the thought of you,

 The clearest voice of Time,

Is born like music when the shore-winds wake

The old regret that sleeps in pine and wave.

 And yet it is not grief

 That murmurs in the breast

Because the Fates at Spezia would not save,

But drew the silence on you, till men found

The song immortal and the singing brief.

It is not sorrow: every heart must rest.

But at your lustral trumpets' argent sound

 Far dreams come back,

And we are homesick for those Isles you sought

 Beyond the sunset's track.

 We too have caught

An echo of that singing, and would find

 The vision you have seen:

Youth, in a land of heights and ocean-wind,

In the morning of the world, when blood was clean,—

Beauty, whose lips no message had defiled,—

 The star-song of the Muse,

 As innocently wild

As when one hears the laughter of a child

Over the year's first blossom and her dew.

O dream unverified, dreamt long ago!

 Not thus the Anarchs rule:

Time, that shall put us all to school,

Shows us that Land but in his afterglow—

 A realm too far to know

Save in the dream that was so real to you.

But Pain cries from her darkness: "I am true!"

And war and greed and ignorance and sin

Leave us no Paradise to wander in,

Beyond the world's exaction and its scorn.

 You too have worn

 Illusion's rose and thorn,

Finding the petals all too swift to fall,

The thorn, impeding and perpetual.

But never in your heart, forever boy,

 Could the world's voice destroy

The vision of those Islands lost in mist

 Of rainbows and their foam—

Edens of Time, altars of amethyst,

Beautiful in the sunset, and your home.

 We too

In youth have known the clarion and gleam;

We too have dared, unwounded then, to roam

The wind and sacred blue
 Of heavens lost to you,
 But know them lost, and found but in the dream.
 Now even in our youth
 The bitter voice of Truth
 Is clear in challenge, bidding that we rise,
 Putting aside dismay,
 And grapple with that angel, in whose eyes
 All mystery is buried till its day.
 Now is the Question come
 On all our Dreams, nor may their lips be dumb,
 But each shall tell its country and its king—
 Whether its gift be lies,
 Remembered from that strain the sirens sing,
 Or if a road to light be hidden there,
 Or if there be enigma in the tale.
 One finds no Paradise
 That all ask not to share.
 There is no victory if a brother fail;
 There is no secret place
 Where one shall tryst with Beauty, face to face;
 But in the sounding street and press of men
 Shall we entreat her, that she lift her veil
 And show us that she roams the world again.
 There is no isle so lone,
 Nor snows so high,
 That man shall hear not there his brother's moan,
 Nor seek an answer to that mystery.
 Our eyes have seen too little and too much;
 Our hearts are hungry past Elysium's food;
 Our brows have felt the touch
 Of winds from the Beyond; a final Good
 Has set a star within us and without,
 Drawing the gaze to skies of cleanly doubt,
 And giving us no peace in solitude.
 O singer, there are lions in the way!
 But though your roses of mirage decay,
 Leaving the desert empty to the day,
 Yet there shall be our garden and its flowers,
 Where lark and nightingale divide the hours.
 Then shall your Isle be found,
 And there a wiser race,
 The children of the noon,
 Shall rear the Happy Place,
 With dust of dreams that crowned our brows too soon,—
 With seed of hopes that fell on stony ground,—
 With rain of all the unrecorded tears
 Wept in those early years.
 Diviner for the Past,
 The Vision that you saw shall gleam at last—
 The wise and beautiful that yet shall be,
 Though we, as you, be wakened not to see.
 Oh! is that too a dream
 Of hue and form that seem,—
 Of happiness forever just beyond
 These hearts so swiftly fond?

ODE TO SHELLEY

We know the night must be before the day,
 The dream before the moulding of the clay.
 What though your song was born of your own pain,—
 Your flight cut short so distant from the goal?
 The shadows and the echoes that remain
 Are wings and voices for the groping soul,
 In gulfs it cannot cross;
 And though the arrainging music cry our loss,
 To strive, it says, is more than to attain.
 Still, though your flight was ever skyward, still
 The granite affirmation of man's will
 Was made more strong,
 More far-enduring for the intrepid song,
 And you were of the fearless and their strain,
 That find no night too long.
 O choric heart, that found the flesh a cage!
 O panther-soul, at bay against your age!
 Unfitly are your ashes housed in Rome,
 'Mid orange-blossom fragrance and the dust
 That knew the Cæsars' lust.
 For we would make their solitary home
 On some white mountain-peak
 That few, or none, dare seek—
 Some throne to Death, deep in the holy West,
 An eyrie of great winds and ancient snow,
 Whence foaming rivers flow
 And but the shadow of the eagle falls
 Upon the frozen crest
 And everlasting halls
 Of granite open to the highest star.
 There might Polaris be your lamp afar—
 The northern star, that wanders not the night,
 O you a Vision's wanderer from birth!
 There might the living sun pour down his flood
 On an exultant earth,
 O you whose heart and home were deathless light,—
 Whose very blood
 Ached for the crystal ray
 And isolating azures of the day!
 But who are we, that we should choose your tomb?—
 We in whose hearts have stirred
 Your music made immutable, your word
 Which cries that man is greater than his doom.
 Whether you sleep in Rome or in the West,
 Great is the sleeper, great the enduring rest.
 And though your silver trumpets never cease,
 Uplifted to that flame
 That is your immortality of fame,
 And though their voice increase,
 You shall not hear, who hold within your breast
 The silence and the unconditioned peace.

Books and Autograph Letters of Shelley

[BORN AUGUST 4, 1792. DIED JULY 8, 1822]

BY HARRY B. SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF MR. JEROME KERN AND THE AUTHOR



AT noon on the 8th of July, 1822, just a hundred years ago, a small sailboat left the harbor of Leghorn bound for Lerici, a village on the Gulf of Spezia, a sail of about thirty-five miles. The weather had been oppressively hot and there were signs of an impending storm. The passengers in the thirty-foot yawl, three young Englishmen, disregarded the warnings of native sailors and the protests of a compatriot more experienced than themselves in the treacheries of Ligurian wind and wave. This friend, a stalwart Cornishman, was to have convoyed them in a larger boat, but was unable to get a port clearance from the Health Office. Through a ship's glass he watched the progress of the yawl till it disappeared in the mist and darkness of a sudden thunder-storm. The tempest lasted for twenty minutes, and when the horizon cleared, the watcher, scanning the sea through his glass, recognized all the craft that had been visible before, but his friends' boat had vanished. Several days passed before all hope was abandoned. It was thought that the little vessel might have been driven out to sea and landed safely on one of the adjacent islands; but soon the truth was realized. In that twenty-minute storm had perished one of England's greatest lyric poets. Like the protagonist of a Greek drama, Shelley had defied the gods, and the gods had destroyed him. Perhaps it was indifference to life that had led him to laugh at warnings and set forth in his small boat heedless of the darkening sky and the menacing voice of nearing thunder-clouds. Frail in body and morbid in mind, there is evidence in his own handwriting that he

regarded suicide as an open door through which he could depart from a world with which he had long been out of tune. Six years before, Harriet Shelley had drowned herself in the Serpentine, the artificial lake in Hyde Park, and although a jury of admiring biographers has acquitted the poet of complicity in his wife's death, a presiding judge would be justified in reprimanding that jury for bringing in a verdict contrary to the evidence. Shelley himself knew better. Abnormally sensitive and introspective, he suffered the torments of remorse; for he had "killed the thing he loved," not with the sword, but with the cruel word.

The story of the tragic last act of Shelley's romantic life-drama has often been told, and brief allusion is made to it here only with reference to the date, for it is just a hundred years since the poet sank in the waters of the Gulf of Spezia, apparently without a struggle to save his life. The memoirs of Byron, Trelawney, Leigh Hunt, and Mrs. Shelley are the original documents on which have been founded all the later accounts of the events that followed that last voyage. Who that has ever read it can forget Trelawney's description of the cremation of the bodies on the shore at Viareggio? or Byron's story of Mary Shelley in her anguish and suspense, rushing frantically to his rooms to ask if he had had news of her husband? "Never have I seen such grief and terror in a human countenance," wrote Byron, "and I pray to God that I never may again."

Among the strange features of the tragedy were the many premonitions which seem to have visited, not only Shelley himself, but several of his friends; dreams, visions, and portents, in which a mystic might find more than coincidence.

Shelley had several times hinted at a presentiment that he was to die by drowning. He had said that he would sink unresisting, in order that he might not impede the efforts of companions to save themselves. Only a few days before the catastrophe, while walking on the beach with Edward Williams, his comrade in the "rendezvous with death," he declared that he saw the form of Allegra, Byron's daughter, rise from the waves and beckon to him. He had written in one of his later poems:

"If you can't swim,
beware of Providence."

This line, almost clairvoyant in its significance, moved a kindred-minded poet to ask: "Did no unearthly *divisti* sound in his ears as he wrote it?" Williams, too, seems to have had a premonition. On the last page of his diary, now in the collection of Mr. Jerome Kern, he drew a prophetic picture of a yawl in a storm. There is vigorous action in the sketch, for Williams had

considerable skill as an artist; and one can even fancy a resemblance to Shelley in the figure in the bow. This diary came into Trelawney's possession and was used by him for recording incidents associated with Shelley. The following is one of the notes in Trelawney's hand:

"Whilst Shelley was at Lorenza (?) in the Bay of Spezia, a few days before his death, in the middle of the night all the inmates of his house were alarmed by a violent shriek. Mrs. Shelley and Williams rushed from their rooms to see the cause of it, and found Shelley in the dining-room with a candle in his hand, leaning against the wall; with his eyes open, but evidently unconscious of everything

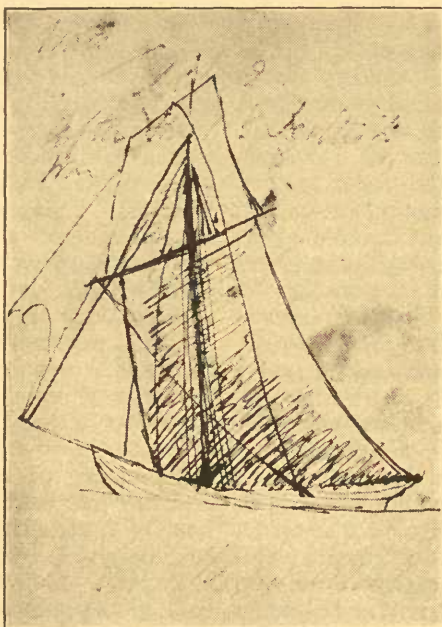
around him. He said: 'Are you satisfied?' They watched him till his faculties became unentranced, and he said: 'I have followed from my room the embodied shadowy image of myself.' It had lured him to the hall, and then said: 'Shelley, are you satisfied?'" Trelawney refers to a similar story in Calderon, and as one of Shelley's latest writings was a translation of Calderon's "Magico Prodigioso," it is probable that this somnambulistic adventure was the result of a dream memory.

The poet had always had a habit of sketching trees on his manuscript pages; but in the later weeks of his life his subconscious mind seemed obsessed by ships and the sea, and his drawing, in moments of abstraction, while at work upon a poem, took the form of boats of various types. Several of these sketches have survived. One appears on a page of the Calderon translation; another on a blank leaf of his

unfinished tragedy, "Charles the First." Speaking of the latter drawing, reproduced here from one of Shelley's notebooks, Mr. H. Buxton Forman said: "If he has not inscribed his sketch with either of the names whereby we know his fatal pleasure boat—whether *Ariel* or *Don Juan*—we shall probably never see a better embodiment of the soul of the little craft,

"Built in th' eclipse and rigged with curses dark."

Shelley's biographers have been many and of infinite variety. We have had the "Real Shelley" of a gossiping chronicler and the unreal Shelley of another, whose work, unquestionably the definitive biog-



Shelley's sketch of the boat in which he was lost; drawn on a manuscript a few days before his death.

raphy, is so elaborately elegant that it justifies Mark Twain's description of it as "a literary cake-walk." It is not easy to decide which is the less attractive, the immaculate and half-divine paragon of the devotees, or the self-deceiving egoist and rampant would-be reformer of the world pictured by a satirist. The present purpose is not to contribute to the voluminous biographical records; but it is thought that certain manuscripts of Shelley's, owned by American collectors, may add some details to the composite portrait which is a blend of the sketches of the many who have written of the poet. Shelley is essentially a collector's author, sharing pre-eminence in that respect with Byron and Keats. To appeal to the collector it is not enough that a poet is of superlative genius and surpassing fame; there must be magnetism in his personality and a romantic tradition. It is this that makes the difference between Shelley or Byron and, say, Wordsworth. There are critics who pronounce Wordsworth the greatest poet since Milton, and the pensive sage of Rydal Mount is by no means ignored by the collector; but, as an admiring essayist recently wrote: "By Heavens! he *is* a dull man." But Shelley from boyhood to the end of his short life was an enthusiast, and now, when his ashes have lain for a hundred years in the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius, in the old Protestant cemetery in Rome, he inspires enthusiasm in people of all kinds and characters, from the ancient bibliophile to the romantic schoolgirl who memorizes the love lyrics.

One of the first and finest of American collections of Shelleyana was made by a New York cotton broker. From the cotton business to "Epipsychidion" there would seem to be a vast mental area to be filled with fads and fancies cognate to cotton and brokerage; but Mr. Charles W. Frederickson (whose portrait in his catalogue resembles a meditative Santa Claus) found an irresistible appeal in the personality of the Ishmaelite poet who was driven from home by his rebellion, from college by his atheism, and from his country by the facility with which he fell in and out of love. Mr. Frederickson began to collect Shelley first editions and autographs sixty years ago. To have

been alive and collecting books sixty years ago might now have its disadvantageous side, but, on the other hand, what a chance there was then for finding wonderful things at prices within the reach of real book-lovers. In those halcyon days there were no omnivorous plutocrats who buy in order to see their names attached to high prices in newspaper reports. In 1897 Mr. Frederickson had to say goodbye to his treasures, hoping perhaps that he might meet Shelley somewhere in the Elysian Fields where bards and cotton brokers may commune. In May of the same year the auction sale of the Frederickson books and manuscripts took place in a small upper room in lower Fifth Avenue, the quarters of a firm now superseded by a company established in an imposing up-town mansion. It was the dispersal of the finest Shelley collection sold in America up to that time. Next to the rarity of many of the books, the most striking feature of the collection was their lamentable shabbiness. Like Hartley Coleridge's maiden, they "were not fair to outward view," but like Wordsworth's they were assuredly "phantoms of delight" to the book-lover; for many of the shabby volumes had belonged to Byron, Shelley, Lamb, or Keats, and contained notes or inscriptions written by them. In some cases the catalogue failed to mention these interesting autographic features in books that, from their appearance, would have been at home in the five-cent box. An old Chaucer of 1598 was simply described as "a good copy." While the books were exhibited, I happened to look into this one and discovered that it was Charles Lamb's copy and was filled with his manuscript notes. I gave an apprehensive glance around the room. There were no witnesses. I replaced the dingy old book and wandered away with all the nonchalance I could assume. I watched others surreptitiously make the same discovery and assume the same indifference. None hastened to the auctioneer to tell him that here was a prize disguised. *I* didn't. Several collectors had visions of buying Lamb's Chaucer for the price of an old novel, and these several collectors got badly fooled, for it brought all it was worth—at that time. How often since that incident has my

conscience reproached me—that I did not buy the book.

In the reports of the Frederickson sale it was stated that "high prices prevailed,"

brought by the entire Frederickson collection. This was the "Queen Mab" of 1813, the copy presented by Shelley to Mary Godwin, a page of which is reproduced here. On the fly-leaf is Shelley's autograph inscription: "Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. P.B.S." On the inside of the back cover Shelley wrote in pencil: "You see, Mary, I have not forgotten you." On a blank page Mary wrote: "This book is sacred to me, and as no other creature shall ever look into it, I may write what I please. Yet what shall I write? That I love the author beyond all powers of expression, and that I am parted from him. Dearest and only love, by that love we have promised to each other, although I may not be yours, I can never be another's. But I am thine, exclusively thine. By

TO HARRIET * * * * *

Whose is the love that, gleaming through the world,
Wards off the poisonous arrow of its scorn?

Whose is the warm and partial praise,
Virtue's most sweet reward?

Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul
Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow?
Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,
And loved mankind the more?

Harriet! on thine:—thou wert my purer mind;
Thou wert the inspiration of my song;
Thine are these early wilding flowers,
Though garlanded by me.

Then press unto thy breast this pledge of love,
And know, though time may change and years may roll,
Each flowret gathered in my heart
It consecrates to thine.

"The kiss of love, the glance none
saw beside;
The smile none else might under-
stand;
The whispered thoughts of hearts
allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand'

I have pledged myself to thee,
and sacred is the gift. I remem-
ber your words: 'You are now,
Mary, going to mix with many,
and for a moment I shall depart;

*Count Stobendorf was about to marry a woman, who
attracted solely by his fortune, pursued her selfishness
by deserting him in prison.*

Dedication of "Queen Mab" in the copy presented by Shelley to Mary Godwin with autograph explanation of the poem to his first wife.

and several writers intimated that book-collectors were a foolish and extravagant lot whose relatives ought to look after them and teach them the value of money. Looking at the matter from a sordid monetary point of view, it is worth noting that one book in that sale is now offered at a price greater than the aggregate sum

but in the solitude of your chamber I shall be with you.' Yes, you are ever with me, sacred vision." This is dated July, 1814, when the future author of "Frankenstein" was in her sixteenth year. Fully as interesting as Mary's rhapsody is the note in Shelley's autograph on the page containing the dedica-

tion poem. The poet dedicated "Queen Mab" to his wife, in verses entitled "To Harriet," in which he asks, among other things:

"Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on
And loved mankind the more?"

Then answering his own question:

"Harriet, on thine; thou wert my
purer mind;
Thou wert the inspiration of my
song."

In presenting the book to Mary, this was an awkward thing to explain. Shelley got around it by representing to Mary that he had been deceived in his idealization of Harriet, her lawful predecessor in his affections. Accordingly, under the poem "To Harriet" he wrote: "Count Slobendorf was about to marry a woman, who, attracted solely by his fortune, proved her selfishness by deserting him in prison." By this allusion to a Prussian aristocrat imprisoned in Paris during the Reign of Terror, Shelley thought to demonstrate the unworthiness of the unfortunate Harriet and justify the transfer of his affections and the discovery of a new "inspiration of his song."

When this volume—in which, according to Mary, no other creature was ever to look—came to the auction block, sentiment was at a discount and the book was merely "Lot 1561." It was started at twenty-five dollars. There were few competitors, and the few dealers who knew that it had been sold at Sotheby's twenty years before for fifty-eight pounds, mentioned their five-dollar advances with languid indifference. As the bids rose slowly to four and five hundred, pitying smiles were in circulation among the uninterested. Pity gave way to wonder when the bidding reached six hundred and fifteen dollars, when my feelings be-

came divided between rejoicing over its possession and wondering whether the landlord would wait a few days. As I left the auction room with my octavo pockets filled with the more valuable of my purchases, I was stopped by an elderly gentleman who asked: "Would you allow me to look at that 'Queen Mab'?" He

*My own love
I do not know
by what compulsion
I am to answer you but
your porter says I must
do so—
& By a miracle I saved
your book & I will bring it—I
hope indeed, oh my loved
Shelley we shall indeed
be happy
I meet you at three
and bring heaps of skimmer
stout & beer—Pleaseen help
my love & take care of him
his own Mary*

Mary Godwin's letter agreeing to keep the appointment to
elope with Shelley.—Page 78.

pondered over the book a few moments, examined the inscriptions in it, and before handing it back pressed it to his lips. I don't know who the old gentleman was. He was not the under bidder. He may have been another cotton broker, but if he was not a poet he should have been one. This is not a derivation from the

anecdote of Thackeray and the Charles Lamb letter, but a guaranteed fact and it shows that "the poetry of earth is never dead," even in an auction room.

This copy of "Queen Mab" was given by Shelley to Mary early in July, 1814. Only a month had passed since their first meeting; but, as Professor Dowden gracefully expresses it: "Before the close of June it was known and felt by Mary and Shelley that each was inexpressibly dear to the other; but though their hearts were one, they did not yet dare to think that the closest of unions was possible to them." There was the trifling obstacle of Harriet at home taking care of one baby and expecting another. Mary, the daughter of the authors of "Political Justice" and "A Vindication of the Rights of Women," naturally had rather advanced views of the comparative rights of wives and affinities, and she readily recognized the force of argument in the notes to "Queen Mab": that "Love is free; to promise for ever to love the same woman is not less absurd than to promise to believe the same creed. Such a vow, in both cases, excludes us from all inquiry." An appointment was made for the elopement of this Tristan of twenty-one and this Isolde of sixteen, overcome by the love-potion of their own imaginations. Shelley wrote to Mary at her father's house fixing the hour for their meeting—and incidentally asking her to bring with her five pounds which he had mislaid somewhere in the Skinner Street house and shop of the Godwins. Mary replied in the note reproduced on page 77. This also was one of my acquisitions at the Frederickson sale; a pathetic letter in an almost childish scrawl. One cannot look at it without thinking of the trust and love in the heart of the girl of sixteen when she set forth on her romantic adventure, not realizing the tragedies that were to follow; for it not only led to Harriet's suicide, but it started Shelley on that road of destiny which brought him to his own death. The elopement was unique in that it was made with a chaperon; for when Mary left home at dawn on the 28th of July, 1814, to keep her appointment with Shelley, she was accompanied by another sixteen-year-old girl, Jane Clairmont, daughter, by a first marriage, of

that Mrs. Godwin who was described by Lamb as "a very disgusting woman, and wears green spectacles." Jane—who later gave herself the more romantic name of Claire—afterward stated that she thought nothing more important than an early morning walk was intended, but that Shelley persuaded her to join the party because she could speak French, and the early morning walk was to end in France. Two years later the body of Harriet Shelley was taken from the Serpentine. In 1920, the collection of Shelleyana made by H. Buxton Forman was sold at auction in New York, and among its most interesting features was Harriet's last letter. Writing to Eliza, her elder sister, the victim of the "Anti-matrimonial Hypothesis" closed with a message to Shelley:

"My dear Bysse, let me conjure you by the remembrance of our days of happiness to grant my last wish. Do not take your innocent child from Eliza who has watched over her with such unceasing care. Do not refuse my last request. I never could refuse you, and if you had never left me, I might have lived; but, as it is, I freely forgive you, and may you enjoy that happiness which you have deprived me of. There is your beautiful boy. Oh! be careful of him, and his love may prove one day a rich reward. God bless you all is the last prayer of the unfortunate Harriet."

In considering this letter and the events that led to it, one must remember Mary's assertion—in her introduction to "Alastor"—that "in all that Shelley did, he, at the time of doing it, believed himself justified by his conscience." Assuredly a most comfortable doctrine, although it led Matthew Arnold to comment on the poet's phenomenal powers of self-deception. The results of the escapade were unhappy for all the persons concerned. Harriet put an end to her wretchedness two years later, and it is very probable that Fanny Imlay, another half-sister of Mary's, found her own motive for suicide in disappointed love for Shelley. The poet's two children by Harriet, after a legal contest for their custody, died in infancy, as did the children of Shelley and Mary; only one surviving. Mary's father, William Godwin, was so shocked

by the affair that for several weeks he borrowed less money than usual from the invader of his home. There is no doubt that Mary loved Shelley devotedly, and mentally they had much in common; but their eight years together were years of fitful happiness alloyed by jealousies, calamities, and—keenly felt by Mary—ostracism. The presence of Claire Clairmont in the household was a constant cause of annoyance to Mary, and Allegra, Claire's daughter—and Byron's—was a source of mortification. But when Shelley died, the two "sisters by affinity," as they called each other, were united in sorrow. I have an unpublished letter written by Mary to Claire, two months after the tragedy, in which she says:

"I do not wonder that you were and are melancholy, or that the excess of that feeling should oppress you. Great God! what we have gone through! What variety of care and misery, all closed now in blackest night. And I? am I not melancholy? Here in this busy, hateful

Genoa, where nothing speaks to me of him, except the sea, which is his murderer. Well, I shall have his books and manuscripts, and in those I shall live, and from the study of those I do expect some instants of content. In solitude my imagination and ever-moving thoughts may afford me some seconds of exaltation that may render me both happier here and more worthy of him hereafter."

Mary proved her finer qualities when she was left alone, estranged from her husband's family, and with a father who was a liability rather than an asset. She faced the world bravely, earned money by her pen, brought up her young son, and lived to see him inherit the baronetcy which would have been her husband's. She refused to marry Trelawney because she wished to be faithful to the memory of Shelley; but later it was not her fault that she did not marry Washington Irving.

I have said that Shelley is pre-eminent-ly a "collector's author." As a man he compels interest because of the extremes of good and evil in his character, a combination of St. Francis and Mephistopheles. As a poet whose first editions are prized, he never satiates the collector; for there is no first edition of Shelley that is not rare. Some works exist in a few copies regarding which one may always indulge in the illusion of hope. There are other books which we know he wrote and published of which no copies are known. When one collects Shelley, he can always cherish the pleasing delusion that one day he may find on a bargain stall of shabby pamphlets a copy of "A Poetical Essay On The Existing State of Things" (1811) or "An Address To The People on the Death of the Princess Charlotte" (1817). Stranger things have happened. For many years no copy was known of the "Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire," which Shelley wrote in collaboration with his sister Elizabeth. Then one was discovered bound together with several other pamphlets, the volume containing the book-plate of the Reverend Charles Grove, a cousin of Shelley's. The "Refutation of Deism," of which no copy was known until 1874, was found by Professor Dowden in a perambulating book-cart and bought for twopence; and—thing "to

ORIGINAL POETRY;

BY

VICTOR AND CAZIRE.

CALL IT NOT VAIN :—THEY DO NOT ERR,
WHO SAY, THAT, WHEN THE POET DIES,
MUTE NATURE MOURNS HER WORSHIPPER.

Slay of the Last Minstrel.

WORTHING

PRINTED BY C. AND W. PHILLIPS,
FOR THE AUTHORS;
AND SOLD BY J. J. STOCKDALE, 41, FALL-MALL,
AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1810.

The title-page of Shelley's first book, of which the only copy known was recently discovered.

dream of, not to tell"—it was Mary Shelley's copy. For a collector it is better to be born lucky than rich. Many circumstances contribute to cause the rarity of Shelley first editions. Of a number of them only a few were issued and in the perishable form of pamphlets, several without covers. Twenty-nine volumes

brary" catalogue describes presentation copies of "Zastrozzi," "St. Irvyne," "Alastor," "Laon and Cythna," "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "Adonais," and two of "Queen Mab," the one given to Mary and that presented to Leigh Hunt. Mr. Kern possesses many of the rarer Shelley first editions, as well as several books from the poet's library, including his volume of Tasso. There are presentation copies and volumes containing autograph notes in the Morgan, Widener, Huntington, and other American collections.

Interesting as Shelley's books are to the collector, his letters are even more fascinating. Matthew Arnold, to whom Shelley was "a beautiful and ineffectual angel," and who, therefore, cannot be accused of a lack of enthusiasm, doubted "whether his delightful letters, which deserve to be far more read than they are now, will not resist the wear and tear of time better and finally come to stand higher than his poetry." This will seem to many a rather startling judgment to be delivered by an eminent critic, himself a poet; but it is true that nearly every letter of Shelley's, apart from its value merely as an autograph, has its attraction as a revelation of some phase of his complex character. His earliest letter

West College May 7 1809

Bookbinder

It is my intention to complete by purchase a romance, of which I have already written a large portion, before the end of July - the object in writing it was not pecuniary, as I am independent, being the son of a gentleman of large fortune in the County of Sussex & consequently my studies as an Epigram at Rome from the many learned books I have have taken an opportunity of and - giving my favourite profession in writing - should it produce any

First page of Shelley's letter offering his first book to a publisher. The original inserted in Mr. Kern's copy of "Zastrozzi," the book referred to.

and pamphlets were published or privately printed by Shelley, and two-thirds of these are among the rarest books in English literature.

Copies presented by Shelley to his friends naturally have a greater interest than any others and it means much to the book-lover to be the proud owner of a volume that actually belonged to the poet or was a gift to a friend, inscribed by the hand that wrote "The Cenci." American collectors have their share of such books, and each one has its peculiar interest, its story associating the names of the donor and the recipient. My "Sentimental Li-

that has survived is a short note written in his eleventh year. The second in date, as far as known, was addressed to the Messrs. Longmans, the publishers, offering them the poet's first book, "Zastrozzi," a novel in the lurid manner of Mrs. Radcliffe, written by Shelley at the age of seventeen. In this epistle, he assures the publishers that his object in writing is not pecuniary, as he is the son of a baronet and has great expectations. This autograph was in the Morrison collection in which, among many longer Shelley letters, it attracted little attention; its date and significance passing un-

TREMBLE KINGS, DESPISED OF MAN!
 YE TRAITORS TO YOUR COUNTRY
 TREMBLE! YOUR PARRICIDAL PLAN
 AT LENGTH SHALL MEET ITS DESTINY
 WE ALL ARE SOLDIERS FIT TO FIGHT
 BUT IF WE SINK IN GLORY'S NIGHT
 OUR MOTHER EARTH WILL GIVE YE NEW
 THE BRILLIANT PATHWAY TO HELL
 WHICH LEADS TO DEATH or VICTORY!

Shelley's version of "La Marseillaise" on the back of an early letter owned by Mr. Kern.

noticed. I obtained it for the purpose of giving it an appropriate place in my copy of "Zastrozzi." The book and the autograph are now in the collection of Mr. Kern. The shrewdness and eye to the main chance shown in this letter are displayed in the poet's correspondence regarding all his early writings. He shows a bargaining spirit, and we find him, with precocious worldly wisdom, recommending "pouching the reviewers"—meaning to bribe them—in order to obtain favorable criticism. Among his Shelley letters, Mr. Kern has one which possesses a special interest because by means of its signature, "Philobasileus," Mr. Buxton Forman was able to trace an undiscovered work of Shelley's. The letter ridicules the king, the prince regent, and the court; and the pamphlet, to whose discovery it led, is a satire on the same subjects. On the reverse of the last page, Shelley wrote—or rather printed—a stanza which was supposed to be a revolutionary outburst of his own, but which proves to be a paraphrase of the "Marseillaise."

If a writer of fiction were to create a character, a youth of nineteen as utterly demoralized as Shelley was at that age,

critics would agree in recommending an asylum as his only fit environment. In one of her early letters to the young demagogue, Mary calls him her Don Quixote. His windmills were religion, government, morals, society—everything established and fundamental. It may be imagined what a bombshell he was in a staid and conventional county family, and the consternation with which the worthy Timothy Shelley regarded his son and heir. That excellent man's correspondence with his solicitor recently came into my possession, and includes the letters written at the time of Shelley's rebellion and expulsion from Oxford. In reading them, one is reminded of a conservative hen that has mystified itself by hatching a radical duckling. One of these letters will serve to indicate the state of mind of the bewildered parent. It was written when Timothy Shelley was informed that the cause of his son's expulsion was the writing of "The Necessity of Atheism." Alluding to his "unworthy son," he says:

"I never felt such a shock in my life, infinitely more than when I heard of his expulsion, for I could not then have thought it of so hideous a case. . .

Field Place Monday

OV = ... = ... VOZO = + ... []

My dear Graham

At half after twelve do
you be walking up & down the avenue
of trees near Clapham Church, & when
you see a Post Chaise stop at Mr
Kearney's door, do you advance towards
it, without observing who are inside
of it speak to them - An awful
& terrific mystery hangs over it - you are
to change your name from Edward Kears
Graham to William Grove - prepare
therefore for something extraordinary -
There is more in a circumstance than you
are aware of - in two circumstances indeed
they are now almost £6 a piece -
reflect well upon that - !!!
All this is to be done on ~~Monday~~ Tuesday - neither
Eliza or myself cares what else you have to
do

First page of Shelley's letter written in his seventeenth year, in the style of his early novels.
The original autograph in Mr. Smith's collection.—Page 83.

The insulting, ungentlemanly letter to you appears the high-toned, self-willed dictate of the diabolical publications which have unluckily fallen in his way and have given this bias to his mind. It is most singular. To cast off all thoughts of his Maker, to abandon his parents, to wish to relinquish his fortune, and to court persecution, all seem to arise from the same source. These sallies of folly and

madness ought to be restrained and kept within bounds. Nothing provokes him so much as civility. He wishes to become what he would term a Martyr to his sentiments; nor do I believe he would feel the horrors of being drawn upon a hurdle or the shame of standing in the pillory."

The tone of most of these numerous letters is that of a father, deeply injured, but striving in every way to bring the

rebel to a proper frame of mind. To one addressed to himself, the youthful reformer replied:

"Obedience is in my opinion a word that should have no existence. Yes, you can command it. The institutions of society have made you, tho' liable to be misled by passion and prejudice, like others, the head of a family; and I confess it is almost natural for minds not of the highest order to value even the errors whence they derive their importance."

Naturally patience soon ceased to be a virtue toward a son who accused his father, an English aristocrat, the friend of the Duke of Norfolk, of not having a "mind of the highest order." One of the most extraordinary Shelley letters in existence, and one of the earliest, is in my own collection, and was written to Edward Graham, the poet's most intimate friend in the period preceding the alliance with Thomas Jefferson Hogg—his fellow rebel against the Oxford authorities. A facsimile of this unique letter is given on page 82. It presents vividly the Shelley of seventeen, his mind filled with the hectic romances of Mrs. Radcliffe and "Monk" Lewis, the reading of which inspired him to imitation and produced "Zastrozzi" and "St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian." Laying aside his work on juvenile thrillers, but with his mind filled with the influences of the grim and ghastly school of fiction, the future poet of "Prometheus Unbound" in this fashion invites his friend to visit him:

"Field Place. Monday.

"My dear Graham:

"At half after twelve do you be walking up and down the avenue of trees, by Clapham Church, and when you see a Post Chaise stop at Mrs. Fenning's door, without observing who are inside, speak to them. An eventful and terrific mystery hangs over it. You are to change your name from Edward Fergus Graham to William Grove. Prepare therefore for something extraordinary. There is more

in a cucumber than you are aware of—in two cucumbers indeed. They are almost 2s and 6 p. apiece! Reflect well on that!!! All this is to be done on Wednesday. Neither Elizabeth nor myself cares what else you have to do.

If Satan had never fallen,
Hell had been made for thee.

The Mask of Anarchy

*Written on the Occasion of the Mass
-acre at Manchester.*

1. As I lay asleep in Italy

*There came a voice from over the sea,
And with great power it forth led me
To walk in the visions of Poesy.*

2. I met Murder on the way—

*He had a mask like Carthage—
Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
Seven bloodhounds followed him:*

*3. All were fat, & well they might—
Be in admirable plight,*

*For one by one, and two by two,
He tapped them human hearts to show
Which from his wide cloak he drew*

First page of "The Mask of Anarchy" manuscript in the collection of Mr. Jerome Kern.—Page 84.

... Stalk along the road toward them & mind & keep yourself concealed, as my mother brings a blood-stained stiletto which she purposes to make you bathe in the life-blood of her enemy. Never mind the death demons and skeletons dripping with the putrefactions of the grave that occasionally may blast your straining eye-ball. Persevere even though Hell and

destruction should yawn beneath your feet. Think of all this at the frightful hour of midnight, when the Hell-demon leans over your sleeping form and inspires those thoughts which eventually will lead you to the gates of destruction. The fiend of the Sussex solitudes shrieked in the wilderness at midnight. He thirsts for thy detestable gore, impious Fergus. But the day of retribution will arrive. . . . Death, Hell, and Destruction if you fail."

slighted by the cataloguer and its peculiar interest was only discovered when Mr. Ingpen published his edition of Shelley's correspondence. Mr. Frederickson had more than sixty letters of Shelley. Mr. Forman possessed a number of important ones which, at the sale of his library, were distributed among American collectors.

Of Shelley's original manuscripts few have survived, and of these the most important are in the Bodleian Library, in-

*If you will see I wrote to you
As it most fitting right by me
With Killy's frank, old Killy's he
Is caught up with Jealousy
His brows so dark his eyes so blue!
And all this fury is for you
Yes Graham, there is sure the name
On Spanish fields so dear to fame*

Part of the first page of the earliest known poem by Shelley, a letter in verse consisting of sixty lines. The original manuscript in the collection of Harry B. Smith.—Page 85.

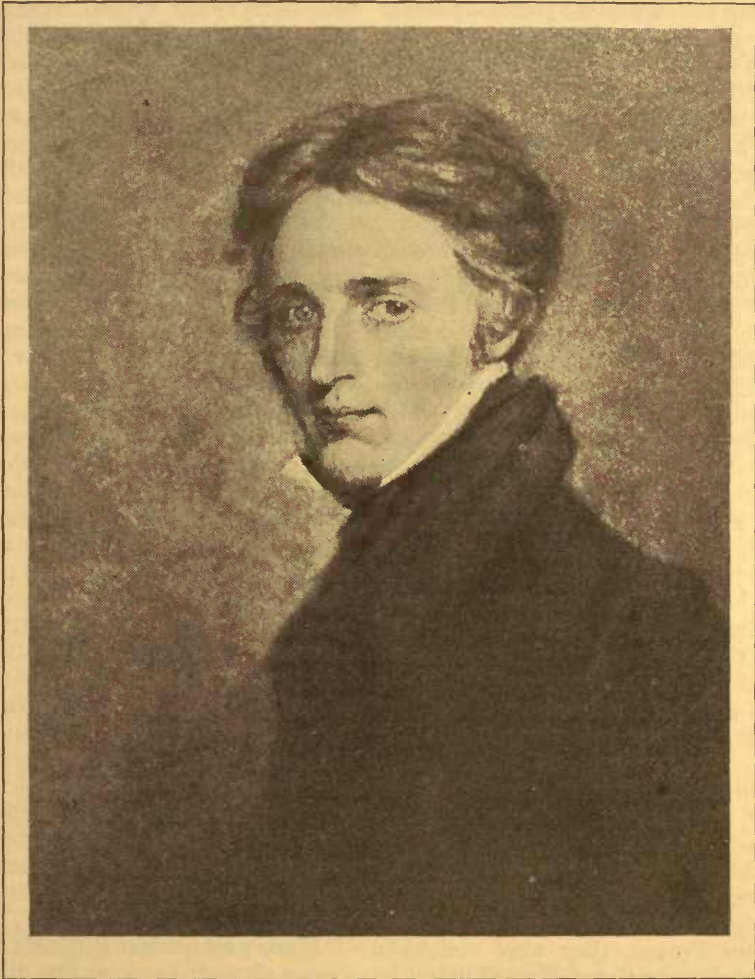
There is more of the same sort of fantastic burlesque, and on the first page there are a number of cabalistic signs which Shelley may have invented or may have copied from some work on the Rosicrucians which he was studying for "St. Irvyne." His sister Elizabeth has added a postscript explaining the occult instructions and saying: "We really expect you to meet us at Clapham in the way described by the fiend-monger." The address is to "Edward Fergus H. D. Graham," and Shelley has added the information that "H. D. means Hell Devil."

This unique early letter, like the note to Longmans, was formerly in the Morrison collection, one of the finest ever made in England. Among the many Shelley letters in that wonderful assemblage of manuscripts, historical and literary, it was

cluding "Epipsychidion," "Laon and Cythna," and "Prometheus Unbound." Of those that remain in private hands, in England, doubtless Mr. Thomas J. Wise has gathered the most precious for his unequalled collection of the books and manuscripts of modern poets. Mr. Buxton Forman possessed several parts and fragments of poems in Shelley's autograph, the complete "Julian and Maddalo," and a manuscript of "The Mask of Anarchy" in Mrs. Shelley's hand, with numerous corrections in Shelley's autograph. The "Julian and Maddalo" brought over sixteen thousand dollars when Mr. Forman's collection was sold at auction in New York. A manuscript of "The Mask of Anarchy" is in Mr. Kern's collection, and is the subject of one of the privately printed volumes of the Shelley Society. Leigh Hunt, under whose

supervision the work was first published, changed the word in the title to "Masque," giving it a meaning that Shelley had not intended. The only manu-

letters in verse, similar to this one which is addressed to Graham. The identity of the "Killjoy" referred to cannot be determined with certainty; but as the writer



Portrait of Shelley from a sketch made by W. E. West during the last month of the poet's life.

script of Shelley's, letters excepted, in my own collection is of no literary importance, but is of interest as a curiosity, as it is the earliest known of his youthful essays in writing verse. It has never been published and bears no date; but the watermark in the paper, 1810, shows that it belongs to the "Victor and Cazire" period. In that volume, of which only the one copy is known, there are other

speaks of using "Killjoy's frank" to send the letter, it was probably Shelley's father, the long-suffering Timothy, or perhaps the poet's grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley. Whoever he was, the unfortunate "Killjoy" is treated with little respect in this rhymed epistle of sixty lines, parts of which must be reserved for any future publication of Shelley's suppressed poems, as some of its expressions

are extremely indecorous. Part of the first of the three quarto pages is reproduced on page 84 in facsimile. In reading the early writings of this erratic youth, who in the ten succeeding years of his short life was to develop into one of the greatest poets of modern times, one recalls the words of Keats in the pathetic preface of "Endymion": "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain."

Early in March, 1818, Shelley "looked for the last time on English fields and English skies" and departed for France, en route to Italy, with Mary and their two children. Claire accompanied them, as she had in two former journeys to the continent, during the second of which Lord Byron had joined them. That Claire "could speak French" was not the reason now alleged for her being of the party. Entirely without resources of her own, she and her daughter, Allegra, were dependent on Shelley; and their presence in the household was an incumbrance, especially to Mary, who thought that Byron, then in Italy, might take charge of his child. This Byron was willing to do, but only on the hard condition that the little girl must be separated from her mother. On arriving at Lyons, Shelley wrote to Leigh Hunt an account of the journey, the manuscript of which is in my collection. It begins: "Why did you not wake me that night before we left England, you and Marianne?" (Mrs. Hunt.) The night before Shelley and Mary sailed for France, they were visited in their lodgings in Great Russell Street by Mary Lamb, Godwin, and the Hunts. Shelley was such an indifferent host that he fell asleep, and his friends left without awakening him. The letter is "crossed" by one from Mary, addressed "My dear Hunt & my dear Marianne," in which she says:

"Now we see Jura and Mont Blanc from the windows of our hotel, and the Rhone rushes by our windows. The sun shines bright, and it is a kind of Paradise which we have arrived at through the valley of the shadow of death, for certainly the greater part of our journey

here was not the most pleasant thing in the world. The first night after quitting Calais we slept at St. Omers. We arrived after the shutting of the gates. The postillions cracked their whips to give signs of our approach, and a female voice was heard from the battlements demanding the name and number of the invaders. She was told that it was some English ladies and their children, and she departed to carry the intelligence to the Governor who lived half a mile off. In about half an hour the gates were thrown open and about a dozen soldiers came out, headed by the female who demanded our passports. . . . So we passed through the various windings of the fortifications and through three immense gates which were successively closed after us with a clanking sound. . . . The largest towns in France are not fortified, but these things appear to spring up in the North of France—that is the part that borders on Flanders—like mushrooms or toadstools; great large round things with a ditch and wall round them. . . . Lyons is a pleasant city and very republican. The people have suffered dreadfully. You know the horrors they went through in the revolution, and about six months ago they were not much better off. 'If it had not been for Napoleon,' said one man to us, 'my head would not be where it is. He brought peace to us; and I say nothing—but there are people who wish him back. When the Angoulême party had the lead, dreadful atrocities were committed here; *mais ce Monsieur q'on appelle* Louis XVIII is a better man and restrained them.'"

Mary's long letter contains interesting personal matters regarding Shelley and the children, and she vividly describes the state of France and the attitude of the French people toward their restored monarchy after the downfall of Napoleon. Matthew Arnold found the unfortunate Harriet the most amiable personality in the group of women associated with Shelley; but undoubtedly the most attractive is the beautiful and temperamental Claire. She and the picturesque adventurer, Trelawney, were the only intimate associates of Shelley who lived beyond middle age; and when she was eighty years old she confided to the author

of "Last Links With Byron, Shelley, And Keats" that she had "loved Shelley with all her heart and soul." Claire's manuscript diary came into my possession at the sale of the Buxton Forman library, and it contains many references to her brief infatuation for Byron and her affection for the younger poet. That her constant presence was irritating to Mary there is abundant evidence in the latter's journal and letters, such as the appeal to Shelley: "Give me a garden, and *absentia* Claire, and I will thank my love for many favors." There is one entry in Claire's diary which seems to have a decided personal significance. It records "a story told to us by Hogg":

"A gentleman of fortune lived very happily with his wife. The sister fell in love with him, and, as the sisters loved each other, *this made no difference in their happiness*. Unhappily, both the love and the consequences of it came to the knowledge of the family of the sisters, and then began the persecution. The husband, though a man of immense wealth, pos-

sessed his estates only for life. He was therefore very averse to accepting the challenge of the irritated brother as they were pleased to call him. These three people went abroad. They tried every means to avoid a meeting, but the brother followed, thirsting. . . ."

The entry ends thus. The situation in this story is so like that of Shelley, Mary, and Claire, that the ingenious and ironical Hogg must have invented it for the occasion. Half a century has gone by since the last survivor of the characters in this strange tragi-comedy passed away. The hands that wrote these old letters, hands that clasped in friendship and caressed in love, have long since crumbled into dust. Nothing remains but the legend and these fading messages from the past. We read them, and it is, for the moment, as if we, like Browning's unknown, could "see Shelley plain." As Francis Thompson says in his monograph on the poet: "His dying seems a myth, a figure of his living; the material shipwreck a figure of the immaterial."

"Rights"

BY ANNETTE ESTY

Author of "Play-Acting"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH



It was the day following the funeral of Madame Capeau.

I was sitting in front of the fireplace in my room on the second floor of the Capeau boarding-house, filling my after-dinner pipe. The fire had not been laid. Already many things were neglected about the house.

I heard a knocking on the hall door, more like the gnawing or scratching of a mouse.

"Come in!" I called, and Capeau, his square white chef's cap above his wizened face, stole into the room. His expression

had the blank wofulness of a gasping fish.

"Ah, monsieur, I am ruin, . . ." His voice broke off as if sawed through by a file.

I sprang up and tried to grasp one of his hands, but they hung down, limp, before him like a puppy's paws. I got hold of an elbow and steered the poor fellow to a chair.

"Sit down, man; you need a drink."

I poured him whiskey from my celtaret. He held the glass, swaying, but his eyes didn't seem to see it or his hand feel that it closed over an object. Finally he put the liquor down, untasted, on my table.

Capeau had on the same greasy black alpaca coat he had worn at the hospital, five days before. I remembered how his thin wrists had shot out from the rumpled sleeves as he threw his arms across the bed where "madame's" body lay.

The cords on one side of Capeau's neck were slightly shortened; it was impossible for him to look at me directly. His pale eyes rolled until little white crescents showed on the rims before I was the centre of his vision.

"Monsieur, I am ruin!" he groaned again, the words coming out in a spasm that writhed his shrunken body.

Had the death of his wife unsettled his mind?

I made an effort to express my feelings; this man's grief was my own.

"Ah! Capeau . . . your wife . . . we respected her . . . we depended on her. I don't know how we are ever going to get along without her!"

"She . . . Vilette is never my wife," he stammered.

If anything could upset me more than the death of Madame Capeau it was this astounding assertion from her runt of a husband. I was prompted to kick him from the room.

"Wasn't your wife?" I snarled. "I've been living with you two, here in this house, over nineteen years. She always called herself by your name . . . what do you mean . . . wasn't your wife?"

"It is not possible Vilette become so." In spite of weakness and dejection he put up a quick defense against my anger. "We are lovers, partners, companions of the best, but Vilette is not free. I cannot make her my wife."

"She'd married before?"

"She marry . . . yes . . . bad. Her . . . he yet live."

"But, of course, madame got her divorce?"

"Yes, monsieur, but the church, it marry not again the divorce."

"But why in the world didn't you have a civil marriage?"

"Vilette care not for it. She mourn for the blessing of the church."

"Well, what difference does it make now, Capeau? She was happy while she lived."

"The difference, monsieur, that it ruin

me." Capeau renewed his lament. "All the nights Vilette light the lamp of the kitchen between us to make our accounts of the business. We add the profits. 'See there our child!' Vilette say, her thumb on the last figure. 'Our savings, watch how she grow! She is not the child that forgets her old parents. It is she that cares for our age.' One night it is at last ten thousand of the dollars that we have in the banks. She is a big 'child.' We work for her long, that 'child,' monsieur. Now, Vilette clap her hands, it is enough; we go to invest it wisely in the name of both. Vilette is strong; one dream not death is in her. I am sick. Oh! monsieur, who can know?"

"You're right, Capeau. Who could know? But I'm glad you've got the money."

"Ah! Not so, monsieur. It is now too late. I am ruin. Our money, it is in the banks in the name of Vilette. I cannot touch it. The sister of Vilette, the Jilson woman, she that come to the funeral and stay now in this house, it is she, the viper, that robs me of the 'child.' It is that sister that is heir to Vilette."

"But, Capeau, something's out of the way about this. Mrs. Jilson'll understand the property's yours . . . she'll see reason."

"She see only money, monsieur."

"Why, Capeau, you must have rights . . . your rights as husband . . . your rights as business partner. It's absurd for Mrs. Jilson to think she can swallow your savings just because they happened to stand in madame's name at the time she died. You're upset, man, unstrung by your grief. Go to bed. To-morrow, if you want, I'll speak to Mrs. Jilson. If she's unreasonable, we'll see a lawyer."

Until late that night I puzzled over the tangled affairs of the Capeaus.

They were a Swiss couple, come to America twenty years ago to open a boarding-house in the city; their capital madame's good nature and management, Capeau's skill and copper pans.

That same year I got my first job with Roberts & Company, Interior Decorators. From there they sent me to the pension Capeau for a place to live in that was as modest as my pay. I was welcomed at the door by madame, a brisk, robust,



He held the glass, swaying.—Page 87.

bounding woman who showed me upstairs to this room with a shabby Old-World changelessness about it. That night I dined. Never since I was a student in Paris had I tasted food like that cooked by Capeau. After dinner I unpacked, I stretched my legs. I was a bachelor for life.

The household of Madame Capeau grew until there were eight of us; clerks, musicians, a lot of drab, unprosperous dreamers, well fitted to enjoy but not one

of us able to pay for the good things of life. For us the house of Capeau was a haven.

We were all bachelors except Smith. He was a lean, nervous drum-player in an orchestra. He had a wife he'd lived with off and on, but he never tried to get her back after he came to Capeau's.

"The Maison Capeau, it is heaven," madame would laugh, "where is no marrying, no giving in marriage." We were welded together by the personality of

madame. We were understood. We were well fed. We became a family.

Capeau? As a rule I didn't see the man four times a month. His whistle often penetrated from the little walled garden at the back of the house where from a space no bigger than a bathtub he coaxed salads in summer. Against the walls were cages full of fattening poultry and hares. Ah, we lived well!

From the narrow passage to the garden you could glance in through the kitchen door. Here was order and savoriness; Capeau a little king among his pans. Upstairs you encountered the results of his skill but never the insignificant cooklet himself; the creator was forgotten in an enjoyment that the palate never forgets.

But now it thrust itself upon me . . . the isolation of Capeau; his one solace threatened, the earnings that he and madame had cherished together . . . their last bond.

However, I did not believe that Mrs. Jilson was in earnest about pocketing her sister's money, or that the law would allow it if she was.

Next morning I consulted a lawyer. "Talk with the woman, herself," he advised. "There's always a latent family row in the settlement of an inheritance."

I found a chance to talk with Mrs. Jilson after dinner that night. During the silent meal she had sat at the head of the table in the chair of madame; but for the rest of us that chair remained empty. From it madame used to beam upon us as she tucked the great white napkin from armpit to armpit, securing it in little folds of flesh. What an adventure it was, like scaling a snow-covered Alpine "shoulder," the lifting of a spoonful of soup, a fork wrapped with macaroni, over that shrouded bust! Madame heralded its safe arrival by a soft sucking-in. Capeau never sat at table. He was too busy below stairs. A little slavey who "came in" by the day carried the dishes to and from the dumb-waiter.

As I said, I spoke to Mrs. Jilson that night and sacrificed a peaceful half-hour that should have been dedicated to the digestion of Capeau's omelette au confiture.

I faced Mrs. Jilson in the salon that opened by double doors from the dining-

room. The rest of the family slunk away. Not even Smith had the grace to stand by me.

Queer little garish room! It brought tears to my eyes . . . the pathetic taste of madame. Two long mirrors, upright on the wall, were framed by lace curtains, like sham windows. Curtains of equal richness draped back from the four real windows. The apartment had the look of a salesroom for curtains. The curtain-poles were wrapped in pink velvet. The carpet was rose-colored; the gilt-framed chairs upholstered in old-gold brocade; a small table of onyx and twisted brass stood by a window and a large jardinière of striped orange-and-black pottery held a faded palm. No one had thought to water it.

The Capeaus never sat in this room. The family shunned it. But now it had become a temple; madame's pride had dwelt here, satisfied, while she was alive, and in no place did she seem so present now that she was dead.

I stood holding a gilt chair between myself and Mrs. Jilson. I tried to think of her amiably, as madame's sister, though I had never seen her in this house before.

She had been longer in America, was older than Madame Capeau. Originally handsome, Mrs. Jilson had been poorly restored. Paint accentuated the droop of her cheeks. Her eyes were dark like her sister's, but they no longer glistened. She was better dressed, better held together than madame, but her expression had no alluring lines for grief to tamper with. Mrs. Jilson was soured, by what experiences I had no desire to probe. I felt uncomfortable in her presence. I should have been glad to run away.

Instead . . . "Mrs. Jilson," I began buoyantly, "there is some misunderstanding. Your brother-in-law Mr. Capeau's been to me. He's troubled. Madame Capeau died so suddenly, their joint property was standing in her name at the time. Now he hears you're taking out papers as administrator of your sister's estate. Of course you understand perfectly that the man has a right to his earnings; but Capeau's sick . . . unreasonable. Wouldn't it be better if you jollied him up a little, told him you understand all about his rights?"



"Catch on to this."—Page 92.

"Rights?" challenged Mrs. Jilson disagreeably. "Do you think I care a ding for the rights of my sister's cook? He had the cheek to put his name on Vilette's coffin, but he ain't any more her husband than I am."

Her tone was irritating.

"Capeau loved your sister," I retorted. "They were more than just ordinary husband and wife: they were partners in business."

Mrs. Jilson tossed her nose in a sneer. "The business was Vilette's, I notice; the money she made was hers."

"But, Mrs. Jilson, just because of an accident . . . because their savings happened to stand in madame's name at the time she died . . . you don't mean to take Capeau's money . . . you don't need it!"

"Don't, don't I? Jilson's in business all right . . . respectable . . . no cook

about him; but all my life I ain't done one thing but watch folks getting things I can't have. Catch on to this fer instance . . . I found it in Vilette's room."

Mrs. Jilson showed her fat hand. On it was a marquise ring, set with a few small pearls, not of great value. I recognized it as Capeau's one gift to his wife. She used to wear it on Sundays.

"I can't be buying jewelry," announced Mrs. Jilson, aggrieved.

"At least, Mrs. Jilson, you can be prompt about enjoying what you inherit."

"Well, just why shouldn't I be?" Her voice had the whine of the habitually wronged. "Guess I've scrimped, lived behind other folks all my life. 'When's my turn coming to have clothes, an' an auto, an' some jewelry?' Guess I've asked Jilson that a million times. I'd of been glad Vilette got anything I'd of left. Hers'll get me a fur coat an' a thing or two.

"Vilette was a fool not to get herself some clothes . . . going round looking like a frump. She never come to Detroit, visiting me, but once. That was enough! Jilson's folks've got money . . . they're people o' style. I give Vilette one look . . . whew . . . no corsets; a red satin slip-on she'd made herself! 'Vilette, my dear,' I ses, 'take to your bed, there in the guest-room, quick's you can . . . play sick till I can get you some clothes decent to breathe in. Mustn't a caller see you, an' keep the bed-clothes up to your chin if anybody's much as looks in the room; can't imagine your having a nightgown that won't disgrace me.'

"Next day I had some ready-mades sent up from the stores. Vilette wouldn't get out o' bed to's much as try 'em on. I'd asked Jilson's sisters to play bridge with us. I tried to tease Vilette into one o' the dresses. She got cranky an' lay in bed. 'Capeau and me, we have not the money for the trumperies,' she laughed. 'I cannot play the bridge, I cannot play the duchess. Those things they look silly on me, sis!'

"Wasn't a thing to do but keep Vilette in bed all the time she was there, an' tell folks that come to the flat she was sick. I wasn't going to have Jilson's people see her wabbling round in that red slip-on. It was a let-down to my nerves when she

took the train home. Now what good's all her saving doing her? Gracious, if it was money she was after, she could of made it, if she'd had sense.

"'If you're wanting to be a servant,' I told Vilette, 'an' live with a cook, go ahead an' servant it to the rich—they'll give you some pay—instead o' feeding a lot o' poor stuff that, guess most o' our time, don't pay their skimpy bills.'"

"And what did your sister say to that?" I asked. The flow of Mrs. Jilson's monologue had reached my level.

"'Bon!' Vilette ses. 'There you have it! The hundred of peoples that make the pleasant lives of the rich! But our poor family . . . they are messieurs that know what is good. It is Capeau and me, only, that can do for them . . . the little they can pay!'"

Mrs. Jilson began strolling about the unused room, handling approvingly the bric-à-brac with which the weird little apartment bristled. "Poor Vilette, she was common! You wouldn't o' thought she'd o' been so tasty in her furnishings. Why, you know, mister, I wouldn't mind Minnie Jilson seeing this room. I s'pose these things'll sell for a lot."

I shuddered at thought of denuding madame's shrine.

I was discouraged. My mission was not a success. I had made no headway. Mrs. Jilson had done the talking. Her eyes were filled by the sight of other's possessions outglittering her own, her consciousness packed with a sense of her own privations; there was no place in her mind for a thought of the rights of Capeau. I don't believe she realized that I had spoken to her with a purpose.

Next day the lawyer I had retained interviewed her. He was more successful than I in plainly stating the case. Mrs. Jilson was bland; she already understood; her sister had arranged things so that she, Mrs. Jilson, had legal right to the little pile. Moral right? She waved it aside with a sweep of the hand that wore madame's ring. "If the law ses things is yours, I guess they're yours."

I asked the priest to expostulate with her. She faced him boldly. "The church wouldn't marry Vilette while she was alive; guess not even the church can marry her now."

At last I got the doctor to tell her that Capeau's illness grew upon him dangerously, now that he grieved over this final loss. "Can't the little rooster find some other woman to support him?" was her retort.

Mrs. Jilson had suffered long under the eyes of opulent sisters-in-law. Now her

cover for him his share in his wife's estate. Wasn't he madame's husband by common law?

Mrs. Jilson stayed in Detroit, but prepared to battle through a lawyer.

The night before the case came to trial the gravy was burnt at dinner. Poor Capeau was breaking up rapidly!



"Capeau, . . . here's a gift from your family."—Page 94.

turn had come. She could begin to catch up. She was less a woman than a pair of acquisitive hands.

She showed agility in winding up her sister's affairs, had herself appointed executrix, collected and paid bills. She went back to Detroit, leaving directions for the sale of the furniture. She had swallowed Capeau's little fortune entire.

No sooner was she gone than we decided in family council to bring legal suit against her, in the name of Capeau, to re-

I sat with him in court next day.

The trial was a sorry affair.

A man suing a woman . . . it didn't appeal to the chivalry of an American jury.

The plaintiff had blackened the family name of the defendant . . . living illegally with her sister for years . . . that roused the latent puritanism of the twelve.

Capeau cut a poor figure. He didn't look like a hero. The man's face was

blanched, his hair grizzled by disease. His sidewise leer prompted distrust. Even I found his inertia irritating.

He was a child of the Old World, being judged by American standards. "Lost his bit, has he? Let him start in to-morrow and make another pile." You felt this was in the mind of the jurors. But there was no resiliency, no push about Capeau. His bourgeois mind was unambitious, but at least unenvious. He had worked skilfully, proud of his business; content by the side of the woman he loved; satisfied with little. His romance had risen to the height of a business partnership. Now his wife was dead, his savings had been wrongfully taken from him. He was ill. He was ruined. It was the end.

He was a little dry, yellow, sucked-out shell of a man. Perhaps a jury of women . . . elderly women . . . might have felt pity for him. But I must acknowledge, that day in court, Capeau looked every inch the kind that a man wants to kick.

Then I thought of all the years he had made me comfortable; given me a home above price, cooking the memory of which was bound to flatten the flavor out of heaven. I longed to spring to my feet in court and cry out to the jurors: "Come to dinner, to-night, my friends! Reserve your decision until after coffee. Oh, if you knew how Capeau can cook! If you could only taste the soup!" But I remained silent in the chair by my hero. I remembered the burnt gravy of last night. It was indeed the end!

Mercifully the case did not drag.

The jury promptly found for the defendant.

Mrs. Jilson had triumphed.

To-morrow we would take Capeau to the Old Men's Home . . . he, only fifty-five, too feeble, too dispirited to continue. The contents of the Capeau house would be sold. Capeau could prove title only to his copper pans.

That night the family ate at the "self-serve" down the street. We wouldn't let Capeau cook the dinner. We urged him to come with us. He refused. He slunk off to his kitchen.

The restaurant dinner—bah! it turned our stomachs without satisfying them. Afterward, the eight of us, long the

spoiled guests of Capeau, returned to meet in madame's pink parlor. We were hungry, restless, miserable. We had never lingered in this room before. We didn't sit down on the satin chairs. We didn't smoke. We were like mourners trying to be natural after a funeral.

Smith, as our senior, addressed us. "Pass the hat, boys! We're all so damn poor it won't hurt us a damn to be a little poorer. Put in all you can't spare for Capeau . . . pay his lawyer's bill . . . get him some tobacco. Homes like this don't grow on every bush!"

Smith raised his hat before him as the rector holds the alms-basin above the waiting wardens while he exhorts with a loosening verse of Scripture. "Homes like this don't grow on every bush!" I wonder that isn't in the Bible. There isn't enough praise of good homes in that Book. Smith touched our pockets.

They handed over the little offering to me. I had been longest with the Capeaus.

I hunted out Capeau in his kitchen. He sat huddled at the table in the dark, his head on his arms. There was no sign he had tasted food. The man didn't drink. I lighted the kerosene-lamp and the glow of copper skillets, the sheen of brass ladles, leapt from the shadowed walls. A line of long sharp butcher-knives was stacked in a rack above the table . . . one missing . . . leaving a noticeable break in the rank.

Capeau's forehead rested on a large rusty black ledger. It was the book in which he and Vilette had watched the growth of the "child."

I didn't sit down in the empty chair across from his. I dragged over a stool from the sink and perched near the table.

"Capeau," I said, "here's a gift from your family. Cheer up, man; you've got lots of friends." I had smoothed out and counted the bills and checks from Smith's hat. They amounted to a little over seven hundred dollars. I placed the roll on the table. He didn't lift his head. When before had Capeau lacked in obsequious gratitude?

I picked up the roll and tried to thrust it into his hands, but they were both tightly clasped about the big ledger in which Vilette had made the last entry before she died.

Starting twenty years ago, they had rolled it up, dollar by dollar; it was ten thousand, Capeau had said, at the last adding up. Some men would make that in a day, some in an hour. And what would it mean to them?

To Capeau his money had been more than pay for labor. It had represented

times that amount! My mental calculations suddenly exploded in an idea.

I sprang from the stool. "Capeau!" I cried sharply, "twenty years of hard work . . . it's given me an idea. Listen!" I slapped his apathetic shoulder; I shook him, and as I did so a long knife, like a gleaming snake, slipped from his knees to



Locked together, we danced about the yard.—Page 96.

companionship, hope, forethought for old age, or, if need be, solace for the one that was left . . . it had meant all this to Capeau and Vilette.

And now Capeau, the thrifty, the industrious, after twenty years of tearing bloody entrails, twenty years of skimming grease, was left with his reward, seven hundred and thirty-five charity dollars and a bed to die in at the Old Men's Home.

Ten thousand dollars laid by in twenty years; that represented the saving of five hundred a year . . . ten dollars a week. Why, a cook like Capeau was worth ten

the kitchen floor. I picked it up, shuddering, and returned it hastily to the empty place in the frame on the wall.

"Cheer up, Capeau!" I shouted into his ear; "hold on for one more night. I'm going to see the lawyer again. I've got a new idea. We may be able to do something. To-morrow, perhaps, you won't be so miserable as you think you are."

And so it happened that we did not disperse, next day, that contented little household of the Maison Capeau; and Capeau, taking courage from the rest of us, declared himself more than able to

prepare the dinner. It would be the wish of Vilette that her family suffer in nothing. Never again would he so far forget himself as to let the food disgrace her memory.

That night the roast ducklings were garnished with stewed plums and smothered in a gravy that surpassed hope.

One day more and everything was settled. I made a trip down-stairs to congratulate Capeau. He stood in the kitchen door, chic in clean white coat and cap. An escaped bunny lay asleep at his feet, between rows of nibbled lettuces.

As he watched the furry thief, Capeau's right hand slowly whetted a knife across a stone in the palm of his left.

"Hi, Capeau!" I yelled; "just had a telephone call . . . the robber'll have to cough up!"

The little man jumped, looked up obliquely, puzzled by my slang.

"Monsieur mean . . . ?"

"Mrs. Jilson's got to pay back every cent!"

"Mais, comment, monsieur? I cannot have from Vilette. The jury say it . . . I am not her husband."

"No, Capeau, you were not her husband. But Mrs. Jilson has said it . . . you were madame's cook. Yesterday we brought in a claim against her estate for your wages . . . ten dollars a week for twenty years. That's ten thousand four hundred dollars. The court's ordered Mrs. Jilson to pay you from the estate of her sister!"

Capeau's face flushed. Then he sprang suddenly forward and threw his arms around me, his hands still holding the knife and stone. Passionately he kissed the lapels of my coat . . . he couldn't reach my cheeks.

I returned his embrace. Locked together, we danced about the yard, careering recklessly over cabbages.

We paused for breath.

"Capeau," I panted, "you came mighty near losing every cent you had in the world . . . it was a hair-breadth escape!"

"Bien, monsieur!"—his exuberance was undaunted by idiom—"there is, indeed, but one hair missing, but that I lose all!"

I slapped him on the back. "And I nearly lost my home; it was a close shave for me too, Capeau!"

"Oui, bien! Monsieur shave himself closer that time than ever before!" Capeau's voice rose. "But it is now thanks to monsieur, I get what is right; Madame Jilson, she get what is left!"

Too excited to realize what he was doing, he began vigorously sharpening the knife on the whetstone.

I looked for the rabbit.

It had vanished.

I turned back to Capeau. "Bien!" I mocked. "There is indeed but one hare missing!"

Capeau looked up sideways, a gleam in his watery eyes. "Even monsieur catch not all the thieves in the one day!"

"Beauty Persists"

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

BEAUTY persists in loveliness of little things,
It cannot diminish, or alter, or be slain;
Were I as old as Jacob, if there sings
Along the hedge a sparrow after rain,
Beauty will toss my heart aloft again.

Beauty persists in an imperishable little thing;
When you, O friends and lovers, are old and gray,
Around the altered lineament will cling
A ghost of what was young, and you, and gay:
A wavering shadow upon a quiet day.

The Significance of Recent American Drama

BY ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN

Author of "Pilgrim and Puritan in Literature," etc.



IN view of the interesting and important developments in our native drama during the past few years, it is depressing to the close student of that field of art to read the patronizing or superficial treatments of the subject that have recently been permitted circulation. An example may be found in an article by Melchoir Lengyel, the Hungarian author of "The Czarina," to which travesty of history Miss Doris Keane has descended, in company with its adaptor, Edward Sheldon, from the latter's own brilliant vivification of the past in "Romance." M. Lengyel naively remarks that "should any one ask me what the world has gained from the work of the American playwright, I might recall several well-written dramas and comedies and remember their titles more easily than the names of their authors." He might at least have had the tact to remember the name of the adaptor of his play, a dramatist greater than he, whose tragic illness has robbed the American stage of one of its most promising playwrights. For the creator of "Romance" has illustrated again the fact that the shots of the Concord minute-men have not been the only American products that have been "heard round the world."

It is interesting to remember that it was just a century ago that Sydney Smith uttered his famous query: "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book or goes to an American play?" in blissful ignorance of the crowds that had thronged Drury Lane a year before to witness John Howard Payne's great tragedy of "Brutus." Foreign criticism is a bit more enlightened now than in 1820, or than it was even forty years ago, when William Archer solemnly lec-

tured Bronson Howard for vulgarity in "Saratoga," when the lines to which he objected were not in the play at all, but had been inserted by the British adaptor! It is, perhaps, idle to expect an Hungarian or an English critic to know thoroughly the work of American playwrights when our native critics are so prone to discriminate in their judgments in favor of exotic products, especially if these are a bit peculiar, and if the critic's appreciation implies on his part a broad or even deep knowledge of Continental drama.

As for popular appreciation, the condition is even more discouraging. If one speaks about the encouragement of American drama to that irritating personage, "the man in the street," whose apprehension should certainly have been sharpened long ago by the complexities of traffic, he will inquire blankly, "Why should the American drama be encouraged?" and will return contentedly to those matters that are not for him empty of concern. But it does concern him, and vitally. Beside the intellectual and artistic life of a nation, its commercial and industrial achievements are but incidents, and there is no vehicle so powerful and so competent to carry the meaning of America to our assimilated and our unassimilated population as the drama. To provide that drama, notwithstanding M. Lengyel's ignorance, there are more than thirty playwrights who have produced on the professional stage in the last five years plays that are worthy of consideration. When Winthrop Ames offered a prize in 1913 for the best American play, seventeen hundred manuscripts were submitted in the competition. Quantity production means little, of course, but before turning to an examination of the recent work of American playwrights, it is necessary to emphasize the often-forgotten truth that an artist needs not only proper remunera-

tion but also proper appreciation, if he is to do his best work. So long as producer and audience consider it appropriate that the name of an actor shall be blazoned in letters a foot high, while the name of the dramatist who has provided him with his thoughts and emotions shall be either printed in letters one-tenth the size or omitted altogether, the playwright is not to be blamed if he writes his play with an actress rather than high art in mind. The workers are here, the themes are here, and I believe the public is here, but it must be taught to think in terms of the dramatist.

As I have said, the courageous band of those who have been struggling against odds for the right of creative expression is not a small one. Of the generation that began to write in the nineteenth century, Augustus Thomas, William Gillette, David Belasco, Langdon Mitchell, and John Luther Long are happily still with us. Mr. Thomas has written four plays within the last five years, but, with the exception of one fine scene in "The Copperhead," he has not given us anything to match "Arizona," "The Witching Hour," or "As a Man Thinks." In "The Dream Maker" this season, Mr. Gillette gave us only at intervals his significant contribution of the calm, cool man of action with whom he thrilled us in "Secret Service" or "Held by the Enemy." Mr. Belasco has contented himself with adaptations like "Kiki," which, brilliant as they are, lie outside our province, or with revivals of "Peter Grimm" or "The Easiest Way." If he would only once again provide the magic mould of construction into which the rich imagination of Mr. Long could pour another "Adrea" or "Madame Butterfly"! And if Mr. Mitchell would only write another social comedy like "The New York Idea"!

There is a younger generation, speaking in terms of achievement, whose work is included within the century that has just come of age. Percy MacKaye, the apostle of community drama; Miss Rachel Crothers, talented and practical, to see one of whose dress rehearsals is a theatrical treat; Booth Tarkington, whose comedies please but do not always satisfy, for he seems constantly on the verge of the very fine thing and just misses it; James

Forbes, whose progress from "The Chorus Lady" to "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is one of the most encouraging steps in our recent dramatic history; A. E. Thomas, who insists on drawing gentlemen and gentlewomen without over-encouragement; Eugene Walter, whose craftsmanship is of a high order, and who may some day select material more worthy of him and treat it more sincerely; George M. Cohan, playwright and producer, who has developed the farce to a point where he alone seems to know how to keep it; Winchell Smith, who has a definite programme of presenting clean, wholesome, and entertaining comedies that play over the surface of life with a lively humor, and who has had his overwhelming reward. This group includes playwrights who have had produced a number of plays and whose manner and method are established. Equally well-established are the methods of such a dramatist as Miss Josephine Preston Peabody, who gave us one stage success in "The Piper," and who, it is hoped, will give us more.

There is a still younger group, again speaking in terms of stage life rather than of the calendar, whose methods are not so well defined, and who, in consequence, cannot be so easily characterized. Among these are Eugene O'Neill, Miss Zoë Akins, Jesse Lynch Williams, Miss Zona Gale, Miss Susan Glaspell, Gilbert Emery, Thompson Buchanan, Philip Moeller, Miss Clare Kummer, George Middleton, Edwin Milton Royle, Arthur Richman, Miss Gilda Varesi, Percival Wilde, John T. McIntyre, Miss Lilian K. Sabine, Frank Craven, William Anthony McGuire, George S. Kaufman, Marc Connelly, Owen Davis, J. H. Benrimo, and Henry Myers.

The list might have been made longer, without difficulty, but writers of musical and sentimental comedy, of "crook" melodrama, and of "thrillers" have been omitted—verily they have their own reward! And, on the other hand, if I have assumed the rôle of prophet in a few cases, I firmly believe the author of "The Hero," "Ambush," "A Young Man's Fancy," and "The First Fifty Years" will justify me.

It will be most helpful in a study of our recent drama to treat the subject, not by

an appraisal of the relative merits of the individual playwrights, but from the point of view of the motives treated, the dramatic types, and the *locale* of the plays. In this way the significance of the work of the dramatists will, it is hoped, become most apparent, and since it seems best to confine our survey to the plays of the last three seasons, with special emphasis upon those of the present season, the number of plays by any one author will not be large. It would not be relatively so profitable to extend our survey farther back. War conditions made the seasons of 1917-18 and 1918-19 unrepresentative, and outside of Mr. Thomas's stirring war-play, "The Copperhead," Mr. Williams's brilliant social comedy, "Why Marry?" Mr. Moeller's artistic historical play, "Molière," and Mr. MacKaye's exquisite masque, "The Evergreen Tree," it is difficult to remember any real contribution to dramatic writing, although Mr. Bacon's "Lightnin'" has its importance as the successor of "Rip Van Winkle" in motive, and as probably the most popularly successful American play on record.

An apparent paradox occurs in the relations of dramatic and theatrical history in these three years. The general failure of this last theatrical season from the standpoint of the box-office has become such a commonplace of conversation "on the Rialto" that it is unnecessary to do more than mention it here, but the declining curve in theatrical prosperity has run in a contrary direction to that of dramatic achievement. There have been twice as many plays worth discussing in the season of 1921-22, up to April 15, as there were in the season of 1919-20. The reason for this apparent paradox is not far to seek. While business is good, long runs are plentiful; when many plays fail, opportunities are offered for new ones which might never have been given a chance under more favorable circumstances. It is interesting to note how theatrical history repeats itself, and how, almost a century ago, when the theatrical priority passed from Philadelphia to New York, never to return, the desperate conditions of the theatres in Philadelphia gave an opportunity to the playwrights of that city which brought about one of the greatest periods in our drama, and gave

Edwin Forrest "Metamora," "The Gladiator," and "Jack Cade."

There must be one exception made to the topical rather than the individual treatment of our recent playwriting. For the three seasons under discussion, and especially for the season of 1921-22, the dominating figure is that of Eugene O'Neill. Just as the outstanding event of the season of 1919-20 was the production of "Beyond the Horizon," and of the season of 1920-21 the productions of "The Emperor Jones" and "Diff'rent," so the most significant events in the recent season were the performances of "The Straw," "Anna Christie," "The Hairy Ape," and "The First Man." To have had eight plays produced in three years with only one real failure, "Gold," which lasted only thirteen days in June, 1921, is an achievement scarcely paralleled in dramatic history. To have achieved this result without altering his own standards to accord to popular fancy or pseudo-critical analysis, places Mr. O'Neill in a class by himself. Previous to the production of "Beyond the Horizon," he had been known as the author of one-act plays of the sea, and of "Chris," a play one of whose elements reappeared in "Anna Christie." But with "Beyond the Horizon" he took his place as a dramatist who deals with the fundamental motives of human life, of love between man and woman, or of man for man, and of the preservation of individual integrity. He has pictured with rare skill the striving of the individual soul against the crushing adverse forces of fate, or the insistent clutch of circumstances, or the progress of disease and death, or the overmastering impulse of the forces of nature, personified in "Anna Christie" as "that old devil, the sea." His audiences listen spellbound while he violates with success the so-called laws of dramatic technique. The unities of space and time go by the board, even the mechanical unity of action vanishes as it did at the touch of the great Elizabethans, but for these Mr. O'Neill has substituted a higher unity of action, which might perhaps better be called a unity of impression. This unity is gained through the power of the dramatist to fuse all the utterances and objects of the stage, by the aid of sympathetic

actors, into the expression of the motive the dramatist wishes to convey.

In "The Emperor Jones" the motive is that of terror, and the problem is to bring that emotion into the consciousness of the negro emperor's character in such a way that the audience identifies itself with him through the deepening stages of that terror, and, consequently, enters into that sympathy which, if secured, means dramatic triumph. "Sympathy" is used in its broadest sense; one may not like the negro tyrant and grafter, who has dominated his subjects by his cleverness and good luck, but one can truly enter into his motives and say with the British smuggler at the end: "'E's a better man than the lot o' you put together." Masterly is the way in which the insurgent negroes are kept out of sight until the last scene, and their approach indicated only by the insistent beat of the tom-tom. This sound, continued and intensified throughout the entire pursuit of "the Emperor," produces an effect upon the audience akin to the knocking of the Scottish thanes upon the gate in "Macbeth," and when it is combined with the effect upon the sense of sight produced by the forest through which the Emperor staggers in the hopeless circle toward his doom, the result is one of the most impressive lessons in stage-craft the English-speaking stage has received. For the interpretation of a motive like this, monologue secures just the unity necessary, and all the diatribes levelled against the monologue by teachers of dramatic technique fade into that obscurity which awaits those theories that obstruct the progress of the original artist. Monologue has been tabooed on account of the lack of variety, but variety is obtained in "The Emperor Jones" through the varying shades in the intensity of terror, and through the challenging idea of taking the negro back through the stages of his prenatal racial life.

It is the same unity of impression which ties together the scenes of Mr. O'Neill's latest success, "The Hairy Ape," produced at the Provincetown Theatre in March. Here there is more variety of place, and monologue is employed in only one scene. The central character here is an individual, struggling against social

and industrial injustice—a stoker in a ship, who feels that he is a force that drives, he "belongs"—while the passengers, including the daughter of the president of the line, are only incidents who do not "belong." The scene in the stoke-hole, with its fiery furnaces, in which the "Yank," as he is called, and Mildred Douglas, the neurotic *poseur*, are brought face to face, is among the unforgettable stage pictures of our time. With true economy, the meeting is over almost at once, but there has been time to fix in the Yank's soul her look of horror, that sends him out seeking for revenge upon her and her kind. Rejected alike by the symbolic procession on Fifth Avenue and by the I. W. W., he goes to the Zoological Gardens, to the real Hairy Ape, the gorilla, whom he frees in order that they may work out their brotherhood together. Simply and naturally the gorilla chokes him and flings him into his cage, then saunters on about his own affairs! The sympathy of the audience here goes out to the Yank because of his dim striving at first for better things—the tragedy lies in his failure to find the understanding to match his physical strength. Mr. O'Neill is no doctrinaire, and he is concerned with painting a section of life rather than teaching a lesson, but surely the significance of "The Hairy Ape" cannot escape the thinking observer. Here is the force that, properly controlled and guided, may keep the world driving on. Unguided, it is like a wheel from which the belt has slipped—it may do incalculable harm. But it is no tragedy of futility, as "Lilium" was; it is a tragedy of misguided power.

It is, after all, as an apostle of hope, of spiritual success attained through sacrifice, that Eugene O'Neill has the greatest significance. I am aware that this statement will be challenged, but only by those who have failed to see or understand his plays. It is unfortunate that "Beyond the Horizon" was not played as he wrote it, with the last scene on the hill-top, for there the real motive of the play was established. As played, the scene closed in the sordid farmhouse, the voice of Andy Mayo denouncing Ruth, his sister-in-law, because she had not lied in time to Robert, so that he might die be-

lieving she had loved him. It brought the strong love of the brothers to the front, the love that passed the love of either for the woman who had wrecked both their lives, and it touched that love more truly than it had been touched on our stage since Boker's "Francesca da Rimini"; but that, after all, is not the great motive of the play. It is Robert Mayo's aspiration, his visions of the great adventure "beyond the horizon"—which he had dreamed as a boy at the window at sunset, and which he had given up at the call of Ruth's passion for him. When he knows his doom, he makes one last effort to reach the hilltop, and when Andy and Ruth find him there and struggle to contain their grief, he says, "in a voice which is suddenly ringing with the happiness of hope: 'You mustn't feel sorry for me. It's ridiculous! Don't you see I'm happy at last—because I'm making a start to the far-off places—free—free! Freed from the farm—free to wander on and on—eternally! Even the hills are powerless to shut me in now.' Then he raises himself on his elbow, his face radiant, and points to the horizon. 'Look! Isn't it beautiful beyond the hills? I can hear the old voices, calling me to come—and this time I'm going—I'm free! It isn't the end. I've won to my trip—the right of release—beyond the horizon! Oh, you ought to be glad—glad—for my sake!'"

It is this same message of hope that made the last act of "The Straw," as played by Otto Kruger in the part of Stephen Murray and Miss Margalo Gilmore as Eileen Carmody, a memorable occasion. "The Straw" has been neatly classified as a "tuberculosis play," but those who saw it, with every part nicely adjusted by George C. Tyler to the character, realized how true Mr. O'Neill's stage instinct is. They were real people on that stage—the mere finding of Miss Lamont for the minor part of Mrs. Brennan, was a managerial triumph—but, after all, it was that great last scene that showed the dramatist's power. As I watched Stephen Murray battle with all his strength for the right to hope against all odds for the happiness of the girl he has just realized he loved, and saw how that great power of his love routed

both science and human doubt, I could not help remembering the words of Horace Howard Furness, speaking of "Romeo and Juliet": "This is no tragedy. They knew they loved each other. What happened afterward is a detail." And the discussion that has raged about Mr. O'Neill's "unhappy endings" seemed more futile than ever.

Mr. O'Neill is not concerned with "making" any kind of ending. The endings form themselves in his capable hands out of the characters and the situations. Given Anna Christie as she was, with the sea calling in her blood, and Mat Burke as he was, and the ending of that play is inevitable. There has to be the saving grace of the Celt in one's constitution to conceive Mat Burke or to understand him. He is just the kind who would believe he could lift a girl like Anna Christie out of her past environment, and it is just the mixture of reverence for an ideal of womanly purity and of superlative personal conceit which meet in him that make it an even chance that he may succeed. If he does, it will be because it is out of his like, highly spiritualized, that the saints are made—if he fails, we may be sure he will throw the failure up to her!

None of Mr. O'Neill's plays, except "Diff'rent," leaves us depressed. If there has been a tragedy, it has been worth while; if the individual has been conquered, he has won our respect for his struggles, and our feeling is that of exaltation. This fact is Eugene O'Neill's strongest claim to be considered a great playwright. I happened to see "Beyond the Horizon" and "Jane Clegg" on succeeding days, and the contrast was striking in this regard. Both recorded a marriage that was a failure, but what a difference! Careful as Mr. Ervine's workmanship is, the effect of "Jane Clegg" is depression, for there is no one on the stage about whom one really cares. Art must have a worthy object, and suffering alone cannot win respect. That is the essential flaw in "Diff'rent," also, for there is no lift in the tragedy there. It is interesting, however, to note that "Diff'rent" was accorded a flattering reception in London last fall when Norman Macdermott put it on at his Everyman repertory theatre,

and that it is soon to be produced at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin.

In "The First Man" the lift comes in the triumph of the mother across the dividing line of death in the person of the little child, who wins his way into his father's heart against the conspiracy of all the chattering relatives in a small New England town. "The First Man" showed Eugene O'Neill's power in a direction not hitherto very apparent, the ability to give us rapid clever conversation which in itself satirizes the social values of a decadent patrician class. There are curious lapses in "The First Man," but we leave the new Jayson content in the care of his great-aunt, a lovable and spirited old gentlewoman, long to be remembered.

Having violated our principle of treatment as soon as it was established, in order to analyze the work of a remarkable and individual playwright, let us return to that principle and consider the topics which have been treated significantly by American playwrights in the last three years. The theme which has appealed to by far the largest number of dramatists is that of married life, and this preference has been especially evident in the present season. Whether it is really true that lovers become interesting only when they are married, there can be no doubt that the interrelations of husband and wife have been carefully studied and brilliantly treated on our recent stage. The drama presupposes conflict, and so the majority of the plays represent the struggle of wills, passions, or desires of men and women. Sometimes this conflict is carried through relentlessly to a tragic or sordid end, as in Mr. Thomas's "Nemesis," Miss Akins's "Déclassée," Mr. Richman's "Ambush," Miss Glaspell's "The Verge," or Mr. Myers's "The First Fifty Years."

In fidelity to life, "Ambush" was the best of this group. In a small suburban New Jersey town Walter Nichols, a clerk, tries to live an upright, decent life. His wife and daughter do not sympathize with his ideals, and the latter, through her love for pleasure, ruins him and breaks his spirit, till he is forced to accept help from the man who is degrading her. In a speech that will remain long in the

memory, Mrs. Jennison, a friend, tells Walter how the countless little facts of life lie in ambush to prevent him from keeping his ideals. There is little lift in "Ambush," although Frank Reicher's portraiture of Walter Nichols secured our full sympathy for him, but it belongs to that field of effort in which Ibsen and Hardy shone, and it made us wish that the Theatre Guild would devote its powerful energies more frequently to the production of native drama.

In "The First Fifty Years" Mr. Myers tried an interesting experiment. There are but two characters in the play, Martin and Anne Wells, and we see them in seven scenes, beginning with the home-coming after the honeymoon, and continuing, through various anniversaries, until the golden wedding. The marriage is a failure, being based solely on physical attraction, and there are no children to hold them together. After a violent quarrel they vow never to speak to each other again, and so the fourth scene is played entirely in pantomime, until at the end Anne gives way to her grief in one broken-hearted cry. Miss Clare Eames and Mr. Tom Powers gave a remarkable performance in this play, which is interesting mainly in its technique. That a dialogue would hold the attention of an audience for an entire evening would have seemed hardly possible until "The Emperor Jones" had held them by a monologue. But "The First Fifty Years," while there are certain curious flaws in the plot, remains one of the season's significant plays. Its picture of marriage is a warning, however, rather than an inspiration.

In another group a way out of the difficulty is indicated. In "Beyond the Horizon" the cherished dreams have paid for the suffering; in "The First Man" the wife's spirit lives in her child; in Miss Akins's "Daddy's Gone a Hunting," divorce leaves unconclusive what promised in the first two acts to be a very fine play; in "The Famous Mrs. Fair" the danger to their daughter brings the husband and wife together in a natural way.

Classification is useful mainly in calling attention to variety, and various indeed are the reasons why marriage is represented on the stage as unsuccessful. It is interesting to notice that it is usually

the wife who revolts. The husband tries it in "Daddy's Gone a Hunting" and in "Enter Madame," Miss Gilda Varesi's brilliant comedy, but he gets little sympathy, and it is interesting to note that both these plays are written by women. The woman revolts more frequently, of course, because feminism is in the air, and probably because of some association of the marriage service with the word "obey"—now apparently about to be eliminated by one form of historical Christianity. In two very interesting plays, which deserved better fates than the present season meted out to them, Owen Davis's "The Detour" and Miss Crothers's "Everyday," a wife revolts for the sake of her daughter against the father's tyranny. Helen Hardy, in "The Detour," has saved for years to give her daughter an opportunity to become a painter. Her husband demands that she sacrifice this hope for the sake of his farm, and she prepares to leave him. The daughter has really no great talent and Helen stays on the farm, her money going to her daughter's lover to save him from ruin and make their marriage possible. But Helen starts saving again, for a possible granddaughter, and, despite her husband's laughter, she stands, as the curtain goes down—"her face glorified, looking out into the future, her heart swelling with eternal hope." Helen Hardy is a real character. She appeals strongly because her revolt is not selfish—she is the protest, too, of imagination against the deadening life she knows. "I get so tired," she remarks, "of sayin' nothin' but just exactly what's so and listenin' to folks that don't ever mean the least mite more'n they say, or the least mite less!" In "Everyday" a wife who has suffered mental and moral beatings all her life revolts for her daughter's sake, and here there is no reconciliation—the door closes on the girl just before the curtain falls, and the wife faces her husband unflinchingly, with only his revenge to fill her otherwise empty life.

To make drama there must, of course, be another interest which interferes with the current of marital happiness. In "Daddy's Gone a Hunting," "Enter Madame," or in the revival of "He and She," one of Miss Crothers's best plays, the

artistic career of husband or wife is introduced as the conflicting motive. It is interesting that it did not have popular success except in the lively comedy of "Enter Madame," probably because to the average audience the artistic urge seems a bit remote. For much the same reason the scientific interest of Curtis Jayson, in "The First Man," seemed insufficient as a cause for his hatred of his unborn child. Much more coherent was Mrs. Fair's restlessness after her military career abroad.

Most obvious, of course, as the disturbing element is the presence of another passion. But while it was present in "Beyond the Horizon," "Nemesis," "The First Fifty Years," "The Verge," "The Hero," "The Famous Mrs. Fair," "Daddy's Gone a Hunting," "Enter Madame," "The First Year," "Déclassée," and "The Bad Man," to mention only the most interesting of the treatments, in fully half of these it was but a minor motive. It would seem that the institution itself has become a target for attack, which ran to the last extreme in "The Verge," a very unconvincing experiment in pathology, which even the fine acting of Miss Wycherly could not save. The serious treatments of marriage provided some very interesting human studies, but they left the thoughtful observer with the opinion that the institution was likely to continue. They also left him with the strange old conclusion that if two people of like tastes and mutual forbearance marry and have children, the marriage will be a success, and that under other conditions it may not be.

If the serious treatments of marriage have been on the whole a bit depressing, there have been some delightful moments in which "the frank muse of comedy laughed in free air." "Enter Madame" has carried its message of joy across the water, and hardly needs dissection here. "The First Year," by Frank Craven, has attracted thousands by its faithful and amusing picture of life, though why the young wife was alone endowed with her excruciating intonation while the rest of the cast were permitted to speak English, is still a puzzle to at least one of that play's many auditors. But it remained for two of the younger dramatists, George

Kaufman and Marc Connelly, to provide in "Dulcy" and "To the Ladies!" two of the brightest spots in the season's experience. "Dulcy," although laid at a weekend party near New York City, is not intended to be a social comedy, for there is no attempt at contrasting social values, but it is the comedy of people moving in social relations, and it dramatizes without mercy but without bitterness the havoc a stupid, well-meaning woman can make of her husband's prospects. There is not a dull moment in it for the audience, for her dulness is made entertaining, an accomplishment worthy of imitation by certain contemporary novelists and dramatists.

Even better than "Dulcy" in some ways was its companion piece, "To the Ladies!" This play has been largely advertised for its satire upon the "public banquet," and that scene is indeed extremely well done. But what makes the play much more significant is its representation, simply and with sincerity, of the love of a clever young wife for her conceited but not very able husband. The playwrights have seized upon the great fact that the most precious things in life are our illusions, especially those we begin to suspect ourselves, and young Elsie Beebe has to keep up her own faith in her husband as well as save him from the awkward situations into which accident or his own incompetency has brought him. It is not too much to say that in the climax of the play, when Elsie rises at the dinner-table and makes the speech that saves her husband's career, it was the picture of the glorified love that impelled and sustained her that swept the audience with the thrill that comes rarely in these sophisticated days. Part of the thrill was for the remarkable acting of Miss Helen Hayes, but, after all, the part was there. And lines like "nearly all the great men have been married; it cannot be merely a coincidence" make us hope that Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Connelly will not write too much and too fast, for the stage needs them. A play like "To the Ladies!" treating marriage without malice, without bitterness, with reticence and with sympathy, is worth a dozen morbid analyses of mismatched couples, for it is nearer truth and it creates beauty, and therefore it is better art.

Closely allied to the theme of marriage is that of the relations of parents and children; in fact, as in "The Detour," "Everyday," "Ambush," "The Famous Mrs. Fair," the themes are so interwoven that separate discussion is unnecessary. Usually the play concerns the revolt of a daughter, this theme receiving its most striking treatment in "Anna Christie." The sons are evidently not expected to revolt, except for comedy, and in "Clarence" and "Thank You" they provide some agreeable moments. It was extremely interesting to compare these plays with Miss Grace George's sympathetic adaptation of Paul Gerd's "Les Noces d'Argent," under the title of "The Nest." The theme of filial indifference as compared to filial revolt was treated here with quiet distinction.

The feminine revolt has not been limited to those restive under the yoke of wedlock. In Miss Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett," Mr. Tarkington's "Intimate Strangers," and A. E. Thomas's "Only 38," the spinster or the widow has asserted her rights and routed those who stood in her way. "Miss Lulu Bett" had the greatest power of characterization, but there was a charm about "Only 38" in the beginning which made us sorry when the appearance of the college glee-club in the third act turned it into burlesque. Mr. Pollock's performance of "Mr. Sanborn," who "has been among 'em," repaid one, however, for the rest of the play, and raised the perennial question as to the reason why the minor characters should so often be better than the major ones. These plays might also be classified as love-stories of maturity, and, indeed, the love-story of youth seems to be remarkably absent from our stage. Perhaps that is why Miss Clare Kummer printed the legend, "A Love Story," on the programme of her "Mountain Man," but it is not the love-story that makes that play significant. It is the sympathetic study of the North Carolina mountaineer, whose father had left his own family in disgust at their intolerance and had brought up his boy on the mountain. Sidney Blackmer's interpretation of the character of Aaron Winterfield, from his crude to his finished state after he returns from France, was masterly. Miss Kummer had created in "Good Gracious An-

nabelle!" a comedy new to our stage, at least in recent times, one somewhat akin to the French "vaudeville," but in "The Mountain Man" she shows promise of doing something much more important. The plot of the play is weak, but the conversation has her usual cleverness. The quick passage of time is illustrated again by the fact that the motive of the "returned soldier" in this play seems already old-fashioned. The most significant studies of oversea service upon man or woman were "The Famous Mrs. Fair" and Gilbert Emery's "The Hero." The failure of "The Hero" to run through the season was discouraging, for it is easily one of the best plays of recent years. It is a comparative study of two brothers, types of moral and physical heroism, one of whom, Andrew Lane, has sacrificed himself quietly to cover his brother's defalcations, while the younger, Oswald, returning with a heroic record from the war, shows himself to be entirely unchanged in his moral weakness. Mr. Emery's skill is shown clearly in the last act, when, after Oswald has absconded again with his brother's trust funds, he responds to the one call he knows, that of physical courage, and saves from death the little nephew he loves, at the cost of his own life. As Andrew sits with his child safe in his arms, prepared to face again the debt Oswald's theft has brought upon him, his wife, in an agony of remorse for the unfaithfulness that was in her heart, sobs out her belated appreciation of him. But he puts the praise aside. "Oh, I'm only old Andy—but Oswald—he was a hero!" So many plays have started well, only to fade away into the obvious or the conventional in the last act, that "The Hero" remains a fit study in technique as well as a true picture of the unreconstruction of man.

It was twenty years after the Civil War before Mr. Gillette put the first successful war play on the stage in "Held by the Enemy." Perhaps the Great War will have to wait that long until it becomes an established dramatic motive. But the disturbed social relations and conditions that have come in its train are a fit subject for drama, and playwrights have already begun to use them. Probably the most successful is Miss Crothers's "Nice

People," which draws unflinchingly a picture of the young man and woman who spend their lives in a mad search for pleasure. It may remain an open question whether the heroine of the drinking, dancing set of the first act could become the healthy, normal, outdoor girl of the last act, even through the influence of the clean-cut hero, but the dramatist may plead the even chance. "Nice People" suggests a comparison at once with "The National Anthem," a later play by J. Hartley Manners. The English playwright has laid the scene of his play in New York and in Paris, and brings his dissipated characters to tragedy. "The National Anthem" had the advantage of a remarkable presentation of the leading part by Miss Laurette Taylor, but Miss Crothers's play was more sincerely written, and she had a much keener sense of the limit of drunkenness as a source of intelligent interest on the stage.

Beside these presentations of the dissipated idle rich, "Ambush," the picture of the poor girl's determined pursuit of pleasure, was more grim and stark in its tragic note. But the sympathy of the audience was not with her, as it was with the heroines of "Nice People" and "The National Anthem," and in any case her material tragedy was to come. As a picture of a real situation in the domestic life of America, "Ambush" was a great achievement, and it is a pity it cannot go on tour throughout the United States. For criticism of the mad rush for amusement at any cost is vitally needed, and even when it comes in the form of wild farce, like the season's most conspicuous popular success, "Six Cylinder Love," it has its own place. It is a pity Mr. McGuire gave his farce-comedy that impossible title, for there were moments in the play when the hero, driven into dishonesty and ruin by the automobile and its accompaniments, spoke words of sincerity by which modern society might profit.

Description of our modern life on the stage has not been limited in its *locale*, though it has certain favorites. When a large city is the scene it becomes New York automatically, in such different plays as "Nemesis," "Enter Madame," "Nice People," "Daddy's Gone a Hunting," and "The First Fifty Years," which

is laid in Harlem. When a suburban town is needed, it is also likely to be near New York City, but whether the life is depicted seriously, as in "The Hero" and "Ambush," or for the purpose of comedy, as in "Dulcy," "To the Ladies," or "The Dream Maker," it is still only background and does not really enter into the play. But when we come to those plays in which the setting forms an integral portion of the plot, we find them moving away from the metropolis. "The Detour" and "Beyond the Horizon" are laid in rural New York, and the motive of the play begins with the limitations of that life. There is a significance, too, in the laying of the scene of "Diff'rent" in a seafaring town of New England, and it was the powerful satire on the small New England patrician family that made "The First Man" so significant. Not so powerful, but very human and amusing, was the satire of the New England character in "Thank You." The narrowness of vision and the petty tyranny of the board of trustees of a village church in that play are characteristic of hundreds of similar oligarchies, not limited to New England. The natives of a small New England village were well done in "The Wren" also, but the rest of that play of Mr. Tarkington's was too slight—or too subtle—to carry it long.

Even more characteristic, and meant to be, were the satiric treatments of the small town of the Middle West, such as "Miss Lulu Bett," "The First Year," "Everyday," and the stage version of "Main Street." Here the *locale* was very important, but it was to the credit of Miss Gale, Miss Crothers, and Mr. Craven that they did not let it submerge the human interest of their characters. "Main Street" was even worse than the book, as might have been expected, for the story is essentially undramatic and all the adaptors did was to emphasize some of the most banal or tawdry features of the original. It is cheering, at least, to those hopeful of the American stage that the play did not succeed as well as the novel. Laid in the same territory and yet different from any of this group, "The Deluge" was an interesting treatment of a Middle Western town by a Swedish dramatist, Henning Berger, who gathered

his experience of American life from 1892 to 1899, and wrote his play of "Syndaflo-den" after his return to Sweden. It has been played in Paris, Stockholm, Rome, Berlin, Moscow, and Budapesth, always retaining the American atmosphere, and was first produced here by Mr. Arthur Hopkins for a brief period in 1917. "The Deluge" is a study of the reaction of a group of human beings in a saloon, under the fear of death by drowning, when the better qualities of each come out against the background of their past loves or hatreds. Then when the danger is over the counter-reaction leaves them pretty much as they had been. It is a powerful play and took courage to produce.

As the playwrights went still farther afield for material, the characteristic note deepened. Just as Miss Kummer caught the right aspect of the North Carolina mountaineer in "The Mountain Man," so A. E. Thomas's representation of the Virginia family with a long tradition of culture was the refreshing note in "Just Suppose." And finally we reach the climax in the union of background and character portrayal in the West Indian forest of "The Emperor Jones."

It is, of course, quite natural that our recent drama should be more limited in time than in space. Nearly all the plays are concerned with contemporary life, but at least four attempted with success to catch the flavor of the past. Arthur Richman gave us a charming love-story, laid in the seventies, in "Not So Long Ago," and Miss Lilian Sabine's dramatization of "The Rise of Silas Lapham" for the Theatre Guild, recently produced in London, was a pure delight. Here the seventies came to life again upon the stage, and Silas Lapham met and faced his moral crisis as only an American of his type would have met it, the very greatness of his success as a man of business providing him with a substitute for the *noblesse oblige* of other days. The reticent and tender love-story of Tom Corey and Penelope Lapham and what the union of their two family stocks implied, provided quite a number of suggestive speculations upon the future of the republic.

"The First Fifty Years" portrays periods of considerable extent, since the play begins in the seventies, but there was not

the same brilliant effect that was present in what is so far the most interesting effort of Miss Akins, "The Varying Shore." Here is a play which truly "proceeds backward." Julie Venable is shown in a prologue through her effect upon others, especially upon Lawrence Sturgis, who has been faithful to her all his life. Then we see her in three stages of her career—first in Paris in 1870, as the mistress of Garreth Treadway, with her son's love-story forcing her to face her past and its present complications; next, in New York in 1859, as the mistress of Joe Leland, who is beginning to love another woman; third, in 1846, in Richmond, when as a girl of sixteen she has had a love affair with John Garrison, the father of the boy who has appeared in the first act. In each situation she runs true to type—reckless of consequences, she takes what she wants and just as recklessly faces the consequences with courage and generosity. It is most interesting that, owing to some misguided criticism, the play was changed so as to follow the chronological order, and then happily replaced as the playwright wrote it. For the order of sympathy proceeds here inversely to the order of time. The audience likes Julie much more as the girl of sixteen, refusing to be forced upon an unwilling husband, and declining to take advantage of Lawrence Sturgis's chivalric offer, than it does as the sophisticated woman of forty. Julie was triumphantly played by Miss Elsie Ferguson, who surmounted the technical difficulties caused by the necessity of playing with a partially new set of characters, and therefore new actors, in each act. But Miss Akins could take chances with technical difficulties, for she had a central motive, that of the moral contrast, which rarely misses its aim. The generous, lovable wanton and the generous, lovable drunkard have appealed to the popular heart long before "Rip Van Winkle" started on its century run, and will continue to appeal when "Déclassée," "The Varying Shore," and "Lightnin'" are only a memory. It is not only the theme, however, that carries "The Varying Shore." It is because that play appeals to the ever-present love of romance, and the playwright who can furnish romance has now his opportunity.

Cannot the writers and producers of plays take a lesson from musical comedy, as musical comedy takes lessons from them? "Marjolaine," for example, is a great success, and it deserves to be. The lyrics of Brian Hooker, the book by Mrs. Cushing, the music by Hugo Felix, all based on Mr. Parker's "Pomander Walk," make a combination that is simply joy and youth and love and sunshine, and, moreover, is good art. We could not live, artistically speaking, on Marjolaines; sorrow is needed on the stage as well as joy, but above and beyond everything else is sympathy. Human beings are just as willing to listen to a tragedy as to a comedy, and the tragedies have always outlasted the comedies of their day. Mr. Howells once gave the reason in "April Hopes" when he said:

"It has been the experience of every one to have some alien concern come into his life and torment him with more anxiety than any affair of his own. This is, perhaps, a hint from the infinite sympathy which feels for us all that none of us can hope to free himself from the troubles of others, that we are each bound to each by ties, which for the most part we cannot perceive, but which, at the moment their stress comes, we cannot break."

Sympathy, however, usually goes out to the significant and to that only. The suffering and the joy on the stage must both be worth while. And, on the whole, the student of the American drama is hopeful, for much that is worth while is being accomplished. The very existence of the plays I have mentioned is encouraging, and only the professional plays have been touched. Outside of New York, in practically every college, in hundreds of schools, in many communities, the drama is being studied, plays are being produced, and plays are being written. Such an impulse as that started by Professor Koch in North Dakota, and now carried to North Carolina, where the folk-play is made and produced in its own birthplace, is of great significance. But all that is another story, and simply confirms the statement that the dramatic impulse is in the air we breathe. The best example of sustained interest in American playwrighting has succeeded even against the competition

of the "commercial theatre." Starting eight years ago with a group of amateurs and semi-professionals, The Provincetown Players, under the leadership of Eugene O'Neill, Miss Susan Glaspell, George Cram Cook, and Miss M. Eleanor Fitzgerald, have pursued the consistent policy of producing only American plays. They do not always hit the popular fancy and sometimes their selection is open to question, as in the case of "The Verge," or not open at all, as in that of "The Hand of the Potter," but their general purpose is as sincere as their success has been marked. And if they had done nothing but provide for Eugene O'Neill his opportunity, the movement would have been justified.

I am not one of those who condemn the "commercial theatre." It is a business

as well as an art. But that it is un hospitable to the American playwright is not a fact. If one counts the numbers of legitimate plays offered in New York at any one time this last year, he will find about twice as many of American as of foreign make. Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Tyler, Mr. Belasco, Mr. Golden, Mr. Brady, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Cohan have all shown themselves willing to produce native plays, even by unknown writers. As this article is written "The Hairy Ape" moves up from the Provincetown stage in MacDougal Street to the Plymouth Theatre, and "Anna Christie" opens triumphantly in Chicago. There is no lack of playwrights, of actors, or of producers—it is for the American public to decide whether its national drama is to fail or to succeed.

Radio

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

O NOT a word and not a thought
In the wide world shall come to naught;
No little love with sails of white
Shall vanish homeless in the night.

This wind that moves with fluting song
My plumed and purple pines among,
Shall wave dim palms in tropic nights,
Shall storm the white Himalayas' heights.

And every dream I mourn as dead
Or lost, is lyrically fled
Out of my heart into another's,—
While I have taken home my brother's.

At length shall break on Hatteras
The wave that Breton sailors pass
Blue-rolling westward, or shall run
To thunder on the dreadful Horn.

The tingling air is thrilled with spirit;
The universe I can inherit;
Mysteriously great and near,
Creation's throbbing heart I hear.

Of those elusions, farewells, flights,
That dim my days and haunt my nights,—
In all the lonely strength of wings,
Some heart shall make recoverings.

The Man Who Made Poetry Hum

BY JENNETTE LEE



HE nurse moved noiselessly across the room and bent to the man and listened to his breathing. Her hand rested a minute on his pulse. Then she went quickly from the room.

The man's heavy lids lifted an instant. The eyes looked out unseeing into the great chamber. A night-light burned by the bed. The shadows in the corners were untouched. Only in the obscurity was a sense of wealth and refinement. A woman glided into the room and came toward the bed.

"Are you comfortable, dear?"

"Yes, Mollie." It was little more than a whisper. The lips seemed to speak without volition. The eyes tried to focus and turned to her.

"I'm all right," he said thickly.

"Yes, don't try to talk!"

The lids fell again. She stood looking down at the granite face that was her world. The doctors had told her. And she was trying to be brave and understand. But a numbness was on her. She could not think without Grant, and he was dying. She sank down half-crouching by the bed and laid her cheek against the passive hand. It seemed to stir a little, as if his spirit groped to her from a great distance. Then it lay passive again.

The specialist who performed the operation had returned to New York two days ago. The physicians in attendance were in hourly communication with him. Two of them came twice a day, and after each visit there was a consultation of the leading physicians of the town.

The news crept through the town. Men stopped at street corners to repeat it to each other with saddened faces. Grant Healy was the life and brain of Camden, and now that he was stricken the town held its breath. All its thought suddenly centred in the darkened room where he lay.

Through the house servants and attendants moved noiselessly, gathering up and holding the myriad threads his hand had let fall. In the library Harold Fosdick, the secretary, untied parcels that had come in the late delivery. He made notes and filed away pamphlets and catalogues that would perhaps never be read now. Grant Healy was a ready buyer—a patron of the arts. Not an auction or sale took place anywhere in the world without due notice to him or to his agents.

The secretary opened a small parcel of books. He laid them on the table, making the edges even with his fingers. They were all of the same size and shape. He made a note of the receipt of the parcel. The details of life went on as smoothly as if the brain that conceived them were not already beyond the need to remember.

In the room up-stairs the sick man turned his head a little. The nurse had come back and the other woman yielded place to her and withdrew.

"What time is it?" asked the man slowly. The nurse glanced at the watch on her wrist.

"Eight-forty," she replied.

"And what day is it?"

"Wednesday. You'd better not talk. Drink this." She held the tube to his lips. There was silence in the room as she replaced the cup on the stand.

The man's voice travelled slowly to her across it:

"The operation—was it—a success?"

"Fine!" She spoke encouragingly, as to a child. But he put it aside.

"Don't lie! Tell me the truth." The words stopped in his weakness. She bent over him with something more than professional care and sympathy.

"The doctor will tell you," she said. "He comes at nine o'clock."

"Yes. That's right." He seemed to slip back into unconsciousness. But the nurse noted as her finger rested on his pulse that it beat more evenly, as if the

man's will remained on guard and steadied it.

Downstairs the physicians were in consultation. The chart lay on the table between them. . . . The patient had regained consciousness.

They looked at each other—a question. And then at the chart. If they gave him opiates, beginning now, he would not suffer. Without them he might live through days, weeks, perhaps, of excruciating pain.

The unspoken question asked whether they should give Grant Healy his choice. With an ordinary man they would not have hesitated. They would have taken for granted that it was their duty to save the patient from suffering so terrible. But something of the right of kings held in this case. The man whose brain watched over the welfare of a continent had the right to say whether his brain should be lulled to its long forgetfulness free from pain, or should remain on duty to the end. The older of the two physicians pushed the chart a little aside with his finger.

"He must decide for himself," he said. "We must tell him."

The other assented without enthusiasm. He was of a younger school and to him it seemed a little overpunctilious to give the patient a choice of suffering. To him pain was merely an accompaniment of disease, useful to the physician as a sign, but to be avoided whenever possible. In his mind he had little doubt that Grant Healy, who was a keen business man, would agree with him.

But when the older physician, bending over the patient, put the question gently there was only a little contraction of the wide brow.

"How long will it be?" he asked.

"We do not know. It is not necessary that you should suffer at all, you know."

"I understand. Thank you. I do not think I shall want it. . . . If I find I cannot drink the last of the cup, I shall tell you."

The physician nodded gravely. He was not surprised at the answer. He had known the man lying in the great bed since boyhood, and he had never known him to shirk what was ahead. Sometimes it seemed to the physician he even went

a little out of his way to take up a burden that another man might have failed to see—as when the younger brother, Rolland, ran through his share of the family fortune in a year and came to Grant for aid.

The physician had good reason to remember that year. Grant had been under his care with signs of incipient tuberculosis and he had ordered him to Colorado. When with the break in his brother's fortune he returned, the doctor had been thoroughly angry with him. He watched, almost cynically, while Grant tried to hold back the brother from dissipation of health and fortune, and the final plunge that swept away the remnant of fortune and ended with the suicide of Rolland Healy. The physician had known from the start that there was no use. He could have told Grant facts in the family history that made the fight as good as determined before it began. He did practically tell him. But Grant had refused to listen—or when he had listened to the doctor's veiled words he only smiled a little.

"I guess Rolland would stand by me if I needed him," he said. "I think I'll stand by a little longer." So he stood by till the end came. Then he had gathered up what remained of the family fortune and gone into business. And with it he had given up his dream of becoming a poet. The tuberculosis the physician feared had not developed. It was as if the energy he put forth for his brother had tapped some hidden source of power and called into existence forces that resisted the disease.

The great figure lying on the bed had seemed invulnerable, a man of steel, as he fought his way up in the business world from a mere stripling threatened by the gauzy film of his tenuous lungs to a man of iron power. . . .

No—iron was not the word, the physician thought, looking down at him. Steel was more like it—and not even steel. . . . Grant Healy was more alive than steel. He was a living flame, electric fire, in his resistless power. He did not override or crush men in business. He grappled with them fiercely. And out of each encounter life and prosperity seemed to flare about him—not for him—

self alone, but for his adversary and for every one.

His power had made the region prosperous and overflowed into the country and the world.

And now he lay helpless.

The physicians withdrew. The man on the bed watched them move from the room and disappear through the wide doorway.

His brain was clear now. He was remembering. . . . The breath of a sigh escaped him. He had not thought it would be so soon. He was not regretting—but there were things to do. He must keep his mind clear. Other men's work must not be cut off. Then the force he always held at command obeyed the call on it and he fell into a deep sleep.

When he wakened in the morning before dawn the darkened room was full of shadowy light. The nurse behind the screen sat motionless. He was amazed at the clearness of his mind. It was as if the injunction laid upon it before he slept had gathered to him incalculable power. He lay thinking of the details of business—first all that touched his wife and children, then his associates and the employees who served him, and after them the needs of the town, and last of all his poets and artists—his spirit's children he called them—young men whom he was helping to achieve dreams of the beauty and wonder of life. . . . The provisions of the Nobel Prize for aiding men of genius had never appealed to him so far as poets and artists were concerned. "You must first catch your poet," he said. "And who can do that for you?" Certainly not a board of directors!

So he had done his own selecting while he was still alive to pick out his geniuses and enjoy the risk of it. He had hoped to live years to see the fruits of the work—to know that he had guessed right. But the work must not stop. And for each one his thought registered provision before it passed on to the next. . . . Binney, editor of the *Searchlight*, should have charge of a fund and administer it. He could be trusted to recognize genius—if any man could—and he was almost the only man alive whom Grant Healy would have trusted to do it.

He lay looking into the darkened room,

going over the last details in his mind. . . . Setting his house in order. One or two things that had always puzzled him, he saw suddenly were very simple. . . . Give him a dozen years and he could rebuild the world—reshape this tangled scheme of things to plans of sanity!

The nurse behind her screen stirred slightly and looked out. She fancied she heard something—a sigh of pain, was it? But the face on the pillow was placid. Her patient was asleep among the shadows.

No, there was nothing to regret or change. Long since he had come to understand that his part was not in the dream-world but in the thick of events where dreams take shape. . . . If he could have lived to be old—he had hoped there would be a time when he could stop and think things over a little. He had always looked forward to it—the time when he should be old and free to dwell on the spirit of life—to talk with God, he called it, about this creation of His. And now he was not to have the chance. He would never be old. He was to be thrust back again into chaos to start anew. The same struggle he had lived through as a boy—all the surging of life, the wonder of it, the poet's wings struggling for release. . . . Those dreams he had—of being a poet! He, Grant Healy, was to carve his name high on the poet's ivory tower! Strange how God shapes one's life. . . . But the longing to be a poet was still unquenched in him—to seize words and shape them to eternal beauty. . . . No, he had not done it. He would never do it now. He would be remembered only as a great financier. . . . Yet he might have been a poet—if Rolland, poor fellow, had not inherited the sins of the fathers—if—if—his lids fell wearily.

The nurse crossed the room and looked down. There was a straight line between the closed eyes.

"Are you in pain?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Shall I——?"

"No, I can stand it a while, I guess!" There was something of the rough simplicity of a boy in the words. He seemed to be slipping out of his cocoon of high position and formal wealth.

She moved to the windows and drew up the shades, letting in the fresh air and light, and her hand on a button turned out the dim glow of the night-lamp.

"It is going to be a pleasant day," she said.

The man's eyes gave assent, looking out through the open window. "It is the third of June, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I want to see Fosdick," he said.

"I will call him now."

"No, wait till he has had breakfast. It will be a busy day for him."

II

WHEN the secretary came he brought in his hand a small green volume.

"This came last night," he said casually. "I thought you might like to know it is out."

Grant Healy reached out a hand and there was a look of faint interest in his face.

Fosdick was pleased with himself. He had hesitated when he took up the little book. It seemed out of place to intrude poetry on Grant Healy now.

But the man's face showed that he retained interest in all the affairs of life. His fingers opened the pages slowly and tried to turn the leaves. The secretary was shocked at the feeble grasp of the fingers on the book, and he bent a little to help hold it.

"I hope you had a good night, sir."

"Yes, I had a good night." The book dropped to the coverlet.

"There are several things I want to do to-day," said the man.

Fosdick drew a pencil and pad from his pocket and seated himself close to the bed. The man began to speak in a low, monotonous voice, as if the thought shaped itself on his tongue, and Fosdick's pencil translated it into quick curves and lines. The details of the day were mapped out—a series of directions and appointments—all to be changed at a moment's notice if strength failed. . . . The words went on in gasps, sometimes spoken, sometimes cut short by Fosdick's quick nod.

"I will attend to all that, sir." He had been with Grant Healy five years, and knew his mind and his wish—sometimes

before it was spoken. Grant Healy always had men like this to serve him. Other men sometimes wondered where he found them. They did not suspect that he made them—often out of very common stuff.

The secretary finished the notes and got up. He reached to the little book on the coverlet. But the passive hand rested on it.

"I think I'll keep it by me— One thing that's finished at least!" Grant Healy smiled whimsically.

The secretary looked down at the book and then at the man. He seemed on the point of trying to say something. His face broke a little and he turned and went out.

All through the day the muffled bell rang from the chamber and men came and went, or sat patiently and waited their turn to be summoned to the presence of the man in the room above.

They entered with silent tread and sympathetic faces—only to gaze with startled look at the man raised high on his pillows. It was not easy to believe that Grant Healy was dying. He gave directions in his usual crisp, clear voice, and Fosdick, at his side, made notes or supplied papers as if the interview was only an interlude in the man's busy life. In the intervals when only the nurse remained with him, no one knew what went on in the richly furnished chamber.

But after each bout of pain and the stimulant that followed, when they were admitted to him again, the business of life proceeded as smoothly as if no shadow threatened its calm.

Late in the afternoon Fosdick came in alone.

"What else is there?" asked the man on the bed. There was a little glaze on the keen eyes and his voice was tired.

"No one but Binney, sir," replied the secretary. "Shall I tell him to come to-morrow?"

"No, I will see him now. I want him to administer the fund for genius that I gave you notes for. He is the best man I know for it. He can recognize genius when he sees it!" He smiled a little grimly. "Not many of us can—!" He lay for a few minutes silent. "I want to

rest a little," he said. "I shall ring when I am ready."

The secretary withdrew and the man remained for a long minute quiet. Then he motioned to a phial on the stand.

The nurse reached out her hand. She shook her head.

"Do you think it is wise, sir?"

A smile touched the grim lips. "We're not doing what is wise to-day."

She poured a few drops of the liquid into a glass and held it to his lips. She was obeying the doctor's orders—to give him whatever he asked for. He drank it and lay quiet, musing on the irony of life, perhaps. . . . He who was made to be a poet, filled with singing words and thoughts—spending his last faint pulse of life steadying stocks and bonds, easing the market to the shock of death! And he had hoped there would be time to talk with God a little—before he slipped out of the familiar clay and met Him face to face. . . . Suppose before God's face he were only a child again, to start anew the cycle! And there were things he meant to say to Him in this life—as man to man! He smiled gently and a little grimly. . . . Praises to sing to Him, perhaps, the very rhyme and phrase of poetry. . . . Strange the mistakes God makes with men—shaping a poet and using him for a broker! What was it the young poet said—in his book? . . . His fingers groped for it—"a dish a child might take his porridge from."

"Did you want something, sir?" The nurse bent to him.

"I had—a book," responded the man.

"Was it this?" She lifted it—but the hand did not reach to take it. It lay passive. His eyes were looking before him. His lips moved a little. He seemed to be talking with some one in the room, unseen.

The nurse moved quietly aside.

III

IN the library below a man was waiting with Fosdick. He wore a blond beard, and the full lips behind it had a look of placid content. Across his vest stretched a watch-chain of fine gold links. His plump hand toyed a little with the links as he waited.

He reached out and took a book from the table and turned the leaves. It was a volume of verse—a new English poet. He read a line here and there, glancing hastily. But it was evident his thought was in the chamber overhead. He laid down the book and looked at Fosdick.

"Healy is a man of rare discrimination!" He tapped the book a little with his finger.

The secretary waited. He seemed to be listening for some slightest sound. A sudden look of decision crossed his face. He turned to the other. He would save time—time and Grant Healy's strength—by telling him while they waited.

"That is the sort of thing he wants to talk with you about—when he sees you," he said quickly.

The man stared a question.

"About the recognition of genius," said Fosdick. "And a fund for it. He has always had an idea that some of the best material in the country is wasted on account of what he calls the adolescence of genius—its crucial time, when it ought to be tided over."

"Hum-m-m! Interesting theory! Just what does he mean by it, I wonder?" Mr. Binney was twirling his watch-chain slowly and gazing into the fire.

Fosdick hesitated. "I don't know that I can put it very clearly—though I've heard him talk about it often and he has dictated the details of the plan to me. . . . He seems to think that the length of the period of adolescence is in direct ratio to the kind of power that is to follow it—and just as human beings, having higher power than animals, must have longer adolescence to prepare for it, so genius must have a longer period of adolescence than the ordinary man—time in which to find itself and prepare for its special function in the world.

"Just as a business asset, he says it is foolish to waste genius, and that these men ought to be sought out and tided over the crucial time. Otherwise they lose heart and become a drag on the community, or they overwork and die before their time."

The secretary paused. "I don't suppose I've said it very well. But it works! I've seen him keep poets on their feet—without pauperizing them." He laughed

shortly. "He wants a man to administer the fund who knows a genius when he sees one."

The editor bowed slightly in appreciation. He leaned back and crossed his legs. His hand toyed with the wide chain.

"Healy had the makings of a poet in him," he said thoughtfully. "We used to think in our college days, you know, that he would be a poet!" He laughed out shortly at the incongruity. The secretary's face flushed a little but he did not speak.

The other was not looking at him. He sat toying with the chain, a little reminiscent smile on the full lips.

"It was nip and tuck between Healy and me for the class poem," he said. "I always thought Healy should have had it—but you know what boys are!" He moved a deprecating hand.

"They voted it on me! So I became a poet! . . . And Healy—" He moved a vague hand toward the richly appointed room. The gesture placed Healy and dropped to the gold-linked chain.

"I've wondered a little sometimes how things would have turned out for me if Healy had won the class poem," he said thoughtfully.

Fosdick was looking down at the pad in his hand and making little meaningless marks on the edge. He did not speak. The man regarded him a minute.

"Life is full of strange accidents," he said expansively. "My father now wanted me to go into business with him. But after the class poem he agreed to give me an allowance—'the adolescence of genius'!" He laughed a little. "So I have published seven volumes of poetry and been editor of the *Searchlight*—all because of a class poem!" He seemed to muse on it.

"But it would have been the same, I imagine, in any case. I should never have done for a man of business." He spoke impartially. "And it is evident enough now that Healy was not cut out for a poet!"

"He cares more for poetry than any one in the world!" broke in the younger man.

"Cares for it, yes—patron of the arts and so on. . . . I dedicated one of my own volumes to him—for old times' sake. I think it pleased him." He smiled gently

at the reminiscence. . . . "No, he has not lost touch with the finer things of life in spite of business—"

His eyes fell on the little pile of books on the table—all of the same size and kind, and he reached over and lifted the top one. . . . A new poet evidently—another of Grant's geniuses! He smiled a little indulgently and opened it to the dedication page.

But it was not dedicated to Grant Healy, as he had expected. The dedication read:

"To the men who hear the singing of the sunrise

On its way through all the night."

He turned the pages. A line seemed to catch his eye, and he paused and reread the poem. There was a glowing look in his face, changing its placid fatness to appreciation. He turned to the secretary:

"Listen to this!" He read the lines in a slow musical voice, tasting them. It was a short poem—the old, ever-youthful theme of the clay in the potter's hand. The clay shaping on the turning-wheel, almost sentiently—spinning toward a vase of rare and perfect shape, the hard paste capable of wonderful and enduring glaze and surface. . . . Then a moment when the potter seems to stay his hand, as if the shape in his mind changed subtly. And the clay coming to its living shape finds itself a bowl-like cup. . . . No museum piece of rare shape and design, but a dish for common use—such as a child might take its porridge from.

Binney, the critic and editor, read the poem and looked into the fire, a smile of content on his full lips.

"That is rare work!" he said slowly. "Who is the man?" He turned again to the title-page. But the title-page bore no name.

"He is a protégé of Mr. Healy's," said Fosdick. "We have been seeing the book through the press. I think Mr. Healy likes his poems especially."

The other did not respond. He was deep in the book.

"Wonderful!" he said under his breath. "Wonderful! The man is a genius! Where has he kept himself hidden—to write like this!"

Suddenly he started and his eye glanced quickly up. He reread a line and turned back a page, a puzzled frown on his face.

"Do you know the man?" he asked sharply. "Have you seen him?" He looked up.

Fosdick shook his head. "Mr. Healy gave me the manuscript to send to the printer. The only thing he ever told me about the author was that he was young—not more than twenty-three, I think he said."

Mr. Binney gave a short laugh. "'Not more than twenty-three!'" He repeated it with satisfaction. "Quite right! And he wrote most of them before he was twenty!" His fingers were touching the pages softly.

"To write like that—not twenty-three! What might he not have done!" His voice had a little note of wonder and veneration. The secretary leaned forward.

"Do you know the man who wrote them, sir?"

The editor looked at him a minute.

"There is only one man in the world who could have written them," he said. "I did not recognize them at first. . . . I was not looking so far back—thirty years ago, thirty at least, if not more," he said thoughtfully. "I was in college with the man who wrote them. But I did not guess that he was a genius—till too late."

"You mean—he is dead?" asked Fosdick quickly.

Binney the editor looked at him with long, slow gaze. Then he turned his head. The door had opened. The nurse entered the room. Her face was dull in its repressed sadness.

She glanced at the two men and bowed her head and turned away. She left the room.

Binney got slowly to his feet. "Too late!" he said. "I wish I could have seen Grant—only for a minute!"

He took up a book from the little pile on the table.

"I suppose I may take this?" He held it gently, turning the leaves a little.

"You were asking about the author—if he is dead?" He closed the book. "Yes, he is dead." He slipped the book into his pocket. I should like to write the notice of the poems myself. The writer was very gifted—how gifted we none of us knew then. . . . And later he took up a different sort of work. I am glad to have the chance after all these years to pay a tribute to him."

So Binney the editor, once class poet, went out. And up-stairs the millionaire with a smile on his lips lay quiet. The smile was filled with peace and a little wonder and gentle exultation, as if at last Grant Healy found time to do the things the heart desired.

Death, the Sculptor

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

EVER, with inward vision, I behold her hand
Just as I saw it on that parting day;
Supremely still, serenely calm, like to a fallen lily,
White as the wax of heavenly bees,
And faintly tinted with their honey.
Lightly the sleeping fingers drew together
As do the curved and carven petals of a flower,
And on the third, shimmered a line of gold,
A slender thread, worn thin by ceaseless action.
Across the pale-hued, lucent surface
Wandered blue veins where still the life-blood seemed to flow,
Yet the whole gesture of the sculptured hand
Was of relinquishment, renunciation, peace.

Standardizing the Individual

BY ROGER BURLINGAME



ONCE observed a French shopkeeper taking a personal pride in his wares. They were unimpressive things, bits of confectionery, as I remember, but the fact on which he kept insisting was that in no other shop in Paris could they be bought. He made them, it seems, with his own hands ("*mes propres mains*"), which he displayed with an ingenuous gesture so that I was conscious of the *double entente* in "*propre*." People came for miles to purchase his particular candies. They were different from other candies. One could not drop in, casually, at Rumpelmayer's, for instance, and order a five-pound box. One must go to Henri himself, and he would lovingly bring out a dozen trays and dwell on the merits of each, and on the art of his work. When I was there he even brought out his thermometer, and explained the various boiling-points of sugar.

It occurred to me suddenly as I left his shop, that his joy in artisanship was an amazing thing. An American Henri, I was sure, would have done quite differently. Having discovered his boiling-points, he would have written them down, evolved a working formula, patented it, borrowed money, built a factory, hired labor, and turned out his confections a million a day. Doubtless he would have labelled them "Kitty Koos," or something equally descriptive, trade-marked them, stamped them with his signature or bas-relief, wrapped them in sanitary packages, and started an advertising campaign. Then it would be possible to buy them not only at Henri's but at every drug, stationery, cigar, news, grocery, notions, or department store in the country. Discarded sanitary wrappers, "untouched," very likely, "by the human hand," but bearing the maker's photograph, would carpet the floors of

the subway stations and whirl down the paths of the parks.

Meantime, thousands of hands would be occupied in repeating, hour by hour, a meaningless, mechanical motion, in which there was neither skill nor pride, the workers having no sense of the continuity of the process, and feeling no part in the finished product. Henri himself would have lost, naturally, all pride of artisanship, his "*propres mains*" being occupied in purely administrative functions. His pride is all in his organization, the extent of his business, his balance-sheets, his sales campaigns; in the performance of the various "live wires" he has employed in his departments. His interest is in the individual "Kitty Koo" only in that it is exactly like every other Kitty Koo; his effort must go to make it so, to keep his standard, to preserve the absolute uniformity of quality. There is nowhere, in all his organization, a single artisan, nor is there art.

If a man operates a successful restaurant, he becomes seized with the ambition to operate a chain of restaurants; he must standardize the cooking in all of them, uniform his cooks and waitresses so that they look exactly alike, evolve a particular professional jargon for them to use, and install all such machinery as will bring about a perfect uniformity in the finished products. Thus one may be able to go to "Stern's" in Toronto, and be certain of getting the same griddle-cakes that would be set before him at Stern's in Miami. As for Mr. Stern, himself, one would not dream of mentioning a griddle-cake in his presence. He is better off, no doubt, with his estate at Seabright and his stables at Saratoga than Monsieur Bouget on the Boul' Miché; but there is much to be said for the latter's *tarte de cerise*, produced under his immediate supervision, and served with his own not very "*propre*" but highly individual hands.

The excellence of a Bouget meal is due,

of course, to the personal attention to it of Bouget's chef, a care that would be quite impossible were he to attempt to deliver five hundred such meals per day. A little of his personality—his soul I was going to say—enters into each Chateaubriand that he cooks. The chef at Stern's checks his soul along with his coat and hat when he arrives in the morning, and often, I imagine, loses his check. If he were discovered stirring a bit of soul into his griddle-cake batter, he would, without a doubt, be discharged as unsanitary. Watch him standing in the window and turning his cakes. He fascinates you as does the well-drilled soldier in a perfect execution of the manual of arms. His motions are so accurately timed that you could set your watch by them. And he is the perfect replica of a thousand others who are, at this very moment, repeating these identical motions in hundreds of towns from Key West to the Canadian Rockies.

As facts these are, in themselves, unimportant. As symptoms they are a little alarming. The craze for standardizing is invading society to the extent that it is seriously threatening the persistence of the individual. Consider the community movement. That much-vaunted American institution, the home, so fundamental in our society, is fast losing its essence, the individual home being subordinated to the group of homes. The community is deciding its material construction, its cost, its location, and its furnishing with a view to group uniformity; more important, however, its life and its morals are formulated and prescribed.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, from the sentimental view, that one must eat from a community kitchen. The old-time memories of the "pies that mother used to make" are not for the new generation. One must, in the future, dream back of "Swampville pies" or the "raspberry jam from Kitchen Number 2, Arlington Community." But the rubber-stamping of the little intimate acts of the family life transcends sentiment and definitely affects character.

In the homes of our fathers, and of many of ourselves, the way the child should go was entirely within the parents' province, and discipline was en-

forced at the point of the shingle. Daring indeed, and courting danger, was the neighbor who intervened. The family stronghold was not invaded. Now, however, the community steps in. The relation of father and son becomes the basis of a "movement." A better understanding must be promoted. Sympathy must be its motive. This, it seems, can only be brought about by means of a "nation-wide campaign." If all the fathers in the United States are simultaneously sympathetic with their sons, they will feel the inspiration—the rhythm, as it were—of the concerted effort; the desired result will be achieved, and the shingle will remain on the woodpile.

This is not ironic prognostication. It is an accomplished fact. There is, at this moment, a vast movement to bring the fathers and sons together. Its first demonstration, I am told, was a dinner at which the male parents sat next their respective progeny. True, they had been thus juxtaposed at three meals a day during a number of years, but, quite naturally, one could not expect the proper ideals of co-operation to be promulgated at the home board. One does not do things that way in this day, generation, and country. The individual does not evolve his own ideals. The community formulates his standards for him, casts him accordingly, trade-marks him, puts him in a sanitary wrapper, and dumps him on the world markets in gross lots.

My information of the future programme of the Fathers' and Sons' Campaign goes no further, but, after the dinner, we may reasonably be led to expect a "Fathers' and Sons' Week." We already have "Better Babies' Weeks," "Better Poultry Weeks," "Sweep Your House Weeks," "Sew on Button Weeks," and others in our more advanced villages; to the extent that the simplest act may not now be performed without making a week of it. Why then, indeed, not a "Fathers' and Sons' Week"? During this period the boys and their progenitors will pray, play, read, fish, swim, and chop wood together. Not only will they do these together: they will all meet at specified times and points, and all the families will perform in concert, so that the filial spirit of the entire community

may be simultaneously promoted. To carry it further, it might be well to make the week "nation-wide." Fancy the inspiration to be derived from the thought that at the very moment when the Florida boy and his father were uniting their efforts against a tarpon, their brothers along the Canadian border were casting the fly for the wily ouananiche! The picture of such a universal co-operation is almost overwhelming.

When the child begins his education, he finds his steps rigidly set. If he has a *penchant* for Greek (I do not imply that this is likely), he may as well suppress it, because the chances are he will not find it in the formula of his community school. If he intends going to college—it matters not in the least which one—he will follow a set of subjects on which all the colleges have agreed as "standard" requirements, until he is mature enough to choose his alma mater. He will select it according to the quality of its finished products. He will take examinations held by a "board," the passing of which will admit him to almost any academic institution. When he gets in he will take two kinds of courses, "required" and "elective." His choice of the latter will be decided by the group of students into which, on being dropped into the college slot, he will automatically fall.

Morals are largely legislated. The trend is toward central legislation as an aid to standardizing. The ideal is a central plant at Washington, in which ethical standards are formulated in a laboratory and turned out by an elaborate machinery to be shipped to all parts of the country and used without respect to the color, creed, or locality of the consumer. To be sure, one still goes to Reno for a divorce, just as one still goes to Henri for confectionery, but the agitation is against it. Once we have discovered our Constitution as a standardizer, there is no reason why it should not be operated at full capacity as a monopoly of morals, public and private, to the end that the

individual choice be entirely restricted. Thus the decision of one's personal code of conduct will be as easy as the selection of a rubber heel.

Literature and the graphic arts, once expressions of the individual, are now combined in carefully formulated proportions at one end of a machine, and come out at the other in miles of film. When censored, this is put on the market in large lots, and the public is assured of a uniform standard of quality and sanitation. Here again one finds the element of choice largely reduced. Outside the larger and more cosmopolitan cities, where a frantic struggle for personal expression is still in progress, one goes, not to a particular picture, but to "the movies." If there is a possibility of selection, it is often determined rather by the name of the producer whose films are known as of a certain quality, than by the character of the film itself.

These, I must say again, are tendencies. Were I to pronounce them incontrovertible and universal facts I should be guilty of generalization, the besetting American sin. Nor should I, in the analysis of any single instance, pronounce it wholly bad. I regard the tide toward standardization a menace which at its flood is destructive to the individual, and thus to the proper balance of society. And I believe our tides achieve their ultimate with astonishing rapidity.

My critical reader informs me at this point that if I carry my postulates to their logical conclusion, the result is an obvious anarchy. I might counter that the reverse is true, and that an abyss of socialism yawns at the turn of our present road. But I shall answer merely that the pursuit to any logical conclusion is the very act against which I am primarily contending. The whole business of standardization is an attempt to attain a logical conclusion, and thus leads astray from the *milieu* formed in any society by the balanced interaction of its different individual units.



THE POINT OF VIEW



SOME may inherit other people's clothes, other people's furniture, or other people's opinions, but let me fall heir to their door-steps!

It is in spring and autumn that I thus inherit. Then it is that I become a peripatetic; then it is with Charles Lamb I discover the delight of walking "about and around, instead of to and fro," yet always, in my peregrinations, with an alert and appraising eye out for door-steps—convenient, suitably placed, and comfortable door-steps. Aggrieved indeed am I if any of my choice prove to be so inhospitably narrow that even a peripatetic of no breadth whatsoever finds it impossible to rest thereupon.

Blessed "between seasons"—spring and autumn! Times of peace plentifully sprinkled with joy, before the shoals of summerites invade our shores, or after they have been swept far out to sea, when cottage after cottage assumes that reserved air of withdrawal from the world and all its frivolities, holds newspapers or dark blinders up before its many eyes, and comfortably goes to sleep—then it is that we islanders begin to live, then it is that I become happy possessor of other people's door-steps.

Front door-steps, back door-steps, side door-steps, according as sun doth shine, or as they afford shelter from prevailing winds—each tempts me. I feel very much as I do at an Atlantic City hotel, when confronted with the menu and its endless list of appetite-teasers: I long to try them all! Even door-steps of the bath-houses, between seasons, beautifully deserted, have charm. To my mind, yellow sand is much more attractive when habited by natives only, such as sandpipers and gulls, than when peopled with parasols, bare legs, and motley.

Between seasons, "enjoyment without possessorship" is mine, nay rather, enjoyment *with* possessorship, for do we not possess whatsoever we sincerely enjoy, so long as it sufficiently possesses us? And I am possessed by door-steps.

With such wealth at my disposal, with my real estate scattered from cliffs to moor-

lands, from the Point to the South Shore, small wonder that I am a bit bewildered by the variety of my choice. Consider, too, how, with the change of seasons, my outlooks also change. In spring, an ancient lilac-bush, shading with its weight of amethystine bloom an ancient door-step, may lure me thither, while in October I may spend hours tucked away in the lap of the rolling moors, watching the huckleberry and lesser growth catch fire, sweep over the little hills, and carpet them in flame.

Of necessity, a possessor of other people's door-steps must be open-minded, responsive to another's point of view. To sit on another person's door-step is almost like slipping into its owner's skin. You begin to sense what manner of person this must be whose door-step you for the time possess. You feel like a house-painter on his ladder, peering first into one room, then another, of the owner's mind. Impossible to cultivate evil thoughts when one's door-step overlooks an iris-covered meadow, or overflows with tall spires of golden broom!

One should not, however, expect too much of a door-step. Strange contortions of the human frame must perforce be from time to time indulged in, frequent writhings and stretchings, repeated down-sittings and up-risings, if one is to sit for long. No door-step has the softness of a down cushion, nor the elasticity of an upholstered chair, and all do not, like myself, belong to the order of *passeres*, or perchers. In my former incarnation what sort of a bird was I?

I am perching now. Below me, boats of the scallopers make small black commas on the surface of a blue, blue harbor, laced with silver and jade. What joy to be a scalloper, with day after day of blueness, and ozone, and gulls! However, few scallopers with whom I have talked seem to share my enthusiasm, and the most lay stress upon the weight of the dredges. A Flying Dutchman of a schooner, black against the horizon, is slipping quietly into port. A tranquil enough harbor it is to-day, like a subdued child, but yesterday, an angry child, kicking rebellious white feet over the jetty in the grip of a strong northeaster. There were

no scallopers out yesterday, nor was there any boat plying between us and the mainland, but we islanders did not mind that. One cannot have everything.

Little companies of song-sparrows, and juncos, and myrtle warblers have flitted around me, and I am now under the surveillance of some gentle cedar waxwings. Sincerely do I hope that I pass inspection, for in their sober garb, with their quiet air of high-bred gentility, they greatly remind me of some of the island's dear maiden ladies. One does not lightly win their approval; to meet with it is something like receiving the *croix de guerre*.

Near me, in the corner of the veranda, lies an abandoned heap of sea-shells, sad reminder of summer joys that are past. But to me, happy possessor of other people's door-steps, summer joys are by no means past. Here I sit, as sunnily comfortable as though at Palm Beach, sending back pitying thought for pitying thought to those misguided friends who persist in considering me drearily isolated on an island thirty miles out at sea.

"IT does seem to me," I said, "that the curtains at the doors of these little rooms leave a good deal of space at the bottom. And they're not so very thick. Passing along the corridor one can see silhouettes through them."

When We
Are Ailing

"You needn't worry," said the very intelligent and agreeable woman who was applying hot fomentations with, of course, the main object of cure, but with the incidental result of making one feel that the remedy was several degrees worse than the disease. "You needn't worry. Nobody notices. They are all so intent on themselves. It's *my* case, *my* feelings, *my* operation. 'The doctors say my operation was the worst ever.' I, I, I!" She smiled and showed such beautiful white even teeth that I wanted to encourage her to go on, but she hastened away, leaving me to simmer in my own juice, and to reflect.

One's body, always despotic, does become terribly engrossing when one is ailing. If only one could turn it in, as one does a motor-car or a typewriter, and get a new one! But we have no desire to do anything so final as to part with it and send the

naked shivering soul out into the unknown. There's such a feeling of insecurity about that. And, besides, life is interesting. So the old machine must be patched up, and we are vastly occupied with ourselves while the mending process is going on; and our doctors and nurses, who have fewer intimate dealings with well people than with sick ones, may naturally become cynical and judge the whole world to be self-engrossed. Well, some of us are so, even in health; and some women are willing to pay unnecessary doctors' fees for the privilege of talking to a man about themselves. A man, however, can usually find some sympathetic woman to listen to him without paying any fee at all.

When we are really ailing we are very dependent on our various professional helpers, and as, under those circumstances, we usually have plenty of leisure, we find ourselves speculating about them, both individually and collectively. We learn to separate their personal idiosyncrasies from their class peculiarities. Among other things we are impressed by the intricacies of medical etiquette—so much more important than mere patients. But then we shall find that many things in the technique of healing appear to our unsophisticated eyes to be more important than the patient.

It is a matter of common experience that, taken individually, doctors are the most humane men in the world. Of course there are exceptions, but even to the man of smaller spiritual caliber, the self-seeking man, the hard man (for, after all, men of many kinds adopt the profession), even to him there must come moments when, in the face of suffering which he tries to relieve, and death which he cannot avert, he is lifted above himself, carried out of himself. As a rule, even in times of less stress, your doctor treats you with indefatigable interest and patience, and if you are unable to pay a large fee, it makes no difference. His schedule of prices is elastic, and if he sometimes has to try to even things partially by moving it up for the richer patient, he more often and more readily moves it down for the one of modest means. Doctors give—and give—of themselves, of their time, their strength, the skill which they have acquired at no small expense. As individuals their ethical standard is high. As a class they show their human foibles. Some of them—

not all—are apt to lapse into an odd professional jealousy and even greediness, and often seem, collectively, to forget the good of the patient altogether.

It always seems to me that women doctors have to give up more for the sake of their profession than men. For one thing, they cannot live very comfortably unless they have some relative who can, in the old phrase, “make a home” for them, and so they often seem to have no home at all. One doesn’t see how they can marry without sacrificing either the husband or the profession; and as for children, how *can* they have them? And they appear to take less relaxation and diversion than the men do. The woman spends herself too freely if she is serious at all in her work. And serious she ought to be.

But we don’t live by our physicians and surgeons alone when we are ailing. In fact, one begins to wonder whether, in the end, there will be much left of the medical profession, except a few specialists; and most of those will point the way to the X-ray man and the dentist. It’s our teeth that seem to be at the root of most of our ills, from a pain in a toe to a disordered brain. And so as you are passed from one dental specialist to another (for you never, nowadays, have just a dentist) you begin to reflect on dentists in general, on their expertness, their ingenuity, their really elaborate and superior education, so different from that of the time when they were not expected to have much except manual dexterity, the time when jokes to divert the patient were apparently an important part of their curriculum. That too is changed. Your dentist’s manners are as finished as your physician’s. It seems to you that modern dentistry is as scientific as any other specialty, certainly as important, and, on the whole, not more disagreeable than some which come to the mind. And you wonder why, with all this, the dentist does not, as yet, rank with the physician and surgeon. There are, indeed, places where he does, but not the places where he would, perhaps, care most about his position.

Why should this prejudice persist? Tradition cannot completely account for it. It is a far cry from the exclusion which began centuries ago in India, where physicians were Brahmans, and tooth-drawers were relegated, with nail-trimmers, to the

outer darkness of an inferior caste. May there be some explanation in the initial impulse which leads to the choice of a profession? Isn’t it true that the young man deciding to study medicine has an ideal, either scientific or humanitarian? He has not gone into it commercially in the first instance, even though in some few cases he may later, under the influence of success, have become infected by the money-making virus. Whereas one can hardly imagine a strong preliminary interest in teeth, however much it may grow, and it seems as if, without such interest, a man would hardly choose a profession which holds an inferior rank, while involving a long and expensive training, except for the purpose of making money. There are some things in the dentist’s career which carry out this idea. When he attains a high standing in his profession he commands extremely high prices, from which he is not apt to diverge; and he charges a good deal of his work by the hour. If you cannot pay for his superior skill, you must put up with a cheaper kind of man, although every tooth and every toothless gap may be crying out for skill. There are, of course, exceptions, but in general I think it is true that a dentist of high reputation regularly gets the highest prices, while a physician or surgeon of the same standing lowers his fees oftener than he keeps to his schedule. Somehow you find a sort of justice in the fact that a specialist who brings to his art of healing a tradesman’s standard has a lower social standing than the one who has an ideal which is not commercial.

Among our helpers toward health we sometimes feel, and with some reason, that our nurses do the lion’s share in the undertaking. How necessary they are, those temporary intimates, from whom few secrets are hid, and who even pass the time of day with the family skeletons! Naturally, they are of all degrees, and might be classified like school children under the Binet intelligence tests, into superior, average, and inferior. The average nurse is an untold blessing; the superior one is almost too good to be true; and the inferior one is—well, inferior, and one would almost be willing to get rid of the troublesome body in order to be rid of her as well. She is rare, and mostly infests private houses. You are not likely to meet her in a hospital.

At the
Hospital

YOU rather like the hospital, with its quiet and its conveniences. No sending out to procure this or that necessity, no rearranging of the room, no upsetting of servants, no thought of the dislocated machinery of the house, and, not for a moment, any lapse into amateur nursing. It seems a wonderful place for you when you are ill, and you continue to think so, even though you do gradually acquire an uncanny suspicion that, after all, the patient is the last person in the place to be considered.

It seems that, first of all, come the servants. For instance, it is on their account that, no matter how troubled your night may have been, nor how life-giving is your morning sleep, you must have your breakfast at half past six; and no matter how long and dreary an evening stretches out before you, it must be made as long as possible by having your supper presented to you at half past four in the afternoon.

Next in importance come the nurses. It appears that they belong to a union. Now, heaven knows I am sympathetic with nurses. I do not grudge them their hours of rest and diversion, and only wish they didn't have to work so hard; but when a patient is so critically ill that it may be a matter of life or death to keep for a few hours longer the nurse who understands the case, and on whom the patient leans, she cannot stay once the clock has struck—not even if she herself wishes it. You cannot have a hospital without nurses, and you must take them on the terms of their union.

As to the doctors, the patients are their "material"; very important, very necessary—as material; attended with the utmost care and skill. No one knows better than the intelligent patient that this is all that can be asked. But this is not the whole story. It is in the hospital that the doctors have to work together, and so it is there that we run afoul of those peculiarities—the jealousy, the self-seeking, which form such an extraordinary contrast to the high qualities which we are accustomed to associate with them—the disinterestedness, the self-forgetfulness. And in the end, it is apt to be the patient that suffers. Take the case of two "groups" of doctors working in the same hospital, and the occasion when one

group prevents the installation of a piece of apparatus which affords the best hope of curing one of the most terrible of diseases, simply because it would be under the charge of a member of the other group, a man against whom they make no charge of incompetence—nor dream of making any. They surely do at times forget the poor patient.

Finally, in our reflections on the persons for whom the hospital is administered, we wonder whether, in some instances, it does not really exist for the Board of Lady Managers. To her that raises the money belongs the power. But not always. There are hospitals where the lady managers—or directors, or visitors, as they may happen to be called—have no power at all. They raise money with which they purchase certain supplies; they pay visits of inspection which keep up their interest; and they are permitted a representative at the annual meeting of the staff, who, however, mostly holds her peace. True, they sometimes suggest improvements in matters of house-keeping, but beyond that, they have no influence, rarely venturing to call attention to reforms which they know to be needed. Yet too little influence is safer than too much. For take the other kind of lady managers, who have all the power and may, if they choose, treat the hospital as if it were their own little plaything, apparently quite regardless of their responsibility to the community which, at their instance, has contributed the money to carry on. For, alas, the lady manager is not an expert in the matters which she controls; although in filling vacancies in the staff of physicians and surgeons she blithely overrules their executive committee and appoints the men whom she personally likes best. She is indeed a person of power and not a constitutional sovereign. Queen Victoria, compelled to part with Beaconsfield, who called her "Faery," and to take on Gladstone, who bored her, might have found something to envy in the lot of these autocratic ladies. The appointments which they make may, by the grace of God, frequently be good ones, but do they know the difference?

When we are ailing we have time to do a good deal of more or less desultory thinking, and life is still interesting.



Line Plate, "The Tenth Inning," from a drawing by Charles Dana Gibson.
Published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, October, 1898.

American Illustration and the Reproductive Arts

BY JAMES B. CARRINGTON

NO one who follows the development of modern art can afford to overlook the work of the men and women who draw for illustration, for the time has long since past when illustration may be considered beneath the dignity of the most ambitious art student.

Some of the most admired painters of our time were known in their early days as successful illustrators, and they found the work of illustrating a thorough test of their tech-

nical equipment, and discovered that the line between the illustration and the painting was often hard to define.

Painting, we are told, has nothing to do with story-telling, but what a lot of stories have been told by the painters, from the days of the old primitives down to our own times!

To get a more or less general view of the progress of American illustration, we should take a look at the past.

The older magazines, *Harper's* founded in 1850, *Scribner's Monthly*, in 1870, later the *Century Magazine*, and the new SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, in 1887, and their followers, have constantly sought out the work of men and women of talent, and there is a most interesting and profitable field of study in looking back over their pages.

It is to our popular magazines and illustrated newspapers, and the impetus they have given to the reproductive arts, that we owe the profuse illustrations of to-day.

In looking over the old magazines we will be reminded of the splendid part played in the advancement of illustration by the American wood-engravers and of the fact that without them the illustrating of our early books and magazines would not have been possible.

For, until the discovery of a method by which a drawing could be transferred to the wood-block by photography, all illustrations had to be drawn in reverse on the block itself and in the exact size of the finished engraving.

Few artists were competent to do this or cared to try, and the result was that the wood-engravers in many cases copied the artists' drawings on the block, and engraved them with the originals before them. Fortunately, the wood-engravers were nearly always themselves skillful draftsmen.

When it became possible to transfer a drawing to the wood-block by photography, it opened the way to any artist who cared to draw for reproduction. He could make his drawing any size he wished, for the camera reduced it to the size required.

The wider field thus opened to the artist naturally resulted in greater opportunities for the engravers who often brought to their work talents of a high order.

The work of men like Timothy Cole, Elbridge Kingsley, Gustav Kruell, Frederick Juengling, Francis S. King, Frank French, H. W. Peckwell, W. B. Closson, Thomas Johnson, John P. Davis, Henry Wolf, J. W. Evans, W. M. Aikman, Heineman, Clement, the Del Orme brothers, and others, not only emphasized the rapidly increasing importance of the American illustrator and artist, it also secured for the engravers themselves appreciation and honor, both at home and in Europe. And we must add to these names that of a younger man of to-day, W. G. Watt, who is carrying on the old tradi-

tions. As engravers they showed the spirit and impulse of the true interpreter, their art was a translating into black and white done with a sympathy, delicacy, and understanding of the painter's purpose, only possible for men who knew and felt something of the creative impulse.

It was to the camera that the wood-engraver owed his greatest opportunity, and it was to the camera that he owed his downfall, so far as concerned the need of his services in reproducing illustrations. The camera aided by the half-tone screen placed between the drawing and the photographic plate substituted mechanical processes for the trained hand and brain of the engraver. This screen is made by ruling two pieces of glass at right angles, filling the rulings with a black substance and cementing the plates together, making a double set of lines running at right angles to each other and forming thousands of tiny squares. The effect of the screen on the drawing is to break it up into thousands of minute dots when etched, and thus afford a printing surface in relief. The printing surface is a polished copperplate, on which the drawing from the photographic negative has been etched.

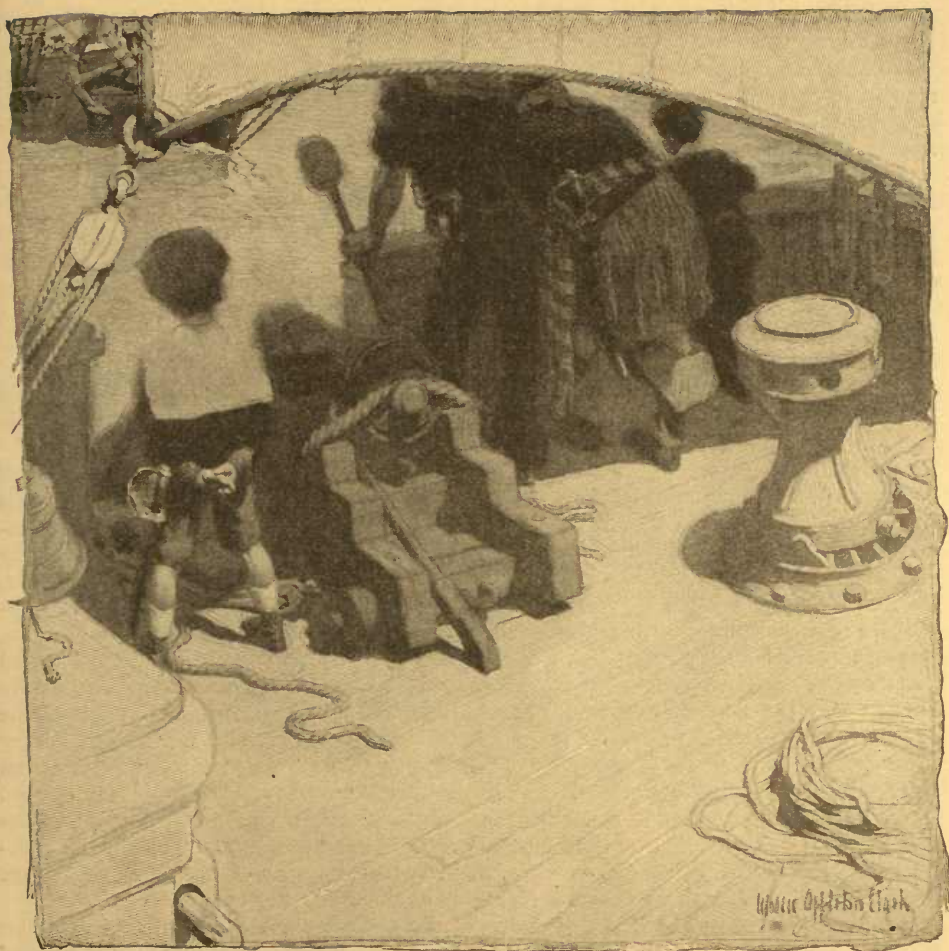
We need only compare the cost of a wood-engraving with a half-tone to understand the reason for its immediate popularity. It was not uncommon to pay as much as a hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars for a full-page wood-engraving; the half-tone can be made for twelve or fifteen dollars, and, if need be, in a day, while the wood-engraving might take anywhere from one to two or even six weeks to engrave. This, however, applies only to the very ordinary half-tone. In many cases the plates require special treatment in the way of re-etching or re-engraving by hand, which, of course, adds materially to the cost.

Line-drawings can be made by the zinc-etching process for as little as a few dollars, and in a few hours, or less.

The half-tone is a familiar and often a beautiful method of reproducing pictures, and is the method used for most of the illustrations in our magazines.

If you will look at almost any illustration not in line, you can see, even without a glass, the fine mesh of the screen.

We are indebted to the half-tone, also, for most of the colored illustrations that we see in our books and magazines.



Half-tone, from a drawing by Walter Appleton Clark, illustrating "A Saga of the Seas."

Published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, August, 1898.

The half-tone in this case is used in connection with the several color filters through which the original painting is photographed; a plate for the red, a plate for the blue, and one for the yellow in the three-color process. In the four-color method, a black plate is added.

Color printing began with lithography so far as the magazines are concerned, and it was in the March number of this magazine, 1891, that a colored illustration first appeared. The original was a drawing in color by Robert Blum, a noted artist at the time, who had been in Japan with Sir Edwin Arnold. The subject was a charming little Japanese girl, and the drawing was

put on the stone by the artist himself. Being a full page it attracted a great deal of attention and also a great deal of adverse criticism. It was said to be in defiance of all precedent and bad art in being printed with black type. But it was an entering wedge in the use of color, and it was only a short time before color was a commonplace of every-day printing.

The free use of color by the magazines has led the illustrator many times to make his original in color instead of the customary black and white, in the hope that the art editor may be tempted to reproduce it in colors.

This has resulted in bringing out unsus-

pected talent in some of the illustrators previously known only for their work in black and white, and among the prize winners in recent years at the National Academy have been some of the younger men among the illustrators.

A glance over the names among the illustrators of the past will reveal some of the most famous men in American art. None of these is more often in the thoughts of the student of our art than that of Edwin A. Abbey, whose life and achievements have been so delightfully put before us in the recently published biography by Mr. Lucas.

We are too prone to look upon illustration as merely a passing art. But it would be very difficult always to define the difference between the illustrator and the painter, and I'm not so sure that it can be done in any way that will make the difference always clear. Kenyon Cox once said that Michael Angelo and Veronese were the greatest illustrators that ever lived.

Howard Pyle said that "imagination and invention are as much a needed part of the illustrator's equipment as the painter's. No one requires a broader knowledge and wider reading than the pictorial artist of to-day."

The purpose of an illustration is to add interest to a story, and unless it succeeds in this it is ineffective. The author creates his characters and describes his scenes, the illustrator must give them tangible form, and to do this he must be capable of understanding the author's ideals and have the skill to define with lines and tones the features and figures of the characters, to make them look like the people described, and not simply like the young men and women of the clothing advertisements.

There are far too many drawings appearing in our magazines that have absolutely no relation to the things they are supposed to illustrate. This kind of illustration is like the ability of a clever mimic who gives us a few mannerisms and imagines he is showing us real people.

Many illustrators, either by early environment or by special training, show a decided preference for subjects of a particular kind, and it can readily be seen how valuable a reputation for this kind of specialization may become. The art editor having in mind an important commission naturally turns to some one who has proved

his capacity for the particular thing required.

The young illustrator need never be deterred, however, by the success of the older workers, nor fear that he will not receive consideration. The art editors, as well as the literary editors, are constantly on the lookout for new talent.

There are more successful young men and women in illustration these days than ever before, and those who bring a competent knowledge of drawing combined with a serious purpose may be sure of finding ultimate recognition.

It is lack of character, the absence of any real thought, that makes so much of our illustration trivial and unworthy.

In Howard Pyle, America had one of the great illustrators of modern times. His genius was remarkably varied in expression, and everything he did was marked by distinction. His drawings in line to illustrate his own stories were done with sureness and a fine sense for decorative values, and his various illustrations in black and white and color for others were invariably dignified and distinguished. With a fine technical equipment he united the literary faculty to give dramatic significance and historical accuracy to his figures and scenes. His influence for good upon American illustration has been incalculable, and he developed a number of pupils whose careers have done him honor.

In Charles Dana Gibson we have another man who has been a power for good in the advancement of our drawing in line, and he is recognized as one of the most distinguished workers in this field.

One can pick out the names of a number of illustrators whose work is worthy of praise, who always have something in mind more conclusive than young men and women in much-advertised fashion-plate clothes and affected poses. The beautiful color of the decorative and fanciful drawings of Maxfield Parrish instantly comes to mind, and in recent years N. C. Wyeth's vigorously drawn figures and poetic interpretations of famous scenes in history and fiction have made him a notable member of the younger group. A. B. Frost stands alone as our most representative and faithful delineator of true American types. And with what a delicious sense of humor he has drawn them and their little comedies!



Carolus Duran's "Poet with the Mandolin."

Engraved on wood by W. B. Closson. Published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, August, 1894.

Other names that stand out are: Arthur I. Keller, Reginald Birch, Joseph Pennell, George Wright, Thomas Fogarty, Frederic Dorr Steele, Walter Jack Duncan, W. J. Aylward, Walter Biggs, Ernest Peixotto, Charles E. Chambers, F. C. Yohn, Henry Raleigh, Wallace Morgan, John Alonzo Wil-

liams, Harvey Dunn, and Franklin Booth.

Among the women who have done admirable work are: Alice Barber Stephens, Jessie Willcox Smith, Elizabeth Shippen Green, Sarah Stilwell Weber, Anne W. Betts, and Mrs. May Wilson Preston.

Look back also at the superb drawings

of Walter Appleton Clark, and those of the recently deceased F. Walter Taylor, and, of course, at the work of Reinhart, Charles Parsons, W. T. Smedley, A. B. Wenzell, Henry McCarter, Albert Sterner, Remington, Alfred Brennan, Robert Blum, Harry Fenn, J. D. Woodward, Walter Shirlaw, Otto Bacher, Frederick Lungren, Mary Hallock Foote, Louis Loeb.

Illustrative art makes an appeal to a very large audience, and a certain kind of popularity leads to a temporary success and easy money, but too often at the sacrifice of what might have developed into real ability. It need not be a trivial and fleeting art; on the contrary, it has often become an important factor in the development of the best art, and a careful study of good illustrations is the best of introductions to the study of art in general.

There is a marked tendency of late toward the revival of line-drawing, due to the wider use of cheaper papers, and it is an encouraging sign of a possible advance in the general character of our illustration.

With the tendency to go back to line, which will emphasize the quality of good drawing and make very obvious the bad, has come a revival of the older and simpler

methods of wood-engraving, with some of the artists drawing and cutting their own work on the block. We already have an interesting small group who are known as artist-engravers, who have done some original and distinctive work in this field, and more are taking it up as the demand increases.

Among those who have attracted much attention are Rudolph Ruzicka, J. A. J. Murphy, Howard McCormick, J. J. Lankes, Adolph Triedler, Harry Townsend.


Some very interesting line-drawings are being cut on battleship linoleum, that cannot be distinguished from wood-engravings except by the experts, and a number of recent pen-drawings look like wood-engravings cut in the white-line methods that began with Bewick, the great English wood-engraver. Notable for their beautiful decorative quality are those by Franklin Booth.

A better understanding of illustration, and a more careful consideration of it upon the part of the public, will do much to improve its quality and encourage the art editors in their desire to make it again more worthy of the place it once held in American art.



From a lithograph, "In the Park," by George Bellows.

Published in *SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE*, November, 1916. By courtesy of the artist and Frederick Keppel and Company.



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Entering a New Chapter

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

SOMETHING of the war-time sense of events proceeding so swiftly and with so momentous significance that each seemed to obliterate the one that had come before, has been presented in

The
Sequence
of Events

the recent political and economic panorama. The world had scarcely composed its mind last autumn to belief that nothing would or could be done to break the international deadlock, when the achievements of the Washington Conference flashed across the scene. The conference at Genoa and its incredible overtures to the Bolshevik cabal followed so quickly as to turn the current of expectation and prediction in exactly the opposite direction.

Hardly had that futile political experiment been abandoned, when all the world was discussing cheerfully a conference of practical bankers, summoned by the Reparations Commission to consider how Germany might reasonably be equipped through foreign investment capital with the means of meeting her contracted payments—a recourse which was the one sure solution of the five-billion-francs indemnity of France to Prussia in 1871 and which every straight-thinking financier knew from the first was the only solution of the German Government's reparations payment after 1918. As the political scene changed, so did the economic; except that the steady recovery in foreign exchange which marked the financial community's new hopes regarding Europe, and the steady expansion of the investment market which marked the world's new power to finance the movement of European recovery, continued with little or no abatement.

UNDER different circumstances, the admitted failure of the Genoa Conference might have cast a shadow over

the world's financial markets. Even as it was, the rise on stock exchanges, both in stocks and in investment bonds, halted about the time when the first plain evidence came into view, in the early stages of the conference, that the British premier's programme was impracticable. But there were other and sufficient reasons for that reaction from the excited activity of April's markets. One was a perfectly reasonable feeling that the advance in stocks and bonds had already gone so far that the time had come to eliminate purely speculative influences. Of uneasiness or misgiving over the failure of Lloyd George's programme, financial markets gave no evidence whatever—not even when, in the desperate struggle to save his own political prestige, Lloyd George himself talked recklessly of another “welter of bloodshed” if the other nations did not come to terms with the Moscow Soviet.

After the
Genoa
Conference

On the contrary it was clearly manifest, first, that sober financial judgment had expected no other outcome from the start and, second, that formal confession of the breakdown of the Russian negotiations had brought a sense of actual relief. The markets, like the foreign offices, had listened with something of amazement to the absurd pretensions and preposterous claims of the Bolshevik delegates, had watched with a mixture of amusement and disgust the Tchitcherins and Rakofskys posing as ambassadors of a great political power whose good-will was vitally necessary to other governments, and had read with entire incredulity the suggestions of a British statesman that serious investors should advance prodigious sums from their private capital to a repudiating and confiscating government which was still proclaiming the purpose of eventually up-

setting political institutions in the very countries which were asked to lend the money.

NOR was this all. When the intimations of Lloyd George's propagandists, that the Soviet's "trade concessions" would make the operation profitable, were contrasted with Secretary Hoover's

statement that Russia for a long time to come "can have nothing to exchange for the services of our workmen or the savings of our investors," also with the statement of the Soviet's own commercial agents that the present foreign commerce of Russia is barely 1 per cent of its pre-war magnitude, and with our Commerce Department's estimate that it will be five years, under the best of circumstances, before Russia can export even grain again, the conclusion of practical business men was obvious enough. It merely anticipated the conclusion formally set down by our State Department during May, when it replied to the invitation to another conference on Russia that, in view of the Soviet delegates' final and extremely impudent memorandum of May 11, "this government is unable to conclude that it can helpfully participate in the meeting at The Hague."

As it happened, our State Department's attitude was the attitude of France at Genoa for which the despatches and occasional newspaper editorials criticised France as "torpedoing the conference." Our own State Department's refusal to participate, on the ground that an adjourned conference would be "destined to encounter the same difficulties" as those of Genoa "if the attitude disclosed in the Russian memorandum of May 11 remains unchanged," may therefore possibly help to create a more charitable view regarding France. Reference to the "wrecking policy" of France, her "imperialistic ideas," had up to that time grown to be as common in America as in England, where criticism was sharpened by the fact that French obstruction was checkmating a British premier's policy.

But what if the French delegates had been right in their position? There was singular lack of consideration of that possibility. That the representatives of

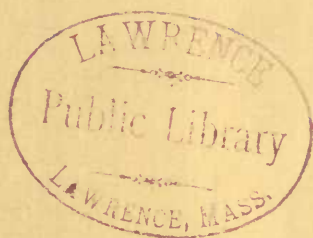
France displayed an exceedingly un-Frenchlike absence of tact in their manner of dealing with controverted questions, had to be admitted. This was no less true of M. Briand entering the Washington Conference without any considered policy than of M. Poincaré issuing instructions for Genoa under the handicap of his own bitter criticism of a preceding ministry for conceding just such disputed points. But when it came to criticising not the manner but the matter, it has sometimes seemed that American hostile criticism was completely forgetting the American attitude on those very questions.

IT would not be fair to describe such American criticism as hypocritical. But it is safe to say that, if the positions were reversed and the French people denouncing our government in similar terms for doing what their own government had done, our people would make that accusation against the French. It is not, indeed, at all hard to picture the attitude of our people, supposing the political and economic relations of the United States with Europe since the war to have been what the relations of Europe with the United States at present are.

If one imagines our own country emerging from the war in the condition of France of 1919; if one then imagines France, as the dominant political and economic power of the day, first arranging a treaty reasonably to our advantage, then repudiating that treaty, then refusing a formal compact of mutual defense, then criticising indignantly our contention that we should have to prepare to protect ourselves against our war-time antagonist, we can guess what the feeling in America would have been. If, furthermore, one were to picture such a France piling up an absolutely unheard-of hoard of gold drawn from ourselves as well as other nations, then calling on the United States for settlement of its huge war indebtedness and at the same time preparing in its legislative body a tariff bill so far prohibitive as to prevent our paying any such bill in goods—on the basis of such a picture one might possibly get a

America,
France,
and Russia

Seeing
with One
Another's
Eyes



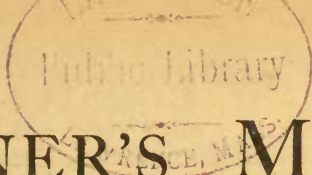


From a drawing by Anthony Euwer.

THE DOUGLAS FIRS.

Among the noblest forests in America—their lancet stems are clean as stalks of grain, rising hundreds of feet before a branch is seen. There is little or no underbrush; in their subdued light you can walk these forest trails for days along the Cascades and the Coast Range.

—“In an Oregon Wilderness,” page 132.



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NO. 2

A Canticle

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

LOVELY is daytime when the joyful sun goes singing,
Lovely is night with stars and round or sickled moon,
Lovely are trees, forever lovely, whether in winter
Or musical midsummer or when they bud and tassel
Or crown themselves with stormy splendors in the fall.
But, lovelier than night or day or tree in blossom,
Is there no secret infinite loveliness behind?

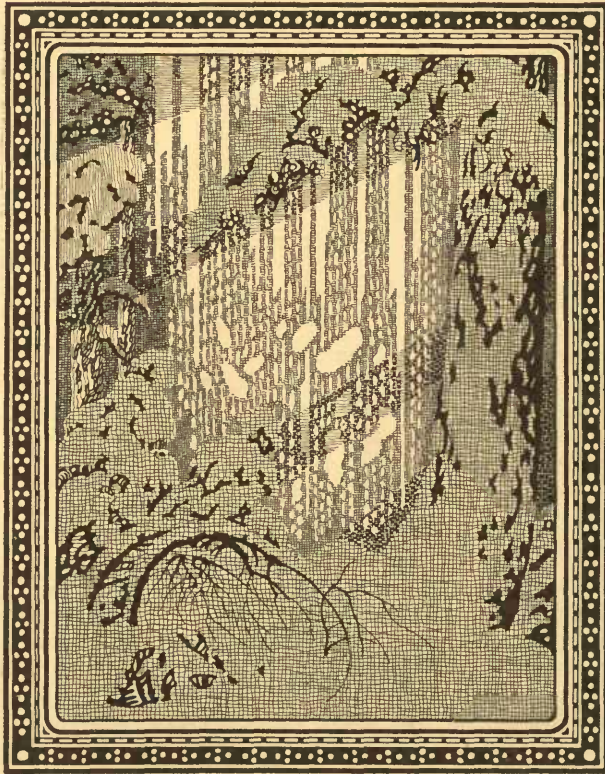
Beautiful is water, running on rocks in mountains
Or bosoming sunsets where the valley rivers ponder,
Beautiful is ocean with its myriad colors,
Its southern blues and purples, its arctic gray and silver,
Blown into green frost-fretted or wine-dark in the evening.
But still more beautiful than waters calm or cloven,
Than ocean thunder-maned or floored for delicate springtime,
Is there no beauty visible save to our eyes?

Marvellous is the grass, friendly and very clean,
Though intimate with all the dead, the ceaseless dead,
It has great heart and makes the ancient earth forgetful;
It is not troubled by the wind and from the storm
It learns a radiance; all night it wears the dew
And in the morning it is glad with a pure gladness.
More marvellous than dew-strown morning grasses, is there
No brave immortal joyousness that wrought the grass?

Who lifteth in the eastern sky the dark, gold moon?
Who painteth green and purple on the blackbird's throat?
What hand of rapture scattereth sunshine through the rain
And flingeth round the barren boughs of spring returned
Dim fire? Who stencilled with caught breath the moth's wide wing,
And lit the ruby in his eyes? Whose ecstasy
Set silver ripples on the racing thunder-cloud
And flared the walls of storm with terrible dead green?
What dreamer fretted dew upon the flat-leaved corn
And twined in innocence of useless perfect art
The morning-glory with its bubble blue, soon gone?
Was there no hand that braided autumn branches in
Their solemn brede and stained them with a sombre rust?
Was there no love conceived the one-starred, rivered evening,
And dipped in crocus fire the gray horns of the moon?

They say there never was a god men loved but died—
Dead is Astarte, Astoreth is dead, and Baal;

Zeus and Jehovah share a single grave and deep;
 Spring comes, but Freia comes not nor Persephone:
 On temple plinth and porch the random grasses run,
 Of all their priests alone the white-stolled stars are faithful.
 Dead are the gods, forever dead! And yet—and yet—
 Who lifteth in the eastern sky the dark, gold moon? . . .
 There is a loveliness outlasts the temporal gods,
 A beauty that when all we know as beautiful
 Is gone, will fashion in delight the forms it loves,
 In that wide room where all our stars are but a drift
 Of glimmering petals down an air from far away.



A Winter Tapestry.

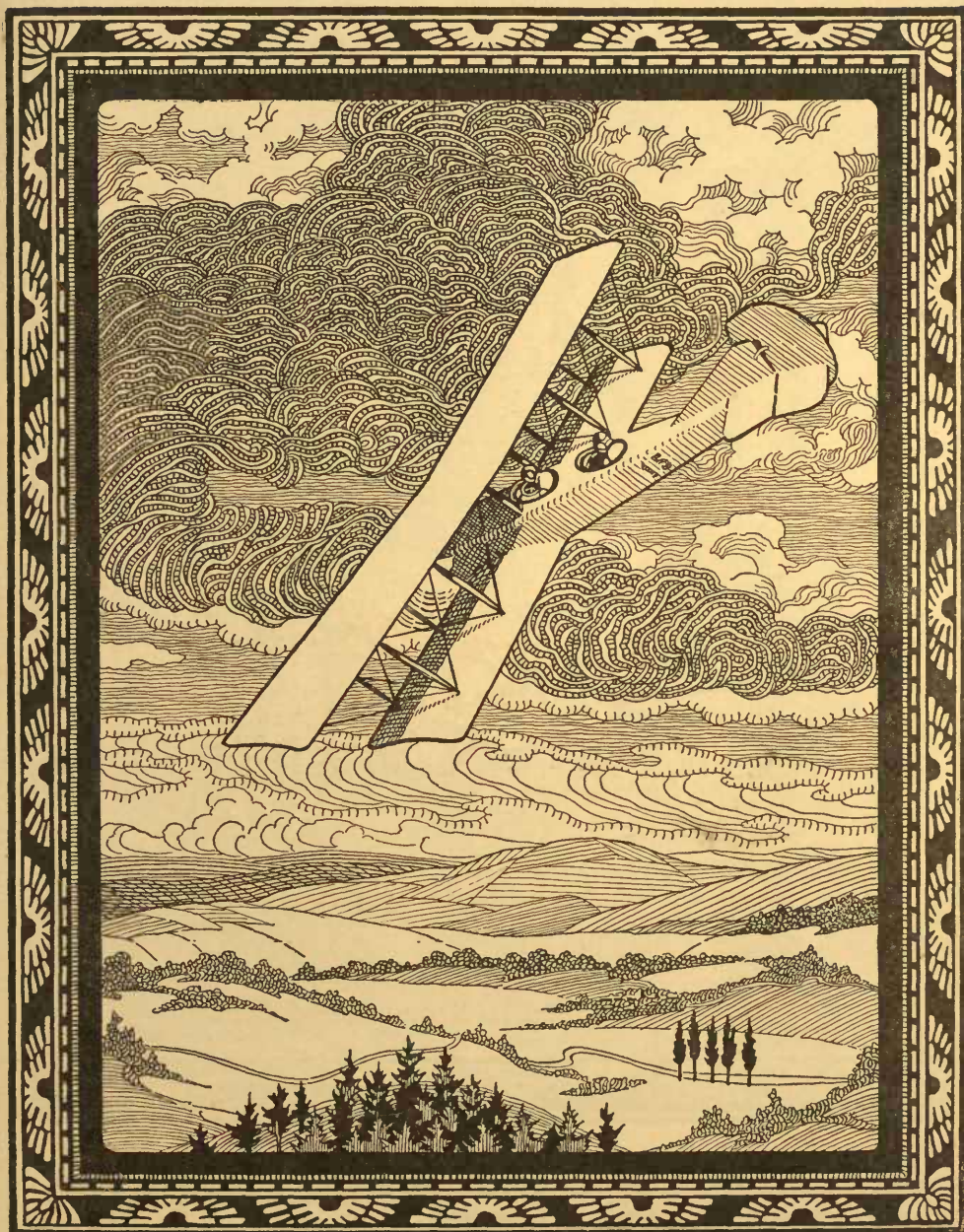
When the firs are overloaded with new snow, a very little gust of wind will start a cascade down through the branches—huge clumps breaking and breaking again, and then across this dazzling curtain the shafts of the morning sun.

—"In an Oregon Wilderness."

In an Oregon Wilderness

BY ANTHONY EUWER

A SERIES OF SEVEN DRAWINGS, INCLUDING FRONTISPIECE
AND THE REPRODUCTION ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE



The Fire Patrol.

Over the mountain ranges and dipping across the fertile valleys is heard the far-off whir of the forest-service fire patrol.



The Forest-Fires.

A rampage on the mountain—colors leaping swiftly in brilliant tongues of orange, green, and red—smoke-curtains lifting and shifting their purple-grays while the air reeks with pitchy incense—hot drafts roaring and flames hissing; it is the terror that fascinates and yet repels, a spectacle of diabolic splendor.



The Ghost Trees.

Decades ago the night-sky was crimson with their light—burned enough to kill but they did not fall. Year by year the bark flaked off and the gaunt skeletons were left—the standing dead—unnumbered leagues of them over the ranges everywhere.



Sunset in the Canyon.

An Oregon sun knows where to set, drenching all the pines with dragon-gold, tingeing to a still more mellow ivory the waving spikes of squaw-grass, drawing the long cool shadows across the valley—and out there to the west somewhere the great Pacific has turned to a caldron of molten copper.



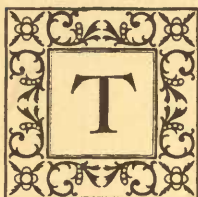
The Abandoned Shack.

It was built in an hour of hope and visioning—on the road to better days. In a few years it was found to be on the wrong road where the earth was not grateful and where the frosts stay late and come early and where the man who keeps on sticking is a fool.

Prince Tatters

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN



HERE is a line in geometry whose name is, I think, a tangent. The affair of this line is to come inevitably out of somewhere very far off, and to keep on and on and on till it strikes, for just one moment, the edge of a circle which has been waiting in space for that moment since the solar system was mush. After the line has kept this momentary cosmic date with the circle it goes straight on and on and on again, and what becomes of it beyond that it is of no manner of use inquiring, for we are not built so that we know what infinity means. Of it nothing is heard again inside our limits. Or seldom. Once in a blue moon of æons the tangent makes a back loop, and touches the lost circle for another instant before finality.

Things may happen that way in a life. It is not new to compare life to a circle. Probably every human with nerves has at times regarded his own little specimen of existence and found it comparable to the round a captive squirrel makes in a cage. No one with a sense of humor ever feels himself or herself at all times aggressive, forward-going, and satisfactory. Youth especially is given to morbid discouragements.

There was a girl whose pretty name was Alixe Sherrill, whose age was twenty-four, whose good looks and charm were undoubted, and whose speech and temperament were of the pleasant country south of Mason and Dixon's line—God's country. This child of fortune on a day ungratefully had a grouch; good fortune is no hindrance to ungratefulness. She sat on the rough log step of the gallery of a camp deep in Canadian woods; a sunshiny lake, like an untouched drink poured in a bowl of jade, stretched away from her; she stared sorrowfully at the

laughter of the lake running to hide constantly in vague shores two miles off. A man with a grizzled head and serene face read a trashy novel, sitting in a chair on the gallery; probably scholars and students read such exclusively on vacations.

"Father!" complained Alixe Sherrill.

The man put down his book, and one saw in the movement why his face wore that look of serenity. Long ago he had ordained that self should be deleted from him, and that nothing should ever irritate him. "Yes, my girl."

"Excuse me for interrupting you, father, but it's important."

"Is it, dear? What is it?"

"I feel like a squirrel in a cage, father."

"You do?" He did not even look bewildered. For twenty years, since the child's mother died, he had been used to thinking her thoughts with her. He knew that little thoughts were often quite big. "Like a squirrel," he repeated. "Around and around ad nauseam, it seems. You're not bored with camp, Alixe?"

"No. No. Never. It's heaven. I adore the woods; you know it. It's bigger than that, father. It's so hard to say, but I'm all futile, meaningless. I'm not getting anywhere, and I'm getting old. Twenty-four, father." She lifted her head out of her hands and the moody eyes turned inquiringly. Did he think twenty-four was rather old, also?

"Twenty-four," he considered. "And finding your life like a squirrel in a cage. You probably need to take in washing," he reflected, "but that can't be arranged. The alternative might be marrying. Your mother was nineteen."

The girl made a gesture of impatience. "So unmodern," she objected. "Is there nothing for a woman in this age but washing or wedlock? What about painting portraits? Who was it that Rupert Mortimer said was the hope of the year, if the

year had a hope? That was me, Doctor Sherrill. And you suggest that I take in washing! Shame!"

"Why, then, a squirrel in a cage?"

He was packing his pipe carefully, but threw a brief glance at the boyish figure on the step below him, hands in the pockets of the gray checked sporting trousers. That glance told his experienced eye quite a bit. The look on the face dearest to him was shifting like bits of colored light in a kaleidoscope, like the play of shine and shadow on the Mountain over yonder; this little thought of his girl's was the fluttering tag end of something larger, hidden back in a sensitive, unsatisfied brain. Unsatisfied—that was the trouble; in spite of his infinite devotion, of his living for her, this child who was, after all, a quite separate being from him, wanted something. And he was inadequate to find it for her. A smile slightly grim stirred his lips.

"Do you know what you want, Alixe?"

"Darn it, I don't," she threw back, and laughed. She drew a hand from a manly pocket and pushed back a wave of most feminine hair. "But do you know what I'm suspecting, John Sherrill, M.D.?"

Sherrill shook his head.

"I'm suspecting that I want a tremendous love-affair with an unhappy ending."

"Unhappy?"

"Oh, silly! I can't leave you. I can't. You'd go to rack and ruin. So would I. I can't let go our combination, father, to try an uncertainty. It isn't marrying I want. But—but. I do want to fall in love." She grinned, biting her lower lip and eying him. "I never yet cared a whoop about one of my steadies. You know that. And it's not fair. I'm missing a trick. I'd like to be mad about somebody, somebody to satisfy me to the end of my soul, that's all."

"Oh, that's all."

"Yes, father. And then have him sail away at break of day, and leave me broken-hearted, with a hole in the universe the size of the sun. And I'd be entranced with my sorrow and happy with you ever after. Yet, likely, I'll end by marrying Basil Lynn, and be flourishing and pampered. He *is* a dear, father,

Basil is. But yet—oh, I so want my lost love that I've never had. Isn't it queer of me, father?"

The pipe was smoked by now, and Doctor Sherrill took it from his mouth and knocked it upside down on the railing of the gallery. He did not smile. "There is such a thing as a divided or dissociated personality," he considered. "It's not a desirable thing. But I fancy it's more common in mild degrees than is supposed. I fancy that many an exemplary wife and mother of a family keeps hidden away, forgotten and alive, some romance of the sort you're howling for, some hopeless lost love which seems to her dying day, maybe, the loveliest thing in life. Maybe the central thing in life. And yet she may love her lawful husband properly and devotedly all the time. Odd business, personality; it's not always the neat, compact bundle of qualities it's cracked up to be. Mighty mixed and loose-ended and split up at times. But you're just a spoiled brat," he finished. "You've had nothing but happiness and love all your days, and you don't know what sorrow means. I'll have to pray double-quick that you don't learn, for your blasphemy. I'm convinced now that a week's washing would be the prescription."

"Oh, tut." The girl got up and stood, tall and smiling. "What I need, temporarily, like a month at a sanitarium, is a great and hopeless love. And I can't, for the life of me, love anything I've ever seen."

"You'll get yours," her father answered, nodding darkly. "Meanwhile, paddle me across to the mouth of the Rivière des Perdrix. The shadow of the Mountain is on it, and the trout ought to be jumping. We've time for a half-hour's fishing before dinner."

"Bug-juice, fish-net, paddles, rod; that's all," spoke the girl, kneeling by the canoe at the dock five minutes later. "Maybe my hopeless love is on the way; meantime we'll fish. Step into the bus, doctor."

It was no more than an hour later, and the doctor and the girl sat at dinner—or supper—in the dining-room which had no walls but greenery, which was merely

a table and a roof, with seats about it, on a point of land. Lake water lapped at pebbles on shores beneath them, and between them and the shores rose joyfully a cluster of mystical black spruce-trees and the silver and clear green of young birches. Across the lake, in glimpses through the spruces and birches, the Mountain was blue in afternoon haze. And a guide said:

"A canoe."

They looked out at the lake and saw it, leading its shining wake to the landing, and three men got out and came winding up the thread of a trail.

"Fire-rangers," explained Camille, the guide. "*Gardes-à-feu.*"

"We want to beg some sugar." It was the first man in the short procession, and he stood under the trees like a young prince just out of a lost battle. His face and hands were black; his clothes hung in rags. The back of his cotton shirt fell from the left shoulder clean to his waist; a handkerchief was tied around a hopeless hiatus at one knee and the trousers were otherwise shredded. For the rest, he was beautiful to look at, for he was six feet and two or three or four inches, and topped with a thickness of brown waves which grew low on his forehead and glittered. His eyes laughed from under long and black curly lashes which seemed half to bury them. He carried himself like a lord or a soldier.

"We want to beg some sugar."

"Beg sugar! Sit down and eat supper," ordered the doctor.

"We aren't fit," protested the first man, and the others came up and stood about laughing at each other, protesting too.

"We've our own provisions, you know, only we're out of sugar," they explained. "We've been down in the burned country, around Lac Carcajou, and our clothes are covered with charcoal, so that it's no use washing—it rubs off instantly again. We did wash our hands just now."

"I think we're a little torn, too," added the leader, glancing over his wrecked shoulder, and with that a general shout went up.

"It doesn't make the faintest difference. Please do as my father says and sit down and have supper," the girl begged them.

"I can't say I don't want to, because I do," stated the leader, and sat down.

The Mountain, across, sent back echoes of laughter in gay, deep young voices, as the three hungry boys put away food with the good appetite of out-of-doors, of exercise, of youth. They talked about little, hidden lakes and blind portages and old Indian trails; they talked about what bay the blazes could be found in, and at what pools in the rivers fish were taken; they talked about their work for the government, watching and fighting the ever-recurring fires of the great forest. One learned that one of them was an engineer, sent in to estimate the extent of the big Carcajou fire; that two were students in McGill University, taking this way of spending the summer in the woods; and then it came out that they were all ex-soldiers. Ex-soldiers, of the heroic Canadian army! The girl stared speechless, stirred. What sights those smiling eyes had seen!

"My brother, my only brother, was fighting with the Canadians," she hurried to say proudly.

"Is that so?" They said it civilly, but so many girls' brothers were over there.

They were reticent; they volunteered little but they answered easily enough when some one asked a question.

"Were you wounded?"

"Wounded? Oh, yes. Everybody was wounded. Perfectly fit now. Cough a bit still. Gassed. I got it at Ypres the first time it was used, and we hadn't any masks."

"You were gassed at Ypres!" Alixe whispered the words.

"Yes. Could I have more butter, please? Don, we didn't get trout like this in our camp, did we? You know, that beggar fell into the river with all the fish—twenty-five of them—for lunch yesterday. So we hadn't any lunch." Homeric laughter greeted the memory.

One fitted them out in the guest-cabin after dinner, and everybody, being sleepy, went early to bed. Yet Alixe lay awake a long time, wide-eyed in the dark, looking, looking at a sudden, splendid vision which had stood with shining hair and tattered garments, smiling from the forest. "It's a trifle silly," reasoned Alixe, "to keep thinking about a stranger. It's merely because he's so remarkably hand-



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"We want to beg some sugar."—Page 140.

some and I'm an artist. Beauty hits me. It would be the same if he were a girl," she assured herself. And proceeded to recapitulate a Scotch accent. Prince Tatters! whispered Alixe in the dark on top of her good and adequate reasoning, and stayed awake, as many another girl has done, because the taste of living was too good to lose in sleeping.

Next morning the three guests came to breakfast shining and soapy with cleanliness. "I hold my fists away from my clothes so as to keep clean for a bit," announced Don.

The sun and shadow rippled and intersplashed about the white table under the trees; the lake ran up the pebbles in musical eager bucketfuls, as if longing to join the feast; the breeze rustled the mystical spruces, and the gay birches and the ragged, big young chaps with their dramatic past framing them, to the eyes of Alixe, with dim haloes, quite unconscious for their part of any past or any haloes, applied themselves to food. Then, through the morning woods, along the winding brown trail, the five strolled over to the big camp and sat about the gallery, and Alixe and her "Prince Tatters," as if strong magnets had pulled them instantly into place, found themselves together, and shortly did not know if the rest were there or not.

"Do you mind talking about France?"

"Not a bit, if I don't bore you," smiled Prince Tatters. His face was clean this morning; an artist, like Alixe, could not but rejoice in it. Lines! A square jaw, a grim Scotch mouth, sensitive lips! and the amazing color of that brown thatch!

"You see," explained the artist, "I'm awfully interested, because my only brother was fighting with the Canadians before we went in. Wouldn't it be queer if you'd known him. David Sherrill."

The prince shook his head. He certainly wished he had known this girl's brother. "I might," he said doubtfully. "Such a mob of men one met. I can't begin to remember, except the ones I saw a lot of."

"There's one man who met him," Alixe spoke, "whom I'm hoping some time to find. If I do, and if he wants anything I have, or everything, he can have it."

"Risky promise," warned the prince.

"I mean it," Alixe repeated recklessly. "He saved David's life."

"Oh!" the prince agreed. "Of course one would feel a bit under obligations."

The prince was Scotch and Alixe was Southern; likely they meant the same thing, but they phrased it differently. Yet there was no chill in the restraint of the words; Scotch reticence is of that quality; one senses it as a coating of ice over a volcano of fire.

"Under obligations—no! Ready to give him—well—myself if he wanted me—yes." She laughed. Silly way to talk! What impelled her to talk in that extravagant style?

Clear gray eyes considered her gravely from away back under the lashes. "Now that might make some fellow lay claim to another man's record," he stated. "What did the chap do?"

She was only too eager to tell the story, one of a thousand like stories of heroism and self-sacrifice, of magnificent courage served by a quick brain and an iron will and an athlete's body. One of the thousand and thousand stories which will be told by our children's children, and by their great-grandchildren while civilization endures, and while a race lives to honor those who saved it. One of the thousand thousand—and more thousands than are ever told will be buried forever in silence.

Alixé told this story of the man who had rescued her brother by the forlornest of forlorn hopes, with her soul throbbing in face and voice. Her mouth twisted and her eyes filled and her voice stopped dead once or twice as she told it, and the man who listened was stirred by her emotion more than by the story. One had heard of so many hairbreadth rescues; one had, of course, been in them; it had seemed rather commonplace over there to run out into hell and pull in a comrade; all one's friends did it; rescuing life was the game. So that the young man hardly listened to what the girl told, so absorbed was he in the way she was telling it.

"You see," she ended, "how I'd want to give everything I have and am, if I could, to the man who did that for David, my brother David."

"Oh, well," protested Prince Tatters. "Come now! The chap did the clean thing, of course, but—oh, well! Not yourself—not as bad as all that, don't you know!"

And they both laughed out easy young laughter. "The chap may be a bounder, don't you see," protested the prince.

"Bounder! That's blasphemous! He couldn't be anything but"—she choked on her eagerness—"anything but a prince," she flung at him.

"Very good, then, a prince we'll have him, and let it go at that," agreed the boy cheerfully, and somehow, then, she was asking questions about himself.

And he was answering. Never had he told any one so much about himself, about that three years and eight months of horror and adventure and suffering and happiness before he was invalided home, too knocked to pieces to fight any more.

"You see, I picked up eleven wounds in my last battle, on the Somme." He glanced at the other group, and spoke a bit lower. The boys would scorn him for talking about himself. Yet he wanted to, for the first time ever; and she wanted to hear; he knew that, surely, and the knowledge was a manner of warmth and joy to him. "I was an enlisted man, and in the trenches a lot," he went on. "I've always been glad I didn't go as an officer."

"Eleven wounds—one battle!" Alixe repeated it. And then, anxiously: "Are you sure you're all right now?"

"Perfectly," the prince assured her. "One arm's a bit smaller than the other, and weaker, but that's nothing. And this bothers a trifle when I carry a pack." He flung over the bronze head and in the back of his powerful neck was a seam, a furrow of three inches. "Do you mind putting your hand here?" He pushed back the wave of hair on his forehead, and the girl put up her fingers and felt under the skin something hard and loose. "Shrapnel," grinned the boy. "I haven't bothered to have it out."

"Do you know," the girl told him, "I saw you sail. I saw the line of thirty-eight great ships steam down from Quebec, that September day in 1914. We were going back from this camp. And I'll never forget coming through Valcartier two days before and the crowd at the little station, and the soldiers getting on the train. Yes, and their friends leaving them, their mothers and their sweethearts. And the big dining-room that night at the Château Frontenac, full of the saddest dinner-parties I ever saw.

Do you know," she went on eagerly, "I thought I was crazy. There was a great fellow in Highland uniform—a Canadian Highlander, I suppose—who got on at Valcartier, and he must have been six feet four—huge. And when we went into the Frontenac there he was; and two minutes later I met him around a corner in a corridor; and one minute later again in another corridor. I kept seeing him every second. I suddenly realized that there was a regiment of him and that they were all six feet four. Giants."

The boy threw back his head and shouted laughter. "Well, not all quite six four," he said. "I'm only six two, and I went over with that lot."

"You did!" It seemed a tremendous coincidence to Alixe. "Maybe I saw you at the Frontenac that day; maybe you were at one of those tragic dinner-parties that night."

"I was."

"But I didn't see you." She shook her head with decision. "I wouldn't have forgotten you."

A swift glow crept from somewhere into the boy's tanned face. Did she mean it? Wouldn't she forget him? Of course he never could forget her, never. But if his everlasting soul hung in the balance he could not say so to her straightly and simply, as she was saying it to him. That iron bar to emotional speech, Scotchness, prevented him, and because of it he was miserable. He sat dumb, staring at her, wishing.

Then suddenly she asked: "Will you let me sew up the shoulder of that shirt?"

Let her? He looked up at her. And in one minute he was sitting, petrified, blissful, while her head bent over him and her fingers touched him and flashed away and came back—yes, again and again and again.

"I don't know how to thank you," he stammered. But indeed he did not need to know how, with the smile he had. But of that he had no knowledge.

"Thank me? *Thank me?* I'm so grateful, so glad I am to do the least thing after all you've done for us. To sew up a man who was gassed at Ypres and wounded on the Somme—I'll brag of it all my life."

And once more the boy had no word at all to say, though he hunted one franti-

cally. But he could smile. And then that confounded Don—who wasn't talking to her—had suggested going, and they were getting into the canoe at the landing. He waited, making a pretense of arranging their meagre *pacquetons*, so that the others might say good-by first, so that he might touch her hand last. What a fool a man was to let his heart get like lead and the world grow empty because of leaving a girl he'd never seen till last night, and would never see again!

"Have you gone to sleep?" demanded Don from the bow, and he stood up and shook hands with Doctor Sherrill, and spoke words of thanks, and turned. Her fingers slipped to his with a queer thrill, as if they forever and inevitably belonged there. He could not speak, not even to say "Good-by." But she looked up with eyes that were dim with something she did not trouble to hide.

"Good-by, Prince Tatters," whispered Alixe.

He was paddling furiously with his cracked old paddle down the lake, away—away. About half a mile along suddenly, as if the skies had opened, he had a revelation. That youngster he had stopped for and thrown over his shoulder the day a hundred of them were surrounded by the Germans—that was at Cantigny, that was in the spring of 1917—that was her brother. He knew, the moment he thought of it, without a shadow of doubt. Moreover, hadn't she said that the boy cried out about his photograph case that he'd dropped, and that his rescuer had laid him down carefully and gone back for the case. He did that; he remembered now. Of course any man would have done it; photographs were as valuable as life over there.

But it was a coincidence, and, with other coincidences, was proof. He was the man to whom that girl had said she would give anything—herself—if the man wanted her. A mighty stroke of the cracked paddle slewed the departing canoe around in its tracks and another very nearly headed it back to the camp. There was outcry from the canoe.

"What the hell, man? What are you doing?" Don gazed around from the bow in astonishment.

"Did you forget something?" asked McNairn from amidships.

"Yes, I did. That is," the prince explained, with Scotch exactness, "that is, there's something I've got to say to Miss Sherrill."

Which was greeted with roars of laughter. "Swim back. We're going to make the train," Don suggested, and McNairn commented:

"Hard hit, poor lad, oh, very hard hit!"

And to the prince, turning slowly lobster color, a realization flashed that life was not a fairy story; that he could not possibly imagine rushing back to this only girl of the world, and setting forth to her: "I saved your brother. I am ready to accept your gratitude and yourself." It was out of perspective, that idea. Moreover, she had simply been exaggerating in her graceful way. People do; he could not. Of course, of course she didn't dream of being taken literally. What could he say if he should go back? Slowly, wearily the cracked paddle dipped and pushed water till the bow stood forward again.

"I wonder what made him turn the boat around," spoke Alixe, watching from the camp gallery.

That embalmer of might-have-beens, Time, took this half-day of Alixe Sherrill's life and wrapped it in cobwebs and stored it a little deeper every hour in the chest of perhaps things, where memories are kept also. It never sank so far but the girl's hand could reach in and lift it out and look at it. It seemed always very beautiful to her. Inside the silvery gray fold on fold of cobwebs, in the heart of it, flamed and glowed color—rose and green and purple shifting like an opal, which stayed bright always. Yet the thing was an incident only, and only eighteen hours long at that.

Alixe was married two years later, and the young Basil Lynns went to Montreal on their wedding trip. In a room of the Ritz-Carlton, gay with English chintzes, she was moved to tell her husband about this cobweb-opal memory. The tall and very well-dressed young man smiled.

"Don't you mind?" asked Alixe.

"Not a bit, dearest. Of course, every man who saw you was in love with you. I'm prepared for that."

"But the point is—I was in love with



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The tangent had touched the circle again and gone on into space.—Page 146.

him. He left a fearful ache. And he was the first who ever made a dent in me."

"Oh," reflected Basil Lynn.

"I can't help a feeling that it was he who saved David," she went on.

"Did he say so?"

"Say so! Heavens, no!"

"And you told him about David?"

"Yes."

"Then," Lynn settled it, "he didn't. He'd have said so."

"Oh, well—likely," agreed the girl reluctantly. "But I still have a hunch." The caressing voice went on: "You know I love you, Basil?"

"I know it—thank heaven."

"But if I saw my Prince Tatters again how can I tell but that wonderful understanding would happen—but that awful ache would happen when he went?"

Lynn, sitting back in a luxurious stuffed armchair, a picture of prosperous youth, refused to be worried. "It was all environment and picturesqueness, darling; all romance."

"But romance is strong."

"A casual fire-ranger, in rags, dear; and likely it was the rags that made the romance. Probably in citizens clothes he'd be a bounder."

"Stop it!" ordered Alixe. "'Bounder.' He was a glory." She put out her hands to ward off something. "Don't try to kick over my dream, or I won't talk to you about it."

"I won't," promised Lynn contritely. "But, my dearest, what's the good of working yourself up over a dream? It was only a few hours long, and it's gone, and you love me, and you're my wife. What's in the world besides that marvellous fact?"

"Well," set forth Alixe, curling her patent-leathered toes under her on a sofa, "well, things are pleasant, and you're a lamb. But what I want to know is if I may strictly-honorably go on loving a dream to the end of my days and still be quite satisfactory to you as a wife. I can do it—somehow I'm built that way; to love the memory of my hero boy in rags forever till I die—my hopeless love. And still adore you as your everyday wife, splendid you, and enjoy my lucky lot. But is it satisfactory to you? I always wanted a hopeless love, Basil; don't grudge it to me."

And Lynn, who had not set out to own

all the subtleties of the soul he loved, put his arms around her and whispered: "As long as you don't stop loving me, precious, it's perfectly satisfactory."

And then: "Come along—put on the green hat I like and let's go out and see the procession."

A member of the royal family of England had arrived in Montreal the day before, and the whole beautiful city flew gay with bunting and was jubilant with bands and marching troops. The Lynns stood on the corner of a street which leads down from Sherbrooke Street to St. Catherine's, and the troops, turning here, came close to the curbstone. Alixe gazed up the wide avenue at the endless, elastic lines of marching men; khaki, khaki, and yet more khaki. Till a glint of strong color broke, with splashes of white, with Scotch caps jaunty on lofty heads, with fluttering plaids—the Canadian Highlanders were coming; the pipes droned out their mystical, stirring, restrained, maddening music. Alixe's pulse jumped.

"The 'Ladies from Hell,'" she whispered, and caught her husband's sleeve and thought of what deeds had won that name, and of what hell in very fact these steadfast faces had looked into.

And with that, swiftly, a ragged boy with deep eyes was smiling at her across a table in the woods, and she heard the tones of his voice: "I went over with that lot," he had said. Her breath came fast; how quickly they marched; she could not possibly look at them all. And then suddenly—he was there! At the end of the line, turning now close by her—three feet away. The Scotch cap was a crown on the brown hair, the face and figure were more magnificent even than she remembered. With the sight the warm impetuosity of her soul seized her; the crowd, the marching troops, faded. She tossed out her hands to him, standing alone in all the world—almost her hands touched him, and he turned as if a bullet had struck him in the ranks.

"Prince Tatters—oh, Prince Tatters!" cried Alixe.

His eyes held hers a second with the unfaded memory in them of a little eternal day; he passed. The tangent had touched the circle again and gone on into space.

Dramatis Personæ

BY DONN BYRNE



IT must be for the thousandth time now he was sitting down at the neat table looking out on the little lawn, and trying to get his ideas together, trying to get something new, something startling, that would awaken these hard-boiled men who had control of theatres, magazines, publishing houses to the sense that he was alive, worth while, valuable. If he could only think up a new detective, or—or something.

Any other than he would have given up the game long ago, but he knew he had talent—he wouldn't go quite so far as to say genius—but great talent. It was no use their turning him down all the time. He was certain they never read the stuff.

He was certain, too, there was some trick, some knack he hadn't discovered. Just some little trick. These men of national, international fame, he could see from their faces they had no especial brains—any more than he had.

But just some little trick he couldn't get.

He had taken courses in writing, gone to schools of journalism, and here were all his manuscripts with neat rejection slips; here was what he thought the great American novel battered and dog-eared, a study of the temptations of a girl in the great city; and here was his crook drama, that some filthy reader had marked with the rim of a coffee-cup. It was enough to make a man quit.

But he wouldn't quit. He'd be as big as the biggest of them. He, too, would have his picture in the papers, not gaunt and bitter as most of them seemed, but pleasant, dignified, literary. And his picture would look like an author's, with its well-marked features, its masculine little mustache, its intellectual glasses. And he, too, would be interviewed. And he, too, would sign contracts involving great sums of money. And there would be gossip about him, too, in the papers, where in

Florida he was spending the winter vacation, what he was doing in summer.

He wouldn't quit. Hadn't they all said at school and college he was cut out to be a writer? Hadn't he gone to Europe for six months? And, what was more, hadn't he the money his father, the hardware man, had left him? Hadn't he his home? He could stick it out.

His home! His wife! If instead of these few trees, this lawn, the outlook on the quiet Sound, if instead of here he lived somewhere in the welter of affairs, wouldn't he be better? Somewhere things c'anged, where one did not have to go three-quarters of an hour in a train to the theatre. Downtown in New York. Only trees and grass and water and sky here. Nothing to write about.

And his wife, Berenice, oh, she was a sweet girl, a nice girl, but—hadn't he perhaps made a mistake? She was so good and wholesome! Too much? Wouldn't it have been better to be married to—to an actress, or a sculptress, or—or something. Some one who could feel things; who wouldn't smile, and be nice. Berenice was all right, but—

And his mother. She was a nice, darling person, but—she didn't just understand. She was just a mother, like anybody's mother. If she could feel the great complex things! But she was just loving, and everything he did was right.

Berenice, and his mother . . . the trees, the water . . . essential barrenness of life . . . nothing to write about . . . so unfair.

I

BECAUSE Barry had hinted it annoyed him to have her in the house while he was trying to write, Berenice had decided to go out for an hour or so, to give the poor lad a chance. And for a few minutes it bothered her to be idling, whereas there were so many little things that needed her attention. A house became so awry. It needed a flick of the hand here and there, a touch to flowers. But the white road,

and the arching blue-green trees, and the drift of the dogwood—a cloud, not a flower did it seem, so delicately balanced was it in the May air—all these took her eyes, and the immense miracle of spring drew her thoughts from the gracious artifices of the house. How gently, how imperceptibly it came, a little curling wave of the west wind, and the clearly pitched note of an adventuring bird. It was like the moon, spring was; a clear thin line of silver in the gray sky, like the minute green of the waking willow-tree, and it grew . . . under your eyes was its sweet benevolence. And it was hard to go asleep at night, so much was being accomplished, for fear you would miss some phase of the return of beauty. Oh, the little birds so fussy, so intense about their nests. The showers like great sheets of silver; and after each the slim trees were more like pretty ladies, and the great thick trees like pleasant stalwart men. And the flowers came shyly, demurely, just as young girls might come, just as she herself, Berenice, felt, acted, when she was fifteen, and was brought into a strange roomful of people.

And she stopped for an instant at the dark pool where the little turtles were busy, swimming to and fro, a clear-cut fine line on the dusky water, a minute head with crystalline beads of eyes, just showing, and if they thought you were watching them, they dived—a flick and they were gone, and if you saw clearly enough you could notice their flippers waggle slowly as they made for the downy bed of the pool. And some kept fearfully quiet, sitting on stones, or on logs, and at any quick movement you made, they plumped like stones. And the great trees around, so much alive, so patient. She could understand how poets of an older, simpler age saw dryads in them. Pan she could not understand, nor satyrs, but dryads were sib to her, young shy women in garments of apple-green. You could tell a good picture of a tree from a bad one that way—some had dryads in them and some were only wood.

So many thoughts were in her, so keenly did she feel a kinship with the trees, with the singing birds, with the west wind that cleared the air, that she wished she had some one to speak to about it. But

a great shyness . . . and perhaps even it couldn't be said in words, perhaps music. Well, hardly even that. She had tried to speak to Barry about it. But Barry had kissed her and thought her a moon-struck kid, as he said. Poor Barry, directors of periodicals were so hard on him; it was dreadful to hurt him that way. Though she confessed the treason with a shock to herself, she found it hard, well-nigh impossible, to read what he wrote. It was hard for her to understand artificial women and noble men. All she knew was nature, and that was not artificial. Nor was it noble, either, she thought; it had just a sweet harmonious kindliness. There could only be nobility where ignominy existed too—and in nature was no ignominy. She wished she knew more about men and women, for Barry's sake, to understand these matters he wrote of, passion and crime. But dramatic passion seemed so needless in her eyes, and crime was so sickly; she just felt a pity for it, a sense that they, poor people, must be crazy to do such things. Oh, she wished she understood—could help him. She remembered over a year ago when a little periodical had decided to print one of his writings, the letter came as the first snowflakes fell. And she could not feel excited with him, because in her heart, beyond her control, was some strange rhythm. The snow, the soft and harmonious snow, and in her head was a picture of nursery days, of pine-trees under a delicate white weight, and old Saint Nicholas, whom little children called Santa Claus, driving through a fleecy world, his red cheeks, his white beard, his reindeer with the silver tinkling bells. And reindeer brought the thought to her of squat hairy Laplanders, fishing solemnly near the Pole, through a little hole they had cut in the ice, while away in the background ambled a great polar bear. A very terrible animal it must be, but one always thought of it as gentle as some big old dog.

Oh, she wished she were a better woman, a woman who had her husband's interests at heart. People said a woman could make a man. She wondered how. And it was said of some that their husbands owed their careers all to them. How? But how? And even if she knew, her terrible shyness. She could be inti-

mate with dogs, and horses, and solemn, aloof kine. But words didn't come to her somehow. It was such a drawback!

And when he was disappointed, she stood there, dumb as a stone. Nothing would formulate. All she could think of was to lift his hand and kiss it quietly, and oftentimes a tear would come because he was hurt. But she could say nothing that would make things seem easy. All she could think of would be to take him out in the dusky night, and look in silence at the stars. All the immensity of gleaming worlds . . . so scattered, so varied, and not one ugliness. And one felt drawn out of oneself toward the beautiful, terrific heavens, and all the worries and troubles seemed of less consequence than the droning of a bee. A little sum of money lost, a pretty ambition frustrated, a cheap man's jibe, those hurt for a moment, but how little they mattered under the clouds of stars.

And if she could take him out and be silent with him, while the crickets sang and the little frogs croaked their funny dissonant harmony, and earth rolled along eastward under the arching heavens. But maybe he was right—she was only a funny dreaming kid.

She had come to the Sound now, and quiet as a lake the broad stretch of water was before her. And here and there was a steamer, and southward a spluttering tug pulling a line of barges rigged with square auxiliary sails. Her mind leaped forward to eight weeks from then, when the regattas would begin, and from all parts of the Sound, from north of it, Marblehead even, the boats would come with white curving sails to fight for supremacy. Great forty-footers, and the smaller thirties, and the fast P-boats with their immense Bermuda rigs, and little handicap sloops, and catboats manned by boys in bathing-suits, all scurrying, swishing, all in turn jibbing, coming about, jockeying to go over the line with the gun.

And then, too, soon the great blind porpoises would come gambolling, shining like negroes, follow-my-leader. And the bluefish would run. And on the rocks the querulous bird population would screech and chatter. And one would look out for the boats going to New Bedford and to Fall River . . . their calm progress like a

steady horse's, and their lights. And the great lumber schooners would come down from Nova Scotia, with their blue-eyed taciturn sailors, to anchor at City Island.

A little quiver underneath her heart reminded her. How should she tell Barry she was going to have a little baby? When should she tell him, and what should she say? She must be careful. She mustn't disturb his work. And would he be happy about it? Or would he—would he—she bit her lips suddenly—would he not be pleased?

II

It seemed to her that it was all one with the coming of the springtime, the budding of the flowers, and the westward wind, the miracle of the baby. One was first one's own sentient self, bending to the wind with the trees, breasting the curling waves of summer, and patiently listening to the song of some ambitious bird, and before you knew how, a little thing had come nestling under your wing. The flowers had made you sister, and the wind protected you, and the grass was careful lest your foot should touch a stone. Whence did it come, the little life that was delicate as the petal of the apple-blossom, soft as a little bird asleep in a nest? In summer one felt it had come over the bending grasses and between the gentle rains, and the robins did it reverence. And in spring it was borne on the first generous delicate wind, and the trees nodded their highest newest boughs. And in autumn the Brown Woman of the Woods brought it, while the little chipmunks stared. In winter it came with a shaft of the loud aggressive sun. However? Wherever? But one moment you were yourself, alone, with only your own problems. And suddenly you had been trusted with something softer than flowers, more precious than diamonds, a little molecule of life itself. Such a trust!

Every woman had a little dream about her child. A woman of the tenements might see in a little parcel of flesh and blood a one-day president of her great republic. And another might see in him a minister of God bearing a light to thousands. And a third would see in a little daughter a voice that would gush forth in

immense harmony. And some who knew the bitter tooth of want would dream of their children as powerful merchants, with great cars and yachts. Such rosy stories do women think in their heads.

But all Berenice could imagine was the little daughter of fair tresses in her small bed at the close of day, when the short Occidental twilight hovered like a bird, and night came trudging westward with dun feet. Below in their drawing-room people would be assembled for dinner or for the playing of cards, laughter and candle-light, and the glow of an open hearth, and tobacco sending up bluish-gray smoke from little tubes. But Berenice would be alone with the fair child in the dim nursery, putting her to sleep and teaching her the rhyme that is a child's first prayer and, at the same time, a charm against evil spirits; against great bulks in the darkness that make little children scream; against strange gray women who take small humans from the warm beds mothers put them in and whisk them to deep underground burrows where trolls and misshapen demons are, replacing them with wizened ill-natured changelings. Against all the powers of darkness the little prayer was potent:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take!"

And then, reverently:

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Guard the bed that I lie on!"

And when the small eyes were closed and the minute mouth had taken on the sweet smile of sleeping, and the hands had relaxed into white starry flowers, she would steal down-stairs to her guests, to the gracious room where sleek, well-bred women and kindly burly men were gathered to dine in company or to play cards, where the bluish smoke rose in whorls from the white tubes of tobacco, and there was soft candle-light and tinkling glass. And she would feel happy there, secure. There would be no apprehension in her. For above at the four corners of the bed where the minute humanity slept were four figures of great power, four lumbering, grizzled fishermen — Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John!

III

THE old lady watched Berenice walk down the road, pausing for a moment at her beautiful needlework to admire her young daughter-in-law's slim willowy figure, the eager pose of her head, her brown beautifully plaited hair. The apple-green of her dress and the blue-green of the trees—she made such a beautiful picture, and the old lady shook her head and sighed.

And one might imagine the old lady saying: When I was young I was as lissome as that, as pretty, had as eager a head. Time flies and we grow old. Ah, the fine days of young womanhood!

But that was not in her mind at all: she shook her head because she knew the heartaches, the difficulties, the terrors the young girl must go through before she attained to the reward of women: wisdom and peace.

For they all came to that in the latter end, the old lady thought—the girls who started out dancing, and the girls whose eyes were troubled with thought, and the girls deep as deep rivers, and the shallow girls who angled for a honeyed word. And life, like some deft schoolmistress, caught them and taught them and put wisdom in their heads, and in their hearts little modest flowers, like forget-me-nots. And the sad girls learned laughter from little children on the floor, and the wayward ones learned loyalty from trouble, and great emotional currents put depths into the shallow ones. And life seemed so hard, the present so brutal, the future terrible as an army with banners—but one day it was gone. All was past. And in retrospect they seemed so little pain to have had to have learned such a great lesson, to have come to such a sweet place! If one came through it, it was so much worth while.

The hazards one made so much of. Oh! Didn't she know!

It seemed to her as she looked back now very strange that all the little tragedies of her life appeared to have faded and all the happiness intensified, and this was peculiar, for at the time the pain seemed so poignant and the happiness so diverse, so hard to grasp. A night at a theatre, for instance, twenty years ago, and a dinner

before it, and a supper afterward, how queer one could remember all that, even the tunes the orchestra played, the clothes one wore, what this man said, how this woman looked. And one thought of the night young Barry, below writing, was so near to death, and the utter terror, the tragedy of that time had faded. And one remembered only how pretty he looked, how kind the doctor was, how Mr. Valance, her husband, had put his hand on her shoulder, in his big kindly way.

If young people knew how these things came out, they wouldn't worry so much, but there was no use telling them. They would have to find out for themselves.

She had never been one to admire nature, had the old lady, but one thing she did know, she knew people and she knew life. Berenice was all right, a very fine girl, for all her romantic thoughts, but Barry worried her occasionally. He was so intense about his career in writing. And she felt in her heart that it was not going to be a success. One knew, somehow. For instance this: she could tell whether or not a novice was going to be a great pianist, because she could see him as a master, if he were ever to arrive; his power, his aloofness, his concentration. She could see a merchant. She supposed it was a gift, just feeling what people were.

And her son Barry below, she could not see him. And she wasn't going to tell him, either. Men were queer. They bore grudges, even to their mothers. It was better to let him fight himself out, and be conquered, drop; and then pick himself up, and think it over, and go to something else with a pang, and more wisdom. And month by month the disappointment would pass, until the ramping of his early days was no more to him than a quaint gesture. And years later he would meet some great author for a moment, and be very courteous, a little shy with him. But he would never tell him of the struggle on his own account, never mention a word—ah, she knew, she knew!

Barry would be all right. Only—only he must be broken. All humans must be broken, as Mr. Valance, her husband, had said horses are. And some horses are great race-horses, and some are hacks, and some hunters, and some just simply for

use. But all have to be broken. And they are nearly all kind, nearly all good, as human beings are. For nearly all men and women are good, the old lady thought. One had to know their hearts—their appearance, their gestures meant nothing—and their hearts ought to have a chance to grow. And then they would all be good. Those who weren't had had the growth of their hearts stunted somehow. And they weren't to be hated, but pitied, poor things.

If any one, any young person, were to know what her thoughts were, the old lady smiled, he would say she had known no trouble in life, was shallow, did not understand the tragedy of things.

Well, she had had her share of life; her troubles as well as the rest of them. She had been a very sensitive girl. When she married Mr. Valance, her husband, she had hardly known him—for such was the custom in her day, that he should satisfy her parents of his affection rather than herself—and when the day came to leave her father and mother and her four brothers and her sisters, to leave the house she had known since she was born, to leave her own virginal room, and go away with a strange, terrifying, fascinating man—why it was like jumping into the sea without knowing how to swim. In those days young girls did not know, were scared. And yet everything had been all right. She loved Mr. Valance, her husband. No two could ever have been so close as she and he. And she smiled at the terror of her leaving the home.

And before Barry was born—oh, the ghastly nights, the ghastly, ghastly nights, of lying awake and fearing, fearing, and the hideous unimaginable dreams, and the birth itself, the surge of pain like some cruel driving knife, and strength ebbing in a fast flood! And came kind unconsciousness, and when she woke there was a sort of white peace in her, and the little dark-haired boy, by some beneficent magic, was on the broad nurse's lap. And the strange miracle of how she had forgotten all the pain so soon, how little it seemed, how natural. And how ready she would have been again. A little daughter, she had thought, how nice it would have been! But it wasn't to have been.

And when Mr. Valance, her husband, had died, for her had come, she thought, the end of the world. Yet now all she could remember was the peace and trust in his quiet face, when all had gone. And into the room where she was alone with him there came the quiet message that all was well. And the hearts of people were so warm. The doctor himself, who had seen so many die one would have thought he would have become callous, was so unaffectedly kind. Even people one had thought were enemies, or not enemies but just careless of one, showed a warmth, an understanding.

And she had thought it impossible for her ever to be on the world alone; but somehow strength had come to her, and poise, and all the fears she had when Mr. Valance, her husband, was alive, were dead now, she a widow. Lonely and down in grief at times, but afraid, never!

And she thought to herself, with a queer little smile, of the times when in the dark of the night, by the eerie Long Island waters, she had gone out, crying in a little misery, praying, wishing that Mr. Valance, her husband, would appear to her, that she might once more hear the beloved voice, sense the big dignity, perhaps feel the kindly hand upon her shoulder. But she waited in vain. Nothing came to her cries, her prayers, her wishes. But when she came in again, she felt she had emptied her heart of longing and loneliness, and all the familiar furnishings of her rooms spoke to her tactfully and friendly.

She smiled, because now she recognized, however she did it she did not know, that what she wanted could not possibly be granted. Just for her alone an exception could not be made against the seemingly cruel, tremendously wise law that the dead should be silent. Everything was so wise, so ordered. And if one were to know exactly, the merchant would leave his shop, the sempstress her embroidery, the workman his lathe. So it was kept a curtain of mystery, with a little hedge of terror before it.

All was well. Life and death, all in good hands.

She had often thought to herself, sitting there, as an old person might, that things did not seem as well as they were in her

young days. But on second thoughts she discovered they were just the same. Life was a constant, as Mr. Valance, her husband, used to say of things. Oftentimes while she sat in a corner and heard young people talk, she was amused, for they seemed to think she knew nothing of modern life. And life could not be modern or ancient. Life was a constant, as Mr. Valance, her husband, used to say. They had only manufactured new terms, discovered new angles. She smiled as she thought of their talks of psychoanalysis; of how one was very complex; and how one must get rid of obsessions by discovering them and talking about them to a specialist. One did the same in her day. One called the obsessions troubles, and on one's knees one poured one's heart out to God. And their talk of psychic things, why, when she was a grown woman, didn't they have the queer Eddys in Vermont, and that strange Russian woman, Madame Blavatsky, and Home, the medium, who floated through a window, feet first. And she was sure that when she was young there were just as intricate card games as bridge. And their talk of Socialism and man's rights! Did they forget that Lincoln freed the slaves? Ah, the young!

She remembered a man saying, an old man, that what was wrong with the new generation was this: they left nothing to God. They wanted to do everything their own way. Fifty years ago, he said, every one was cognizant of God.

But were they, pondered the old lady. Yes, they went to church. But didn't they go just because one went, as nowadays one goes to the movies? A habit. And did the rounded sentences of the ministers mean anything to the young? No. And the hymns, they were just melodies. One sang them, as young boys sang college songs. It was only when one was grown, man or woman tall, and the great wolves of the world harried one, harried until one could sense their white teeth, their red slaving mouths, and there was a blank wall and no escape—it was only then one felt the Immense Hand. And rarely afterward did one ever speak of it. It seemed like a strange secret order, being initiated to God. She was sure that it was like that to-day, as it was fifty

years ago, as it must ever have been, as it must ever be.

Looking up from her sewing an instant she saw Berenice coming toward the house. It must be later than she thought. It must be lunch-time. They must make Barry, poor boy, stop now. Brain-work was so fatiguing and he shouldn't overdo it.

She paused for a breath, watching the brown head, the apple-green dress. She knew the girl's secret, though Berenice had never said anything, hinted at all about a baby. But the little exalted look in the eyes—

"I must say a prayer to-night," thought the old lady.

He got up from the desk. No! it was no use. Nothing would come to-day. Another fruitless morning. If he could only find the trick those fellows had!

Yes, but they all had something to write about, and he had nothing: this wretched urban setting, this calm uninteresting Sound. And he knew nobody. There was no encouragement, no inspiration. His mother, dear old lady, she knew nothing, could tell him nothing. And his wife—she was a dear girl, and he loved her, but— Oh, there was nothing to write about; no drama; no people of drama.

The Ghost on the Wire

BY ROBERT P. LOWRY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON STEVENSON



NEWSPAPER office is the last place in the world where one would expect to see a ghost, except, perhaps, the traditional spectre that walks on pay-day. But the ghost in

this narrative had nothing to do with salaries, and it came into the *Torch* office over the wire during the busiest part of the night, a little before the first edition was going to press.

When an A. P. flash, announcing that a cloudburst had broken the dam two miles above Largen and wiped out the town, reached the *Torch* late one April afternoon in 1921, the first thing Howard Henry, the managing editor, did was to locate the town on the map, the second was to look up trains for Barlow, the nearest junction point, and the third was to pry Bill O'Brien loose from his typewriter and send him in a taxi to the ferry to catch the 6.30 on the D. L. & W.

No one knew better than Henry that O'Brien would almost certainly not arrive in Largen until some time the next day,

but there was a gambler's chance that he might make it by midnight and, in any case, he would be there in good time for the second-day story. Largen was one hundred and fifty miles away, and the branch line from Barlow, according to a later despatch, was out of commission and would remain so until three bridges had been repaired. The state road between Barlow and Largen, which also followed the narrow valley of the creek, was likewise impassable, and the only way into the town was by a fifty-mile détour over the hills. There was one consolation: Largen was still in touch with the outside world by wire.

Henry next sought out Holden, the telegraph editor.

"Have we a correspondent at Largen?" he asked.

"Yes; R. F. Johnson. I have just wired him."

"I don't remember him. Did he ever send us a query?"

"Not in my time. Fat chance we have of getting anything from him to-night. You remember the bird we telegraphed to at the time of the Austin flood who

came back with the famous: 'All is confusion. Cannot get story.' "

"Well, we'll just have to depend on the grace of God and the A. P. But think what a good man in Largen to-night could do with the story. Just think of it!"

Two hours later, Henry, returning from dinner, was hailed by Holden as he passed the telegraph desk.

"Would you ever have guessed it?" he began. "That hick at Largen has got our wire and will start filing in an hour."

"Good! Here's what we will do: turn over everything to Thurston, all the A. P. and the specials from Barlow and this gink's stuff. He can knock together something that will, at least, resemble a story. I'll speak to Thurston now."

With the despatch from Largen in his hand, Thurston burst into Henry's room and threw the sheets on his desk.

"What in hell's bells do you expect me to do with this?" he inquired.

"No doubt it is pretty bad," Henry returned soothingly, for no one knew better than he how temperamentally akin are rewrite men and opera stars. "But there must be something you can use and with the A. P. and the other——"

"Bad! Did you say bad? Why, you poor downtrodden proletariat, this is the best story I have ever read. You might as well tell me to rewrite 'The Sermon on the Mount.' I tell you this is a lalla-polulu humdinger. If I could write one story like this, I would be willing to quit for good. I have just one piece of advice to you: Don't let any smart desk man change a line of it. Here, read it yourself and say your prayers." And Thurston left the room as abruptly as he had entered.

Henry glanced at the first page, gasped in wonder, and then went back to the date line and started reading through the whole thing very slowly. Before he reached the end his hands shook so that he had to put the pages on his desk and bend over them.

The story was a masterpiece of newspaper reporting. Very simply, yet powerfully, it etched the whole terrific scene. The tragic suddenness with which the waters swept down on the town. The bald-headed Paul Revere in a flivver who

rushed through the streets and saved hundreds by his warning shouts, and, heedless of himself, kept on until the waters closed over him and his faithful Lizzie. The heroism of the telephone "girl" who forgot her own three children and stayed at her switchboard until the wires went dead and the water rose to her knees. The pitiful corpses of children swirling amidst wash-tubs and horsehair sofas. The plight of the fugitives on the hills, where families were miraculously reunited. How a two-months-old baby, the sole survivor of a family, was rescued from the top of a small tree. How an Airedale saved another baby. The terror, the misery, the sardonic humor of the whole thing were brought out with wonderful wealth of detail and yet it was all synchronized as if the writer had had months to collect and sift his material.

After he had finished, Henry sat staring at the signature, "R. F. Johnson," and slowly shook his head.

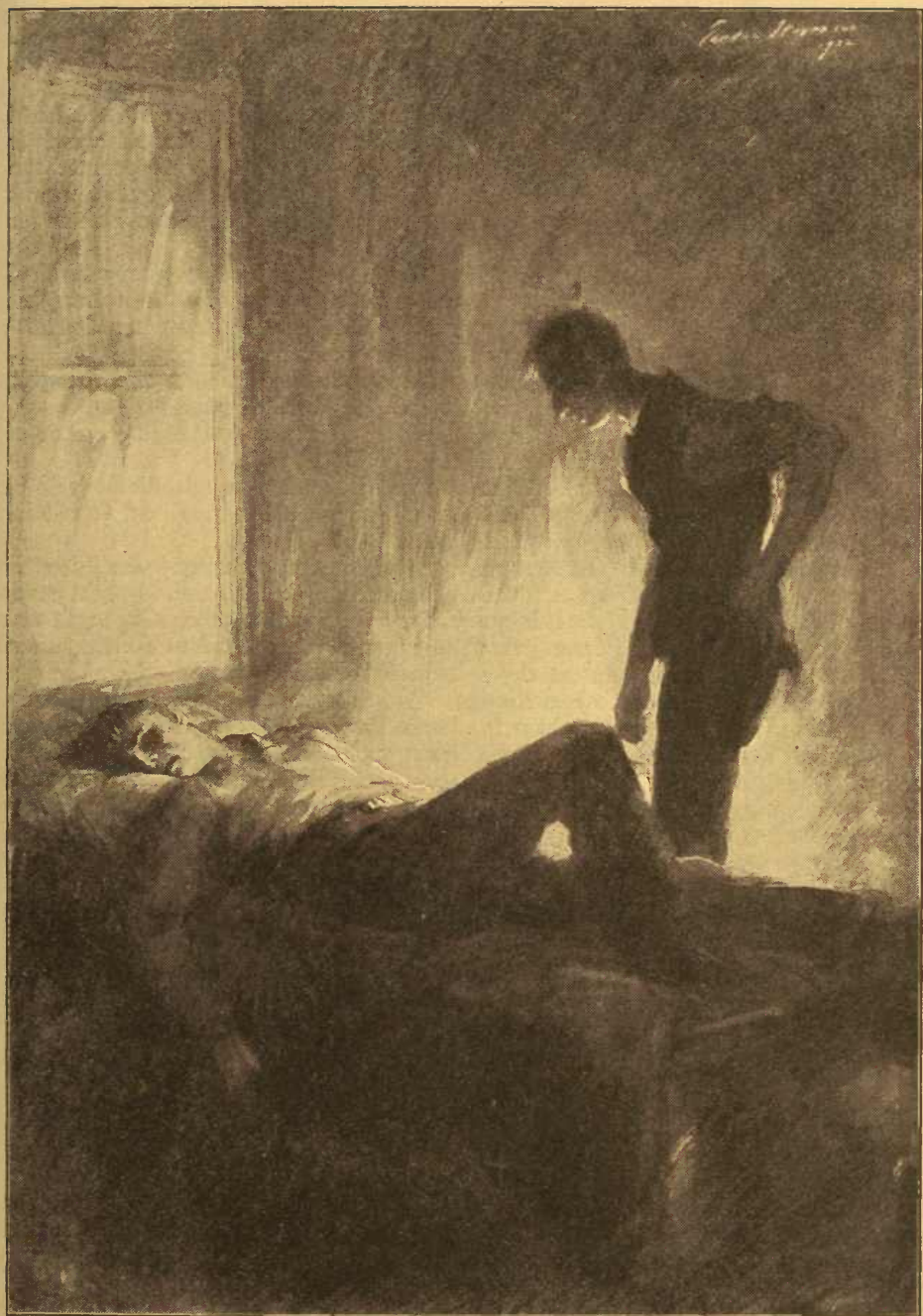
"No, Mr. Johnson," he said aloud, "you may be a fine little fellow and well thought of in your late-lamented home town, but you never in the world wrote this story."

Henry knew that only one man could have written the story from Largen. He recognized the style in the first three lines and the rest confirmed his view in a dozen ways, little tricks of phrasing, the use of certain words, the sentence structure, even the rare mistakes. He knew it as an art critic knows an unsigned painting by a master, or a youth knows the handwriting of his best girl. But the man who had written the Largen story had been dead for three years. It was amazing. It was unbelievable.

The managing editor gritted his teeth and pulled himself together, sent the despatch to the composing-room, and himself wrote the eight column lines for the first page. Then he turned to the great pile of proofs which had been accumulating during the evening. Outside in the big city room telephones were ringing, typewriters clicking, men calling for copy boys. Everything was as it had been the night before and the night before that.

Half an hour later Holden waddled in waving some proofs in a fat hand.

"I turned over the Largen story to Thurston without even glancing at it," he



Drawn by Gordon Stevenson.

"Long about midnight . . . I took him up-stairs where we have a cot."—Page 157.

said excitedly, "but it has just come down in the proofs and it's given me the willies for fair. I'd be willing to swear that no one but Jim Benson could have written that story. It's exactly like his stuff, word for word. Did it strike you that way? Why, if you only read the bit about the man in the Ford or the rescue of the kid by the dog, you would know that it was Jim by all the gods. The angels at Mons have nothing on this."

"Jim Benson did write the story," Henry replied casually.

"But, boss, he couldn't; you know he couldn't. Killed in France in the spring of 1918 and buried in Yonkers four weeks ago last Sunday with all the old gang there! Why, you have the papers found on his body right there in your desk. You showed them to me within a year. And his name's on the tablet in the front office with a star opposite."

"I tell you, once for all, Jim Benson wrote the Largen story. Don't ask me how he did it, but he did do it. I didn't go through Princeton with Jim and live with him and work with him all these years and not know his stuff when I see it. I'm off for Largen the first thing in the morning and I'm going to get to the bottom of this thing. There's a train at six and I'm going home now and get a little sleep."

"One thing sure," muttered Holden, as he plucked an A. P. despatch from under the proofs in his hand, "that fellow Johnson didn't write the story, whoever else did. Look here."

It was a list of the identified dead at Largen and the third name was "Robert F. Johnson, editor, *Largen Weekly News*."

Bill O'Brien was astounded to run into Henry the next afternoon as he picked his way along the wrecked Main Street of Largen, but the managing editor did nothing to enlighten him except to ask the way to the telegraph office. It was in the station, and as the railroad bed is some twenty-five feet above the main part of the town, the station had escaped the flood.

Inside there were half a dozen keys clicking away for dear life, while a number of young gentlemen of the press sat at a near-by table grinding out copy by

hand and protesting vigorously at the necessity for so doing. Henry approached an operator.

"Will you tell me where I can find the man who was sending last night?" he asked, and the man waved his free hand toward a lanky figure in an armchair which was tilted far back against the wall. The gentleman in question was smoking a new corn-cob pipe with an air of infinite leisure.

"I am looking for the man who filed the despatch to the *Torch* from here last night. Can you tell me where he is?" Henry asked him.

"And who are you?" the lounging telegrapher drawled back at him.

"Howard Henry, managing editor of the *Torch*."

The telegrapher brought his chair down on all fours with a bang and stared intently at Henry.

"Holy mackerel! I just knew I'd get in wrong with that despatch. I ought never to have sent it, but he kept saying it was all right. I was a fool to do it, I know. Honest, I didn't mean——"

"Don't worry about that part," Henry broke in. "The *Torch* appreciates your good work and here is a twenty that says so. Everything is all right except I must get hold of the chap who filed the story. It is a personal matter. He's my oldest friend."

"Mighty white of you, Mr. Henry. I sure can use this. You know, it was queer all the way through. Of course, everything was all to hell and gone here last night. Then, when your message come, I didn't know what in the world to do about it. I couldn't deliver it because I'd just helped carry Bob Johnson's body into the shed along the tracks there. I was just about to send back word that Johnson was dead, when along come a guy by the name of Jenkins who has been baggageman here for two years. He was soppin' wet to the waist and all het up with excitement. He kept sayin' it was the greatest story ever and he must get a wire right into the *Torch* office. That reminded me of the telegram and I showed it to him. 'This simplifies matters,' he said and wrote an answer and signed Johnson's name. I know I oughtn't to 've sent it, but he had me all sort of worked

up and all the time he kept sayin' to himself somethin' about beatin' the whole country.

"The next thing he did was to grab the old Remington over there and start writin' like he'd been a stenog all his life, only he didn't use but two fingers. Pretty soon he ripped a page out of the machine. 'Here's a start,' he said. As soon as I got the *Torch* I began, but by that time he had three pages written. You'd never have thought he could 've done it. Why, if I hadn't been right in the thing myself what he wrote would 've made me see it. We kept it up for three hours and as fast as I got through one page he had another all ready and waiting for me. And you can tell that smart Aleck in your office that as soon as I get time I'll take a trip down to the big town and wipe up the place with him. Just because I don't know all the code there is and can't send like a steam-engine, there was no call for him to get personal.

"Well, when Jenkins finished, he seemed like to go all to pieces and fell right asleep in his chair. 'Long about midnight he half woke up and I took him up-stairs where we have a cot. This morning, when I went to look for him he was gone and I ain't seen him since. Reckon he's around here somewhere. If I see him I'll tell him you're lookin' for him."

"One other thing," Henry asked. "Will you describe Jenkins?"

"Tall and rather broad across the shoulders, light hair, gray eyes, and a scar across the bridge of his nose."

"I thought so," Henry commented.

As he finished speaking, Bill O'Brien hurled himself into the room, and Henry, for the first time in their long association, had the rare privilege of seeing him thoroughly rattled.

"Chief, this thing has sure got me," he whispered hoarsely, and glancing behind him with every other word as if he expected something to come in the door. "I thought I was hard-boiled after two years of war. But I'm going bugs. I've just seen Jim Benson walking along the street—Jim—and we buried him in Yonkers. You were there." And he paused to mop his forehead. "It's all your fault, chief, sending me off in such a

rush. If you had only given me time to stop and get some good stuff from my regular bootlegger, it would never have happened," he added.

"Bill, I'm certain of only one thing. Jim is alive. He sent in a story from here last night that was a wonder. I came up to-day to get hold of him and take him back to town. I suspect he may be in pretty bad shape. So if you see him again, be careful what you say. Which way was he going?"

"Down by the creek where the main part of the town was."

"All right, now for it." And Henry started down Main Street. A block or so from the creek in the section where masses of wreckage had taken the place of houses and stores a rope had been stretched across the street and all the townsfolk who were alive and not engaged in mopping up, together with a sprinkling of farmers and their families from the surrounding country, were surging against it. Henry squeezed himself through to the rope, presented his city-police card to the state policeman on the other side, and was allowed to proceed.

Then, before he realized it, he came on Jim Benson. Jim was sitting on a log watching the men at work. Henry could not see his face. He did not need to. One glance at that sturdy back was sufficient. Henry wanted to rush forward and slap the back of the ragged brown flannel shirt Jim was wearing. But his shaking knees refused for the moment to carry him forward and a sudden fear surged over him. True, it was Jim's body, but was Jim still the man he had known all these years?

Henry advanced slowly until he stood directly behind the man on the log. After a time Benson placed a cigarette between his lips and then searched in vain for a match. He half turned to Henry and held up his right hand. "Could you let me have a match?" he asked.

Apparently intent on the workers, Henry held out a box of matches in his left hand. In the act of taking them, Benson caught sight of the gold football ring on the little finger of Henry's hand. His eye travelled swiftly up the arm and took in the man himself. Benson jumped to his feet like a shot.

"Hen, old Hen," he quavered.

Henry jumped violently. There was no pretense about it. The sound of Benson's voice did the business.

"Why, it's Jim," he said joyfully, reaching for his friend's hand. "I came up here on purpose to see you and I've been looking all over the place for you. That was a bully story you wrote. We licked the country with it."

Henry looked straight into the familiar gray eyes. There was no madness there, but his friend's face was drawn, his body gaunt, and his hand shook like that of a drug fiend. Suddenly Benson reached over and caught Henry by the shoulder.

"Hen, I'm done," he broke out. "It's no use. I can't ever write another word. Last night was just a flash, but I can't repeat. To-day I can't even think. I've been trying for hours and hours to collect a story for to-morrow, but I can't. My God! I tell you I can't." His voice broke and he turned away to hide the tears in his eyes.

Henry patted him on the back.

"Easy there, old man," he soothed. "Never mind about the story. Bill O'Brien is up here and will attend to that. You and I are going back to town to-night. Your old room is all ready for you at the apartment. Your books and papers are there just as they were the day you went away. And old Koto this minute is grinning with delight and brushing and pressing your clothes; all but the suit I have in the bag up in the car I came over from Barlow in. There's a farmhouse up on the hill where you can have a bath and a shave and change your clothes. Come along," he pleaded, taking his friend's arm.

But Jim Benson pulled away fiercely.

"Hen, I can't," he said sadly. "I'm not going back to the *Torch* and have everybody feeling sorry for me because I've lost my grip, and saying how nice it is for the *Torch* to take care of me, and what a lucky thing it is that I've got you to see that it does it. Can't you see yourself how it will be? I've got a job here. That is, I suppose I still have a job, and here I'm going to stay. Now that we've settled this, tell me one thing: Am I supposed to be living or dead? This may sound queer, but I want to know and

don't be afraid that it will drive me dotty to tell me right out."

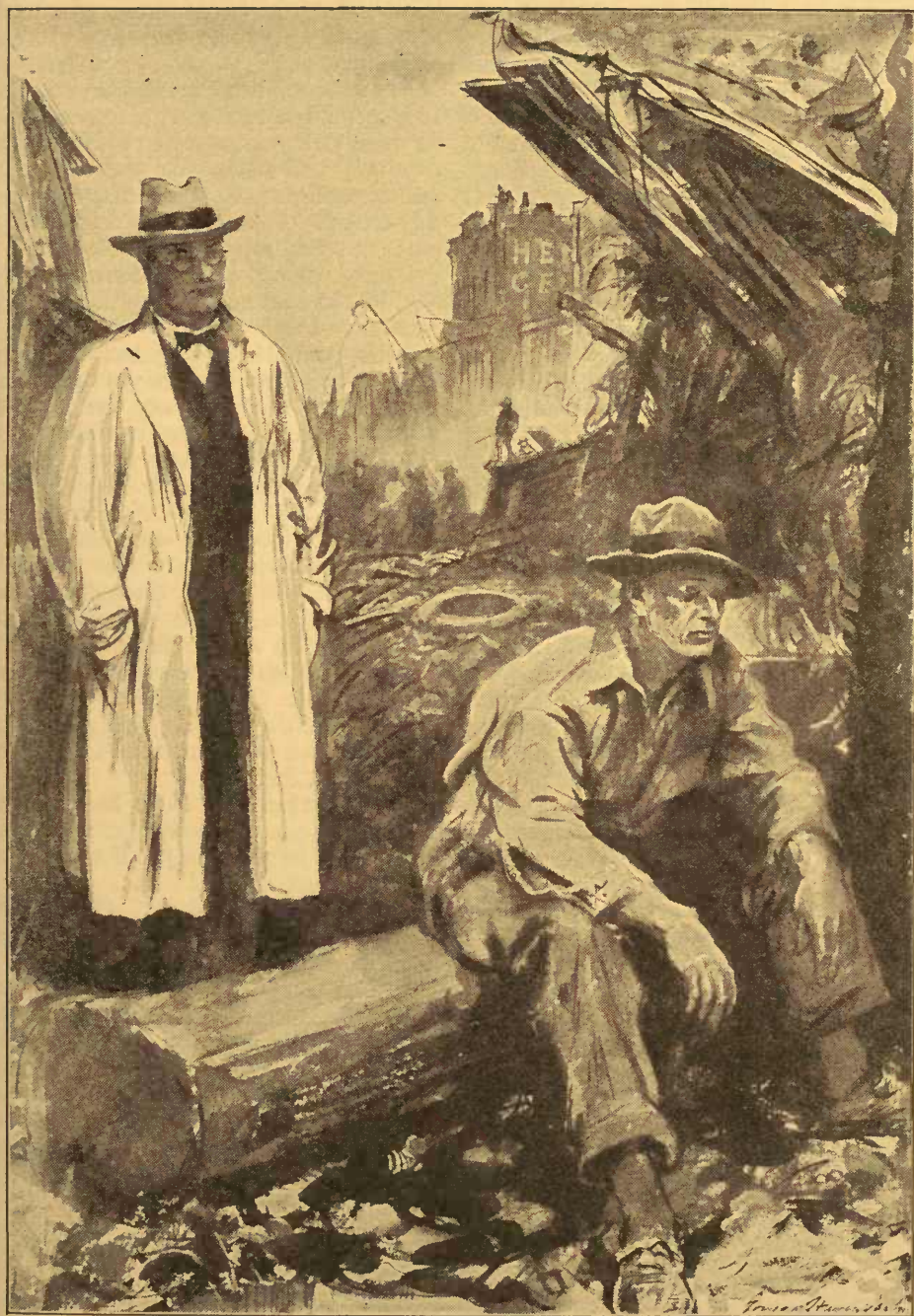
"Very well, if you insist. You were reported killed in action and a body identified as yours was brought back from France. We gave you a bang-up funeral. It is too bad you couldn't have been there and seen it for yourself. It was easily worth the car-fare just to see fat old Holden in the uniform of the Nutley Home Guards."

Jim Benson laughed the old ringing laugh of freshman days.

"To think of you putting away that Heinie like that," he said. "Here's what happened: I got hit in the leg with a machine-gun bullet as we were advancing through a forest. I was lying there waiting for stretcher-bearers, when along came a German about my size and stripped off my uniform, shoes, and identification tag. He took off his own uniform and put on mine and left me there in my undies, mighty glad he hadn't taken a notion to put a bullet from his automatic through me. A little later the Huns started shelling the wood like mad, and the last thing I remembered was a sound as if ten thousand Jack Johnsons were going off right under me.

"I woke up in a hospital pretty badly bunged up, and when they asked me my name, I did not pay any attention to them, for, to save my life, I could not recall it myself. After a time they gave up trying to find out who I was, and I never bothered to tell them on my own account when I remembered. A little later I was put on a hospital ship and sent to Fox Hills when we landed. I was in bed there for months until my leg got better and I managed to walk a bit with a stick. You would naturally suppose that in all this time I might have sent you a line, you being the nearest thing to a family I own, but it was utterly beyond me. The very sight of a paper made me shake all over, and every time I thought of coming back here to work I started to sweat, and I knew damned well if you ever found out about me I would get no peace until I was back in harness.

"Then, one day I took a sudden notion I would come over and see you. So I borrowed a quarter from the man in the next bed; for being without a name,



Drawn by Gordon Stevenson.

Henry advanced slowly until he stood directly behind the man on the log.—Page 157.

needless to say, I was without funds. I took the elevated up from South Ferry, but crossing City Hall Park my nerve failed me and I sat on a bench for hours staring up at the *Torch*. At last, when it came dusk, I walked into the old place, but I never got past the bronze tablet in the front office. I saw there was a star after my name and I realized at once that the German who stole my clothes and things had been killed. All this time my deadly fear of coming back to work was getting stronger and stronger. Now, I saw my chance. I would simply stay dead. I hurried out of the place in a panic lest some one should recognize me and you would find out about it and grab me. I also decided that I had had enough of that hospital and I made for West Street. Suddenly I realized that I did not have a cent left and I asked a perfectly scrumptious girl in black for money to get across the river. As she searched in her bag, I noticed a tiny gold star pinned to her waist and that her eyes were full of tears. She thrust a bill into my hand without a word and hurried away. I saw it was a ten and called to her and started hobbling after her, but she only went faster. Hen, I'm going to find that girl if it takes ten years and pay her back and thank her. I wake up in the night thinking about her and wondering whether she is in trouble and needs help. I bought a ticket for Barlow, where I spent a week once working on the Trench murder. After a week I came on here, and the station-agent, who lost a boy in France, gave me a job baggage smashing. You ought to see me juggling trunks. It's a good act and would easily be worth a try-out at the Palace.

"Then, yesterday, came the flood, and for a few hours I was a newspaper man again. I didn't want to write the story. I had to. I couldn't let the old *Torch* miss such a chance to put one over. I came through yesterday, but I can't repeat and I don't intend to go back and be a pensioner. And, Hen, you won't give me away, will you? You won't tell anybody that I'm up here—that I'm still alive."

"No, Jim, I won't tell," said Henry. "Your secret is safe with me, and if Bill O'Brien has found out anything about

you, I'll see to it that he keeps it quiet. Of course I'll miss not having you back at the old apartment with me. It has been lonely since you went away, but perhaps you are right about staying up here. It is certainly a nice quiet place, or it will be when they get the town rebuilt. Some day they will make you station-master and superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school. I only wish I had such a place to spend my old age in."

Benson winced at the reference to old age, but he said nothing and Henry continued:

"Jim, your old top-sergeant, Finnegan, came in to see me when he got back from France. He told me about the day you were wounded and how you tied your first-aid bandage around your leg and tried to go ahead and cried with rage when you kept falling down, until you lost so much blood you were too weak to stand. And I told him about the Yale game when you played through the last quarter with a broken collar-bone and fainted on the way to the showers. Of course people as they grow older become more sensible. They realize when they can't do a thing and just let it go at that, but it's taken you some time to get that way, hasn't it?"

Henry paused, as if he had not intended the question to be merely rhetorical, but all he got from Jim Benson was a very disdainful "huh!"

"On the way up here," Henry continued, "I was thinking about you in connection with the hardest assignment I have had to give any one since the war. Naturally, it's out of the question now so far as you're concerned, but in the old days I would have backed you to have pulled it through, though it wouldn't have been easy for you even then, and the story you wrote last night made me think you were still in the running. As it is, I'll have to send Bill O'Brien."

"Bill's a good man," Jim volunteered heartily. "Where is it you're sending him?" He failed by a hair's breadth to make the question entirely casual and then continued hastily: "Not that it really matters one way or another with me, but I'm just a bit curious to know what this world-beater assignment is."

"I guess I can trust you not to tip off

the other papers, even if you are no longer with us," Henry replied maliciously. "I have just heard that things are bad down in West Virginia between the operators and the miners, and hell's likely to break loose there any minute. I want some one to go down there and get the truth and the whole truth about the situation. I want the real story. The man who goes down there not only has his work cut out for him but he's more likely than not to be shot. If the miners don't get him, the deputies are sure to. And so far as I'm concerned, he's a cub starting out on his first assignment. No matter who he is, he's got to make good all over again, and if he doesn't come across I'll fire him by wire. That reminds me, I'd better look up Bill right now and break the news to him. Well, good luck to you, Jim," and Henry held out his hand in farewell.

"Wait a second, Hen, you don't need to bother about seeing Bill. You see, I'm going to West Virginia. I'm going to get that story or get shot," Benson said eagerly.

"Do you really mean it, Jim?" Henry asked doubtfully.

"You old jackass, you bet your socks I mean it. I'm not dead yet by a hell of a sight even if you did bury me. Come along and dig up that suit. I lost everything except what I have on yesterday in the flood. And don't flatter yourself I don't see through your little schemes, old man Machiavelli, but I'm glad I bit anyhow."

"I sort of thought you might, Jim," Henry said.

Near the station they met Bill O'Brien, but that bright and particular luminary of Park Row pretended not to see them.

"What the blue blazes ails you, Bill?" Jim Benson roared at him, and Bill jumped a good yard. Smiling sheepishly he crossed the road.

"I heard all about how you planted the Heinie in mistake for me in the family plot in Yonkers," said Jim.

"No doubt it seems mighty funny to you," Bill shot back at him. "But how about me? How about the fifty dollars that were coaxed out of my jeans to help bury you? Boss, it's up to you to hold it out of his salary, if he won't pay me back."

Unpublished Letters of Edward Fitzgerald

THE TRANSLATOR OF OMAR KHAYYAM
TO BERNARD BARTON, THE QUAKER POET

[FIRST PAPER]

INTRODUCTION

TWENTY years have elapsed since the last collection of Edward Fitzgerald's letters was published,* and there seemed little likelihood that any more would be forthcoming. Readers who take delight in pure English will therefore rejoice to know that, thanks to timely interference, some sixty unpublished letters addressed by him to Bernard Barton have been saved from destruction.

Fitzgerald's regular correspondents were not many. His sensitive and retiring nature stood in the way of his making a multitude of friends, but to the chosen few he was almost quixotically devoted. His closest friends may be divided into three classes: those made at school and college, his Suffolk friends, and friends of later life with whom he kept up intercourse by letter, but never met face to face. Other

* "More Letters of Edward Fitzgerald." (Macmillan, 1901.)

than these his most intimate correspondents were Thomas Carlyle and Fanny Kemble, the actress. Among his Suffolk friends was Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet.

Barton was descended from an ancient family of simple-hearted Cumberland statesmen. His grandfather left the pleasant vale of his forefathers and settled in Carlisle, and his son—Bernard's father—married a Quakeress and himself became a member of the Society of Friends. In this faith Bernard Barton was born and brought up, and he lived and died a Quaker. He married while young, and had but one child, Lucy, whose mother died in giving birth to her. His vocation was an humble one. For the greater part of his life he was managing clerk at Alexander's Bank at the small country town of Woodbridge in Suffolk. In his spare hours he wrote poetry, of which he published several volumes. His artless verse made particular appeal to that urbane class of persons of the period whose religious scruples forbade them the enjoyment of livelier, more ardent, poetry. Readers who are familiar with Charles Lamb's letters will remember his delightful remonstrance with Barton for his incurable habit of writing consolatory poems on the deaths of infants. "If there be a cavil," he wrote, "it is that the topics of religious consolation, however beautiful, are repeated till a sort of triteness attends them. It seems as if you were for ever losing friends' children by death, and reminding their parents of the Resurrection. Do children die so often, and so good in your parts?" Yet, both Lamb and FitzGerald found enjoyment in Barton's verse. "Your plain Quakerish beauty has captivated me," wrote Lamb; while to FitzGerald the appeal made lay in its "leisurely elegance and quiet unimpassioned pensiveness."

Inspid as Barton's poetry may be to the taste of such modern readers as have had the hardihood to peruse it, it is due to him thus to have recorded that these two literary purists both found something praiseworthy therein. Nor is there any doubt that during his lifetime, at least, the Quaker poet's verses were widely read. "The iniquity of Oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy": Barton—the poet—is forgotten, but there will ever remain a niche in the halls of posterity for Barton—the friend of Lamb and FitzGerald.

Situated about three miles distance from Woodbridge, where Barton lived, is the parish of Boulge. In this parish FitzGerald's parents owned a large mansion, surrounded by a pleasant park, known as Boulge Hall. Soon after he had left Cambridge, FitzGerald settled in this spot; at first with his parents at the Hall. He was then twenty-seven, but even at that early age the habit of seclusion and an intolerance of the conventions of society had taken possession of him, with the consequence that within a few months he left the Hall and took up his abode at a small thatched cottage on the edge of the park. Here he was wont to entertain his neighboring friends to supper: Crabbe, son of the poet and rector of an adjoining parish; Churchyard, the Woodbridge lawyer and amateur painter; Barton, the jovial and tolerant Quaker; and one or two others—the Woodbridge wits, as they were locally called.

It seems to have been agreed between FitzGerald and Barton that when the former was absent from Boulge they should keep in touch by writing to each other a weekly letter. They were both ardent collectors of pictures. In his "Memoir" of the Quaker poet, FitzGerald relates prettily in what manner Barton's modest collection was formed. "Nor could any itinerant picture-dealer," he says, "pass Mr. Barton's door without calling to tempt him to a new purchase. And then was B. B. to be seen, just come up from the bank, with broad-brim and spectacles on, examining some picture set before him on a chair in the most advantageous light; the dealer recommending, and Barton wavering, until partly by money and partly by exchange of some older favourites, with perhaps a snuff-box thrown in to turn the scale, a bargain was concluded—generally to B. B.'s great disadvantage and great content." During his visits in London FitzGerald whiled away many a leisure hour in the agreeable pastime of picture-hunting at pawnbrokers' shops and auction sales. His weekly letters are therefore often filled with amusing descriptions of these exploits. And so, what with this and that subject, the pleasant correspon-

dence, which was maintained intermittently for ten years, was brought to an end at last by Barton's sudden death in 1849 at the age of sixty-four.

Seven years later FitzGerald married the Quaker poet's only daughter, Lucy. By this time they were both nearly fifty years of age; he, a shy, reserved man of retiring disposition, careless of dress and intolerant of formalism; she, fond of society, correct, deliberate, and outspoken. They were both too old to accommodate themselves to each other's ways of life, and so, after six months of mutual misery, they prudently agreed to separate. It was during those six months that FitzGerald first bent himself seriously to the study of old Persian poetry, partly, no doubt, to distract his mind from the mortification of the knowledge that he had made a blunder by marrying. Had it not been that he needed an antidote to relieve his mental distress, it is questionable whether he would have discovered his affinity for that kindred spirit—his Omar, who, as he said in a letter written at that time, breathed a sort of consolation to him. But for this marriage, therefore, English literature might never have become the possessor of those haunting quatrains—his translation of the “*Rubáiyát*.”

F. R. BARTON.

Edward FitzGerald's Letters

To Bernard Barton

London. Saturday.
[November 25, 1839]

MY DEAR SIR,

I am not indeed coming down to Boulge direct just yet; but I hope that ten days more will see me clear of London—perhaps at Geldestone—and it will not be long before I come Woodbridge-wards then. As to Kerrich's drawing, it will bide its time, being in good keeping—

Your verses on Assington Hall I had not only seen and read—but even bought—for passing through Cheapside the other day I saw the print up at a Stationer's window, and for old acquaintance sake went in and bought the Pocket book—

I have got Alfred Tennyson up with me here, and to-day I give a dinner to him and two or three others—It is just ordered: soles, two boiled fowls, and an Apple Tart—cheese &c. After this plenty of smoking. I am quite smoke dried as it is—If you drop in you shall be welcome—

I asked young Spring Rice* about your Dream verses—he believes that his Father shewed them to the Queen. R. M. Milnes, Esq., M. P. sent her a sonnet, which she said she was very much obliged to him for, but she couldn't understand it—We went to Windsor a fortnight ago (did I tell you this before?) and saw her, and the Castle and the pictures—The Vandykes are noble indeed—And what

say you to Nelson's Bust on the mainmast of the Victory?—

I have bought few new Pictures since I last wrote, and hope I have done now with the Trade for this season. But who can resist, when one sees a thing hanging outside a Pawnbroker's shop, like fruit ready to fall into one's lap,—for a pound or two. The most prudent of my purchases is—an *Umbrella*—

Monday. I could not finish my letter on Saturday, and here I sit down to it again—still more smoke dried and two o'clock-in-the-morning-fuddled than before—I want A. T. to publish another volume: as all his friends do: especially Moxon, who has been calling on him for the last 2 years for a new edition of his old volume: but he is too lazy and wayward to put his hand to the business—He has got fine things in a large Butcher's Account Book that now lies in my room: but I don't know if any would take you much. A Sir Somebody Hanmer* is said to have published some pretty poetry lately: or as Spring Rice calls it inversely “potery”—We are all reading Carlyle's Miscellanies—some abusing: some praising: I among the latter. I am glad to hear that nearly all of the edition that came from America is sold. Carlyle has got a horse and rides about Chelsea, and he has improved his digestion wonderfully—An accumulation of undigested

* Charles Spring Rice, son of Lord Monteaigle.

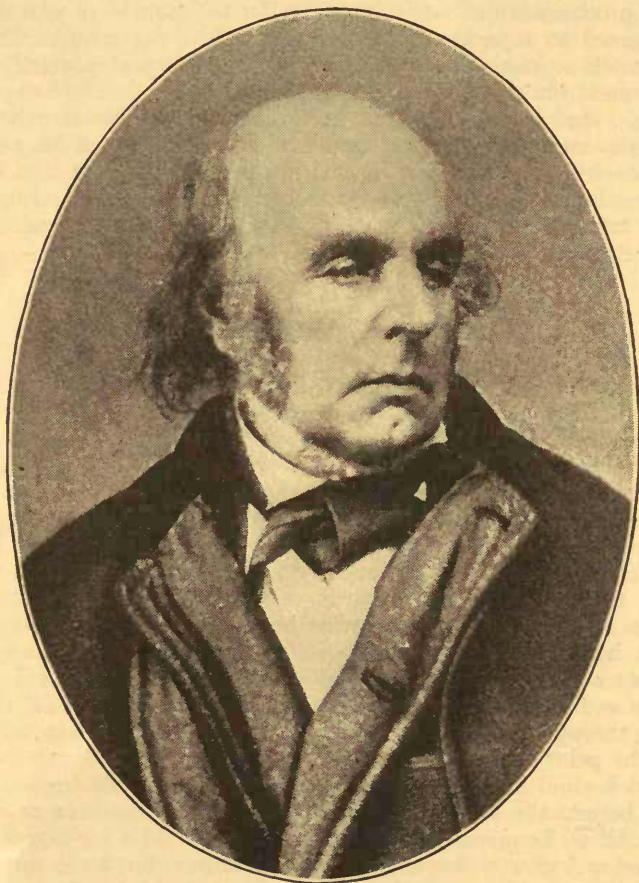
* Sir John Hanmer; published “*Fra Cipolla and Other Poems*” in 1839.

matter is worse than an unsold Edition—
Dear me, I haven't seen you since I have
been in Ireland—A man* has just come
from Italy, and he stood on one of the
Alps and saw at once the moon rising over

39 Norton St.
Portland Place
[May 1841]

MY DEAR BARTON,

You know what I think about your
book—you go on the principle of gather-



Yrs truly
Edward FitzGerald

Edward FitzGerald.

From a photograph, taken about the time he married Lucy Barton. (1856.)

the Adriatic while [the] sun sank into the
Mediterranean—That was a neat sight.

You do not mention Miss Barton: but
I conclude she is with you, and trust she
is well. Will you be so good as to re-
member me to her. And now farewell
again for the present.

Ever yrs

E. F. G.

* Probably Savile Morton.

ing together all you can of hitherto un-
published; I should select about one third
of all I had ever published—So, we shall
never agree. But I wish you peace and
success in all things—

I have bought a shilling print of old
Stothard, which proves the genuineness
of your portrait. I will bring it down
with me for you—Some splendid pictures

were sold at Christie's on Saturday. I bid for an admirable little sketch by Wilson, and had not courage to go beyond £6. So I did not get it, and am sorry now. Two small finished Gainsboro's

ter—I mean *capital* for the man; who is no very capital performer to my thinking.

I have been so busy in attendance at Portland Place* that I have seen but little of my friends. Now I mean to



Bernard Barton

Bernard Barton.

Reproduction of a large portrait in crayons and colored chalk by Samuel Laurence. Drawn in 1847.

went for over £30 a piece. They were not of his best kind.

Tell Churchyard that if he comes to London, I can shew him a Constable as good and as large as Salisbury Cathedral. He may buy it for £600—which is just £400 too much for it. And the best Morland I have ever seen for £25—not very large—but of capital colour and charac-

have a week's holiday with them. I have not lost a very fair month in the country; May is but a young month, and a sad coquette. April is scarce out of the nursery and one expects her to be giddy; but May ought to know better. Ever yrs

E. FITZGERALD

* His father's town house was in Portland Place.

London: Decr. 24/41

DEAR BARTON,

I am just going off to Brighton to visit my mother for a week. I should have liked much to have gone down into Suffolk to see all my friends there: but I must put that off for the present. I want to have an evening's chat with you in your snuggerly—I want to see Mr. Jenney, who, I understand, is not well. But all this must be put off for a while—I have bought no more pictures: indeed I have spent all my money: and I must wait till next quarter before I make a fresh plunge. But I have not seen anything very tempting lately: I flatter myself I have exhausted the pawnbrokers of the probability of anything good in their shops for at least a quarter of a year. Near here is a sweet little sea piece by Morland, £20—and a very clever landscape by some Fleming, £10. But I can live very well without either, now I have got my Titian to feed on. It is cut and come again with him, so far as colour is concerned.

And now for that hatefullest of all places, Brighton: whither if you wish to direct me a letter (do) direct it 129 King's Road. I have not seen the Pocket Book you speak of: but I remember now having heard Mills murmur something about having sent a pen and ink sketch I made of his house to be engraved. We'll have Boulge cottage in the next. Alfred Tennyson, my neighbour, is getting better: and I advise him to go down to his friends for Xmas:—To this he seems half inclined: so whether I shall find him here on my return is very doubtful. I shall miss him very much though we squabble and growl like dogs at each other.

I wish you and yours'

A Merrie Xmas

& am yrs as ever

E. F. G.

London. January/42.

Once more, my dear Barton, I sit down to write another chapter in the History of our Dilettantism. It is such pleasant trifling that I hope we shall not bid it quite Adieu with this year. I have been to two Auctions since I wrote to you: at the first of which I bought a huge naked woman—a copy of Raffaele—as large as life down to the knees—which you will

allow is quite enough of her. I bought her at dusk—one of the last lots—when all other bidders had buttoned up their money in their breeches pockets, and made up their minds that nothing more was to be done. The auctioneer himself was tired, and glad to have done: so she was knocked down to me for £3.10. I could scarcely see her: and when I went with Laurence* to look at her this morning, expected to find a daub: but it is a very good copy:—only such exhibitions are not fit for Quakers' eyes—I have sent her to Laurence's house to preserve my reputation. He is a married man. At this sale the pictures went cheap. I went to a sale this morning where all went as dear: and the whole concern was a hoax. I saw that fat fellow Rowe of Ipswich at both these auctions. At the last he bought a pretty little landscape at my recommendation. But he gave the full value for it—

Well now about the Poacher. He is bought. He is home. He is d—d ugly. Droll enough, the same man who was about to buy my Constable (No. 2) was also about to buy the Poacher, just when I made up my mind to take them. This was no stratagem of the dealer to sharpen my desire to buy; for he told me of it both times after I had bought. How shall the Poacher go to you?—Must he have a box made?—I can make no doubt that if you want £3 for him, you will easily get it in Suffolk, when you grow tired of him: indeed he is worth £5 to those who like the subject—Your idea of Peter Bell is a very apposite one indeed.

We have had trouble at home. Captain Allen, Lusie's betrothed lover, is dead with nearly all his crew on the shore of the fatal Niger. He wrote to her in good health and spirits the day before he was taken ill: and lay ill more than 30 days—He was a gallant fellow, true to the cause to the last: for when they proposed to turn back to the River's mouth and take him out of the evil air, he bid them hold on—You may imagine it was a sad thing to break this to poor Lusie, who was sanguine of his return: I shall not easily forget doing it. I knew of what had happened all day, and she was not to be told till night. It is an awful thing to be as

* Samuel Laurence, the well-known portrait-painter.

it were in the secret of Fate, and see another smiling unconscious of the bolt that you know must fall. She was much benumbed: and finally taking off a golden bracelet which her lover had sent her from Africa, and which she had worn night and day, from the moment she had received it, crushed it into my

Oh Barton, how inferior are all the black Wouvermans, Holbeins, Ruysdaels &c. to a fresh Constable, with the dew on it. Pictures have their ages as men—The darkening shadow of time does not so much injure the effect of figures, especially in religious or dramatic subjects: but all the freshness of colours is



One of FitzGerald's favorite pictures, which he bequeathed to the FitzWilliam Museum, Cambridge.

FitzGerald believed the picture to be a Titian, but it is now attributed to the school of Bassano.

Father's hand and fell upon his bosom, in a way that no affectation of passion could reach, however novel-like it may seem to read. She has shewn great fortitude and determination to bear up since.

You may wonder how with all this going on I have the heart to run about picture dealing. I cannot however help it: though I wish I had a stronger sense of these afflictions. What I can do for my poor dear Lusie I hope to do now and as long as I live. She is a noble-hearted girl: and should be married to a good fellow. Here is a monstrous letter. And so goodbye.

required to give the freshness of landscape—

E. F. G.

P. S. Don't bargain about the picture till you see it: I do not say it is anything very fine: but a good bit of Northcote for £2—That is all.

P. S. I really like your picture very much, on looking more at it. *Keep it*—It is a kind of *pendant* to Reynold's Banished Lord—*banished* meaning perhaps *transported*.*

*Both postscripts refer to the picture he called "The Poacher."

[London]
Sat. Feb 19/42

DEAR BARTON,

That this wonderful correspondence may not languish till it dies a natural sudden death, I send you such a Report on the Fine Arts as has been laid on your table every Sunday morning, I think, for several weeks. Your temptations have ended in a fall: you have bought the box:* well—I have had smaller temptations which I have resisted. In particular, a little bit of evening landscape by some body: very like what I remember of a village near Cambridge: a small bit of canvas, but well suggestive of the Spirit of the time: that is, of Twilight. £4.10 they want: but the picture has been rubbed in parts, especially in the sky: so that it is not in keeping. I don't know however if I can yet pronounce myself safe: I walk insensibly *that* way: flutter round the shop-window—there it is: meeting my gaze with a kind of ironical quiet—I have also seen a picture of Highland Shooting by Ward: and fortunately recollecting that my Uncle goes every year to shoot in Perthshire, I think I can't do better than lay out £7 for him—What I gain by buying pictures for my friends is the keeping those pictures for a time in my room, and then seeing them from time to time afterward. Besides, the pride of making a good purchase and shewing one's taste: all that contributes to health and long life. I hope you like the Gainsborough still: I shall be really glad to see that little picture again. I knew it would want varnishing soon: indeed it was varnished (by the dealer's mistake) too soon after I had cleaned it with oil—There are three genuine pictures of Gainsborough now to be seen in Conduit St. I understand: the property of some Suffolk man. Laurence saw them: says they are copies of Wynant's manner: do you know whose they are? I dare say Mr. C. does. Poor old Nursey†—I think I remember his sketch of Bealings Bridge in the good old picturesque days: when little rivers were suffered to run wild.

I have cut down my great Opie, and think I have done well: I am going to

paint it on Monday, as it has suffered during the late operation: it will then be cleaned, and left at a dealer's shop to earn what it can. Never was a stupider purchase. I am glad you have got rid of your sham Constable. Only wait till I come down and shew you a real one. You have some picture of a Holy Family, or some sacred subject—people in red and yellow—by Rubens or P. Veronese—which you must get rid of one day. It has no merit if I recollect rightly—

My dear Barton, I hope you keep all this nonsense of mine to yourself. You have a bad habit of reading letters out, have you not?—Pray, pray dont these. I have lost some of my confidence in you since I hear that you read those lines of mine to my Mother! My dear fellow! You have no idea of what FitzGerald's are. If you betray me further, you shall learn what they are by my abusing you like a pick pocket. So look out. Does not your little Nellie laugh at two elderly gentlemen (for am not I 33—which is certainly elderly in a damsel's eyes) corresponding in this way?—She hasn't those eyes for nothing—rather mischievous eyes, if I remember. Now goodbye again.

[unsigned]

[London]
[March 2. 1842]

And now, Barton, know that I really have made my last purchase in the picture line for the season—today at Phillips' I fell—my virtue fell under the Auctioneer's hammer—an early Venetian picture the seducer—a Holy Family—to think such Families should be painted to allure unwary youths into Sin!—There they sit collected in a quiet group just outside the walls of Nazareth, or Bethlehem—sweet St. Catherine with the palm in her hand, her yellow hair encircled with a row of pearls. The child is an ugly swollen child:—but I skip him—This picture pleases me hugely—But my encouragement to buy afresh has been this: that Mr. Browne* the elder (long life to him!) came to town yesterday: eat a meat tea at my rooms: and was pleased to express himself lauda-

* Barton collected snuff-boxes; he had no less than thirty at the time of his death, many of them valuable works of art.

† Perry Nursey—a Suffolk artist.

* Alderman Browne of Bedford; *vide* letter in the present series dated November, 1839.

torily of my Opie Fruit Girl:—I said nothing then: but I hope to make him buy her for what I gave—£4. She has cost me some shillings more in getting her curtailed: and then have I not painted her myself?—Besides this I understand a man at Bedford has offered to buy a picture I have there: good fellow: so he shall: and then I shant have to borrow monies this quarter, shall I?—And as for the future, I utterly scorn it—I bought the best picture in to-day's auction: and this over the dealers' heads: who had agreed the picture had been painted on:—"Look there—there's a patch" &c.—whereas the picture has been *rubbed*, not re-painted, and probably was but a sketch at first. I exult over the whole tribe.

Alfred Tennyson suddenly appeared in town to-day: I carried him off to the auction: and then with violence to Moxon: who is to call on him to-morrow, and settle the publishing of a new volume. And only think: 2 new volumes are just coming out: one by Daddy Wordsworth:* another by Campbell—the Daddy's Tragedy!—what a lamentable one it will be—and Campbell's book is to get money—then Trench is coming out!—such wonders is this Spring to call forth. Milnes talks of a popular edition of his poems!—poor devil, as if he could make one by any act of typography.

Goodbye. Given under our hand in the exultation of a new purchase this 2nd or 1st day of March in the year 1842

E. FITZGERALD

[London]

[March 17. 1842]

DEAR BARTON,

I went for two days to see my friend Spring Rice at Lewisham; the fresh air made me a new man, but my return to London has knocked me up again. When I can stow away all these pictures and books I shall be off to good old Suffolk. I have sold a pony which I had in Bedfordshire, and which I have relied on as something to fall back upon—If I happen to go down Holborn, I shall scarce be able to resist the Battle Piece now—However, as one sees more pictures, one becomes more fastidious: and I hope to be less tempted another year. I could

part with 3 or 4 that I have without caring: my Constable, my Venetian Holy Family, and my Twilight, are all I greatly wish to keep. I saw a portrait by Sir Joshua sold for £46 the other day—very good—but not worth that.

Your verses to Mrs. H* are very kindly: and you will much improve them by a little condensation of expression—Poor Tennyson has got home some of his proof sheets: and, now that his verses are in hard print, thinks them detestable—There is much I had always told him of—his great fault of being too full and complicated—which he now sees, or fancies he sees, and wishes he had never been persuaded to print. But with all his faults, he will publish such a volume† as has not been published since the time of Keats: and which, once published, will never be suffered to die. This is my prophecy: for I live before Posterity.

I dont know that you will care for most of his poems, which are in the heroic way: but there are some on quieter themes which you cannot fail to like. "Lady Exeter" is among them: and an English Eclogue called "Dora", which comes near the book of Ruth—To add to the list of Poets who are to be seen all together above the horizon this Spring, is Henry Artewelde Taylor—He has got a Saxon story:‡ which will be a d—d bore, I should think.

I have been given 5 bottles of wine: and tomorrow night 4 artists are coming to drink them quite up—And now good bye—If you want any masterpieces before I leave London, you must write soon.

Ever yrs,

E. F. G.

Geldestone,
Oct 21./43

MY DEAR BARTON,

I have just returned from Norwich, where I assisted (a French phrase) at a Ball and a Concert. Also bought a picture of course—a fine head, either by Georgione, or a Flemish copyist—But as I am not particular, I call it Georgione: and shall sell it to old Rogers at a vast profit—

Rossi, the dealer of whom I bought it, told me that Mr. Churchyard had been

* Mrs. Hemans: Barton took the hint.

† Poems (1842).

‡ "Edwin the Fair."

at Norwich lately, and bought two Cromes of him. I suppose you have been tempted with these before now. Rossi showed me another: which I did not consider a good specimen. The Lake scene* you have is (taking it all in all) the best Crome I ever saw—it is the most poetical. That cold fishy mere!—

I hear tis as hard to find a lodging at Ipswich as at Woodbridge. Where is a single gentleman to rest the sole of his foot! Norwich looked not unamiable this time—Anywhere so it be somewhere!—

Farewell. It will not be long before I move toward you. Isabella was married on Wednesday: and sailed to the Continent next day.

Ever yrs

E F G.

13 Coran St.
Tuesday

[? November 1843]

MY DEAR BARTON,

If Mr. Churchyard says that the sketch is either Reynolds or Gainsborough, I beg you to buy it for me for £5 directly—As to Wodderspoon's own opinion of its genuineness, I can have no reliance on it as I dont know his genuineness—Is the sketch of the size of life?—Pray let me hear this—I have yet bought no pictures which makes me more bold about the sketch. You have the money, and can pay for it at once—You see that I attributed your delay in writing to illness: desk work is better than that anyhow—

I got a slap on the back from Carlyle yesterday as I was walking up Regent St with a cigar in my mouth, (N. B.—a very misty day)—“there you are going along quite at your ease”—He was dressed in a coat called a Zephyr. Farewell.

E F G.

Brighton.
Decr 29/44

DEAR BARTON,

I sit here at home this very wet Sunday; and having looked over a volume of

* Mr. E. V. Lucas in his book “Bernard Barton and his Friends” thus describes the picture: “An old Crome, a masterpiece of this great painter, depicting a rain-cloud bursting over a peaceful mere at evening.”

Blackwood, will now endite you a note all about nothing. I had yesterday a letter from Crabbe, to whom I had written about some parish business. Tell him if you see him, or write to him, that he is too severe on our poor Beauty. He wishes “God may soon take him to himself!” The poor Beauty—

Well and did my turkey eat well—and were you merry? Who dined with you? or were you all alone?—I called on the Proctors and saw Mrs.—and left a bird for them—and on the day I came here, I was touched on the shoulder, and when I turned, there was my dear little Barry,* all muffled up from the cold, and his kind blue eyes, come to thank me. I was sorry I could not go to eat with him.

I return to London on Thursday, and shall be there for near a week; as I have a heap of engagements to fulfil. But in the middle of the week after this, I shall be borne down into Suffolk again, and tell you all the wonders I have met. How do you like Vestiges of Creation?—Are you all turned infidels—or Atheists, as Mrs. Turly was minded to become. I have not thought very much of the *Acarus Crossii* since I have been here; but I shall meditate upon it again when I get to Suffolk. Here one's thoughts are quite enough occupied with the phenomenon of living with the roaring unsophisticated ocean at one side, and four miles length of idle, useless ornamental population on the other—

I find in these older Blackwoods some fine papers by De Quincey, as I suppose. Surely no one else can roll out such sentences as I find here—a style which has not yet quite subsided from the Opium agitation—

And now I am going to eat some lunch and go to Church. It rains cats and dogs—We are all pretty well here. On Thursday I shall be at Charlotte St, Rathbone Place—mind that—

And now I am ever yrs

EDWD FITZGERALD

* Bryan Waller Proctor, who wrote under the name of Barry Cornwall.

An Adventurer in a Velvet Jacket

BY HENRY VAN DYKE



THUS gallantly he appears in my mind's eye when I pause in re-reading one of his books and summon up a fantasm of the author,—Robert Louis Stevenson, gentleman adventurer in life and letters, his brown eyes shining in a swarthy face, his lean, long-enduring body adorned with a black-velvet jacket.

This garment is no disguise but a symbol. It is short, so as not to impede him with entangling tails. It is unconventional, as a protest against the tyranny of fashion. But it is of velvet, mark you, to match a certain niceness of choice and preference of beauty,—yes, and probably a touch of bravura,—in all its wearer's vagaries. 'Tis like the silver spurs, broad sombrero and gay handkerchief of the thoroughbred cowboy,—not an element of the dandiacal, but a tribute to romance. Strange that the most genuine of men usually have a bit of this in their composition; your only incurable *poseur* being the fellow who affects never to pose and betrays himself by his attitude of scorn.

Of course, Stevenson did not always wear this symbolic garment. In fact the only time I met him in the flesh his clothes had a discouraging resemblance to those of the rest of us at the Authors Club in New York. And a few months ago, when I traced his "footprints on the sands of time" at Waikiki beach, near Honolulu, the picture drawn for me by those who knew him when he passed that way, was that of a lank, bare-footed, bright-eyed, sun-browned man who daunted along the shore in white-duck trousers and a shirt wide open at the neck. But the velvet jacket was in his wardrobe, you may be sure, ready for fitting weather and occasion. He wore it, very likely, when he went to beard the Honolulu colorman who was trying to "do" his stepson-in-law in the matter of a bill for paints. He put it on when he banqueted with his amiable

but bibulous friend, King Kalakaua. You can follow it through many, if not most, of the photographs which he had taken from his twentieth to his forty-fourth, and last, year. And in his style you can almost always feel it,—the touch of distinction, the ease of a native elegance, the assurance of a well-born wanderer,—in short, the velvet jacket.

Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson began the adventure of life in a decent little house in Howard Place, Edinburgh, on November 13, 1850. He completed it on the Samoan island of Upolu in the South Seas, December 3, 1894,—completed it, I think, for though he left his work unfinished he had arrived at the port of honor and the haven of happy rest.

His father, and his father's father, were engineers connected with the Board of Northern Lights. This sounds like being related to the Aurora Borealis; and indeed there was something of mystery and magic about Stevenson, as if an influence from that strange midnight dawn had entered his blood. But as a matter of fact the family occupation was nothing more uncanny than that of building and maintaining lighthouses and beacons along the Scottish coast, a profession in which they won considerable renown and to which the lad himself was originally assigned. He made a fair try at it, and even won a silver medal for an essay on improvements in lighthouses. But the calling did not suit him, and he said afterward that he gained little from it except "properties for some possible romance, or words to add to my vocabulary."

This lanky, queer, delicate, headstrong boy was a dreamer of dreams, and from youth desperately fond of writing. He felt himself a predestinated author, and like a true Scot toiled diligently to make his calling and election sure.

But there was one thing for which he cared more than for writing, and that was living. He plunged into it eagerly, with more zest than wisdom, trying all the games that cities offer, and learning some

rather disenchanting lessons at a high price. For, in truth, neither his physical, nor (as he later discovered) his moral, nature was suited to the sowing of wild oats. His constitution was one of the frailest ever exposed to the biting winds and soaking mists of the North British Boston. Early death seemed to be written in his horoscope. But an indomitable spirit laughs at dismal predictions. Robert Louis Stevenson, (as he now called himself, velvet-jacketing his own name,) was not the man to be easily snuffed out by weak lungs or wild weather. Mocking at "bloody Jack" he held fast to life with grim, cheerful, grotesque courage; his mother, his wife, his trusty friends, heartened him for the combat; and he succeeded in having a wider experience and doing more work than falls to the lot of many men in rudely exuberant health. To do this calls for a singular kind of bravery, not inferior to, nor unlike, that of the good soldier who walks with Death undismayed.

Undoubtedly Stevenson was born with a *Wanderlust*.

"My mistress was the open road
And the bright eyes of danger."

Ill health gave occasion and direction to many voyages and experiments, some of which bettered him, while others made him worse. As a bachelor he roamed mountains afoot and travelled rivers in his own boat, explored the purlieus and sublittorals of Paris, London, and Edinburgh, lodged "on the seacoast of Bohemia," crossed the ocean as an emigrant, and made himself vagrantly at home in California where he married the wife "the great Artificer made for him." They passed their honeymoon in a deserted miner's cabin, and then lived around, in Scotland, the Engadine, Southern France, Bournemouth, the Adirondacks, and on a schooner among the South Sea Islands, bringing up at last in the pleasant haven of Vailima. On all these distant roads Death pursued him, and, till the last ten years, Poverty was his companion. Yet he looked with keen and joyful eyes upon the changing face of the world and into its shadowy heart without trembling. He kept his spirit unbroken, his faith unquenched even when the lights burned low. He counted life

"just a stuff

To try the soul's strength on and educe the man."

He may have stumbled and sometimes fallen, things may have looked black to him; but he never gave up, and in spite of frailties and burdens, he travelled a long way,—upward. Through all his travels and tribulations he kept on writing, writing,—the very type of a migratory author. He made his first appearance in a canoe. The log of this journey, *An Inland Voyage on French Rivers*, published in 1878, was a modest, whimsical, charming début in literature. In 1879 he appeared again, and this time with a quaint companion. *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes* is one of the most delightful, uninstructional descriptions of a journey ever written in English. It contains no practical information but plenty of pleasure and profit. I do not envy the reader who can finish it without loving that obstinate little mouse-colored Modestine, and feeling that she is one of the best-drawn female characters, of her race, in fiction.

From this good, quiet beginning his books followed rapidly, and (after *Treasure Island*, that incomparable boys' book for men,) with growing popularity among the judicious, the "gentle readers," who choose books not because they are recommended by professors or advertised in department stores, but because they are really well written and worth reading.

It is difficult to classify Stevenson's books, perhaps just because they are migrants, borderers. Yet I think a rough grouping, at least of his significant works, may be made. There are five volumes of travels; six or seven volumes of short stories; nine longer novels or romances; three books of verse; three books of essays; one biography; and one study of South Sea politics. This long list lights up two vital points in the man: his industry and his versatility.

"A virtue and a vice," say you? Well, that may be as you choose to take it, reader. But if you say it in a sour or a puritanical spirit, Stevenson will gaily contradict you, making light of what you praise and vaunting what you blame.

Industry? Nonsense! Did he not write *An Apology for Idlers*? Yet unquestionably he was a toiler; his record proves it. Fleeing from one land to an-

other to shake off his implacable enemy; camping briefly in strange places; often laid on his back by sickness and sometimes told to "move on" by Policeman Penury; collecting his books by post and correcting his proofs in bed; he made out to produce twenty-nine volumes in sixteen years,—say 8,000 pages of 300 words, each,—a thing manifestly impossible without a month of work. But of this he thought less than of the fact that he did it, as a rule, cheerfully and with a high heart. Herein he came near to his own ideal of success: "To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation,—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." Of his work I think he would have said that he stuck to it, first, because he needed the money that it brought in, and second, because he enjoyed it exceedingly. With this he would have smiled away the Puritan who wished to pat him on the back for industry.

That he was versatile, turned from one subject to another, tried many forms of his art, and succeeded in some better than in others, he would have admitted boldly—even before those critics who speak slightly of versatility as if it marked some inferiority in a writer, whereas they dislike it chiefly because it gives them extra trouble in putting him into his precise pigeonhole of classification. Stevenson would have referred these gentlemen to his masters Scott and Thackeray for a justification. His versatility was not that of a weathercock whirled about by every wind of literary fashion, but that of a well-mounted gun which can be turned toward any mark. He did not think that because he had struck a rich vein of prose story-telling he must follow that lead until he had worked it or himself out. He was a prospector as well as a miner. He wished to roam around, to explore things, books, and men, to see life vividly as it is, and then to write what he thought of it in any form that seemed to him fit,—essay, or story, or verse. And this he did, thank

God, without misgiving, and on the whole greatly to our benefit and enjoyment.

I am writing now of the things which make his books companionable. That is why I have begun with a thumb-nail sketch of the man in the velvet jacket who lives in them and in his four volumes of letters,—the best English letters, it seems to me, since Lamb and Thackeray. That also is why I have not cared to interrupt this simple essay by telling which of his works strike me as comparative failures, and giving more or less convincing reasons why certain volumes in my "collective edition" are less worn than others.

'Tis of these others that I wish to speak,—the volumes whose bindings are like a comfortable suit of old clothes and on whose pages there are pencil-marks like lovers' initials cut upon the bark of friendly trees. What charm keeps them alive and fresh, in an age when most books five years old are considered out of date and everything from the unspacious times of Queen Victoria is cordially damned? What manner of virility is in them to evoke, and to survive, such a flood of "Stevensoniana"? What qualities make them still welcome to so wide a range of readers, young and old, simple and learned,—yes, even among that fair and capricious sex whose claim to be courted his earlier writings seem so lightly (or prudently) to neglect?

I

OVER and above the attraction of his pervading personality, I think the most obvious charm of Stevenson's books lies in the clear, vivid, accurate and strong English in which they are written. Reading them is like watching a good golfer drive or putt the ball with clean strokes in which energy is never wanting and never wasted. He does not fizzle, or lose his temper in a hazard, or brandish his brassy like a war-club. There is a grace of freedom in his play which comes from practice and self-control.

Stevenson describes (as far as such a thing is possible) the way in which he got his style. "All through my boyhood and youth," says he, "I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler, and yet I was always busy on my own pri-

vate end, which was to learn to write." He traces with gusto, and doubtless with as much accuracy as can be expected in a map drawn from memory, the trails of early admiration which he followed toward this goal. His list of "authors whom I have imitated" is most entertaining: Hazlitt, Lamb, Wordsworth, Sir Thomas Browne, Defoe, Hawthorne, Montaigne, Baudelaire, Obermann. In another essay, on "Books Which Have Influenced Me," he names *The Bible*, *Hamlet*, *As You Like It*, *King Lear*, *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Leaves of Grass*, Herbert Spencer's books, *Lewes's Life of Goethe*, the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, the poems of Wordsworth, George Meredith's *The Egoist*, the essays of Thoreau and Hazlitt, Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*,—a strange catalogue, but not incoherent if you remember that he is speaking now more of their effect upon his way of thinking than of their guidance in his manner of writing,—though in this also I reckon he learned something from them, especially from the English Bible.

Besides the books which he read, he carried about with him little blank-books in which he jotted down the noteworthy in what he saw, heard, or imagined. He learned also from penless authors, composers without a manuscript, masters of the *viva-voce* style, like Robert, the Scotch gardener, and John Todd, the shepherd. When he saw a beggar on horseback, he cared not where the horse came from, he watched the rascal ride. If an expression struck him "for some conspicuous force, some happy distinction," he promptly annexed it;—because he understood it, it was his.

In two separate essays, each of which he calls "A Gossip," he pays tribute to "the bracing influence of old Dumas," and to the sweeping power and broad charm of Walter Scott, "a great romantic—an idle child," the type of easy writers. But Stevenson is of a totally different type, though of a kindred spirit. He is the best example in modern English of a careful writer. He modelled and remodelled, touched and retouched his work, toiled tremendously. The chapter on Honolulu in *The Wrecker*, was rewritten ten times. His essays for *Scribner's Magazine* passed through half a dozen revisions.

His end in view was to bring his language closer to life, not to use the common language of life. That, he maintained, was too diffuse, too indiscriminate. He wished to condense, to distil, to bring out the real vitality of language. He was like *Sentimental Tommy* in Barrie's book, willing to cogitate three hours to find the solitary word which would make the thing he had in mind stand out distinct and unmistakable. What matter if his delay to finish his paper lost him the prize in the competition? Tommy's prize was the word; when he had that his work was crowned.

A willingness to be content with the wrong color, to put up with the word which does not fit, is the mark of inferior work. For example, the author of *Trilby*, wishing to describe a certain quick, retentive look, speaks of the painter's "prehensile eye." The adjective startles, but does not illuminate. The prehensile quality belongs to tails rather than to eyes.

There is a modern school of writers fondly given to the cross-breeding of adjectives and nouns. Their idea of a vivid style is satisfied by taking a subject which belongs to one region of life and describing it in terms drawn from another. Thus if they write of music, they use the language of painting; if of painting, they employ the terminology of music. They give us pink songs of love, purple roars of anger, and gray dirges of despair. Or they describe the andante passages of a landscape, and the minor key of a heroine's face.

This is the extravagance of a would-be pointed style which mistakes the incongruous for the brilliant. Stevenson may have had something to do with the effort to escape from the polished commonplace of an English which admitted no master earlier than Addison or later than Macaulay. He may have been a leader in the hunting of the unexpected, striking, pungent word. But for the excesses and absurdities of this school of writing in its decadence, he had no liking. He knew that if you are going to use striking words you must be all the more careful to make them hit the mark.

He sets forth his theory of style in the essay called *A Humble Remonstrance*. It amounts to this: First, you shall have an idea, a controlling thought; then you shall

set your words and sentences marching after it as soldiers follow their captain; and if any turns back, looks the other way, fails to keep step, you shall put him out of the ranks as a malingering, a deserter at heart. "The proper method of literature," says he, "is by selection, which is a kind of negative exaggeration." But the positive exaggeration,—the forced epithet, the violent phrase, the hysterical paragraph,—he does not allow. Hence we feel at once a restraint and an intensity, a poignancy and a delicacy in his style, which make it vivid without ever becoming insane even when he describes insanity, as he does in *The Merry Men*, *Olalla*, and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. His words are focussed on the object as with a burning-glass. They light it up; they kindle it; but they do not distort it.

Now a style like this may have its occasional fatigues: it may convey a sense of over-carefulness, of a choice somewhat too meticulous,—to use a word which in itself illustrates my meaning. But after all it has a certain charm, especially in these days of slipshod, straddling English. You like to see a man put his foot down in the right place, neither stumbling nor swaggering. The assurance with which he treads may be the result of forethought and concentration, but to you, reading, it gives a feeling of ease and confidence. You follow him with pleasure because he knows where he is going and has taken pains to study the best way of getting there.

Take a couple of illustrations from the early sketches which Stevenson wrote to accompany a book of etchings of Edinburgh,—hack work, you may call them; but even hack work can be done with a nice conscience.

Here is the Edinburgh climate: "The weather is raw and boisterous in winter, shifty and ungenial in summer, and a downright meteorological purgatory in spring. The delicate die early, and I, as a survivor among bleak winds and plumping rains, have been sometimes tempted to envy them their fate."

Here is the Scottish love of home: (One of the tall "lands," inhabited by a hundred families, has crumbled and gone down.) "How many people all over the world, in London, Canada, New Zealand, could say with truth, 'The house I was born in fell last night!'"

Now turn to a volume of short stories. Here is a Hebridean night, in *The Merry Men*: "Outside was a wonderful clear night of stars, with here and there a cloud still hanging, last stragglers of the tempest. It was near the top of the flood, and the Merry Men were roaring in the windless quiet."

Here is a sirocco in Spain: "It came out of malarious lowlands, and over several snowy sierras. The nerves of those on whom it blew were strung and jangled; their eyes smarted with the dust; their legs ached under the burden of their body; and the touch of one hand upon another grew to be odious."

Now take an illustration from one of his very early essays, *Notes on the Movements of Young Children*, printed in 1874. Here are two very little girls learning to dance: "In these two, particularly, the rhythm was sometimes broken by an excess of energy, as though the pleasure of the music in their light bodies could endure no longer the restraint of the regulated dance."

These examples are purposely chosen from tranquil pages; there is nothing far-fetched or extraordinary about them; yet I shall be sorry for you, reader, if you do not feel something rare and precious in a style like this, in which the object, however simple, is made alive with a touch, and stands before you as if you saw it for the first time.

II

TUSITALA,—"Teller of Tales,—was the name which the South Sea Islanders gave to Stevenson; and he liked it well. Beginning as an essayist, he turned more and more, as his life went on, to the art of prose fiction as that in which he most desired to excel. It was in this field, indeed, that he made his greatest advance. His later essays do not surpass his earlier ones as much as his later stories excel his first attempts.

Here I conceive my reader objecting: Did not *Treasure Island* strike twelve early in the day? Is it not the best book of its kind in English?

Yes, my fellow Stevensonian, it is all that you say, and more,—of its kind it has no superior, so far as I know, in any language. But the man who wrote it wrote also books of a better kind,—deeper,

broad, more significant, and in writing these he showed, in spite of some relapses, a steadily growing power which promised to place him in the very highest rank of English novelists.

The Master of Ballantrae, maugre its defects of construction, has the inevitable atmosphere of fate, and the unforgettable figures of the two brothers, born rivals. The second part of *David Balfour* is not only a better romance, but also a better piece of character drawing, than the first part. *St. Ives*, which was left unfinished, may have been little more than a regular "sword-and-cloak" story, more choicely written, perhaps, than is usual among the followers of "old Dumas." But Stevenson's other unfinished book, *Weir of Hermiston*, is the torso of a mighty and memorable work of art. It has the lines and the texture of something great.

Why, then, was it not finished? Ask Death.

Lorna Doone was written at forty-four years; *The Scarlet Letter* at forty-six; *The Egoist* at fifty-one; *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* at fifty-one. Stevenson died at forty-four. But considerations of what he might have done, (and disputes about the insoluble question,) should not hinder us from appraising his actual work as a teller of tales which do not lose their interest nor their charm.

He had a theory of the art of narration which he stated from time to time with considerable definiteness and inconsiderable variations. It is not obligatory to believe that his stories were written on this theory. It is more likely that he did the work first as he wanted to do it, and then, like a true Scot, reasoned out an explanation of why he had done it in just that way. But even so, his theory remains good as a comment on the things that he liked best in his own stories. Let us take it briefly.

His first point is that fiction does not, and can not, compete with real life. Life has a vastly more varied interest because it is more complex. Fiction must not try to reproduce this complexity literally, for that is manifestly impossible. What the novelist has to do is to turn deliberately the other way, and seek to hold you by simplifying and clarifying the material which life presents. He wins not by trying to tell you everything, but by telling

you that which means most in the revelation of character and in the unfolding of the story. Of necessity he can deal only with a part of life, and that chiefly on the dramatic side, the dream side; for a life in which the ordinary, indispensable details of mere existence are omitted is, after all, more or less dream-like. Therefore, the story-teller must renounce the notion of making his story a literal transcript of even a single day of actual life, and concentrate his attention upon those things which seem to him the most real in life,—the things that count.

Now a man who takes this view of fiction, if he excels at all, will be sure to do so in the short story, a form in which the art of omission is at a high premium. Here, it seems to me, Stevenson is a master unsurpassed. *Will o' the Mill* is a perfect idyl; *Markheim*, a psychological tale in Hawthorne's manner, but as much deeper as Hawthorne is more profound than Poe; *Olalla*, a love-story of tragic beauty; and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, in spite of its obvious moving-picture artifice, a parable of intense power.

Stevenson said to Graham Balfour: "There are three ways of writing a story. You may take a plot and fit characters to it, or you may take a character and choose incidents and situations to develop it, or lastly you may take a certain atmosphere and get actions and persons to express and realize it. I'll give you an example—*The Merry Men*. There I began with the feeling of one of those islands on the west coast of Scotland, and I gradually developed the feeling with which that coast affected me." This, probably, is somewhat the way in which Hawthorne wrote *The House of the Seven Gables*; yet I do not think that is one of his best romances, any more than I think *The Merry Men* one of Stevenson's best short stories. It is not memorable as a tale. Only the bits of description live. *The Treasure of Franchard*, light and airy as it is, has more of that kind of reality which Stevenson sought. Therefore it seems as if his third "way of writing a story" were not the best suited to his genius.

The first way,—that in which the plot links and unfolds the characters,—is the path on which he shows at his best. Here the gentleman adventurer was at ease from the moment he set forth on it. In

Treasure Island he raised the dime novel to the level of a classic.

It has been charged against Stevenson's stories that there are no women in them. To this charge one might enter what the lawyers call a plea of "confession and avoidance." Even were it true, it would not necessarily be fatal. It may well be doubted whether that primitive factor which psychologists call "sex-interest" plays quite such a predominant, perpetual, and all-absorbing part in real life as that which neurotic writers assign to it in their books. But such a technical, (and it must be confessed, somewhat perilous,) defense is not needed. There are plenty of women in Stevenson's books,—quite as many, and quite as delightful and important as you will find in the ordinary run of life. Marjory in *Will o' the Mill* is more lovable than Will himself. Olalla is the true heroine of the story which bears her name. Catriona and Miss Grant, in the second part of *David Balfour*, are girls of whom it would be an honor to be enamoured; and I make no doubt that David, (like Stevenson) was hard put to it to choose between them. Uma, in *The Beach of Falesa*, is a lovely insulated Eve. The two Kirsties, in *Weir of Hermiston*, are creatures of intense and vivid womanhood. It would have been quite impossible for a writer who had such a mother as Stevenson's, such a friend of youth as Mrs. Sitwell, such a wife as Margaret Vandegrift, to ignore or slight the part which woman plays in human life. If he touches it with a certain respect and *pudor*, that also is in keeping with his character,—the velvet jacket again.

The second point in his theory of fiction is that in a well-told tale the threads of narrative should converge, now and then, in a scene which expresses, visibly and unforgettably, the very soul of the story. He instances Robinson Crusoe finding the footprint on the beach, and the Pilgrim running from the City of Destruction with his fingers in his ears.

There are many of these flash-of-lightning scenes in Stevenson's stories. The duel in *The Master of Ballantrae* where the brothers face each other in the breathless winter midnight by the light of unwavering candles, and Mr. Henry cries to his tormentor, "I will give you every advan-

tage, for I think you are about to die." The flight across the heather, in *Kidnapped*, when Davie lies down, forspent, and Alan Breck says, "Very well then, I'll carry ye"; whereupon Davie looks at the little man and springs up ashamed, crying "Lead on, I'll follow!" The moment in *Olalla* when the Englishman comes to the beautiful Spanish mistress of the house with his bleeding hand to be bound up, and she, catching it swiftly to her lips, *bites it to the bone*. The dead form of Israel Hands lying huddled together on the clean, bright sand at the bottom of the lagoon of *Treasure Island*. Such pictures imprint themselves on memory like seals.

The third point in Stevenson's theory is, that details should be reduced to a minimum in number and raised to a maximum in significance. He wrote to Henry James, (and the address of the letter is amusing,) "How to escape from the besotting *particularity* of fiction? 'Roland approached the house; it had green doors and window blinds; and there was a scraper on the upper step.' To hell with Roland and the scraper!" Many a pious reader would say "thank you" for this accurate expression of his sentiments.

But when Stevenson sets a detail in a story you see at once that it can not be spared. Will o' the Mill, throwing back his head and shouting aloud to the stars, seems to see "a momentary shock among them, and a diffusion of frosty light pass from one to another along the sky." When Markheim has killed the antiquarian and stands in the old curiosity shop, musing on the eternity of a moment's deed,—“first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice,—one deep as the bell from a cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz,—the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon.” Turning over the bit of paper on which “the black spot,” the death-notice of the pirates, has been scrawled with charcoal, Jim Hawkins finds it has been cut from the last page of a Bible, and on the other side he reads part of a verse from the last chapter of the Revelation: *Without are dogs and murderers*.

There is no “besotting particularity” in such details as these. On the contrary

they illustrate the classic conception of a work of art, in which every particular must be vitally connected with the general, and the perfection of the smallest part depends upon its relation to the perfect whole. Now this is precisely the quality, and the charm, of Stevenson's stories, short or long. He omits the non-essential, but his eye never misses the significant. He does not waste your time and his own in describing the colored lights in the window of a chemist's shop where nothing is to happen, or the quaint costume of a disagreeable woman who has no real part in the story. That kind of realism, of local color, does not interest him. But he is careful to let you know that Alan Breck wore a sword that was much too long for him; that Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish, gave an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation, and bore himself "with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness"; that John Silver could use his wooden leg as a terrible weapon; that the kitchen of the cottage on Aros was crammed with rare incongruous treasures from far away; and that on a certain cold sunny morning "the blackbirds sung exceeding sweet and loud about the House of Durisdeer, and there was a noise of the sea in all the chambers." Why these *trivia*? Why such an exact touch on these details? Because they count.

Yet Stevenson's tales and romances do not give—at least to me—the effect of over-elaboration, of strain, of conscious effort; there is nothing affected and therefore nothing tedious in them. They move; they carry you along with them; they are easy to read; one does not wish to lay them down and take a rest. There is artifice in them, of course, but it is a thoroughly natural artifice,—as natural as a clean voice and a clear enunciation are to a well-bred gentleman. He does not think about them; he uses them in his habit as he lives. Tusitala enjoys his work as a teller of tales; he is at home in it. His manner is his own; it suits him; he wears it without fear or misgiving,—the velvet jacket again.

III

OF Stevenson as a moralist I hesitate to write because whatever is said on this

point is almost certain to be misunderstood. On one side are the Puritans who frown at a preacher in a velvet jacket; on the other side the Pagans who scoff at an artist who cares for morals. Yet surely there is a way between the two extremes where an artist-man may follow his conscience with joy to deal justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God. And having caught sight of that path, though he may trace it but dimly and follow it stumbling, surely such a man may say to his fellows, "This is the good way; let us walk in it." Not one of the great writers who have used the English language, so far as I know, has finished his career without wishing to moralize, to teach something worth learning, to stand in the pulpit of experience and give an honest message to the world. Stevenson was no exception to this rule. He avowed the impulse frankly when he said to William Archer, "I would rise from the dead to preach."

In his stories we look in vain for "morals" in the narrow sense,—proverbs printed in italics and tagged on to the tale like imitation oranges tied to a Christmas tree. The teaching of his fiction is like that of life, diffused through the course of events and embodied in the development of characters. But as the story unfolds we are never in doubt as to the feelings of the narrator,—his pity for the unfortunate; his scorn for the mean, the selfish, the hypocritical; his admiration for the brave, the kind, the loyal and cheerful servants of duty. Never at his lightest and gayest does he make us think of life as a silly farce; nor at his sternest and saddest does he leave us disheartened, "having no hope and without God in the world." Behind the play there is a meaning, and beyond the conflict there is a victory, and underneath the uncertainties of doubt there is a foothold for faith.

I like what Stevenson wrote to an old preacher, his father's friend. "Yes, my father was a 'distinctly religious man,' but not a pious. . . . His sentiments were tragic; he was a tragic thinker. Now granted that life is tragic to the marrow, it seems the proper service of religion to make us accept and serve in that tragedy, as officers in that other and comparable one of war. Service is the word, active service in the military sense; and

the religious man—I beg pardon, the pious man—is he who has a military joy in duty,—not he who weeps over the wounded.”

This is the point of view from which Stevenson writes as a novelist; you can feel it even in a romance as romantic as *Prince Otto*; and in his essays, where he speaks directly and in the first person, this way of taking life as an adventure for the valorous and faithful comes out yet more distinctly. The grace and vigor of his diction, the pointed quality of his

style, the wit of his comment on men and books, add to the persuasiveness of his teaching. I can see no reason why morality should be drab and dull. It was not so in Stevenson’s character, nor is it so in his books. That is one reason why they are companionable.

“There is nothing in it [the world],” wrote he to a friend, “but the moral side—but the great battle and the breathing times with their refreshments. I see no more and no less. And if you look again, it is not ugly, and it is filled with promise.”

The Book of the Debts

BY DONALD CORLEY

ILLUSTRATION BY MEAD SCHAEFFER



It was Sally Eastmooring who gave me the first news.

I had met her on Fifth Avenue one afternoon.

“I have something very strange to tell you,” she said immediately. “It’s about Richard—he’s come back!”

“Richard Castigan?”

“Evidently, since he is giving a dinner a week from to-night.”

“But—?” I began.

“Yes, that’s what *I* said,” Sally interrupted, “but—Richard is dead! Here, read it for yourself.”

MR. RICHARD CASTIGAN
INVITES YOU
TO CELEBRATE THE
PAYMENT OF HIS DEBTS
AT A DINNER
HOTEL GONCOURT
TUESDAY EVENING
SEVEN-THIRTY
MARCH 26, 19—

Thus read the card that she took out of her bag.

“Wouldn’t you suppose that he’d know that if he owed anybody anything, they’d be only too glad to forgive it him,

just to have him back?” said Sally, when I looked up.

“Well, I always said he *wasn’t* dead,” protested Marjorie Tierce, at a tea on the following Sunday. “Even when those two men described his death in New Orleans. Yes. Well, I thought that ‘that woman’ had simply driven him away.”

“Wonder why she persecuted him so?” ruminated Bertha Stack.

“Anybody whom Richard loved could persecute him,” said Sally. “It’s because he is too sensitive, too much of a perfectionist. Too little of a conformist—too forgiving and too gentle—and devoid of the spirit of retaliation that protects most people. He never fought about his point of view.”

“From the little that Richard ever said about her,” offered Marjorie, “well . . . she broke his jade cups, destroyed his papers, and . . .”

“I should say she had done worse than that,” said Sally. “I always suspected her of killing his self-respect by belittling his work. She made his gifts—since he couldn’t make money by them—seem negligible to him. And Richard was *really* an architect, you know. Then, there was in him a queer despair. He was always running away from it. I think that his novel that he never finished, his

sonnets, his 'little ships,' were all simply desperate recourses, to escape himself. He tried to create beauty out of despair . . . perhaps that is not the way to do it, altogether. And three years ago, when he disappeared, I guess he had come to feel terribly ashamed about his debts . . . and he couldn't get any work to do. He said to me, then, whimsically: 'Well—I guess I'm "on the town," Salicia!'"

"And yet, he was always ready with the marvellous smile that he had. *That* endeared him to people, don't you think?—that and his unworldliness, and his quick recovery from misadventures—given ever so slight an encouragement," suggested Lucian Valiant.

"He always seemed to me," said Bertha, who had known Richard most of his life, "like a lost page out of a symphony score—all the parts there, but, without the rest—just a haunting motif."

"But why couldn't he just come back, without thinking of his debts—who cares?" Sally returned to her affectionate grievance.

"Well, I think he means other debts besides money. He said to me once: 'I owe people interest on their expectations, Virginia. They've "made me up," out of the promises I gave them; now, I've got to be the man they've made up, you see? I owe them a lot!'" The girl who spoke had been Richard's *confidante*, more than any one else.

"Anyway," said Bertha, as we went down the stairs, "whatever *dénouement* Richard has up his sleeve will be a good one! Trust his dramatic sense. He could always make a better *amende honorable* than any one else, and"—she added lightly—"he broke a good many engagements when he disappeared—including one to dine with me!"

We were shown into a private dining-room of the Hotel Goncourt on Tuesday evening. A long table fashioned like a gondola, with fourteen gilded chairs along its sides, a toothed silver prow with a small lantern facing the door, and a silken marquee at the opposite end, over a tall carved chair that we all knew as Richard's, awaited us.

The deck of the gondola, covered with golden brocade, held a yellow plaster

model of a city, with three public squares, and cloisters about them. From the centre of the city sprang a delicate tower, with small bells hung in its topmost arches. Three fragile fountains stood in the public squares, and minute jets of water tinkled elfinly as they fell upon rings of glass bells.

Between the city walls and the dinner-plates of black porcelain were formal gardens, with paths, labyrinthine hedges, green olives in tubs representing clipped shrubs, and jewelled fruit-trees with cherries on them, by way of apples.

We found our places by the cards that informed each one who his neighbors were, with a whimsical summary of their foibles and interests.

Mine read: "At your right hand is Miss Elizabeth Erring, the archæologist who discovered the newest Sapphic fragments. She is versed in Chinese poetry, and has translated many Egyptian inscriptions. *A gauche*: Lucy Galleon, a youthful spinster—of fairy-tales—who really likes cats, and believes in Leprecauns."

And Sally flung her card over the city to me.

"Lucian Valiant was a man
Who found his stature far too small;
Fine books he wrote, and a moving play—
(Not moving picture—at least, not yet!)
And now he's grown seven cubits tall. . . ."

"Giovanni Freevale came through Florence . . . on his way from Greece. . . . He takes us to far centuries, and reincarnates them for us."

Bertha Stack was presented to her neighbor as "An unscrupulous woman who has learned to be kind," and Sally was indicated as "That woman, of whom the gods may have despaired, considering how little they could endow her with, further, when they sent her to represent them in a foreign complexity . . . but they despair not, who have known her diplomatic skill. . . ."

The dinner was launched, with a queer pathos.

The door opened, and a grave and distinguished man entered, with a bow that included every one.

There was something familiar about

the stranger, who went to the head of the table and drew out Richard's own chair, and yet every one seemed puzzled about him. No one could place him.

He looked like a man who had suffered deeply, but there was acceptance in the lines of his face and in his deeply burned eyes.

The silence that fell upon his entrance, punctuated by the tinkle of the fountains and the stealthy whisper of strings that came from beyond some curtains at the end of the room, was profound and expectant.

We waited.

The strange man contemplated us all in turn, then he lifted his glass.

"I welcome you all in the name of Mr. Richard Castigan," he said quietly.

It was a silent toast.

The woman at his left, who murmured, "And where is Dick?" was answered by a look so full of reluctance, so evasive, and yet a trifle quizzical, that we were made to feel that it was not yet time for Richard to appear.

"How haunting that man is!" said Miss Erring in a low tone. "He is like a man whom one has known in several books—like Balzac's Rubempré—or more like the man who appears in so many of Meredith's novels under different names, and yet curiously alike. . . . Fevrel . . . Evan Harrington . . . Beauchamp . . . all romantic, sensitive, different extensions of the author's character, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes," I assented, "and he's like a man whom one has seen a dozen times at the same table in a restaurant, or passed in the street every day—and never realized how well one knew him until now."

The dinner proceeded through exquisitely chosen dishes. Wines were poured into the rows of glasses . . . wines that brought back forgotten rituals, forgotten felicities of appropriateness.

But it was a sombre feast.

Only, as it went on, every one spoke openly of Richard. The strange man laid no constraint upon us.

From two people beyond Lucy Galleon I caught: "—I shouldn't wonder if she *did* come—"

"Did you ever see her?"

"Once. . . ."

"I guess she was the real reason that he disappeared."

"Yes . . . she broke him up . . . killed his spirit . . . he loved her, you know . . . and that very openness in him, that scorned to dissemble, put him at her mercy. . . ."

Coffee appeared, in cups of gold lacquer.

The strange man drew from his pocket a slim black book, very much battered. Two waiters brought a quaint little chest of red leather and placed it at his right hand, and a lighted candle on a bronze tray was set before him.

All eyes were fastened on the book, and, after a noticeable pause, he opened it.

"Pursuant to the long-deferred intentions of Mr. Richard Castigan, this, the Book of his Debts, is at last to be read, his obligations cancelled, and the book burned," he read.

"Item: Ten dollars sent anonymously to Richard Castigan, while in distress; the donor never discovered. This debt is now to be paid by the sending of one hundred dollars to a man known to be in straits himself."

And the first leaf was torn out and burned.

"Item," went on the strange man—

"How like the will of François Villon," murmured Miss Erring.

"—three Jacobean chairs to Sally Eastmooring, in payment for three saving words spoken by her on a black afternoon. As a gift—as lagniappe—a pair of silver earrings."

And as Sally opened the box and put the rings in her ears, a tear rolled down her cheek.

"Item," the voice went on, "ninety-six dollars in payment for the dinners so generously shared with Richard Castigan, during three months of a terrible summer, by his friends Lucian and Dorothy Valiant. During this evening four persons are searching in Union Square and Madison Square, Bryant Park, and one at large, for those inevitably hungry people who sit upon benches waiting for whatever may happen, in order that they may be fed. As gifts: a thousand cigarettes and the completed model of a caravel to these two friends.

"Item: To an old Irishwoman, once his neighbor, who gave him a drink out of her only bottle of Scotch, to 'buck him up,' when his heart seemed broken, a month in the country, which she has never seen since she was a child.

"Item: To Virginia DuBois, in payment of a nameless (and perhaps unsuspected) debt, two Hiro-shigis, some time admired by her."

A flat package was brought to Virginia. She did not open it, but she smiled in a queer little way.

Richard's debts were varied, indeed.

They included two dollars and a scarf-pin to a Russian tobacconist on Sixth Avenue; a sum of nine dollars and sixty cents to an Italian grocer who had provided him with food; a string of amber beads to Bertha Stack, for having told him a story to beguile him one day; a sum of money lent to him at the time of his mother's death, when he had had to go away hurriedly.

There were debts of gratitude and of money, and debts of purely metaphysical value—a word spoken, a letter sent on impulse; debts of recognition—this man had believed in him, that woman had saved him from self-accusation.

They were all set down in the black book. They were all paid, the money in kind, sometimes with interest—in each case with a gift of some sort.

"Where did I know Richard?" Miss Erring asked, in response to my query. "Why, first on the Acropolis at Athens, one Easter morning. The lambs were being driven into the city below, to be sold on the hoof. Each one had a bell around its neck, and the trilling of those hundreds of little bells, with the deeper notes coming up from all the churches, on that still morning, created a spell that possessed us both. There was no one else on the Acropolis but the two of us, and we were moved to speak to each other, there in the porch of the Caryatides. I think he said: 'Paganism brings sacrifices to Christendom still.'"

We listened as to a play to the queer diary that the "items" represented, out of the life of a sensitive man, who had never forgotten the smallest kindness.

The strange man burned the book, leaf by leaf, until the heap of blackened ashes

on the bronze tray looked like a funeral pyre.

It was, one felt, the funeral of Richard's debts, that had haunted his inner life, where there had been, as we all knew, only the desire to give, and not to get.

"He never kept anything for himself," Lucy was saying, "and that, in human relations, is the unexpected, the inexplicable, to the people who hold the philosophy of this world, which is to *get*, without giving. And I think that Richard always gave, not recklessly, but—well, he opened every door of his house of life, because he could not conceive of a relationship with any reserve in it, and that attitude is apt to be despised."

And Richard's curious little couplet, that was across the frieze of his bookplate (the façade of a Greek temple), rang in my head:

"These be the Castigans, wherever they go
In their faces forever the Mistral shall blow."

The debt that was inscribed to me was, quaintly, a pipe that he had broken one day, and the new one, a Peterson, had a bit of paper twisted in the bowl. "Your new pipe has been 'cured,' in accordance with the precept of an old fumial priest, by fitting the end of a banana into the bowl, which, after three days, absorbs the oil of the banana, and the sweetness of its pulp, and makes a foundation for a 'cake.'"

One of the last debts was a fragile tomb-bottle, in payment for having been forgiven for a thoughtless action.

"Item: In fulfilment of the promise that some of you felt that he had as an architect," the strange man concluded, as a pale golden liqueur was being poured into the last of the glasses, "the model that is before you is that of a city already begun upon the nucleus of an old Spanish monastery . . . a city to be called Ascalon, in the coffee regions of the state of São Paulo, Southern Brazil. The bells that are to hang in the tower are to be the ships' bells of the first voyagers to Brazil, mingled in a chime with the old monastery bells. The designing of this city was intrusted to Richard Castigan as architect. It was he who made this model."

And as he burned the last leaf of the book, the little fountains on the table ceased to play, and the glass bells about them eddied into silence as the water subsided. The hidden strings beyond the curtains ended their plaint in a sob. And then, in the dead silence, the tiny bells in the tower chimed the hour of eleven.

It was, one felt, time for the *dénouement* of the feast.

The door-knob clicked and through the door came, like an apparition, the figure of a woman.

She stood at the prow of the gondola—at the blade of the feast—staring straight at the strange man, who stared back at her, steadily and impassively.

The woman reached up to the teeth of the silver prow, fingering it aimlessly, as if to see if it were sharp.

"It's the unbidden guest," whispered Miss Erring.

The woman's manner was defiant, nervous, constrained, and unwilling. She seemed to see no one but our host. She seemed like a well-tutored marionette, tall, angular, stiff. Her hair was yellow; her lips thin and straight and colorless.

We all looked at her and waited, in utter silence.

A waiter brought a chair for her—a black chair.

He relieved her of the long black cape that shrouded her, and she sat down awkwardly.

No one rose.

It was as if, in the dramatic moment of a play, some extraneous and unrelated thing had happened—as if a cat had walked on, and the actors did not know quite what to do about it.

The waiter brought a glass to the woman. But when he tilted the dark liqueur bottle over it, the bottle was empty. It seemed to have contained just enough for fifteen.

The strange man drew from the inside pocket of his coat a square brass box. The waiter carried it on a tray to the woman.

It seemed like a tobacco-box.

We looked on, spellbound.

The guests nearest the woman drew away from her a little.

She took the box, and then she seemed

to realize that we were all looking at her. She seemed to see that we were there for the first time.

Foreboding gathered in her eyes. Her fingers trembled.

Then she pressed the spring and opened the box.

Out of it, after a moment, fluttered a black butterfly. It circled about her head, stupidly, feebly, and then settled upon the woman's bare shoulder.

She tried to brush it away, panic-stricken, with spasmodic and desperate gestures. Then she slipped out of her chair to the floor, without a sound.

Two waiters carried her out of the room, and the door was closed.

The strange man was smiling in a secret and solemn fashion.

No one had moved.

The thing we had witnessed had been so unexpected, so far outside our ken, that we were all transfixed in our places, as a street crowd is for a moment when there is an accident.

The man nearest the empty tobacco-box leaned over and gently closed the lid of it, as one who closed the eyes of the dead.

With the click of the lid the stringed music began again, beyond the curtains, and the three little fountains leaped into life anew.

The strange man tore out what must have been the thin fly-leaf of the Book of the Debts, burned it, and folded his hands after he had closed the book.

The impalpable effigy of blackened paper soared above the table and disappeared.

"Like a black butterfly!" murmured Miss Erring.

"The last debt of Richard Castigan is now paid," said the strange man quietly.

"*Why—it's Dick—it's Dick himself!*" a woman's voice cried out, hysterical and shrill and glad.

We looked from Virginia DuBois's transfigured face to that of our host, and we saw that it was true, that the thing that had baffled us in him all evening had been erased, and Richard was now revealed, in every lineament, as we had known him. Only, with this revelation came the feel-

ing that he was clear-cut for the first time, that in his face was all the perfection of the things that had been clouded, in other years, by oppression, and misery, and obligation, and self-despisement.

Richard had come through the haze, and his soul was there, for every one to read, and I realized that his face had always been haunted, and that now the haunting was gone; that he was free, of whatever had kept him from being himself, and that now his pride and his humility had been merged into one thing.

I looked about. There was recognition in the faces of his friends.

Lucian Valiant was murmuring huskily, "Well, I'll be damned—" and Virginia, her head on the table, was sobbing quietly.

"This is a man whom we suspected, but never knew before," said Lucy. "This is our friend, whose gesture with a cigarette was a poem, but whose life was like a torn-up street!"

So ended the dinner of the celebration of the payment of Richard's debts.

And two days later Sally told me that he was gone, back to São Paulo, to finish the city of Ascalon.

Virginia, when encountered, had little to say, but smiled serenely

It was more than a year afterward that I was contemplating an ointment-box in the Babylonian section of the British Museum, when an ironic voice near me said lazily: "Curious, isn't it—their very boxes have winged covers. Restless people!"

I turned to find Borla Tourgan, an entomologist whom I had last seen in Rome, four years previous.

"*Very* curious, the wings on that box," he resumed, when we were ensconced in a bar off Piccadilly, a little later, with two whiskey-and-sodas between us. "Reminds me of something that happened down in Brazil. I was coming through a valley one Sunday . . . I saw a dream city ahead, on a plateau . . . a mirage. When I got to it, I found a chap sitting on a wall whittling a piece of wood. . . . We got into talk about the place, and he began to tell me all about it. . . . He was the architect, it seemed . . . building the town around an old monastery.

"Told me a lot of things . . . lived in New York once . . . ran away. I began to realize that that chap had been life-sick, told me enough to explain that he had had a pretty bad break.

"Said he wanted to go home now, since the town was well under way. Wanted to go home and wind up his affairs . . . had to pay his debts, he said. . . .

"Well, I let him talk . . . seemed to want to get a lot of things off his chest . . . wish I could remember more of what he said . . . anyway, he had a queer idea of debt—felt he owed all his friends something or other. He said they were like the two rows of basalt gods in an Egyptian temple, signifying all the things his life was governed by . . . 'you have to pass them before you go through the narrow door into the sanctuary,' he said. 'And then, you see, I didn't get past them—I didn't go through the narrow door . . . I owed *my* temple gods too much. Owed 'em for their tolerations, for the immeasurable kindnesses they had performed . . . for their belief in me, and all that. Got too hurt by life to accomplish anything. Got to show them I *can* finish something,' he insisted. 'Had to achieve self-control . . . had to find myself . . . had to begin all over as if I had never been. You see, I had reached the depth of lost identity. I had gotten up one morning, in New York, and looked into a mirror, and couldn't recognize myself. So I knew that I must pay my debts—all of them, before *anybody* could recognize me again. Do you see?' he kept asking.

"That chap interested me enormously," said Tourgan.

"Yes, I do see," I told him, "but how is it, in all this feeling of indebtedness, that you have only gratitude? In the whole category you haven't mentioned any revenge. . . . I find it hard to believe that you have no obligations of that sort . . . we all have them. We may forget about it, but there the feeling is, lingering in one's mind like the smell of peat in an old tweed coat."

"He was silent for a while.

"I used to have an item like that in the Book of my Debts," he said finally. "But I crossed it out. Didn't seem worth



Drawn by Mead Schaeffer.

Out of it, after a moment, fluttered a black butterfly.—Page 183.

while. Had it done to me. I know how it feels. Anyway, if retribution *is* due to anybody for anything—they go and find it, don't they? The sceptic falls into the dry well, trying to prove that there are no stars—but looking straight at them to prove it, of course. No, I'm not going back with any debt of vengeance—at least, not consciously.'

"He wanted to give a dinner, and he had gifts for all his friends, things he'd gotten together down there.

"I said to him: 'Look here, I found a cocoon about an hour ago, an unfamiliar one, though I think it may be a Niger Eterniensis Callot. It's a parthenogenetic, anyway, and that's your feeling about retribution, isn't it?' I gave it to him.

"You see," said Tourgan embarrassedly (as if ashamed to have been a bit sentimental), "I felt that that chap's city might become anything—and so might the cocoon. I wasn't sure. And then, I felt that *he* might become anything, so I said, as he put the cocoon in his tobacco-box (it was empty): 'If you get back to New York in a few weeks from now, it will be about time for this cocoon to hatch out, if you carry the box in your pocket. I have a feeling that you may need a little extra gift at your dinner.' We laughed, and he seemed to be pleased to have the thing, and then I said good-by to him.

"Queer chap," Tourgan ruminated when the pretty barmaid had replenished our whiskey-and-sodas. "But I understood him, in a way. He wanted those temple gods of his, back home, to see him incarnated into what they had thought he could be. I always wondered what hap-

pened at that dinner, and what happened to my cocoon.

"I've thought of that chap a lot since. . . . He must have gone back, with all his gifts, and his Book of Debts . . . but I can't help wondering. . . .

"Funny . . . I was reminded of all this by that Babylonian ointment-box with wings on its cover . . . restless people . . . restless chap. I've always wondered if paying his metaphysical debts, and all that, *did* solve things for him.

"That feast of his must have been queer. . . ."

"It was," I said. "I was one of the guests at that dinner."

"So," said Tourgan. "Did he pay all of his debts?"

"Yes, and one that he didn't expect to pay. An uninvited guest came at the end of the feast."

"A woman?"

"Yes."

Tourgan smoked for a while.

"I thought so . . . what happened?" he asked finally.

"A black butterfly came out of your cocoon and flew up to her shoulder——"

"Which shoulder was it?" he asked curiously.

"The left one."

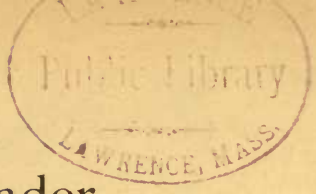
"Why, *that* was the shoulder that was always branded in old times!" exclaimed Tourgan. "What became of her?"

"Oh . . . heart failure, I believe the papers said, next day."

"I see . . . I see . . ." said Tourgan. "No, it wasn't heart failure, it was self-accusation that killed her—that and hysteria. Queer. . . . Retribution. . . ."

"Very," said I.





The Path-Treader

BY VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE HARVEY



SUPPOSE, after all, it is people like Emily Briggs who keep the world going. People, I mean, who live by the rules and do things the way their folks have always done them. So many senseless things and stupid and cruel and funny things have to be done every day, just to make life move along. And it is Emily and her kind that hold the rest from going off at a tangent and upsetting it all. Path-treaders they are, and not trail-breakers, but they keep down the weeds and make the landscape tidy. Not that Emily wasn't rather more so. She was little and frail, with a sort of gray-and-pink prettiness; but she was set in her ways, and she had never in her life done a thing that was even unusual.

Never, that is, until she insisted on Ted's funeral, and that only seemed unusual because people didn't understand how Emily's mind worked. When other Amity mothers lost their sons, there were always funerals in the Presbyterian church, with a tolling bell and white camellia gates-ajar sent from Isaac Hessel's greenhouse, and the mourners sat in the second pew while Mr. Minnett preached a sermon meant to comfort them. Then it was done, and life went on in its regular way. Not that they were comforted, but living was resumed; the window-blinds were up, visitors rang the front-door bell, and the mothers walked along Main Street on their way to the post-office and Simpson's store.

With Ted's body adrift somewhere in the slow wash of the China seas, with nothing to punctuate her days and nights of weeping, how could little Emily Briggs get into life again? She had to have the funeral. It was her only way back to normality. I don't suppose I would have

seen that any more than the rest did, but Jane Piper understood the minute Emily told her; and if Jane and Emily both wanted to have a funeral, nobody was going to stop them, no matter how queer it seemed to most Amity folks.

I was clicking away at my typewriter and Jane was posting her books when the news came. She always stood, straight and trig, and never seemed to be tired or flurried. We were both busy, for though Amity is a small town, yet Simpson's is the only good store, and then there are three branch stores back in the mountain towns—they were Indian trading-posts in the early days—and the office work for all of them is done at Amity. Jane had been at Simpson's since her mother died, the May Jane finished high school, eight years before, first as assistant bookkeeper and then as head, with no assistant. Henry Simpson thought a lot of Jane, and used to boast about how much she could accomplish. It never occurred to him that any one could overwork in that store.

Piggy Nellist, who clerked in the hardware, had been out late to lunch. He stuck his head in at the "Pay Bills Here" window and said, all breathless with his hurry so soon after he had eaten and with the news he had to tell:

"Ted Briggs's mother just got a cable from China he was washed overboard in a hurricane and drowned."

It is queer how fast one can think. I was thinking how disgustingly fat Piggy was, and how hard it was for him to keep from smiling, not because he was glad, but because he was excited; and how it served Ted right for flying in the face of Providence by giving up his good job in Simpson's at Clear Lake to run off to China like a silly boy; and how I could not bear to think of ocean slime over his laughing face; and all the time I was wondering what was the matter with Jane. She took the ledger she was work-

ing on and shut it and beat on it softly with her brown fist. All the color drained out of her face till even her lips looked like milk. I heard Piggy snuffle and knew he was watching her too.

"Stella," she said, "I must go to his mother. I must go now." Her voice was hard and tight and very quiet. Before I could think of a thing to say, she had gone out the door.

"Well," marvelled Piggy, "what made Jane act like that, I wonder."

"I wonder," I snubbed him, "if you haven't been away from the hardware about an hour and a half." But it did seem odd to me. There wasn't any reason for it. Of course, Ted and Jane had been in high school together, and when he came back from college they might have played around a bit before he went to war as our boys and girls do. John and I lived in San Francisco after we were married, and I didn't know much about what went on at Amity. But I was a widow, back in my old job at Simpson's for months before Ted was demobilized. Though Jane was five years younger than I, still we had always been friends. It made it easier to come back to have her there. All that year she and the two high-school teachers and I tramped through the redwoods and hunted mushrooms on the hills, and drove a battered Ford back to the mountains on fishing trips. Jane wrote Ted army letters. Emily asked her to, I know. She even asked me. She was so afraid Ted might get entangled with some French girl. But no one ever thought Jane and Ted might care specially about each other. Jane was a woman's woman, and Ted—well, he was a woman's man.

When Ted came back I did see Jane with him a few times, but what girl in that crowd wasn't with him? I don't believe she ever missed a Sunday trip with us. Almost right away Ted was promoted from the store to be manager of the branch at Clear Lake, and he hardly ever came to Amity. Emily talked of moving there when she could find a renter without any children or pets. Jane did say always how good Ted's store reports were when they came in, but that was natural enough when we'd all gone to school together.

But though I had never before seen anybody look as Jane did while Piggy and I watched her, I knew how it felt to feel the way she looked. It's not likely I will ever forget that first minute after I tore open my official telegram. If I had not been so busy all afternoon that my brain had only half worked, I never could have persuaded myself that Jane was merely sorry for poor Emily Briggs. Yet that was what I was thinking when I went around the path through Emily's dahlias at six o'clock. Jane always was passionate in her pity, so I had that excuse.

A red-eyed, shaky Emily met me at the kitchen door. The neighbors had all gone because it was supper-time. I hugged her since I didn't know what else to do. Pretty soon she wiped her tears away and tried to steady her chin.

"Come on in to poor Janey," she said.

"To Jane?"

"Yes. Stella, she and Ted were engaged. I wish they had told me before, but it is such a comfort to have her now."

There wasn't much to say to Jane, and I'm not the talking kind. I was hurt that she hadn't told me before, but I hope I wasn't selfish enough to let that show. None of it seemed in the least like Jane, but you don't have to understand your friends to love them.

My second surprise was next morning. Henry Simpson came in the office to tell me Jane wouldn't be at the store.

"It's inconvenient, of course," he said, "but under the circumstances——"

"She and Ted were engaged," I interrupted. He evidently resented the defence which I hadn't meant to be in my voice.

"She told me that before he went away," he said dryly. "I wonder—if she and his mother want any dry-goods from the store, we'll make a cost price to them. I called there yesterday, but I could hardly mention it. Will you let them know, tactfully, of course." Now, why had she told Henry Simpson, of all people?

When I went around at noon Jane asked me about the funeral. That was Thursday and Emily wanted it Saturday afternoon. By then Mr. Balcomb could set up a granite slab in Ted's memory beside his father's grave. Well, I wasn't going to argue with Jane, and I could see



Drawn by Alice Harvey.

"Ted Briggs's mother just got a cable from China he was washed overboard in a hurricane and drowned."—Page 187.

what she meant about how necessary it was for Emily. So I promised everything she asked me to promise about helping. Only, when I was picking out a black sailor for her and watching Ella measure the length of a crêpe veil, I hated doing it. Mourning wasn't like Jane. Emily would wrap herself in black and be broken by grief, but Jane took blows standing. I did not want her wide gray eyes and her sun-browned cheeks hidden behind a black veil.

I arranged the flowers at the church. The undertaker usually does that, but while a funeral without a corpse was just possible, they couldn't have an undertaker, could they? Even Emily saw that. Everybody sent flowers. We do, always. The *Amity Banner* on Friday had a black-rimmed insert, and bouquets came from Clear Lake and Paul's Crossing and Sequoia and all along the line. The church smelled sweet and sticky. I wanted to get away to Pebble Beach in the Ford and tramp up and down in the sand. Though Jane had not said so, I felt sure she would like that too, and it would be better for her than sitting in the second pew by Emily Briggs while Mr. Minnett droned about the ways of a mysterious Providence and the choir sang Emily's favorite sad hymns. No one knew whether Ted had had a favorite hymn, though I guess there were plenty of people who could have said which was his favorite one-step.

Mrs. Briggs and Jane came in while the bell was counting those twenty-six dreadful strokes. Jane held her head high as they walked down the aisle, but when they passed me I could see through her veil that her cheeks were fiery red. I was afraid she had a fever, for the color burned down her neck and over her throat. Emily, little and frail, leaned on Jane's arm, and Emily's cousin Sam followed them. As they were seated the bell stopped, and just as the choir stirred I heard the chugging of a motor.

There was a movement back at the door, and I knew something was happening that I must not turn around to see. Some one was sobbing back there, but that was not all. I couldn't turn. And then I did. Down the aisle, crying into her black-bordered handkerchief and leaning on her mother's arm, came May-

belle Pratt from Clear Lake, draped like a widow in yards upon yards of black crêpe! They went to the second pew and squeezed in beside Sam. The choir, which seemed almost to have been waiting, began "Rock of Ages," and Maybelle collapsed on her mother's shoulder.

In Amity, if you are tolerant in your judgments of people, you feel vastly broad-minded and superior to your neighbors, except for the times when you are uncomfortably wondering whether maybe you are not merely more slack in your moral standards than they are. I had belonged to the camp that said "poor Maybelle" instead of "that Maybelle Pratt," but I went over to the other side that evening. I only wished the group on my front porch had more tales to tell, more follies to remember. Such a thing to have had happen! It was bad enough for Emily, but think of Jane! For my part, if Ted Briggs had been engaged to them both, if he had been faithless to a woman like Jane, a square, honest-to-goodness woman, I was glad his body was awash somewhere in the long, slow swells of the China seas. Are the China seas like that? I had the picture in my mind and couldn't get it out.

When Jane came back to Simpson's on Monday, I knew straight off she didn't mean to discuss it with any one. And I wasn't forcing any confidences from her. She had a perfect right not to tell me her affairs, of course, even if she did tell Henry Simpson. Only it was just too strange—honest, outspoken Jane, of all people, with a secret love affair!

I suppose she thought one girl in mourning for Ted was enough, for she didn't wear black, but she had Ted's fraternity ring on her finger. I was so glad to see it that I was ashamed. Of course I knew Jane. I grew up with her; I had worked with her and played with her. We had built camp-fires together in the rain, and had figured inventories till after midnight. I knew what Jane was like. But that ring was an answer to everything Maybelle and her mother might say. They did do a lot of wild talking, but no one of any consequence ever listened to them. Maybelle had gone to see Emily the evening after the funeral. Emily didn't tell any one exactly what happened, but Maybelle never went back.



Drawn by Alice Harvey.

Down the aisle, crying into her black-bordered handkerchief, came Maybelle Pratt, draped like a widow in yards upon yards of black crêpe!—Page 190.

We all understood that Emily thought that Maybelle expected to get a lot of sympathy and attention by her dramatic entrance. She never dreamed Ted had a real sweetheart, and so she had not expected to need any proofs for her story. That was all the sense she and her mother had. She did not have even a scrap of a note to prove that Ted had made love to her. He had been at her house, of course. There were half a dozen other young chaps who thought it fun to hang around the Pratt house in Clear Lake and flirt with Maybelle and her silly mother. Mrs. Pratt was one of those women who say they are more like a sister than a mother to their little girls.

Maybelle couldn't even keep up her pose of mourning for Ted. In less than a month she had a black-and-white sport outfit for the Farmers' Picnic, and she went to the Labor Day ball in a watermelon-pink dress. We all smiled, and looked down our noses, when we told each other that. I got over hating Ted. It had all been a bluff of Maybelle's. Ted always had a streak of good sense under his foolishness. No sensible man would have wanted to marry Maybelle, especially not when he could have Jane. That didn't explain why he ran away to China—or did it? Emily said he went because he could make money so much faster there, and that Jane knew he was going. She seemed not to mind that she didn't know, if Jane did. Well, it was hard for the boys to settle down after the war, and I guess if Ted wanted to go the only way was not to tell Emily beforehand. He couldn't have forgotten the scene before he went to France. But still, why didn't he write to her when he got to China? If Jane knew about it—it was just queer. Maybe he had written to Emily, but I thought not.

Jane and I were very close that fall. The high-school teachers didn't come back and we did not take up with any one else. We piled extra robes in the back seat of the Ford and drove over to the beach on the white, foggy nights, and made little driftwood fires to sit by while we listened to the surf. I knew it was good for Jane. She did not talk about Ted, but I had not talked much about John either. The ocean is so old and so big and has seen so many human sorrows.

I don't know why that comforts one, but it does.

I could have done with more of Jane than I had, though. So much of the time she was at Emily's, and then Emily took to worrying if we went when it was raining, or even when the roads were wet and she thought the car might skid. Jane never seemed to think Emily was preposterous. She loved humoring her. That was just Jane. She always loved the people who leaned on her. Once she told me that Emily was too little to be hurt.

About Thanksgiving Maybelle and her mother made another climax by marrying a truck-driver who had been working on the highway, and going off to Texas with him. That is, Maybelle did the marrying and they both did the going. I was so glad to have them gone that I did not even worry when Ella Aimes said he looked like a married man and probably had a wife and several children somewhere.

Jane wasn't like herself. She jumped when you spoke to her; she was getting thin, and had permanent blue shadows under her gray eyes. Ted's ring used to slip round on her finger and turn the emblem inside. Once or twice when Maybelle was in the store I saw Jane's hands shaking. I thought she seemed gayer the day Maybelle's wedding was in the *Banner*, though of course I didn't mention it to her.

I don't mind the rain in Amity, and a great, clean wind off the ocean and through the redwoods blows into my very soul and cleans the cobwebs out. But when they come together, rain and west wind, I build up my fire and stay at home. That is, I do if the rain and the west wind come on Sunday, and I do not have to fight my way down to Simpson's. I was really glad when the first Sunday in December turned out like that. Nobody would come in, and I would have a chance to be intimate with my own living-room.

When the telephone rang the wires were singing so I could hardly understand what Emily Briggs was trying to tell me. But I heard enough to send me racing into my oldest dress and my rain-coat and southwester. When I got to Emily's I went round to the kitchen. No matter



In less than a month, she had a black-and-white sport outfit for the Farmers' Picnic.—Page 192.

what had happened, no need to drip a puddle on her parlor floor. She was trying to make me some tea. In spite of a lifetime at Amity, Emily still thinks it is dangerous to get wet. The telegram was on the table and she pointed to it, so I picked it up.

"Will be home tonight tell May Bell. Ted."

Telegrams are odious things. Jumbled words on hideous yellow paper, striking

the sun out of the sky. Even if they bring good news they do it grudgingly, discourteously. When I realized what this one was saying, I hated every word of it. If Ted Briggs was coming back to life just to send messages to Maybelle Pratt, I wished he had stayed dead!

But there stood Emily, frail and wavering as a wisp of smoke, with all the pink gone out of her grayness. So I did remember that, after all, Ted was her only son, and went over and took the kettle away from her and let her cry in my arms

till I got her all wet from my rain-coat. But when we had her wiped off and the coat hung up it was plain enough that even her happiness was tinged with uneasiness.

"It looks as if Maybelle wasn't lying," I said.

"Well, no. They were engaged in a way. She had a letter from him, asking her to come and tell me. She brought it here."

"She brought it to you, you mean?"

"Yes, after the funeral. He only wrote one, from San Francisco. Said sometime he would explain to her why he couldn't write any more for a while. She was to bring it to me right after he left, but she didn't. I suppose she was afraid I'd watch her goings-on if she did."

"But, Emily, what happened?"

"I burned it. I read it and threw it in the fireplace. She was across the room and couldn't get it out."

"How could you?"

"Why, of course I could! I had to have some consideration for Janey, didn't I? Maybelle would have made a regular scandal with that letter."

Well, people like Emily Briggs do keep the affairs of life in their decent channels. But what magnificent criminals they would make if their bent were otherwise! I could only ask, meekly:

"And now?"

"Now everything will be all right. Maybelle is married and gone. Jane doesn't know about Maybelle, and she and Ted are engaged. Do you know, Stella, it began to comfort me the minute Henry Simpson told me that?"

"Was it Henry who told you? I thought Jane did."

"Well, of course, it was both of them. Henry was here when Jane came in. He mentioned it first. Of course, she had come straight to tell me." Of course she had. I remembered how she said she must go to Emily at once.

Jane didn't have a telephone, and Emily could not go out in a storm like that. She would have blown away. So I had to go to Jane's with the news. I did not hurry. I even went the long way round in spite of the storm, and stopped to look in her post-office box to see whether she had a letter. Emily Briggs would burn that telegram too, but was

I going to be clever enough to keep Jane from knowing that it had had two parts?

Well, I blurted the news in the first part right out in the hall. I guess I never broke anything but crockery. And for a moment Jane's face showed what perfect, holy joy looks like. Jane is not pretty, just good to look at, but she was transfigured. Why, God might have looked like that when he knew the world was redeemed! Then she blushed, a burning red in her cheeks that spread to her forehead and down on her neck and throat. I had known Jane all her life and I had never seen her blush like that—except when I looked through her veil at Ted's funeral. She dragged me up the hall to her room.

"Stella, I must leave town right away. I'll take the 4.15."

"Why?" I knew, but I told myself I did not.

"Why? Because I'd die if I were to have to see Ted Briggs. I've lied all along, Stell. I don't ask you to understand. There isn't anything to understand, except that we never were engaged and Ted never wanted us to be. You can tell everybody that. Do help me get my things packed now, everything, for I'm never coming back to Amity."

"I'll help you, of course, Jane," I said, "and I don't know a thing about all this. But I know you, and I know that whatever you have done is all right."

"No, I'm a liar. Everybody must know that now. But there's just one other thing I want you to know. Whatever this does to me, I thank God Ted's alive. I never want to see him as long as I live, but any kind of a world is better with him in it. You'd understand that, Stella, more than any one." We were both crying then, so we stopped talking and went to packing.

Jane left her trunks in her room for me to send later, and I helped her carry her suit-case to the station. Just as the train came in she said:

"I did try to tell Mrs. Briggs sometimes, but she always stopped me. Without knowing it, of course." I didn't go back to Emily's. She was little, but I had my doubts about the frailty. Anyhow, joy wasn't going to kill her. I went home and got John's picture and sat by my cold stove. After a while I tele-

phoned to Emily that Jane had gone to San Francisco.

"But Ted is coming home. Their trains will pass!"

"Yes," I said, "they will." Then I hung up and stuck the oven-cloth in back of the bells.

It was past ten when I let Ted in. He was stiff and embarrassed, and so was I. We talked like strangers—old Ted, who had been at my first party and was come back from the dead! I questioned and he half explained. A drifting sampan and then a tramp sailing-vessel and an illness; but he broke off the tale in the middle.

"Tell me, Stella, why did Jane Piper go away?"

"She said it was because she never wanted to see you again." I was glad at his hot flush.

"After all she's had to do for me, it is no wonder. But I wish she could have stood the sight of me for a month or two. Do you know how she saved me? No, I suppose she wouldn't tell even you. She hadn't told mother. Can you stand me long enough to listen?" For all his twenty-six years, he was the slender, handsome boy I had known in high school. And his voice was hurt and a little bitter.

"Ted, of course I'm glad to have you safe. There's so much I can't understand, and I love Jane. But I want you to tell me about it."

"I love Jane too. Who wouldn't? Well, it won't take long. I rotted around at Clear Lake and stole six hundred dollars from the store. Jane found it out. I'd messed an attempt to fix the accounts. So she sent for me. She didn't preach. She just said we were old friends and she was going to help me. That surely made me see the sort of thing I was. She wanted to lend me the money to pay back. There was one thing I wasn't low enough to do, to save mother or any other reason, and that was let Jane mess with her books. So she said she'd see Henry Simpson and fix it for me. She did, only he wouldn't talk to me. Just stipulated I had to get out. I met him as I came from the train to-night. He thought he was seeing a ghost. Then he came to, and talked a lot. Said he was free to say he had refused to overlook my

fault till he found out it meant Jane's happiness, but that that was all past now. Hinted I might come back to the store. Made a regular oration there on the corner in the rain. She didn't tell me how she got me off, but you see she had to let Henry think we were engaged. I had a chance in China—fellow I knew in France. I didn't have any security to give Jane, but I made her keep my frat ring because it stood for decent things I'd no right to till I paid her. Guess that's all, except that I have her money for her in a bank in China."

"And Maybelle?" I had to ask, I so wanted to know.

"I had made love to her just before the smash-up. And I couldn't break it off, but after that talk with Jane—well, I knew what a real woman was. I couldn't go on writing to Maybelle feeling like that, so I tried to send her to mother, because I knew she'd likely get into trouble if no one looked out for her. After the accident I felt I might as well brace up and stand by her if she wanted me. No good of my thinking of Jane."

"What are you going to do now?"

"Mother's told me how Henry put Jane in the hole. I suppose she didn't dare tell anybody she didn't love me, for fear he'd tell what I'd done. Now that I'm back and she's gone, all the town will be blabbing. Too bad that damn sampan came. But I'll go after her as soon as you tell me where she is, and get her to come home and put up with me for a little while. Then she can jilt me so hard all Amity will know about it, and I'll go back to China."

I don't want to be a meddling old woman. I don't even want to be a path-treader. But I saw Jane when Piggy's message came, and I knew how she felt; and I had seen her that day in the hall, though I can never know how joy like that feels, and I couldn't let Ted go to her with that proposition, now could I? So I said:

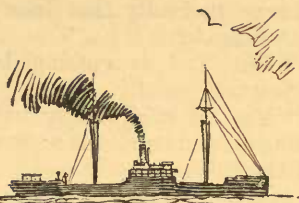
"Ted, I don't believe Jane will want to jilt you." He stood straight up, and though his cap was on the floor, his gesture seemed to sweep it from his head.

"Stella, it's not possible you are right, but if you are, God's blessing on that Chink sampan!"

Then I got him Jane's address.

The Captain and the Crew

BY MILTON RAISON



THE CAPTAIN

THE captain was a silent man
Who never said an extra word,
He'd watch the sea for quite a span,
Nor let himself be heard.

It's queer that such a man as he
Should find himself so strange a friend,
And be companion of a sea
That talked without an end.



THE CHIEF STEWARD

The seamen hated him because
He sent back aft the rotten meat,
And all the half-cooked food there was
The passengers refused to eat.

So since he wasn't fit to live,
And anxious for the common weal—
They threw him overboard to give
The sharks, at least, a decent meal.

THE MESSBOY

He had contempt that was divine,
For every sailor that he fed,
For while they talked of girls and wine—
He read.

For while they lived the pain and strife
Their dull imagination brooks,
He could appreciate their life
In books.

He washed the dishes, made the bed,
And did their errands with fair grace,
Nor could their insults on his head
Erase

That fine, immobile pride of his
Which brushed against their baser sod,
And was as different as a kiss
Of God.



THE APPRENTICE

Some men can find a magic in the sea,
And he is one, I know it by his eyes,
Sweet with beauty as they turn to me
From gazing ocean-wise.

Yet he's the sort of man the sea will cheat,
And for his love and trust will bite his hand,
By mustering her vice for his defeat—
But he'll not understand.



THE OLD WIPER

He doesn't know 'a thing about
The engines that he wipes and cleans;
The ships he'd been on sailed without
Machines.

For all, he hopes they'll never make
Until he leaves the human race,
Some sort of engine that would take
His place.

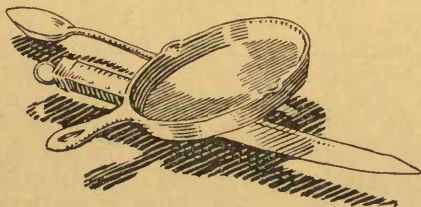


THE CREW'S COOK

The smallest man among the crew,
And yet the one most looked up to:
We help him coal his fire and peel
The vegetables for every meal;
We listen to his tastes, nor voice
Among us a dissenting choice.
We hate his foe, and love his friend,
And lock his secrets in our hearts,
Praying Davy Jones to lend
Us solemnness to play our parts.

There is a reason for our fear:
With heat, or rage, or too much beer,
And carving knives so close at hand—
Cooks have been known to run amuck;
And those they didn't like would stand
A likely chance of being stuck.

The smallest man among the crew
Is thus, the one most looked up to.



The Return of the Middle Class

BY JOHN CORBIN

I—DEMOCRACY AND WOMANHOOD

During the past generation social and economic problems have been discussed almost exclusively as problems of two factors—the rich and the poor, labor and capital. The only solutions proposed have centred in capitalist individualism or in proletarian communism. Yet throughout history there has been a third factor, once recognized as primary—the middle class of brain-workers—the technical, managerial, professional class.

It is the author's contention that Communist and Capitalist alike are failing in the task of world reconstruction, and for essentially the same reason—that they have failed to evoke the full power of the class of the well-born and well-educated. Whether consciously or unconsciously, they have stifled it rather, prevented it from attaining its normal scope, and performing its indispensable service of leadership. The problem of the present and the future is to restore the middle class to its historic function.

The middle-class woman especially has suffered—the modern lady. The present articles, which embody the main conclusions on this point, outline a new programme of feminism, foreshadowing a continuance and culmination of the movement that lately achieved the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Only by the return of the middle-class woman to her normal dignity and leadership can modern life be made capable of the great task that confronts it.

DEMOCRACY AND WOMANHOOD



It is a long-familiar fact that the Industrial Revolution, while it has vastly enriched civilization as a whole, has oppressed and imbruted the industrial worker—a fact familiar so long that it is well on the way to be righted. Somewhat less familiar is the fact that the Industrial Revolution has wrought a hardship upon the middle-class woman which is as great, depriving her of the very labor it has heaped upon the industrial workers; yet more and more we are realizing that the weakened morale and declining birth-rate of the middle class result largely from the industrial unproductiveness of the modern household. Thus far, it is true, no one has taken this result of the Democratic and the Industrial Revolutions very seriously, for the middle-class woman lives amid a diffusion of wealth and enjoyment such as man-

kind has never known. But what if the triumph were material merely—what if the native instincts of the class of brain-workers were oppressed, its spiritual life starved and stricken? It could only bode ill for the fabric of civilization.

In point of fact, is not the world filled with foreboding? As we read of the German menace in the days before the war, so now we read a lengthening list of books prophetic of evil—"The Passing of the Great Race," "The Rising Tide of Color," "Is America Safe for Democracy?" Viscount Bryce in his elaborate survey of modern democracies raises many grave questions that remain unanswered. The German is defeated and, at least for one generation, subdued, but only to give way to a subtle, deeper menace. As of old, we mainly manage to shake off the spell of fear—yet with a difference. More and more, in the magazine article, in the daily press, in our own familiar conversation, we encounter the fateful phrase and tolerate it: "If civilization is to endure . . ."

Something of our fatalism arises from

the conception that, by an inexplicable law of nature, civilization is bound to recur in cycles, periods of high achievement alternating with periods of decadence. The idea seems warranted by the past of the race and historians tacitly countenance it. What has been will be! Yet evidence is accumulating that such fatalism may be unduly facile. Together with vastly increased wealth, the era of the Industrial Revolution has brought us vastly increased knowledge of nature and of society, vastly enhanced control over all vital forces. What if, in point of biologic fact, the recurrent decadence of the race is not an inevitable phenomenon? What if, in point of historic truth, a leading and perhaps dominant factor in each successive cataclysm has been just such a maladjustment of the social and economic forces of the nation to its vital needs as now confronts us—a maladjustment which knowledge and wisdom would have rectified?

In its biologic aspect the problem of the catastrophic cycle is simple enough. Man is, saving his presence, an animal; and nowhere else in the animal kingdom do we find life subject to cycles. Countless species have dwindled to extinction. Many have remained stationary since the dawn of history, such as the honey-bee whose perfect state was described in its essentials by the ancients. A few species have marvellously advanced—yet not through cycles of defeat. The story of these steadily advancing species is an object-lesson for cyclic man, plain to the casual glance.

A fascinating chapter might be written of the unending progress of the eohippus. When he appears in the geologic record, he is about the size of a fox-terrier. Precisely when he or his kindred was first taken in hand by man the sapient we do not know; but he grew amazingly in stature, in fleetness, and in strength. The horse of the Mongolian Steppes, the nearer ancestor of our horse, measures to-day, as one may see in the Zoological Park of New York, some twelve hands high—precisely four feet. What an advance over little eohippus! Wherever man became more sapient his horses waxed amazingly. In ancient Egypt the Arabian steeds of the shepherd kings, and

later King Solomon's "forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots," must have already reached the stature of the modern Mongolian. The horses of the Parthenon frieze were probably reduced in scale in the interests of the artistic composition; in all likelihood the Greek horse too was as large as the Steppe horse of to-day. The horse on the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, probably Bucephalus, is almost as large as a polo-pony. As to the hackney city horses that drew toy chariots through the miniature streets of Pompeii, making the narrow ruts which amaze us to-day, we may be confident that they were larger than the Parthenon horses, perhaps as large as Bucephalus. Also through the Middle Ages, if we may judge by the steeds of William the Conqueror as we see them in the Bayeux Tapestry, the horse seems steadily growing. A statute of Henry VII of England looking to the improvement of the breed mentions a brood mare as thirteen hands high. To-day a polo-pony of more than fourteen hands is no longer a polo-pony but what we call a horse. If little eohippus could know how his race was destined to stand as many feet, almost, as he stood inches! Since Henry VII man has been very sapient—with regard to horses—and we have the massive Clydesdale on one hand and the thoroughbred racer on the other, each improving so amazingly in his separate line that almost every year brings a new triumph. And so we have come from the fox-trot of eohippus to the silken stride of Man o' War. In biology, surely, there is no reason why any stock, well cared for, should decline.

Has homo sapiens not been properly cared for? It would seem so. In the cave of Cro-Magnon were found remains of men of the early Stone Age—six-footers with domed foreheads who, in both stature and brain capacity, were the equals, and perhaps in advance of the average man of to-day. In his "Men of the Old Stone Age," Professor Osborn calls them, because of the glory of their physique and the originality of their art impulse, "Paleolithic Greeks." "Artistic observation and representation, and a true sense of proportion and of beauty, were instinctive with them from the beginning." Their development, doubtless, was in a cycle,

like that of all their successors in civilization. Out of their interest in animals, which were their possessions and their prey, they set down for us many spirited drawings of the horse, the elk, the mastodon—but of themselves no line of true portraiture. So man has always been—self-ignorant, self-neglectful. In due course, something smote the Cro-Magnards—twenty-five thousand years ago or thereabout, ten times farther back in the abyss of time than the Age of Pericles. The horses they loved and pictured survived them—and were carried still forward by their conquerors. Strange portent!

As early as Plato, man's care for what he has and neglect of what he is was clearly noted as fatal to welfare and virtue—and has ever since been mainly disregarded. So time and again homo sapiens has arisen to pinnacles of wealth and power, of intellect, art, and morals, only to be dashed down, crushed out, extinguished. In the Stone Age the Cro-Magnards are a solitary phenomenon. In the dawn of history the Greeks stand similarly alone in their vastly greater splendor. Never since has their stature of mind and of spirit been equalled—never even approached, except perhaps in the nineteenth century. It is the melancholy conclusion of anthropologists that twenty-five thousand years the human race has not advanced, either in stature or in brain power.

We of to-day, however, stand in a new place of power. Where Plato could conceive of human biology only in the crudely physical and empirical terms of the breeder of game birds and sporting dogs, Darwin, Mendel, and de Vries have given us keys to the mystery of our heredity—mental and spiritual as well as physical. Where Plato stood isolated in a brief historic movement, with no conception of the possibilities of progress and with scarcely a suspicion of the cyclic cataclysms of history, we have grasped both ideas. Biologically we are, or should be, masters of the future.

Economically and politically, according to our traditional tenets, the world is fortunate as never before. Except for its present setback, it is richer than ever, and it is much more democratic. For the first time in history the future depends upon the collective wisdom of the people.

Nor has our doctrine of equality blinded us to the need of education. Quite freely we admit that if the nation is to endure and advance its citizens must go to school—be educated out of equality to the top of their various bents. So we have compulsory attendance in the grammar schools and a system of free high schools and state universities which, for the money spent on it and the numbers that make use of it, is unapproached in the modern world—infinity beyond anything the world has hitherto known. Like the polls, our classrooms are thronged. But are we rich in virtue as in things material? Are universal suffrage and compulsory schooling, even when sustained by education highly privileged, advancing the life of the spirit?

Among others, the late Viscount Bryce wrestled with this problem—confining himself, as was the way of the nineteenth century, to the political as opposed to the sociologic and biologic point of view. In writing "Modern Democracy," he mainly suspended judgment; but when, at the Institute of Politics at Williams College in the summer of 1921, he contemplated democracy as the controlling force in international relations, the balance visibly trembled. Speaking of Mazzini's high hopes of the new equality, he remarked that "the behavior of free peoples, under republican as well as under monarchical forms, has not verified" them. Nor has democracy developed leadership. As the mass of citizens increases, he said in effect, the ratio of leaders decreases. Nor yet is it true, as many have assumed, that the cause and the era are everything, the leader nothing—that if there had been no Napoleon, no Bismarck, no Cavour, others would necessarily have risen to do their work. "Broadly speaking, [the people] are what their leaders make them." And the world of to-day is leaderless. He was thinking, of course, of a league or association of nations. "Can human nature in the members of many civilized nations be raised to and sustained at a higher moral level than it has yet attained?" The question had a sadly negative inflection. "European peoples have been groping in the dark for the last few years." As our guest, Viscount Bryce refrained from commenting upon our own chaotic counsels; but it was

clearly his view that on both sides of the Atlantic the vision of democracy is blurred, the will of free nations perplexed and halting.

It has not always been so; the phenomenon is, in fact, new and rather startling. Under the first French republic, four young generals appeared, of very great and apparently equal promise. All except one were killed, but that one was Bonaparte. Wherever the liberating spirit of the era touched the nations—in Italy, France, and Germany, as in the England and America of the eighteenth century—great leaders arose who blazed out paths of progress. Some of them, as Napoleon and Bismarck, recklessly abused their power; but they all marked signal advances for their nation, from which there was no returning. Of late we have had a world convulsion, the mightiest in history; but in all the embattled democracies has any great leader arisen, in warfare, in statesmanship, even in the realm of political thinking? We know in our hearts that Lord Bryce was right.

In the past such a victory as we of late achieved has generally been followed by a period of jubilant confidence, of striding progress. Why are we downcast? Possibly it has occurred to us that if we had had leaders, even if we the people had been capable of understanding the comparatively wise men among us, we should have foreseen the German menace—and, by facing it manfully, averted it. What we have accomplished by war, at infinite cost and sacrifice, was well within the statesmanship of an association of intelligent nations intelligently led. We know in our hearts that, when the conflict was upon us, the nations blundered egregiously, squandering their resources and wasting their strength in jealous dissensions and divided leadership. At best we barely escaped with our skins. Except for one fact, free France would have fallen in 1915—and free England as soon thereafter as the Germans could launch from French ports the terror of their submarines. The saving fact was that the Germans, with all their skill and foresight in material things, were no less stupid in their greed and arrogance than we in soft complacency. Rightly speaking, was there any victory—or was it only a

defeat of the nation that was blinder and more incompetently led? Now that we again have peace of a sort, we need above all things stability and constructive statesmanship. For the first time the thing is possible which our wise men have dreamed through the centuries—a firmer union of the nations, dedicated to the enlightened self-interest of brotherhood and peace. But our leaders faltered. The glorious future was lost in an abyss of national distrusts, personal ambitions and party politics. Of all the men brought forward by the war, Lord Bryce could name only three as possessed of light and leading, and those from the outskirts of our boasted civilization—Masaryk, Venizelos, and Jan Smuts.

A certain antagonism between democracy and enlightened leadership has of late become pretty generally recognized. An increase in the mass of citizens means a lowering of the common denominator of intelligence, so that a statesman must be not only great and wise in himself but must have the additional faculty, almost equally rare, of imposing his leadership upon men who are not quite capable of understanding him. Lincoln himself owed more than we often admit to the fact that, being of the common people, the common people followed him—not so much by their reason and insight as by the sheer instinct of like for like. A public career is ceaselessly menaced by the fate of Aristides the Just. When Theodore Roosevelt betook himself to the South American jungle, to leave there his youth and his strength, it was consciously and avowedly to escape a revulsion of crowd psychology. "I must get out and away," he said to a friend. "The people are growing tired of me." A similar fear obsessed Lloyd George when he launched his Khaki Campaign and Orlando when he demanded Fiume—nor was Clemenceau wholly the world statesman when he wrested impossible terms from Germany.

Thus far we have viewed democracy from the political point of view of those who originally championed it—among whom was Lord Bryce himself, as he rather ruefully acknowledges. The failure pervades also the fields of art, science, letters. We of the English speech patronize the nineteenth century, smile derisive-

ly at the mid-Victorian; but has the generation now passing produced anything comparable? It should have done so, for it is the ripest fruit of the democracy which we laud and cherish. We have, of course, only rough standards of measurement. Among American universities Harvard once graduated distinguished men in notable numbers. But not of late. Thanks to the democratization of education during the latter part of the nineteenth century, the president of the university signed the sheepskins of as many young men as all his predecessors back to 1636; yet as against the multitudinous worthies of the past—from the Adams family in politics; Bancroft, Prescott, and Motley in history; Agassiz, Grey, and Shaler in science; Emerson, Holmes, and Lowell in letters, down to William James—President Eliot's graduates included only one leader of the higher order, and he was no New Englander—Roosevelt. This fact was pointed out by a Harvard graduate. In the same period many other universities doubled and redoubled their numbers. Can graduates of any of them tell a different story? Have democratized Oxford and Cambridge any one to compare with the great English poets and scientists and statesmen of the nineteenth century?

It may be said, of course, that leadership is not indispensable—that a nation can survive without great statesmen, great scientists, philosophers, men of letters, if only the mass of citizens is sound in character and intelligence. Is it not in the nature of democracy to advance, not through single spies, but by battalions? So set is our belief in the diffusive power of education that until quite recently few have ever asked this question. To-day it rises everywhere. Is the nation as a whole, the great mass of democracy, capable of carrying forward, even of sustaining, the civilization erected by the nineteenth century? If it is not, then indeed we are on the steep downward way the Romans once trod, the Greeks, the Persians, the Egyptians—the descent that cyclic man has taken a thousand times, back to the "Paleolithic Greeks" of Cro-Magnon.

Thanks to the war, we have here a considerable body of data—thanks to the war and Professor R. M. Yerkes who brilliantly seized a great opportunity. When

our army was drafted the men were submitted to a mental census. The tests were of necessity applied very rapidly and in a rather haphazard manner; but the officers who subsequently had the task of sorting and organizing the men reported, in overwhelming numbers, that they afforded a very valuable index of the ability of their soldiers. According to Major Yerkes, the youth of the United States falls into classes thus, the figures representing percentages:

A	B	C +	C	C -	D	D - and E
4½	9	16½	25	20	15	10

A men are "of high officer type when they are also endowed with leadership," they have "the ability to make a superior record in college." They are only 4½ per cent of the whole. Class B includes "many men of the commoner officer type"—men "capable of an average record in college." They are 9 per cent of the whole. C + men are mainly of the non-commissioned officer type, with an occasional man whose power of leadership fits him for a commission. They are inferior college material, and more numerous than A men and B men combined—16½ per cent. C men are the largest single group, 25 per cent. They are an "excellent private type, with a certain amount of fair non-commissioned officer material"; but they are "rarely capable of finishing a high-school course." C - men (20 per cent) are, as privates, usually "satisfactory for work of a routine order only," and of "low" intelligence—average grammar-school material. D men (15 per cent) are of the lower order of privates and of grammar-school pupils. D - men are sometimes "fit for regular service," but in school they "rarely go beyond the third or fourth grade." Together with the E men, they "contain many of the moron grade of feeble-mindedness." Thus, only 13½ per cent of our young men are good college material, and only 16½ per cent good high-school material—30 per cent in all. Seventy per cent of the citizens of our democracy are incapable of a high-school education; of these only a little more than a third—25

per cent of the whole—are good grammar-school material. In another table, Major Yerkes records that 47.3 per cent of the draft men were technically morons, being of a "mental age" of twelve or less. Recent critics have declared it "inconceivable that almost half of our fellow citizens are morons," but they admit that post-war tests made in factories and department-stores confirm Major Yerkes's results.

The number of the obviously and hopelessly unfit is equally startling as a comment on democratic institutions. During the war the chief of the section of neurology and psychiatry, Doctor Pearce Bailey, estimated, on the basis of his records of the draft men, that there are well over 350,000 male defectives in the United States—of males and females, almost three-quarters of a million. Of these, according to an official estimate, only about one-tenth are in institutions; the rest wander loose in the community, many of them voting as cheerfully as the army of their superiors, the morons. By the army tests of literacy (a very different thing from the census test, which leaves each citizen free to depose as to his culture and attainments), one-quarter of all Americans (24.9 per cent) are illiterates—that is, are unable "to read and understand newspapers and write letters home." These also, or a vast majority of them, are cheerful voters.

Thus for the first time we have a scientific record, however rough, of the collective intelligence of the people upon whom the future of our democracy depends. Under the institutions by which we live, the vote of a majority is the most sacred of all things, as it is the most decisive. The army tests explain as nothing else could the character of the great mass of our legislation—and legislators. Clearly something more is requisite to a nation than even the most democratic institutions, the most advanced universities.

In the present deficiency of great leaders, a peculiar interest attaches to the 4½ per cent of first-rate officer and university material, an interest scarcely less great to the 9 per cent of second-rate material of the same kind. Only 13½ per cent of Americans are really worth a college education! Is this upper crust of our democracy gaining or losing in numbers?

We shall not know precisely until we have another mental census; but such statistics as we have are not at all cheerful. Over a decade ago it appeared from class reports that Vassar graduates had on the average only one child. Harvard graduates, who include an unusual number of men inheriting wealth, averaged one child and four-tenths. Statistics reported in August, 1921, from Harvard, Yale, Smith, and Barnard give approximately the same result. As Doctor C. B. Davenport has shown, if the Harvard of the future were limited to the sons of Harvard men it would shrink in half a dozen generations from 5,000 to 250; that vast and ancient institution would have to close its doors. It is an interesting paradox, this, that the one great safeguard which democracy has invoked, education, progressively devours its children like Chronos of old, diminishing them by almost one-half with each generation.

The sober truth is, of course, that the fault does not lie with the university. If it did, the case would not be so difficult. The fault lies with our economic and social system. Those who are educable and educated are so handicapped by the time required for a college course, by the meagre returns of a life of brain labor and the penalizing of family life by taxation, that youth is gone before they can marry and middle age has come before even the successful among them can support a normal family. Not the university but the nation itself is devouring the line of those capable of sustaining its higher activities and bringing them forward.

This, then, is the cause of the middle-class woman against the State—that it has, albeit unintentionally, deprived her of the normal life of her kind. Whose cause is it that the nation has sterilized those very homes that should be the shrines of all its fairest traditions, an abounding and eternal source of citizens well-born and well-bred?

"Democracy," say the socialists, "is the inexhaustible well from which the nation draws its resources, human, economic, social, spiritual. All these are comprehended in democracy and only in democracy!" But the doctrine is not primarily socialistic. Are we not ourselves as a nation dedicated to the proposition, self-evident to Thomas Jefferson,

that all men are created equal? Clearly, this proposition stands in need of repair.

Sensible people, of course, have glossed the doctrine of equality as applying not to individuals but to classes—or, rather, as militating against arbitrary class distinction; it is only "before the law" that men are equal. Native ability, we have assumed, is distributed impartially through the various orders—being proportionately frequent, of course, in those that are more numerous. Thus if the educated class fails to reproduce itself, its place will be taken by others who rise from the prolific masses. Something of the established traditions of conduct and right living may be lost, but there will be a compensating gain in an upward flow of strong, new democratic blood. Those who reason thus are not abashed by the fact that the native American stock of the older immigration is steadily declining in numbers and ability; they look for the future of our country to immigrants, now mainly from the south and east of Europe, who swarm upon us when we let them at the rate of a million a year.

The Boston Committee on Immigration issues "A Little Book for Immigrants." The foreign-born and their children in the city, it says, number two-thirds of the entire population. Of these only about one-half come from English-speaking countries—mainly from Ireland. The rest come chiefly from the south of Italy and the Jewish peoples of central and eastern Europe. The little book is full of helpful knowledge. Friendly counsel abounds, especially about education. "Go to the Art Museum, go often. See every part of it!" The foreign-born and their children, it says, are already in a vast majority; "a few years from now" the city will be "what they make it." Why should any one care? Not only Boston but democratic America as a whole believes in education—and are not our universities crowded as never before?

This belief in education as the saving grace of democracy is not without warrant of experience. Through most of the nineteenth century in all progressive countries, liberal institutions worked amazingly well. But it is now beginning to appear that there was more than education in the fact, more than democracy. Throughout long ages the great mass of

men had been held fast in the strait-jacket of class distinction, the able as well as the incompetent. Of a sudden, freedom came. In Napoleon's exultant phrase, the way was open to talent. The result was an effervescence of strong new life such as the world has seldom seen. But all too soon the wine ceased to spume and sparkle, became flat. Was it a mistake to assume that the bubbling could continue indefinitely? Was the supply of the abler sort of men strictly limited—the masses remaining, as always, inert? Lord Bryce—who quite ignores this vital, as opposed to the merely political and institutional, aspect of the situation—notes a signal decline in the supply of new men of the higher character during the latter part of the old century, dating it precisely in both France and England. The dates mark also the full flowering of democracy.

In the United States we have seen much the same phenomenon, and not merely among university graduates. New England was once our national "brain orchard," Virginia was the mother of many able men in addition to Presidents. To-day, except perhaps in a few cities, the old stock is manifestly decadent. Even in cities it is shrinking, absolutely as well as relatively. Most of the vigorous blood was drawn off to the Middle West. This in turn had its brief period of efflorescence—Howells, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley and his amiable band of Who's Hoosiers. In the realm of practical affairs, able men have set up a counter-migration from the West to Eastern cities; but they are relatively few and, with the possible exception of Herbert Hoover, they are not of a very high order. By and large the native blood is becoming static, stagnant. In certain industries—the steel trade and the railways—a few Americans of the old stock still rise from the ranks; but in the farming districts, where the native American preponderates, we hear less and always less of the farm boy who wins fortune and fame in the city, more and more of the stagnant life of those who have remained up country. "New" men are of a very different origin and character.

Throughout the free nations of the North Atlantic, arbitrary class distinctions have ceased to exist, for all time let us hope; but the triumph of democracy

is slight, the evidence for equality negligible, if the population is once more, or is powerfully tending to become, stratified in classes. For in a free world, it would seem, such stratifications are permanent.

Concretely the question is just how men of potential power are distributed socially. Here again the army tests throw a flood of light. A separate tabulation of mental ratings was made by trade or profession, ranging upward from C —. The lowest group includes, in ascending order: laborers, general miners, teamsters, and barbers. The C group includes twenty-two of the more skilled trades, from horse-shoer and bricklayer up to auto assembler, ship carpenter and telephone operator. The C + group includes nine occupations requiring managerial power and education, from concrete construction foremen and stock keepers up to army nurses and bookkeepers. The B group is mainly professional—dental officers, mechanical draftsmen, accountants, civil engineers and medical officers. In group A a profession stands alone—the army engineers, flower of the graduates of West Point. In a word, the strata of intelligence correspond with amazing precision to the occupational strata. "How can he get wisdom who holdeth the plough?" asked Ecclesiasticus. "He shall not be sought for in public council nor sit high in the congregation." The nineteenth century thought otherwise, setting down the son of Sirach as an unduly superior person. But in one respect we are advancing; we now know that even with the utmost freedom, the most lavish aid of education, the ploughman is generally—as the scientists say, "statistically"—doomed to follow his plough.

From all present indications we are likely to owe a further revelation to the mental tests—that "statistically," not only the ploughman but his children are doomed. Records, already numerous, which have been gathered in the schools show that the mentality of the new generation corresponds closely with that of the old. Highly characteristic are the results obtained by Miss A. H. Arlitt of Bryn Mawr, and quoted by Professor McDougall. In the primary grades of a certain school district she tested 342 children. The occupation of the parents

corresponded as follows with the "intelligence quotient" of the children:

Professional men.....	125
Semi-professional and higher business.....	118
Skilled labor.....	107
Semi-skilled and unskilled labor.....	92

The higher grades of intelligence, it is true, are occasionally found in the lower strata, but not often. Doctor Clara Chassel conducted tests of the children of a number of schools, including Horace Mann School in New York, and reported that high intelligence is "approximately five times as frequent" among children of men in the higher occupations as among children of men in the lower.

One hope remains, and only one. The foreigners to whom Boston is turning over her future with seeming cheerfulness come from nations that have been historically oppressed—from Ireland, South Italy, Poland, Russia. The same is true of other great and historic cities, notably Chicago and New York. The immigration, it is true, comes mainly from the class of manual workers; yet it is still possible that opportunity, educational as well as material, will discover in the new masters of our democracy a wealth of ability in citizenship comparable to that which the liberalizing movement of the nineteenth century revealed in the nations of the north and east of Europe. Apparently it is not to be. Miss Arlitt discovered that the average intelligence quotient of the school children she examined corresponded as closely to their nationality as to the occupation of their fathers. The quotient of the 191 Americans she examined was 106; of the 80 Italians, 84; of the 71 colored children, 83. More extensive and precisely similar data was obtained by Major Yerkes from the drafted men. The following table shows the percentage of those in the different nationalities that scored grades A and B.

England.....	19.7
Scotland.....	13.0
White draft (American).....	12.1
Holland.....	10.7
Canada.....	10.5
Germany.....	8.3
Denmark.....	5.4
Sweden.....	4.3
Norway.....	4.1
Ireland.....	4.1
All foreign countries.....	4.0
Turkey.....	3.4

Austria.....	3.4
Russia.....	2.7
Greece.....	2.1
Italy.....	.8
Belgium.....	.8
Poland.....	.5

It will be seen that, with the exception of Belgium (the representation of which was small and perhaps not characteristic), all northern and eastern countries stand high above the southern and western in number of first-rate intelligence, and that of the Nordic group Ireland is lowest. England, which has a clear lead over all other countries, has on an average almost five times as many *A* and *B* men as Ireland, over seven times as many as Russia and Greece, over twenty times as many as Italy, and almost forty times as many as Poland. In the "well" of our new immigration, manifestly, there is little hope for the future.

Yet among Americans of the older immigration the stratum of the highly educable and educated continues to shrink by almost one-half with each generation. This is something more than race suicide; it is limited, as it seems, to a class. In the lower orders of occupation and intelligence children are born in normal and more than normal numbers—and we continue to tax the middle class sorely to provide for their physical welfare and their education. It is only the well-born and well-bred who are vanishing—the brains and character of the nation. How far the process has already gone we shall never know. It was almost twenty years ago that Theodore Roosevelt vigorously called attention to the idea of "race" suicide. Twenty years before that, the rapid extinction of the elder stock had been clearly noted by sociologists, and noted as a phenomenon dating from the great rush of immigration in the middle of the nineteenth century, which turned back the native American from manual labor, cramped his life and sterilized it. During and since the late war the process has been vastly accelerated by the economic burdens of the middle class. Only one thing is certain. If the 13½ per cent of Americans who are still capable of a college education continue to shrink by half with each generation, our democracy will very soon produce a new kind of equality—the equality of a people who,

except for vanishing remnants of the abler stock and an increasing fringe of morons and imbeciles, will be wholly of the grammar-school type of intelligence. Then, indeed, even though with universal suffrage and the utmost freedom, we shall have a government of the proletariat.

Something of the kind is already upon us. The municipal elections of 1921 gave us, so to speak, the national intelligence quotient in terms of political action. In New York, four years before, about the most vigorous and enlightened administration in the history of the city had been overthrown because, in the paths of official duty, Mayor Mitchel had encountered local antagonism and religious bigotry; above all because he had neglected the arts of general popularity, seeking the counsel of experienced, intelligent and public-spirited citizens. He was overwhelmingly defeated for re-election. The administration of his successor was by far the most obviously wasteful and incompetent in modern memory, deeply injurious to all the real interests of the people. But Mayor Hylan had impressed himself upon the community as "Honest John," champion of the five-cent fare (with which his office had nothing to do), protagonist of a scheme for municipal buses and in general "the friend of the people." He was re-elected by an unprecedented majority of 417,000.

This defeat of all the intelligent and reputable forces of the community was repeated throughout the land wherever there are foreign colonies, or indeed men of the elder stock congested in cities. The mayors of Boston, Buffalo, Youngstown, Cleveland, Indianapolis, and Chicago are, from one point of view the motleyest crew that ever enlivened politics; but, as the citizens of those cities know well, they rank with Mayor Hylan as regards their political intelligence quotient.

Time was when the shame of our cities was graft, a plundering of the public by unscrupulous but able men. That evil has been measurably abated. But in its place has arisen a new shame, the disqualification of able public servants by the mere fact of their ability. Of the two, this new shame is infinitely more perilous. Under competent leadership, corruption can be checked; but the future of that nation is dark which scorns high virtue

and intelligence, choosing as its representatives only those who are endeared by human folly and frailty. Our proletariat is still for the most part not positively dishonest, not deeply infected with the more virulent class hatred. But we are obviously far indeed from achieving the intelligent, high-spirited republic of our national aspiration. Only a thin and rapidly narrowing margin separates us from the unchecked rule of the proletariat. When that fails, we shall have these C and C—men in the presidential chair at Washington.

You may know the ideal republic everywhere, even as so briefly developed in Greece and Rome, by one sign and one only. Men of the primal stock rise freely in a few generations from any level of citizenship to any height. In the great mansion of the nation there are broad stairways from floor to floor, upon which the able and energetic freely ascend—and the incompetent descend as surely, though perhaps less freely. In the happy republic, the only republic that can ever endure, blood, like water, seeks its level—and finds it. For the tragic collapse of Greece and Rome many reasons have been alleged—the blunders of democracy and the tyranny of the rich; a wasting of the best stock in senseless warfare and a decline in its birth-rate; inequitable and excessive taxation; frivolity and debauchery. They are all comprised in a single phenomenon, once more in evidence to-day—the destruction of the ably energetic and aspiring middle classes; for they, and they only, are able to govern a nation with justice to all orders, to unite the people against senseless war and to cultivate the arts of peace without its corruptions. And you may know the approaching end of a cycle in human development by this sign: When the alert and vigorous citizen rises in the scale of living, his line ceases. It is as if an ogre grips his children, the flower of the race, and they vanish.

In only one respect does our plight differ from that of countless dead nations; but that may yet prove decisive. The history of thousands of years warns us; we know what we are—and what we may become. Nineteenth-century science has placed us in the seat of control. The in-

stitutions framed by the Fathers still stand, almost in their integrity; the spirit of Washington, Hamilton, Lincoln, Roosevelt, is still potent if we will only take heed. One thing is lacking and only one, leaders of intelligence to guide us, of force to rule us—not the force of conservatism, straining always backward, but the force of enlightened conservation leading us forward on the manifest paths of progress. Somehow, and very soon, we must quit the quagmire of democracy for the mountain trail of the republic.

Who shall lead us upward? Of late a new force has been liberated in the political world. No cause could be greater than this one; and when our women are given a great cause, as they have shown, they are supremely effective. The purity and strength of the nation is peculiarly their responsibility, for through them all life is transmitted, the polluted as well as the pure, the noble in spirit as well as all that is base. Until to-day the middle-class woman has been oppressed, pitifully thwarted and stunted. To-morrow, if we are fortunate, she will be prophet and priestess of the future. It used to be said that the greatest waste of civilization was in the lives of women who are imprisoned in the unindustrial home created by the Industrial Revolution. Already they have made their way to the market-place and forum, and not a few of them with a new vision of what is to be done there.

They alone have the time and the strength. The Industrial Revolution has seen to that—being perhaps not as blind as we have imagined; being in fact so subtle and far-reaching in its purposes that our poor thought has lagged rather painfully behind it. For what other reason was merely material labor forced out of the home—imposed upon machines and upon the duller order of men? Why are women of the middle class given education, training, leisure—if not that they may pursue, with ardor unquenchable, their exclusive and all-important function? What has been called the greatest waste may yet prove the salvation of all that is vitally and spiritually precious. But it must be very soon, if we are to save the white horses of civilization, escaping the fate of Cro-Magnards. . . .

The Nature of an Oath

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BASKERVILLE



MAN of thirty leaned with crossed arms upon a rustic gate, and stared across the quiet road to a thicket of pin-oaks opposite him. The road, though a public one, was narrow and winding; a true wood road, although it had once been macadamized. Behind the man curled the path by which he had come: a mysterious lane winding about among the beeches that were now a woodland maze of palest gold. Backed by that poetic unreality (for beech woods in autumn are unreal) he stood facing the tarnished bronze of the oaks beyond, and only the road lay between. Philip Lester was not physically unworthy to stand amid these seasonal glories. A high-bred, sunburned, intellectual type he was: a notable combination of fine muscles and exceeding sensitiveness of feature and expression. For all that perfection of flesh and sinew, he stood contemplative, quiet as a tree.

Presently he turned his head at some strange explosive sounds that came to his ear from beyond a turning in the road. He started, half turned back to the path that stretched away behind him; but one strong, slender hand still rested on the gate. Before he had made up his mind, the motor skidded round the turn and stopped dead in front of him with chemical ejaculations of fury or despair. The possessor leaped to the ground, squatted for a moment on the far side of the machine, then bobbed his head up and spied Lester at the gate.

"I say, will you lend me a hand?" he cried.

"The gate is locked," Lester replied slowly.

"You look almost strong enough to jump over." The stranger's smile was winning. "If I had another pair of hands here for a few minutes, I believe I could make town."

Lester took his hand from the gate and slewed round to face the beech wood. "I'll get them to telephone the garage for you," he called back over his shoulder. It was not his fault that he looked like a lord as he turned a magnificent back on trouble.

The man beside the car, however, saw only six feet of obvious competence strolling nonchalantly away from him. "Damned churl!" he ejaculated. But, even if Philip Lester had heard, he would have been unmoved.

As soon as Lester drew out of eyeshot among the trees, he quickened his pace and took the remaining distance at an easy lope. In five minutes he was at the end of the path's fantastic windings, and stood before his father's house. The wide door was open to the late sun. He passed through, hesitated beside the telephone closet, then shrugged his broad shoulders, and delved into the service passage.

"Mary, Charlotte—somebody! Please go to the telephone and call up the garage, whatever it is. There's a man in trouble with his car down by the west gate. Tell them to send some one out at once. Thanks."

He mounted the wide staircase as soon as he was answered, waiting on the landing just long enough to see Charlotte stepping competently to the telephone.

"The west gate, Mr. Philip?"

"Yes, where the beech path hits the road."

He wandered down a corridor to his own room. From his window he could see infinite tree-tops, and, sunk among them at intervals, dim spots of leaf-strewn lawn. A little chill had come into the air, for it was on for October. Lester looked at a calendar on his wall. "Well, daylight saving will soon be over, thank heaven," he muttered. "Why won't they dine later while the infernal thing is on?" At last he turned away from the window, which had lost the sun, and proceeded to the boresome ritual of "dressing."

¹ By the time the Lester family sat over their soup in the dim dining-room, it was much darker. But the curtains were undrawn, the twilight still struggled with the lamps inside, and through the big windows you could still see the world.

An exuberant stranger entering upon the trio might well have exclaimed over a happy chance. Rupert Lester, Philip's father, was handsome still: a rock of a man without a rock's repose. Brow and chin were strong, but the eyes and mouth were uneasy and seemed to resent their own trouble. Grace and strength were mingled in the elder Lester, but not, as in Philip, harmonized. The entering stranger, however, would only have seen that nature had been lavish here. . . . A fine pair. . . . And Lucilla, Philip's wife, was the delicate foil to that male strength of the Lesters; almost too exquisitely made for beauty, which is a word of lavish and wasteful implication. A physician could have pointed to the rose of her cheek, the scarlet of her lips, the steadiness of her white hand, the lustre of her hair, as signs of perfect health. Yet the blundering stranger would have drawn a breath of relief that Lucilla sat between two such men, who could shield her both from the east wind and the north. Her delicacy put sense into their strength, as their power might find a purpose in her grace. The philosophic eye would have been rarely pleased.

Philip Lester and his wife spoke in low tones, of little things. Rupert Lester made his comments in deeper and harsher notes. There was hardly enough conversation to spill over into the intervals of the waitress's absence. It seemed not so much relief as the lack of any cue that kept them silent when there was no servant to hear. The talk slid about among the courses: some new books, the felling of a tree that had been struck by lightning; the gardener's dog for which the 'vet' had been sent; the loveliness of the beech woods; a little explosion over the behavior of Congress, from the elder Lester. The urbanity in which Philip and his wife were perfect fell a little short in Philip's father. He seemed, at least, to achieve it only with some effort. He made no protest when young Mrs. Lester rose, at the end of the meal, and mur-

mured that she would leave them to smoke.

"So soon?" Philip queried with a smile.

She shrugged her graceful shoulders and protested amiably that there was some new music waiting for her in the drawing-room.

As Philip rose and shut the dining-room door, both his face and his father's changed. Rupert Lester ceased to struggle for urbanity, and the morose uneasiness deepened. Philip's smile faded, and a patient mask seemed to fit down upon his features. The urbane convention had gone with Lucilla.

"What is this about a man in the road before dinner—over by the west gate?" asked the father abruptly.

"I was at the gate, looking over at the oaks, when a motor-car spun round the turn and stopped—against its will, I judged. The driver got out and started to tinker with it. Then he saw me and asked for help. I refused it—at least, I did not respond to his suggestion. Instead, I offered to telephone to a garage, and walked back to the house at once, to do so. I think he probably swore at me, but I didn't wait to hear."

It was spoken like evidence given in a court of law; every trace of feeling sponged out of the phrases.

"Humph! And did you telephone?"

"Not literally. I asked Charlotte to do it."

"You didn't go into the road?"

Philip's white teeth bit into his under lip, and he seemed to be struggling physically with the tide of blood that swept up to his very brow.

"No, sir."

"Is that all you said to the fellow—or he to you?"

"All."

"You didn't know him—never saw him before?"

Philip swallowed hard and painfully. Then something snapped, and he lost the fight for control. Perhaps it was the uneasiness in that inquisitorial face opposite that broke his patience; the chink in the armor that tempted him to strike back. Though, when he spoke, it was quietly.

"I see no possible excuse for your doubting my word. I have never lied to

you. I have never broken a promise. Have I?" he challenged sharply.

"No." There was pain in that harsh, unsteady voice. "But how can I know that you never will lie to me? How am I to know you won't plot and plan? How can I help making sure? It's not as if you had never done anything I shouldn't have expected of you! My God, Philip, do you never realize what this means to me?" The words finished in bitterness as well as pain.

Philip Lester walked to the window and drew the heavy curtain. Then he turned, backed by the crimson draperies.

"Let's keep to the subject in hand," he said more quietly. "I've accepted your terms, and lived up to them in absolute loyalty. If I hadn't answered the fellow this afternoon, he'd have reported that you kept a full-sized idiot on the place. I've told you everything that passed between us. And I maintain that you have no right, no excuse, no provocation even, when you doubt my keeping the oath I made to you—if I remember correctly—twelve days more than five years ago."

He turned white, even as he spoke; for his explicit reference to a date brought back to both of them a stark fact better not dragged into talk, though it shaped the daily lives of three people. Rupert Lester's head drooped on his breast, though he still stared at his son. Philip's own eyes deepened and darkened as he looked straight ahead of him, across the lighted table, at the wall far beyond. Both were silent under the shock of an identical memory; both, by the trick of Philip's unlucky words, were forced to tear away the veil of years and behold the same scene, the same hour, the same horror. Philip Lester felt through his frame the very tautness and strain of the muscles that he had felt five years—and twelve days—before; felt his right arm grow rigid again as it had grown rigid when he leaned over the side of the launch and held his drowning brother inexorably down under the rippling surface of the water. He had not Arthur's wicked, gloating face to see now, for he had hardly seen it then. Cramp had seized Arthur; and Philip had only, first, heard the cry, and then seen the formless struggle. He was not now recalling his own anger, his own hatred, or the immediate causes of

them, which had made his brother seem to him a noxious, monstrous thing. Only his body seemed to remember and repeat. His right arm was tense with that revived strain; his eyes, gazing at the panelled wall of the dining-room, saw his father's figure standing on the edge of the lake, and the field-glasses levelled on himself. Though Philip Lester's lips were closed, he spoke inwardly, the very words he had muttered five years earlier: "He saw me. . . ." Philip relaxed his arm deliberately. It ached—as it had ached five years before. His body trembled with weakness. "This mustn't happen again," he whispered to himself. Then he walked to the table and sat down again opposite his father, who had not once spoken, and looked at him now only with intolerable, dull sadness.

Philip folded his arms on the table, moistened his lips, and began haltingly.

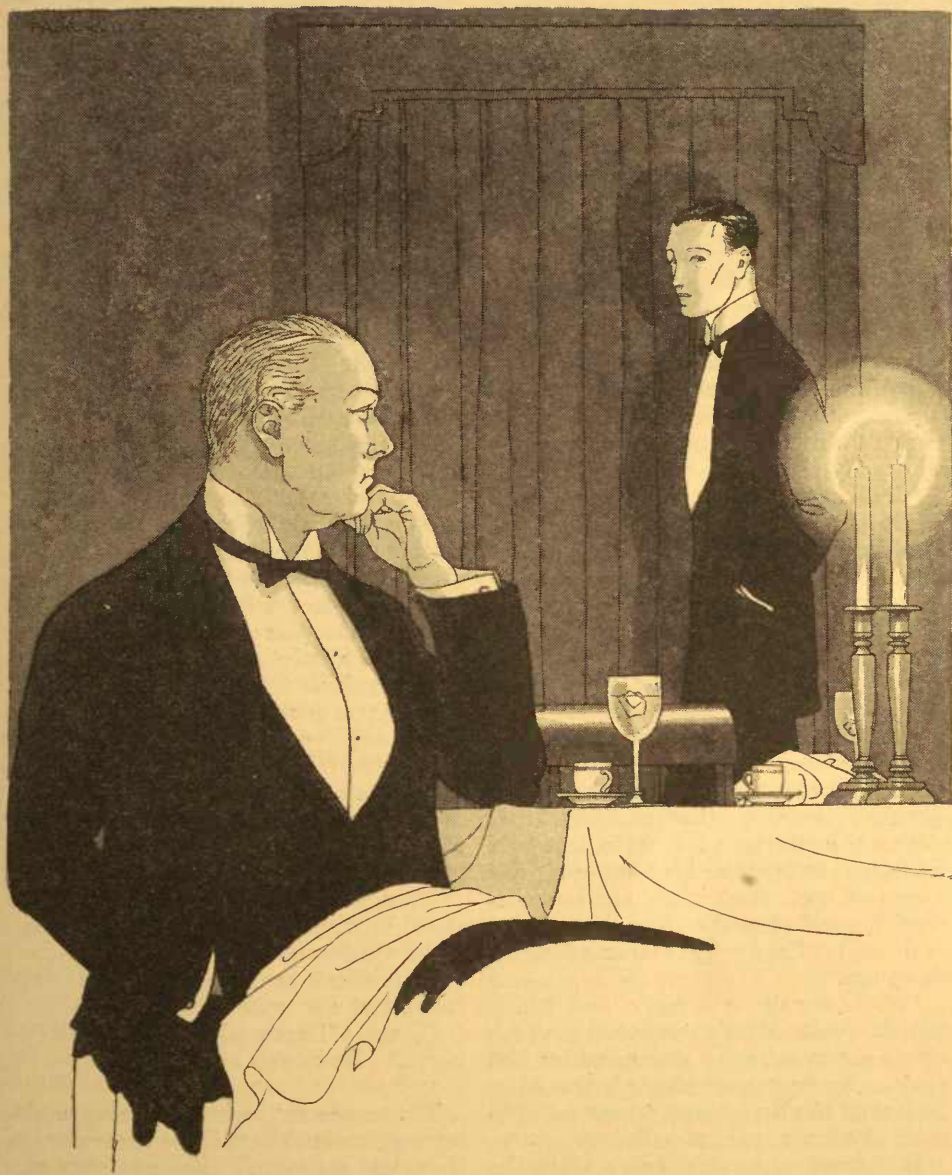
"I was wrong to bring a moment like that upon us both. Unless we keep absolute silence on this subject we can't live at all, any one of us; you, or I—or Lucilla. Therefore one thing must be understood between you and me: that I am incapable of breaking my word to you. If you stop to think, you will realize that I have never challenged one of your decisions. I have never argued, I have made no single comment, ever. I have simply acquiesced in all your demands. If I had any intention of trying to circumvent you, I'd have done it at the beginning. The threats have all been yours. I have never made any."

"What threats could you have made?" It was asked scornfully.

Philip was easier now. He reached for a cigarette and lighted it. "The threat, for example, of going and giving myself up to the authorities with a full and free confession of having killed my brother."

Rupert Lester turned white. "But I am in possession of the only evidence against you." His voice shook.

"Exactly." Philip let the single word sink in. Then he went on. "The thing cannot be decided over again now. Only I ask you to remember that you have never, once, heard my side of the case. You proceeded, on the facts known to you, to make the whole decision. You gave me your verdict. I was to keep myself in a strict voluntary imprisonment,



Drawn by Charles Baskerville.

"My God, Philip, do you never realize what this means to *me*?"—Page 210.

holding no communication with the world outside this household. If I did not intend to abide by your judgment absolutely, the time to say so was then—when things could have been decided otherwise. Do you think a man signs away his freedom like that, unless he has an overwhelming conviction that, in all the circumstances, it is the only thing to do? If I didn't fight then, I shan't fight now. But you've got to trust me. We can't have this kind of scene. We can't stand it."

The older man had sunk into moodiness. "It's my conscience. . . . I'm not sure I wasn't wrong—taking the law into my own hands. 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' Scripture says. But it was my own beloved son." He murmured the last words pathetically to himself.

"Your conscience is your own affair," Philip answered patiently. "I have subordinated mine in every way to yours. But if it is any comfort to you to know that the punishment you dictated to me has been pretty nearly intolerable—that a chain-gang could hardly have been worse—you can take that comfort to yourself." There was no bitterness in his tone now. He spoke as one genuinely offering solace.

"Comfort!" The elder Lester groaned.

"Yes: comfort. The human soul is strangely made, isn't it?" He bent over his father, as he passed behind him, with a sort of dark tenderness, but straightened himself immediately. "I'm going in to see Lucilla for five minutes before I go on up."

Mr. Lester did not reply, and Philip left the room. With the mention of his wife's name, urbanity descended on him again. As he passed through the door, he looked like a gentleman bent on civilized pleasures in festal halls.

His manner to his wife, when he reached her, was a shade more formal than it had been at the dinner-table. Alone together, they seemed less intimate. "You said you had some new music. Have you time to run through something for me before I get back to work?"

Lucilla Lester rose from the piano and handled some music lying beside her.

"You stayed longer over your smoking than usual," she answered. "I had given you up."

"Yes. We had some talk."

"What about?" She fingered her music busily, and did not look at her husband. Her manner was so simple in its courteous formality that no one could have said whether she abstained voluntarily from the contemplation of that handsome figure.

"Oh, a detail that came up. It's all settled now."

"What shall I play?"

"Anything you like that isn't Chopin."

She settled to a morsel of Debussy. Lester thanked her when she had finished. "It's as unreal as life, isn't it? Good fare for us all. I'm awfully obliged. Now I'm going to tackle those new books."

"Are they interesting?"

"Haven't had a chance to dip in yet. They ought to be. This theory of the spread of heliolithic culture is rather thrilling—if you're thrilled by that sort of thing." The naked irony of his tone hit his wife's ear, and in spite of her mastery she winced a little.

"Oh, but you *are* thrilled," Lucilla protested lightly.

He smiled. "Yes, I am thrilled. Thank you for insisting. By the way, Susan said you had a chill last night. Was it bad?"

"No—not bad. She got me a hot drink. I was asleep soon after one. I'm too apt to be careless these first cool evenings."

"Yes, I—remember. Can I get you a shawl or anything, now? Or would you like a window closed?"

"No, thank you. There's a fire in my room, and I'm going up presently."

"I see. That's wise of you. Good-night." He bowed and went out.

The scene—if "scene" anything so bitterly quiet could be called—in the dining-room had no sequel. Yet who shall say that Philip Lester's painful evocations did not serve their turn, by "preparing" him, in the old cant phrase? For the peace which seemed to settle about them all again on the morrow was destined to be short-lived: a respite, a breathing-space, but no more. Three days after that sharp, significant talk, Rupert Lester was brought into his own house, dead. The master who had ordained the strange life of that household walked out of it,

a sad and powerful man in prime of later middle age; he came back to it, by the strength of others, to ask only such respect as tenantless clay immemorally demands. The accident that had crushed life out of him is no part of our tale, nor the blank horror of the household, the running to and fro, the offices rendered and the offices forgotten. By evening the wild pulses were stilled, and the household, though sad and awe-struck, was itself again.

Philip Lester, after nightfall, stood alone in the library with his father's body. After long musing, he bent over and laid a hand on the still heart. To keep him shackled, this organ had only to pump blood according to the laws of nature. It had stopped pumping blood, and he was unloosed. Humpf! there was more to it than that.

Lucilla stepped into the shadowy room with flowers crowding her slender arms. She disposed them . . . then sighed. On the wings of that sigh her eyes fluttered up to her husband, standing, with arms crossed, before her.

"If there is anything I can do—" she began in her own fashion of delicate speech.

"Thank you, Lucilla. I think not. You had better rest. It is you, I'm afraid, who will have to see all the people and give all the directions. I'm out of it—publicly, at least. But to-night my place is here."

"Do you think you need?"

"I don't know. But I shall. We'll share the burden. You do the public rites. I'll watch here."

"Do you think he would have wished it?"

"The answer to that is"—he drew a little farther into the shadow so that she could not see him plainly—"that my wishing it is more important than his. But I honestly think he would have wished it. The next best thing, for him, to taking me with him would have been to keep me by his side as long as they left him above ground."

There was no bitterness in his tone, but she shivered a little, as if coldness had breathed upon her.

"Just now," she said reflectively, "I think the tragedy of his being killed like that might supersede everything else.

Don't you? Couldn't you be—natural, about it?"

Philip Lester smiled. "It is a long time since I have been natural about anything in the world. But this is as natural a thing as I can do. My father loved me, Lucilla. Now that he is dead, I can admit it. He couldn't feel simply about anything. But he would certainly have approved my staying here."

Lucilla turned to go, but paused a moment in the doorway. "I don't think even your father would have wanted you so close, hating him."

Lester smiled very faintly. "Have you a right to say that I shall be hating him? Have you known one least thought of mine for five years, Lucilla?"

"No."

"Well, then, you'll have to leave it. If you can tell me that you loved him so much that you grudge my place here beside him—I might yield it to you. Is that what you are trying to say?"

"I am not trying to say anything. I wondered if it were necessary—normal. And I want you not to forget that, to-morrow, you will have to do a great many things to help me, if I am to put all this through as it should be put through."

"You needn't be afraid that I shall fail you to-morrow, Lucilla."

"But you will be ill—if you sit here all night in this cold room."

"I may not sit here all night. I have a coat, in any case. And I am in wonderfully good condition. If you would only tell me quite honestly, Lucilla, what it is you are afraid of, I might set your fears at rest."

"I can't quite say. I am tired and don't think clearly. But there is nothing within the whole range of mortal possibilities that I have not been afraid of, at one time or another, these last five years. And now, of course, there are new things to be afraid of."

She left the room then, closing the door softly behind her.

Lucilla afraid! It was a new vision of her, even to Philip Lester. But he must not stop to think about Lucilla's fears now. There was other meditation afoot, between him, his daemon, and the half-menacing clay beside him. A fine figure of a man, his father. Now that all traces of perplexity had been smoothed out by

death, what did Rupert Lester think? Young Lester clenched his fist lightly. It didn't matter what Rupert Lester thought. His thoughts were dead. What did he, Philip, think? That was the supreme question. Hour after hour, until close on dawn, Lester sat in the deep arm-chair, stirring only now and then to pace the floor with light, slow steps, facing his altered plight, conversing inwardly with his daemon. Rupert Lester lay there to witness, his face turned upward as if mutely searching heaven. . . . *Bar the new facts that might still appear. . . .*

He did not look back at his father when he finally closed the door softly and went up to his own room. Nor did he speak to Lucilla about anything but practical detail, until the funeral was over. At the last, it was Lucilla who saw the few people who had to be seen—Pender the lawyer, as well as the few cousins who lived near enough to attend.

Lester and his wife dined that evening as usual. As usual, that is, with the immense difference of Rupert Lester's chair, empty, at the head of the table. In little ways, however, they followed the ritual. The talk was as courteous and desultory as ever, before the devoted servants who had never penetrated the mystery of that household, but who, having known Philip Lester for many years, adored him. It was for Philip's sake—not Rupert Lester's, or even Lucilla's—that Susan, Charlotte, and the others asked no questions, even of one another.

As of old, Lucilla rose to leave her husband in the dining-room with his cigarette. Only this time there was no pretense of new music to lure her to the drawing-room, which had now been tenderly restored to its own cheerful mien. No mortuary hint was there. The great bowls of chrysanthemums and cosmos had been filled within the hour. The funeral blooms had gone with Rupert Lester, never to return.

Lucilla did not go to the piano, but sat instead in a high-backed chair, leaning her chin on her hand, staring at the great dusk-filled window beyond her—waiting. Nor did she wait long. Philip walked in presently, cigarette in hand, and closed the big double doors behind him. Lucilla made no comment on the cigarette, though it transgressed one of Rupert

Lester's laws. He had been old-fashioned enough to think tobacco out of place in the drawing-room.

"Pray excuse this." Philip flicked the ash off into the fireplace. "I didn't wish to keep you waiting. . . . What did Pender say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"I mean—he says he is sure your father never made a will. He reproached him about it not many weeks ago. And he has examined your father's papers, and has found nothing—of any sort."

"I see." A slow flush rose to Lester's forehead. He was thinking hard. "You don't think Pender is holding off? That he was—deceiving you?" he asked meditatively.

"No, I don't. Otherwise he would not have told me to tell you that, as your father died intestate, you succeed to everything—and that he should want to talk a lot of business with you as soon as you felt that you could see him."

"Unless he is staying his hand—taking time to think. *That* might all be true, and still there might have been another document, and he might have rushed home with it to consider—or take measures." Philip Lester was thinking aloud, only.

Lucilla rose. "There was nothing of the sort. The only thing you have to worry about is being a rich man in your own right. You are perfectly free." There was the faintest note of irony—or was it only sharp pity?—in her cool voice.

"Thanks for the assurance." Philip's irony was quite obvious, and her shoulders moved a little at the sound of his voice.

"You may take it as a fact, simply. There was nothing. I think I'll go upstairs now." She nodded at him.

"Don't let me turn you out. I'm going into the library."

"Oh, I wouldn't. It's chilly and musty in there, and I told them not to light a fire."

"Then I'll go to my own room." Philip raised his voice in irritation. "But this place is yours. I won't have you hunted out of it—as long as you are here."

Lucilla swayed a little toward him and smiled faintly. "Don't be absurd. I'm not hunted out. But I feel quite sure you would rather be alone. It's a good deal

of money, by the way—more than I should have guessed.”

“He’s probably pretty sick about it—if he knows,” Lester mused harshly.

Lucilla flung back her head. “Well, then, let him be! He had only himself to blame. He could have made a will any time. I think your father was probably one of those men who can’t face the possibility of their own death. He funkcd it. Pure cowardice, probably.”

“Not that. Perhaps I see better than you do, Lucilla, what a hole he was in. If he made any will, it had to be of a certain kind—any old kind you like, but definite. You must remember that my father was always pulled in two directions. Nothing was clear to him: how could he make a clear testament? Every act of his life for five years has been an unwilling compromise—between caring more what happened to my little finger than what happened to Arthur’s whole rotten body, and thinking that God Almighty wanted me to be hanged. I’ve been both Cain and Abel to him. . . . Not so easy to make a will, under those conditions.”

“I dare say. I’m not so psychological as you are.”

“No, you’re beyond psychology. A sort of Ariel. . . . ‘Mine would, sir, were I human.’”

Lucilla Lester turned away. “It hasn’t been the easiest household in the world to be what you call human in. If you have anything to reproach me with, Philip, perhaps you had better do it now.”

“Reproach you!” he cried. “No other woman in the world could have lived as you have, among such emotions, and stayed sweet and unscathed and mannerly throughout. You’re a miracle, Lucilla—such a miracle that I say you are not human. But it is over now. You’re free. My father’s death frees you.”

“It frees you, for that matter.” She looked at him intently.

“No death but my own can free me—even though bondage should take another form. But you can be sure that I shall not permit you to go on wasting your life in this morbid way.”

She bent toward him with apprehensive eyes. “Just what do you mean?”

“I mean that, whatever my own penal-

ties are to be, I have determined that they shall no longer involve you.”

“You don’t take your own freedom, then?”

He frowned. “I have no freedom of my own. But I have now the power to give you yours.”

“In all senses but one, I’ve always been free.”

He passed his hand over his forehead and sighed. “It’s I who am not up to your complications, I’m afraid. I’m at the end of my tether. Good-night. We’ll have a practical talk to-morrow. I suppose I mayn’t kiss your hand, Lucilla?”

She put it out to him, her eyes wet with tears. “For all it’s worth,” she said strangely, “you might kiss it to pieces.”

“Ah, don’t!” The choked cry was deep in his throat. He turned from her, and, after one glance at him, Lucilla left the room, holding her unknissed hand like a hurt thing to her own lips.

Presently Philip Lester walked to each big window and flung the curtains back. He turned out all but one or two of the lamps, so that the moonlight took the edges of the room. In this half-gloom, half-radiance, he walked himself giddy, with quick steps and short, sharp turns. He was free, since his father’s rigid hand had really unclosed in death: free to end, in one way or another, a life he could not endure another week. Lucilla should go—he gritted his teeth. While Rupert Lester lived, it had been just possible to live that life in the formal shadow of his presence. Now: he could not endure the added touch of intimacy, the moments, the hours, when he must needs be alone with his wife because there was no one else to be a third. Oh, Lucilla should go! There were tortures that even a murderer was not called on to bear. She was young and lovely and sane: let her enter into her heritage out there in a world where the sun was not tainted each day at his rising.

Before long the door opened softly, and he saw Lucilla, no longer in tragic black, but floating forward mistily, as it seemed, out of the heart of a rose. He had not seen her so, in these delicate draperies, for more than five years. Over the pink of her tea-gown lay a soft scarf of deeper pink, and she was shod with

gold. Yes, he remembered: Lucilla had always loved those slashed, formless, diaphanous things. Probably all this time she had been wearing them in her own rooms. He had simply forgotten. They had not been like other families. . . .

He faced her with folded arms. This person should leave his house to-morrow; take her goodness and sweetness to places where they had a right to flower.

"Philip, I've come for a talk." She waved him to a chair, then sat down near him. "I have held my tongue for five years. Now I am going to say certain things I've never said. Remember that for five years no human being has had any inkling of what I felt. I might have had, as you say, no heart; and I might equally well have had no brain. Now you and I are going to talk—freely. But, first, I wish to know what you consider the conditions of your bondage."

"I haven't decided."

"You have decided something," she affirmed.

"At first I thought I should go straight to the minions of the law. It would have been the easiest way out. That first night, I thought of it with relief. Then I considered that my father might have chosen his own way of controlling my future after his death. You seem to be sure he didn't. I'm not sure yet, though it looks that way. But I have done a good deal of reflecting, and it seems to me that it is too late to go with a confession unbolstered by any human evidence. Too late to expose my father as an accomplice after the fact. Too late, in short, to do anything but continue the conditions he imposed—bar one. I am not going to keep you here. Otherwise I shall go on, I think, as I have gone on all these years. It would be a relief, in a way, if he had left a paper for Pender. And it may still be that Pender has some such thing. For he wouldn't have told you, Lucilla, if there had been anything."

"Of course he wouldn't. So I took the precaution of looking first."

"You?"

"Quite so. The key to your father's desk was in his pocket. I found it in his bedroom, where they had put his things. I made a thorough search."

A quick interrogation gleamed in

Philip's eyes. "If you had found something—"

"If I had found anything, I should have destroyed it—like this." She pulled a paper from her bosom, and thrust it into the fire, cramming it down between the logs. One sharp little blaze, and then it fell to tinder.

"Lucilla!" Philip leaped to the fire to retrieve it, but her movement had been too quick.

"What was that?" His eyes almost glared at her.

"That was a statement. It wasn't addressed to anybody. So I took the liberty of assuming that it was addressed to me."

"But, Lucilla!" His trouble put a sharp edge on his voice.

"It was nothing but a statement," she said patiently. "He might have written it down to refresh his own memory. It was not even sealed. There was no indication that he meant it to be read by anybody, ever. It seemed to me to be very distinctly none of Mr. Pender's business."

"You lied to me when you said there was nothing." He kept reproach out of his voice; but his tone must have made it clear to her that he regretted some vision lost.

"Yes: because I had to know what, if you were really free, you would do with your freedom. It wasn't my business, in a sense. In another, it was. I had, that is, for my own sake, to find out—all over again—just what you were like. That was why. You will agree, though, Philip, that I acknowledged the lie at the first possible moment. It wasn't allowed to stand an hour."

"It wasn't right to destroy it," he murmured. "That was unworthy of you."

"I never pretended to be superhuman," she answered smoothly. "But this is the first lie I ever told—and I didn't tell it very long. It's the first time I ever stole, too—and I only stole from you. Everything that was your father's is yours, you see. Who can say that he ever meant it for Pender?"

"He certainly didn't mean it for you or me," Philip retorted bitterly.

"He may have meant it only for himself. He wasn't prepared for death."

"And are you very sure," Philip asked ironically, "that there was no will? I

mean, before Pender had access to his desk?"

Lucilla flushed. "I give you my word of honor that this is the only lie I ever told—and I took it back, as I pointed out to you, within the hour. I only lied at all because I had to know: had to know what you would do if you thought you were perfectly free."

"Well, you found out. But you could still have given the paper to me. You needn't have burned it. That—perpetuates the lie, doesn't it?"

"I can't split hairs. I felt the thing should be destroyed."

"You admit I had a right to it."

"Oh, your rights, Philip! You take some of them so seriously and some of them so lightly."

"At all events," he said grimly, "everything is changed. You have put me in a very difficult position, Lucilla. Since the paper was there, and since it may have been meant for Pender or any outsider, I shall—I think—have to behave as if it had not been tampered with—as if Pender had seen it."

"What do you mean?"

He sighed. "Oh, go through with the whole damned business. Tell my past to the district attorney."

Lucilla looked at him a long time before she replied. Then she sighed deeply. "More work for me," she murmured. "You give me a very delicate and difficult task, in that case. It is pure madness on your part. But I'll see it through—I'll see it through."

"What do you mean?" he asked, in his turn.

"Why, just this, Philip. That if you are going to state things to the authorities, I am going to state things to them, too."

"What can you state, Lucilla?"

"Oh—a lot of things. With your father dead, and that paper burned, I am pretty powerful, I think. All the circumstances will bolster up my story. Nothing will bolster up yours."

"And your story will be——?"

"Delusions. Perfectly sane in every other way. But your not being able to save Arthur when he drowned, turned your brain just a little. You never got rid of the false conviction that you had killed him. There was no reason to commit you to a sanitarium. We arranged,

your father and I, to keep you here; to give up our lives to making you as happy as we could. Your imprisonment was your own idea: we humored it. In fact, we treated the whole thing as a prolonged nervous breakdown. We always hoped for a complete recovery, and, lately, the delusions seemed to be practically gone. Then the shock of your father's death brought back the mental illness—opened the lesion afresh. The servants, you know, have always thought there was something the matter with your health—that that was why you lived this secluded life. Not one of them knows anything."

"But if I can *prove* I killed him!" Philip brought his fist down on the arm of his chair.

"You can't. You've no proof beyond your bare word."

"They'd be bound to investigate."

"There's nothing for them to investigate. It's a closed incident. Your father testified to the cramp, the coroner gave in his verdict. They couldn't convict you."

"I'll make them!" He got up and started to pace the room.

Lucilla rose, too. Her exceeding quietness veiled the fact that she was braced in every nerve and sinew for a supreme effort.

"Listen, Philip. If you will listen to me now, I'll never ask you to listen to me again." She put her hand on his arm, to stop his feverish pacing. So they stood.

"I told you I knew why you killed Arthur. I knew more than you ever knew. And that record exists, though I shan't tell you where. Enough, so that if you had been indicted for killing your brother, any jury would have let you off—if I had produced the record, as of course I should have done. Arthur had plotted more deeply than even you knew."

"Why did you never tell my father?"

"It wouldn't have affected him. He guessed it, in a dim unhappy way. He knew, and you knew, and I knew, that, with all the provocation in the world, a man has no right to kill. We won't lower ourselves to a jury's point of view until we have to deal with a jury. It was right that you should pay, somehow. I think the whole thing was mismanaged. But I gave in, too—anything rather than a murder charge. I was weak about it; but, you see. . . . I loved you, Philip. That

is another fact you have apparently not taken into consideration."

"We have been absolute strangers—not even friends, Lucilla—for five years." His voice was broken. "I didn't blame you—who could expect a woman not to shrink from a man who had done what I had done? But it would have been impossible for me to think that you—loved me."

"Ah, you are not so clever as I thought you," she said a little sadly. "I thought you would see your father's hand in it. It was he who, less than twenty-four hours after that terrible thing happened, made it a condition of my staying under his roof. I was free to go—but not free to stay on any terms but those. He wouldn't have stood for friendship, even. I made no promises. I only succumbed to a threat. I've always loved you, Philip. I hoped you knew. Whether you still loved me or not, I wasn't sure. But I think you do—even though you want to send me away."

He pressed her hand suddenly, violently, until it hurt, but he did not speak. Lucilla's lips twisted a little with the pain, but she did not take her hand from that ruthless, passionate grasp.

"I don't say it was right for me to hunt among the papers," she went on, less firmly. "Or right for me to destroy that—or right for me to lie. I've probably been very wicked the last two days. But this isn't a simple situation. It is false, any way you look at it. It is the lies your father told, five years ago, that make it hard for us to tell the truth now. To have had it all out in court would have been far easier than what we have been through. But, rightly or wrongly, this case has been judged. You can't drag it up again. If we could obliterate five years, and stand up before the world and get justice done—but we can't. Therefore I am not going to let you suffer fresh injustices. Not you, Philip, who stand ready to keep your oath when there is no one to force you. Your father has us caught fast in the situation he made. We can't get out of it now. It is too late. Any lie I might tell, to keep you as you are, would be truth compared with the mess that strangers would make of it all now. You let yourself in for a lie in the first place, Philip, when you stood, like a dumb animal, and let your father judge.

You say you still think you were right. Well, then, I am right, to keep that lie going; to insist on maintaining, as he maintained, that Arthur was drowned accidentally. As for you: you made an oath and kept it. You were still prepared to keep it when all compulsion was removed. That, to me, is the root of the matter."

He still made no reply, only stared sombrely into the distance. So many fundamental facts of his life had changed within the hour. . . .

"I'm tired," Lucilla said very softly. "I'm sorry you feel about me as you do. Perhaps you will understand better when you think it over. If you don't—I must go, of course. Not to-morrow—I'm too tired to get ready—but the day after."

"I said you must go, Lucilla, because I love you. I couldn't face living here alone with you as we have lived."

"Of course not. If I stayed with you, I should stay as your wife, Philip. But—now that I've torn up a paper—I suppose you won't have me."

She extricated her hand from his grasp, not without difficulty, and started to leave the room.

But Philip Lester, in his torture of perplexity, saw one thing plain: that, if Lucilla went now, he would no longer be able to endure. For five years he had assumed that he had lost her love. Now the accumulated flood of it surrounded him. She had served him with gallant patience through great tribulation. She was more his than he had ever dreamed her. . . . Even now she clothed herself with humility to speak to him; too delicate, too generous, to match his sins with hers. The irony, the beauty, of all great love!

"Lucilla! Lucilla!" he murmured, and stretched out his arms.

But Lucilla Lester was no crude servant of passion. She turned, poised for flight either way.

"No, Philip, not even now, if you think me wicked, unworthy." For the first time in five years her features showed all her inward pain.

"Wicked! Unworthy! You? I?" He broke down in trying to phrase it.

She searched his face, and finally found the answer. Then she came to him, without waiting for his words.



The captain of the *Guisborne* had a fearful voice.—Page 224.

Atuona Storms the Bastille

BY OSCAR F. SCHMIDT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

THE average male Marquesan is inordinately fond of rum and dark woollen trousers. The first is, of course, easily comprehensible; the second less so. Why any one should want to wear dark wool in the tropics is a mystery that only the native himself can explain. My companion, Tyler, and myself, both painters, spent five months in Atuona, on the island of Hivaoa, during which time we had ample opportunity to observe this peculiar passion on the part of our brown friends.

Fiu, a handsome youth of twenty-one, consented to pose for us on the condition that, besides being paid twenty francs per day, with drinks, he might wear Tyler's trousers during the celebration of July 14. Tyler yielded reluctantly. It was the only wool suit he had with him, and he expected some day to return in it to San Francisco. Haabuani, one of our frequent visitors, was of an older generation and affected a disdain for all such frivolities. Trousers, like the French language, were signs of degeneracy; the race was de-

teriorating. For himself, he preferred the simple pareu. However, we noticed that on Sundays Haabuani went to church resplendent in carefully pressed blue denims.

Marquesans are French subjects, they pay taxes, their children are sent to school at the Mission, and they celebrate the national holiday of France, July 14, anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. They celebrate it with an intensity and enthusiasm quite out of keeping with their usual attitude toward French things, and in a manner that would startle even that original mob of "sans culottes" that marched from Versailles to Paris. Bastille Day in Atuona! I have but to close my eyes to conjure up a vision of a hundred Marquesan ladies rhythmically waving their hips in time to the drum-beat.

There are days of preparation for this great event. One morning I crossed a bridge to find all the belles of Atuona washing clothes along the banks of the stream, steeping their tresses and their gowns at once in the soapy water. Teiki hailed me, coquettishly hiding her head behind a lavender-colored "swing clear" which she held up before her. I greeted her and inquired the reason for this sudden industry.

"It is for the fête," she replied. "You will see, to-night we shall all be ironing."

The evening of the 13th found us on the grounds of the administrator's house, amid a scene of festivity suggesting a Roman saturnalia. Moonlight, the people of Atuona, Tauata, and Hanemate seated cross-legged in rows on the ground, the glare of bamboo torches and Chinese fireworks, and the air laden with incense from wreaths and flowers. Above the noise and laughter sounded a solemn chant, sung in the Marquesan tongue; it was Hanemate performing a rari, the ancient sitting dance of Polynesia.

We stood in the back and looked over a sea of flower-crowned heads, and listened to this great voice swelling and dying away like that of an organ. The women swayed in unison as they sat, and sometimes raised their arms and clapped their hands, and the men bore an accompaniment in deepest bass. Facing them, the administrator and the doctor and their white retinue sat in chairs on the lawn.

Presently the scene livened, there were hulas, furious rhythmic dances of the Pomotus that fairly swept one away with enthusiasm. Tauata danced in competition against Hanemate. Loud were the shouts of encouragement with which each faction cheered their favorites. In the Marquesas, the hula is executed to the sound of a drum, the dancers are in rows, the men doing a species of hornpipe and the girls waving their hips. Throughout the dance the women serve as a foil for the violent movements of the men, they undulate while the men stamp and gesticulate.

An effective trick is to have one girl unattached weave her way in and out among the dancers, writhing, as it were, under their very noses, appearing and disappearing like a nightmare, until, with the sudden cessation of the drum, the dance stops. All this is done with tremendous rhythm, every move is timed to the drum-beat.

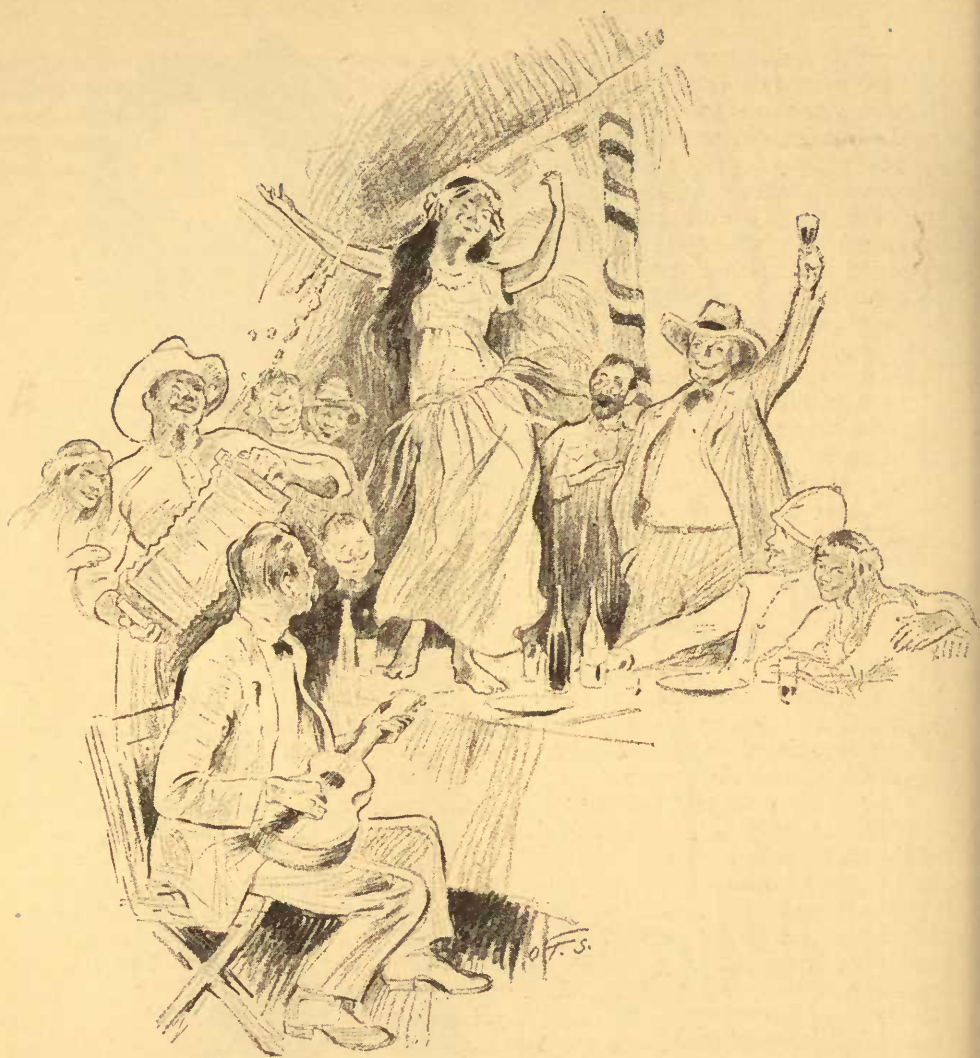
Thus the evening wore on, while the white people sat in chairs and applauded. But enthusiasm mounted to a truly Roman pitch when the administrator, that godlike man, rose and grandly indicated to his slaves: "Let wine be brought." The populace, led by Haabuani, roared approval. Demijohns of red wine circulated and joy was at its height. They toasted the emperor, "*Ave, Caesar, io Saturnalia!*" Such laughter, such a scattering of flowers and wreaths, such mad pranks! Long after the administrator had dismissed the assemblage, the riot continued and the tribes paraded up and down Atuona until the small hours, bearing torches and following the drum.

On the morning of the 14th there was to be a luncheon to which all of the white men of the islands were invited. We met at eleven in a copra shed on Atuona beach; there were in all about twenty of us. I sat between Alexandre, a young man who had been captured by the Germans during the war and had spent three years in prison camps before finally escaping, and Lebrunnec, the jovial trader from the Compagnie Navale. I remember little of the luncheon except that it was a tremendous success. We waxed very merry, a guitar appeared and songs were going the rounds and presently the people of Tauata arrived with drums. What a



Drawn by Oscar F. Schmidt.

The administrator and the doctor and their white retinue.—Page 220.



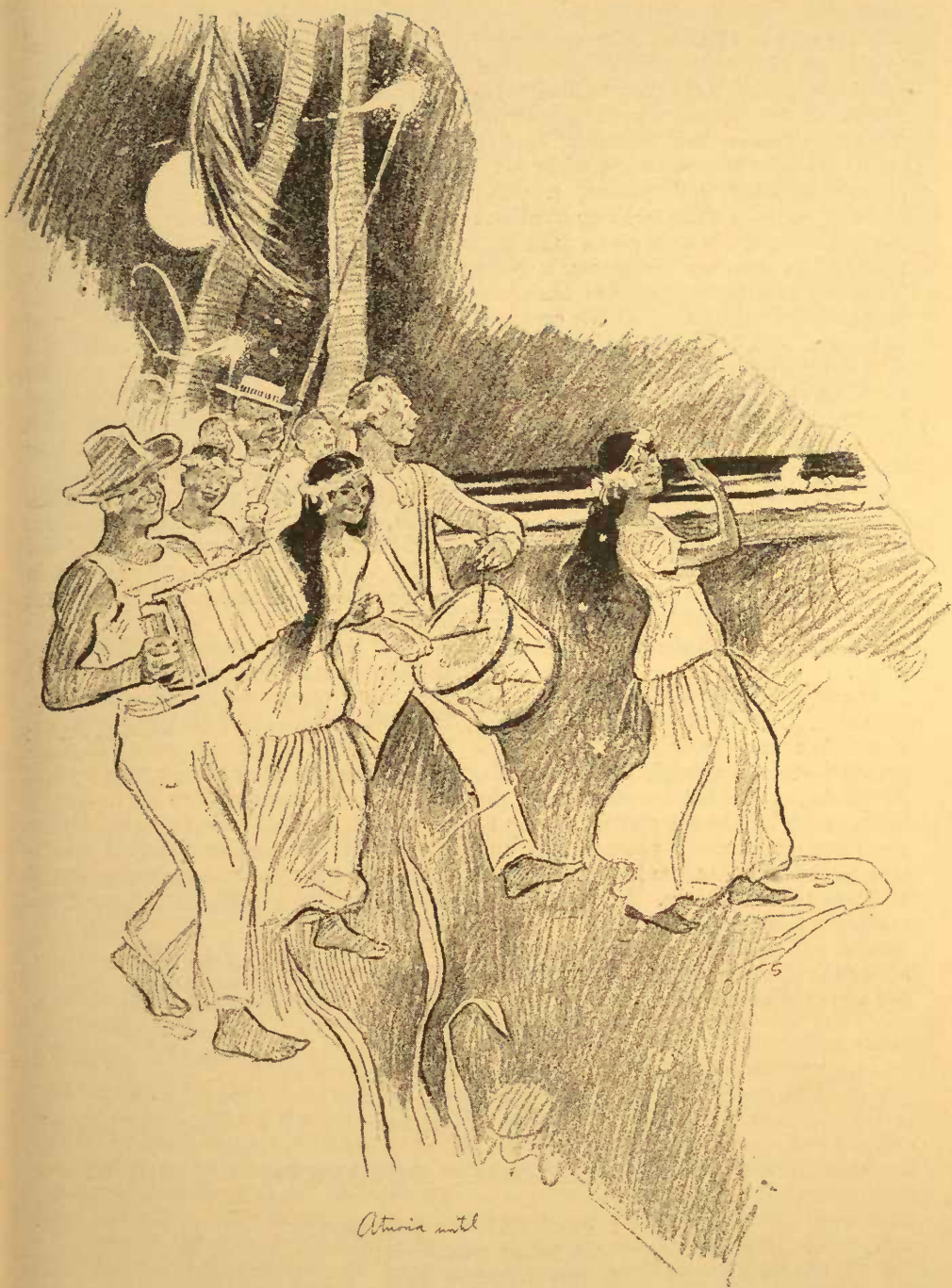
Teiki, with her bare brown feet twinkling among the wine-bottles.

wonderful thing good Bordeaux wine is! Everybody's face was beaming, we were comrades all, looking out on the world through that comfortable roseate haze that arises from the fumes of Barsac, Medoc, and Chablis. Vive la France! Vive la Bastille! Vive les Marquises! The genial Berard, also from the Navale store, seized a guitar, rose, and chanted a rari of his own which goes:

"Dites-moi (oui! oui! oui!)
Dites-moi (oui! oui! oui!)
Dites-moi si le vin est bon."

Soon there were Marquesan ladies dancing on the table to the thundering chorus; Teiki, with her bare brown feet twinkling among the wine-bottles without upsetting a single one, her hands in air and her pagan head thrown back; Tahina, Tetua, and still another beautiful maid with six hats. (I distinctly remember counting six.)

"Nous boirons chacun six bouteilles
Pour noyer l'amour dans le vin—
Pour noyer (non! non! non!)
Pour noyer (non! non! non!)
Pour noyer l'amour dans le vin."



Drawn by Oscar F. Schmidt.

Paraded up and down Atuona until the small hours.—Page 220.

Alexandre had invited Tyler and myself to a party at his house that evening, but when the time came, Tyler decided to remain at home. The luncheon had proved a bit too much for him, so I was forced to go alone. The guests assembled in Alexandre's outdoor dining-room, a small place with lattice walls and only one door. Berard was there with a guitar, the captain of the schooner *Guisborne*, a giant Tahitian, also the engineer of the *Guisborne*, and several girls. In the centre of the room, on a table, were refreshments. We were so crowded we could hardly move and Berard immediately commenced singing so that I thought the place would fall in on us. Guests continued to arrive, Juan, a little negro from Portuguese East Africa, Bastien, a Frenchman who worked in Maxwell's store, and Teiki. The *jour de gloire* was beginning to tell on Teiki. She attempted a hula, but her hips, for the first time, refused to wave, although I have no doubt she thought she was dancing as usual.

The captain of the *Guisborne* had a fearful voice. I began to regret that I had come. We sang "Over There" and "Tipperary"—the latter with Tahitian words. Alexandre attempted to waltz with the ladies, with indifferent success, owing to the presence of many pairs of feet and also to the fact that the ladies could not waltz in the first place. Meanwhile the company was demanding more songs and Berard was trying to make himself heard above the uproar. A string had snapped, did any one have a new guitar string?

Presently we were aware that somebody outside was clamoring for admission. After things had quieted down so that we could hear, we discovered that the intruder was one of the administrator's convicts, in a sad state of intoxication. How he had gotten out of the calaboose was a mystery. He expressed a desire to come in and murder the captain of the *Guisborne*. The captain of the *Guisborne* retorted that nothing was nearer to his heart than to have the opportunity of mauling the son of a Tahitian swine who stood outside, and tearing him limb from limb. Whereupon the ladies all screamed in dismay. We attempted to reason with the convict through the lattice, but he commenced to kick the house down.

Meanwhile the captain was raging like a lion, imploring us to let him out. He would finish the *cochon*. He did get out finally and fell up against the convict in the dark and the two rolled in the mud together.

I had had about enough of this party, and as it was a good opportunity to go, I went back to my house and turned in. Tyler was awake and feeling much better. There was still great excitement at Alexandre's house. Then came a long silence, and just as I was dropping off to sleep I heard the fearful, raucous voice of the captain of the *Guisborne* raised triumphantly in song, to the accompaniment of fists pounding a table and a very uncertain guitar:

"Dites-moi (oui! oui! oui!)
Dites-moi (oui! oui! oui!)
Dites-moi si le vin est bon."

A Sign

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I WALK with the goldenrod
In secret places sown,
A very finger of God
Pointing beyond the known,

Beckoning out afar
The ultimate open way,
Leading past star and star
To the hearts of men,—who pray.



The author at his radio desk.

The original is a self-taken photograph, made possible by a five-minute exposure.

Eavesdropping on the World

THE LOG OF A LISTENING-POST IN THE LITTLE BACK BEDROOM

BY ORANGE EDWARD McMEANS



RADIO is in the air, electrically, vocally, and popularly. It might seem that almost every detail and feature from binding-posts to wave lengths, and from audions to audiences, has been described, discussed, and broadcasted. But it is a fascinating subject, inviting intense scientific analysis and research on the one hand, while bidding for popular interest and discussion on the other. Developments and new devices for greater perfection in transmission and efficiency in receiving are coming so fast that even those of us who have a running start of several years in the game are finding it hard to keep up with the pace-makers. The possibilities of radio telephony do not appear to have

been touched as yet. New applications crowd upon the heels of achievements that seem epoch-making. The public is in a wild scramble to get in line for the new sport, the manufacturers are working overtime to supply the demand for receivers, and new broadcasting stations make their initial announcements to the swelling audience of silent listeners every few days. Using as a medium that elusive, all-pervading something which physicists have named ether, radio begins with a stupendous mystery. Bringing into our very homes by the relatively simple means of its coils, condensers, and bulbs the utterances of those far away on sea and land, the voices of preachers, opera-singers, orators, and leaders of thought, as well as the music of great bands, orchestras, and virtuosi, radio adds another element to the list of applied scientific and technical

achievements making up the complex social and domestic life of to-day.

In my own home, in what was once the little back bedroom, long since become the radio room, there stands a complete radio receiving outfit. It is a good-looking piece of apparatus, for have not a number of my friends told me so voluntarily? It comes under the old definition also which says "handsome is as handsome does," for this receiving set puts that little back room in touch with about everything on this side of the world, and occasionally reaches part way round on the other side when the ether is behaving itself. It has given us, the members of my family, and including many good neighbors, friends, and visitors, a long succession of pleasant evenings, filled with delightful surprises, amusing and pleasing entertainment, impressive attendance upon the services in great churches, flashes from the keys of wireless cabins in the greyhounds of the sea, and concise notes on world events flying from the towering masts of powerful trans-oceanic radio stations. It is the purpose here to tell not so much of the science and art of radio communication as to relate something of what we have overheard from the vantage-point of our little back room.

The instrument cabinets making up the receiving outfit in this radio room bear no manufacturers' name-plates. The makers are not ashamed of their product at all. The reason for the omission is simple in that we made them ourselves. The first-class scout who salutes me as his scoutmaster, and at the same time calls me "dad," worked manfully with me while we wound our coils of nights in the kitchen, soldered the connections at the gas-stove after the cook was through, then risked our necks and the good opinions of our neighbors as we scrambled on the roof to stick up a contraption that looked like a cross between a giant's hammock and a snare for eagles. Nobody had ever seen or heard of anything like it before, and the same kind neighbors who watched the roof-climbing performance out of the corners of questioning eyes turned doubtful ears a little later when told that we were setting our watches every night by the big clock at Washington, or had heard Key West talking to

New Orleans. It was not at all convincing when we invited those same doubting neighbors in to hear for themselves. They could not be expected to make anything out of that mosquito buzz which squeaked out the time and the weather from the Naval Observatory at Arlington, or understand that wail like a lost soul which was speaking plain English if you only knew the world-wide code which the operator out on the tip-end island in the Gulf was using. Maybe it was so and maybe not. Who could tell but what some boy in the next block was fooling you? Yes, they could hear a little noise when they had those funny dinguses on their ears, but it was too much to think that such a faint little noise could come so far. Why, think of all the noises so much greater all along the way! One little toot of a train-whistle anywhere between there and here would put it out of business. Oh! Well, it was all foolishness after all. What did any one want to putter around at such things for? The newspapers gave more news than you could read, and in plain print that any one could understand.

It must not be understood that we made the present complete, efficient receiving outfit all at once. We didn't know how, and no one else did for that matter, even though that was only eight years ago. There was not a single piece of complete wireless apparatus for sale at that time in our town of more than two hundred thousand inhabitants. Binding-posts and insulators had to be ordered from New York. We bought some bare copper wire and brass rods at a hardware store, a few pieces of mahogany at a veneer-mill; wound our tuning coils on empty oatmeal cartons, figuring some of the dimensions from meagre notes found in some book, but guessing at the greater part of it within the limits of the size of the oatmeal boxes. Then we hooked it up to antenna and ground wire and listened. Not a sound the first evening, nor the second, nor yet the third. One of the scouts in our troop who had a small wireless set came and looked it over, made some suggestions, but finally admitted that he did not know what was the matter. We kept on trying every adjustment and connection we could think of, and one

evening were overjoyed to hear a faint buzz going long and short. Having been a Morse operator years before, it was comparatively easy for me to make out that it was an amateur in our own town talking to his chum a few blocks away. That first faint little buzz in the receiver telephones was our starting-signal, and we have been going ever since with constantly growing interest, increasing knowledge, and a widening field. Each radical advance in methods or construction of instruments announced in the magazines sent us after more mahogany, copper wire, binding-posts, and other parts. The good wife and scout-mother grew tired of our fussing around in the kitchen, so we retreated to the attic and kept on winding coils and making cabinets, going on many blind trails, but marking well the high spots of success.

What excitement stirred the household when we heard the great Arlington station for the first time! Each member of the family listened in turn to the big observatory clock ticking off the seconds, mother set the family clock when the stroke of nine came, then all gathered round and watched the pencil as I wrote the weather forecast. Sister ran for the atlas, and we figured from the map that Arlington was about seven hundred miles away as the wireless waves fly. Coming home one night after the folks had retired, a voice from the little back bedroom called out: "Hey! dad, you missed it by being away from home to-night. The wireless is going like a house afire." So I slipped in and tuned up just for a sample. Sure enough, the air was full. Some station with a high, clear spark came in particularly fine. Soon I heard him say: "This is Fort Sam Houston testing a new key. Give us a call. This is WUJ." To bed then with strange thoughts, and the next morning a letter went to the radio station at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. In a few days there came an official-looking envelope bearing the imprint "War Department, Radio Station, Fort Sam Houston, Texas." The letter in this envelope read:

glad to receive your letter which gave our sending equipment such a good boost. At the time you heard us the undersigned was testing out a new relay key that had been installed that day and just completed.

Again wish to thank you for your letter.

Yours very truly,

HARRY L. DAVIS,
Corporal, Signal Corps,
U. S. Army, Operator."

Some folks are saying, these days, that you can't hear anything on a crystal more than twenty-five miles away. Well, Fort Sam Houston is nine hundred miles from our town, and up to this time we had been working with a crystal detector and a simple loose coupler. On a business trip to Denver early in 1916, I spotted a well-built antenna high above the Y. M. C. A. building, and followed the lead-in wire to a room up in the tower. There was installed an outfit that would have made any wireless bug's fingers tingle to get hold of the switches. A greeting in the lingo brought a friendly response at once from the man sitting alone at the instruments, a retired Western Union press operator, working at wireless as a pastime. For several nights I sat in with him, listening to new wonders. From that high tower on the hill in the mile-high-city we heard ships far out at sea and several stations on the other side. A little glowing vacuum-tube detector was the centre of interest in the outfit. Fired with a new ambition, I placed an order then and there for one of the tubes, and a few other parts to make up a similar receiving set, and obtained a copy of the "hook-up." Home again, to tell the story to the eager first-class scout, with renewed feverish activity in the attic workshop. After some three weeks' work, we had the new cabinets made, the little tube mounted, batteries connected, and then—would the same outfit that worked so well in the high, dry air of Denver, do the same in Indiana? The receivers soon answered the question with startling affirmation. Steamers on the Gulf and the Atlantic were heard and marked in the call-book, literally dozens in a single evening. Sayville and Tuckerton, famous later on in

"SIR:—

In reply to your communication of the 15th instant, will say that I was very

the Great War, tuned in as clear as a fiddle-string at any time, day or night. The horizon of the little back bedroom was widening in tremendous jumps.

Then came the dark days of 1917, when, obeying drastic orders from the War Department, we sorrowfully took down our antenna, disconnected our bulbs and cabinets, and packed them all away in a corner of the attic. There was silence, not only as St. John records in the Apocalypse "for the space of half an hour," but for two long years. With the return of peace on earth we pulled out the packing-box, dusted off the instruments, and, in three days after the lifting of the ban on receiving, pulled the antenna to the tops of the masts and "hooked up" again. With the first glow of the vacuum tube, here was our old friend NAJ, the Great Lakes Training Station, pounding away as if there had been no intermission. A few ships were heard that night, strangely scattering, and the big stations were going. But not an amateur was to be heard, nor yet a single one of the commercial stations, for the ban on transmitting still held. The wireless world had received an awful jolt. But we were back in our listening-post, ready to hear whatever came to us out of the air. It was not long until, hearing of a new device called a two-step amplifier, we put our heads together, figured out how to do it, made another mahogany cabinet, mounted the tubes and switches, and coupled it up with the tuner. Everything within hearing jumped, at that instant, several hundred miles nearer. With the resumption of general transmission a little later, we kept spotting station after station far beyond our former range. We don't know yet just what may be the limit with this powerful aid to the radio ear.

One night in the spring of 1920, sitting at the wireless desk writing a letter to the first-class scout away at college, with the "listening-bonnet" over my ears, picking up on the side as I wrote occasional snatches of messages or the chatter of operators, there suddenly boomed out of the night a full round masculine voice speaking plain English: "Hello! hello! hello! This is the Aviation Repair Station at the Indianapolis Speedway talking. We are going to play you some selec-

tions on the phonograph." An excited call to the folks down-stairs, and they came hurrying up to listen for the first time to music through the ether. When the last page of the letter to the boy scout was written, after an hour's intermission, it told him that the wireless telephone, of which we had been reading for some time, had made connection with our home-made receiving set in the little back room. It was not long until we heard the radio-telephone station at Anacostia, just out of Washington, D. C., and a few months later Pittsburgh started its splendid series of entertainments. Still the good neighbors and friends were incredulous, indulgently smiling at our tales of this new phase of the wireless. Some came to listen and wonder, but departed with doubtful expressions as to any practical use ever being made of it.

But what a change has come. Really, it does an old-time radio-bug's soul good nowadays to be stopped on the street, or cornered at the club, by one of these erstwhile doubting friends, who pulls out an envelope with some scribbled figures and diagrams on the back, and, with great seriousness of manner and cordiality of approach, proceeds to ask a lot of questions about "this wireless business." "Putting in an outfit?" we venture. "Oh! Just thinking some about it, that's all." Then on the way home that evening we spot a couple of wires strung from his house to a pole on the garage. Another radio fan started on the road. And this newcomer in the radio field, dabbling in the most startling product of the modern development of electrical science, will, of a certainty, along with thousands of fellow dabblers, find plenty of amusement of a novel and thrilling sort. One newspaper humorist ventured the remark that the only trouble with radio music was that you had to stay at home to hear it. But staying at home is not what it used to be. The farmer's wife is in almost as complete touch with the world's doings as is her city sister. The rural mail-service, telephone, and automobile have worked wonders. Now comes the crowning addition to this list, the wonder of wonders for city home and country home alike. For, by the comparatively simple magic of the radiophone, it is possible to stay at

home anywhere and hear the news of the world at first-hand, attend grand opera or other musical events by the world's best artists, go to divine worship in the great city churches, hearing the big pipe-organ, the singing of choir and congregation, the voice of the minister in prayer and sermon, with every intonation, every trifling sound and echo from the vast edifice, giving one the startling feeling of actual presence right there in the midst of the people.

It is impossible to appreciate the absolute completeness of this sensation due to the perfection of radio transmission until one has actually experienced it. You feel like one sitting there with closed eyes almost within arm's length of the preacher or the choir-singers. The organ fairly startles you when it breaks out in a peal of harmony right beside you. Then the preacher announces, "We will now receive the usual collection of tithes and offerings for the support of the church and its benevolences," and your hand makes a start for your pocketbook. Foolish, at five hundred miles away? Not a bit of it. You are not five hundred miles away, nor any miles away at all, but, by all the evidence of your ears, right in the front pew where the ushers will get to you first with the collection-plate. Such is the realism of going to church by radio. Or, by a mere turn of a few degrees in your tuner, you drop in on a concert in Symphony Hall, Detroit, just as the soprano soloist steps forward to the footlights. Then comes a flush of feeling that you have perhaps gone down too far in front. There the lady stands, not three feet away. You hear the tiny squeak of her shoes, the airy-fairy rustle of her silk costume, the faintest preliminary artful clearing of her throat, and as she bursts into tremulous song you are so near that you hear her take breath at intervals. The impression conveyed by sound is complete. There is nothing lacking but sight. Small wonder is it that you join heartily in the applause at the conclusion of the number. You have had a seat in the front row, and the rest of the audience might think it strange if you sat unmoved. That's the feeling exactly.

It is this perfection of transmission of sound through empty space which makes

the thrill of the wireless telephone that is drawing the tens of thousands of devotees at the present writing. It is not always easy, however, to "cut in on the air" and realize the soul-thrilling realism of hearing at a distance that has been described. There are many causes of interference from man and nature. The small boy with a buzzer over in the next block may cause an awful disturbance to the grand-opera programme coming from Chicago. The musical number that you are quietly enjoying from Pittsburgh may be roughly jarred by a rude jumble of bull-frog croaks or mosquito buzzes which the practised ear would recognize as Purdue University chatting with Georgia Tech by radiotelegraph. Secretary Hoover has undertaken the job of straightening out this tangle. The closer regulation of wave-lengths and schedules for transmission will go far toward a solution, and the small boy soon learns that he is making a very unpopular racket in the ether with his buzzer outfit. He soon subsides into an interested listener or graduates into a qualified radio operator. When Dame Nature takes a hand at the radio game, however, it's a different matter. The aurora in winter and thunder-storms in summer play havoc with everything electrical, particularly of the delicate nature of radio waves and apparatus. The old lady in question knows no regulations or schedules, and insists on transmitting any old time and at all wave-lengths imaginable. A mild attack sounds like some one throwing a handful of lead-shot into a tin bucket at irregular intervals. When it increases to a bucketful of gravel dashed into a wash-boiler about every five to ten seconds, with a trailing rattle in between, it is time to throw out the switch, turn off the bulbs, and give it up until another evening.

The clear, moderately cold winter nights are the best, when the radio air seems as still as we suppose are the vast reaches of interstellar space. It is then that the radiophone fan tunes up his receiving set in full confidence that he may spend a pleasant evening in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Newark, Denver, any one or all of them, by a turn of the wrist. There is variety enough in the entertainment to be had in this way so that any taste may be

suited or the whim of the moment satisfied. The principal broadcasting stations which have been established now issue bulletins giving in advance the programmes for each evening in the week. These broadcasting schedules are published in all the leading daily papers. Father turns to the radio column of his evening paper and informs the family that Chicago will put on grand opera to-night, Pittsburgh will have a concert by The Pittsburgh Ladies' Orchestra, Detroit will broadcast the concert in Symphony Hall, and so on down the list. And the choice as to just where the family will go by radio for the evening need not be made in advance. The whole schedule is available either for the entire evening or here and there at random. If the particular musical or other number going at the moment in Detroit does not seem interesting, then they turn the dial to Pittsburgh and hear what is doing there. It is not even necessary to sit waiting through the intermissions in any one programme, but a turn of the tuner brings in a number from another place. Surprises are frequent in tapping into some feature not down on the programme or in hearing a new broadcasting station.

What about the permanence of these broadcasting stations? If the concerns now maintaining the stations and putting on the high-class entertainments should for any reason decide to quit, then what good would all the radio receiving sets be to anybody? These are very important questions directly affecting the value of the radio outfits that thousands of folks are spending from fifteen to five hundred dollars to install. A receiver is of no earthly value unless there is somewhere a transmitting station. And transmitting stations cost money to equip and more money to operate. They send out their product into the air literally "broadcast" for any one and every one to pick up and enjoy. There is absolutely nothing corresponding to gate receipts to reimburse the builders and operators of these broadcasting stations. The stations now operating are maintained by the federal government, manufacturers of radio instruments, newspapers, or wealthy amateurs. Just which of these classes of broadcasting agencies may survive and

continue to supply worth while entertainment by the ether route remains to be seen. Up to the present time the old economic order has been reversed, for the supply has created the demand. Now it seems certain that with the overwhelming demand established in the hundreds of thousands of homes equipped with radio-phone receivers, this demand will have sufficient force to make certain of the continuance of the supply. At any rate the public does not seem to be worrying about any such possibility as the source of the music being shut off. The only big worries that appear to be in the public mind right now are, what radio outfit to buy, where to get it at once, and how to put it up with the least delay. These worries are being passed on to the manufacturers and dealers in radio equipment until as these lines are written there is about the most astounding scramble to get into quantity production that has ever been witnessed in any line of manufacturing. The automobile and talking-machine crazes may have involved more money, but neither of these ever showed anything touching the radio craze in numbers of people affected or the sudden jump into tremendous popularity. As crazes go, radio holds the record for the sprint.

Radio would never have come into wide-spread popularity if it had not been for the "music in the air." That much is certain, and it is equally plain that the greater part of the throng that are rushing to "listen in" on the music and the variety of features and stunts put out from the "broadcasting" stations will go no farther than that. The interference with the music by the radiotelegraph operator at Purdue University or any other station working in the Continental code will simply be classed with "that darned buzzer" of the small boy as something to be tuned out, or regulated out by Mr. Hoover, or in some way put out of the way of folks using the air who know or care nothing about such bothersome things as codes. But the man who buys a radio receiving outfit and strings up an aerial wire in his back yard, in order to enjoy the music which may be heard simply by reaching up into the air with the right sort of an electrical extension for his ears, has the chance to add on a further

list of thrills with very little effort. The same receiving outfit which brings in grand opera or takes him to church in Pittsburgh will open the window of the radio room to the never-ceasing chatter of those who go down to sea in ships, on the Atlantic or the Gulf all the year round, and the Great Lakes in summertime. Further, a simple attachment to the outfit will set his receiving room on a high tower overlooking or at least overhearing everything that is said by the great radio stations that fringe the coast of both Atlantic and Pacific and send their words flashing to the uttermost parts of the earth.

But the code, the mysterious dot-and-dash system, is in the way. Of course it must be learned first in order to extend the ear of the wireless fan into this wider realm on and around and across the sea. However, it is really a very easy matter to master the Continental or universal wireless code. Witness, for instance, the thousands of high-school boys who have blossomed out into experts with the key after a few months' practice. The characters of the code can be memorized in half an hour. Then, if you have a radio receiving outfit, school is open day and night right in your own home, and instruction free, with thousands of good teachers. Just tune in and listen to the slower ones at first, and then tackle the speedier fellows as you make progress. The great station at Arlington gives a splendid lesson in receiving in code every night. Promptly at ten o'clock, Eastern Standard time, after the time signals, comes the list of bulletins and press notes for ships, all sent in a beautifully clear hand by a first-class operator at a steady rate that is not hard to follow. When the wireless beginner can "copy" Arlington for half an hour without an error, he or she is well along in the course and able to pick up a world of interesting stuff out of the air. With a very limited amount of practice, the code begins to lose the semblance of a system of dots and dashes and speaks plain English. It is just like reading the printed page in this respect. We do not consider the forms of the letters, arbitrary and entirely mechanical as they are, but grasp only the idea conveyed by these symbols. So it is with the radio

code. Very soon the learner will find that he is thinking of the words and sentences that are jumping at him out of the far-away reaches of land or sea, and the code as a medium is forgotten. Then is the time when he can begin to enjoy the facility afforded by radio for eavesdropping on the world.

There are three great regions in the range of wave-lengths allotted to radio sending stations by our Uncle Samuel and by international agreement. The amateurs, special and telephone broadcasting stations come first at from two hundred metres to four hundred and fifty metres. Tuning for two hundred metres, let us say, here come trooping in the youngsters whose activity and ingenuity have won them just fame and respect not only in the mind of Secretary Hoover but with all who know what they have done for radio. From far and near we hear their buzzing notes. The air is full of the chatter any night. More than twelve thousand licensed stations in America and more coming fast. Sh! Listen! This fellow who has just jumped in proves, as we follow him, to be a chap away at college sending a message: "Tell mother we have the old car put together all right, but may not be home for this week-end on account of bad roads. (Signed) Harriett and Fred." Motor fan as well as radio bug. Too bad the poor roads will keep him from showing Harriett off to mother over Sunday. Then here's a spark station whose call locates him in Denver, Colorado. The message he is sending is evidently from some business man away from his home in an Eastern city and is addressed to his daughter, Mary. It reads: "Congratulations on your graduation. Sorry that I am unable to be present. (Signed) Daddy." It's a safe guess that daughter Mary will treasure that wireless message among her graduation gifts and souvenirs.

Shift the knob of the variable condenser around to six hundred metres, the wave allotted to the ships and the commercial land stations. What a hive of bees we have tapped! There's WNY (New York) busy with the ships coming and going. Ships two days at sea are firing short messages at him, reserving rooms for passengers at hotels three nights later, or ad-

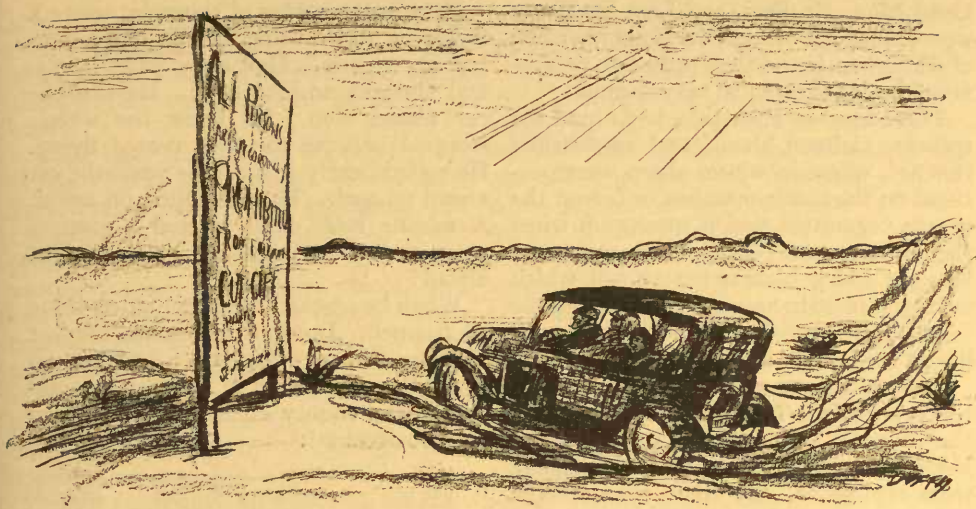
vising folks when to meet them. Here's NGE (Miami, Florida) coming in strong, and we hear the messages and operator's comments about a missing flying-boat. Mobile (NGT) says something about a ship-load of bananas, but a steamer coming up from Tampico breaks in to tell Galveston (NKB) when they will land there. Hear this fellow with the shrill note, "yelling his head off," calling a Mallory liner and signing the call of a United Fruit boat. There! He gets him at last and says: "Be sure to see that personal laundry of Miss Viola Thompson is sent to Tampa before Saturday." Thanks to radio, Miss Thompson will be able to go to church in Tampa next Sunday, all dressed in her best.

It is nearing nine o'clock in Indiana, and we set the tuner for two thousand five hundred metres. Promptly at 8.55 the flute-like note of Arlington begins to whistle the time signals. "Toot, toot, toot," for five minutes with five-second pauses each minute, then a long "Too-oo-oot" at nine. Set your watch, and think of the ten thousand watches on land and far out at sea that are being snapped into unison with the big clock in the Naval Observatory at Arlington. Now comes the weather report, then storm warnings and bulletins of obstructions to navigation, then press notes of daily events, which will appear on ship's bullet-boards the following morning. Listen for an hour if we will, or shall we go on up the scale of wave-lengths? Stop for a few minutes at four thousand metres. That hoarse buzz is Mexico City (XDA) going along smoothly, seeming to invite copying by his very steadiness of hand. Copy for a while if you will and then look it over to see what you have on the pad. It's all right if you know Spanish, otherwise there's something of a disappointment. But it is good practice in the code, perhaps even better than if he was sending English and the words helped out the letters, with the meaning helping out the whole thing.

Make a big jump this time and set the tuner for anywhere from seven thousand to sixteen thousand metres. Now we are right in among the big fellows, the aristocrats of the radio world. There's Sayville calling Nauen, Germany. A few degrees of

the secondary condenser and we hear New Brunswick, N. J., talking to Carnarvon, Wales. Turn back a little, and—what's that? "NPM" calling "NPL"—Surely! Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, calling San Diego, Calif. Remember, we are sitting in the magical watch-tower of the radio to-night, and the world lies spread out before us. Turn the dial on your black box a little more, carefully there now, for it is rather faint but still clear. He is signing "FL," which the call-book says is the Eiffel Tower, Paris. Take pencil and pad and copy a little of it as it whistles slowly along. Funny-looking stuff—no sense to it—oh! yes, French, why! of course. Another one working, hear him very faintly. Now we have him nicely—signs "NBA"—Balboa, Panama, and to prove that the tuner is not fooling us, he is talking about the ships that have passed through the Canal that day.

Pull the switch, shall we, and call it an evening? Here we have sat in the little back bedroom in a home in Indiana, and, with not even a wire extending beyond the lot, have gone to Detroit and Pittsburgh for a musical treat, heard the boys talking all over America, caught some of the chatter from the sea and the shore, set our watches by Naval Observatory time, taken a lesson in French direct from the Eiffel Tower, heard Panama and Hawaii, and a great chorus of others that we did not stop to identify. The meaning of it all fairly staggers the mind. It is a great step out of the every-day into the sublime. We have been toying with the intangible, the eerie something out of which Northern Lights are made, the ripples in the boundless vastnesses of space. Who knows where it will lead us as we bend the mysterious forces to our call and read the thoughts flying on the wings of the ether? Will the radio out-strip and displace the present telegraph and telephone entirely? Will it be possible some day to talk man to man here, there, everywhere? Will we be able to reach out to the silent stars and find them silent no longer, but throbbing with intelligence? Will the radio give us a hint to lead us forward on the trail to the understanding of that profoundest mystery confronting the human mind, the nature of the mind itself? Who knows?



He saw the car ahead stop.—Page 234.

The Desert

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS

Author of "The Ripe Peach," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDMUND DUFFY



UTAH HALL had been to Four Trees, where a little brook out of the Green Clay Range gave moisture to a few hundred acres of orchard and alfalfa. He had been for supplies,

including two or three bushels of peaches and melons for the ranch, which had only an alkali spring and a tooele marsh for moisture, and a trickle that, drop by drop, gave humans enough water to drink and make their coffee—Little Duck Ranch.

It was early morning. The sun was just rising. Early as it was, however, another car had gone out of the little town and rolled along ahead of the thousand-pound utility truck which Utah drove. The sky was crystal-clear blue; the mountains shone like precious stones, except one great, gray mass which looked like pearl. The desert, whether level or up-tilted, was glinting and shimmering,

sparkling with that splashing of the utterly brilliant sun-rays against the monotonous glittering earth.

The sage-brush was stunted and scattered; the goldenrod was ashy and only an inch or two high; the alkali flats were cream-colored, and toward the northwest lay a lake of leaden hue, miles broad, and saturated with a dozen kinds of salt, crystals of which spread for miles around the shores, where shallows had been exposed by evaporation, and covered the beaches.

The desert youth lived in the vast thirsty land, and loved it. He knew the names of the ranges, the gray ridge, the chocolate-colored one, the red one, the one in the distance that looked blue and white, like snow, and even the knobs here and there, many of which had sinister names. The name Dry Top, for instance, seemed superfluous, till one knew that on this desert Indians had some time since held a party of emigrants who just escaped—but named that low, barricaded peak.

Dead Man, No Pass, and Lost Skeletons were among the others—local names, a few of which had found their way into permanence on topographical survey maps.

There men—stalwarts!—had found the springs, claimed them, and established ranches, where in winter sheep were pastured on the tooele marshes, or fed on the sparse vegetation which sprang up when the autumn rain—a mere shower—had brought quick blossoming to soil which aridity seemed to have made utterly sterile—and yet in which a drop of water gave life to seeds long dormant.

Hall rolled along a mile or two behind the other car. The flour-like dust from the tourist's wheels fluffed out at chuck holes, and rolled away like the smoke from explosions. He could even see the sudden increase in the amount of dust where the exhaust of the leading car puffed harder under the impulse due to a little incline. He noted that the four wheels of the car had tires of the same make, and remarked the pretty tread they left in the two ruts of the roadway.

He made about the same speed they did. He did not hurry, for that would bring him into their dust which hung in the quiet air for half a mile behind them. He had a feeling of companionship in their presence, though he thought they probably had not noticed him, being bent on the chucks, the sands, the stones, and all the things that made this road a rough one—but the best they could have, for how *could* families fifty miles apart or more work such enormous stretches into good going?

As the sun grew hotter, and Hall every mile or two drank a swallow of water from his canteen, the other car rolled into Bone Flat. A stranger might have thought the whole region was flat, with here and there a mountain range rising out of it. Here, however, the native saw the land was leveler, and that the sage-brush, instead of growing every ten or fifteen feet apart, did not grow as much as a bush to the thirty or forty square feet, and after four miles, the ruts of the roadway passed tiny twigs of sage only at intervals of a hundred feet. Crumbling stone, dead-levels of glaring whitish alkali and crusted earth, crumbling into stinging dust, distinguished Bone Flat.

Here in the centre of this ashy waste a flickering white thing danced like a contorted creature. Hall knew what it was, and thought nothing of it. He saw the car ahead stop. He knew the wheels stopped because the dust ceased flying. He rolled nearly half a mile while the car ahead paused. Then it rolled on again. A minute later, Hall uttered a gasp of astonishment. The car was going straight ahead!

When he reached the shimmering thing he stopped. It was a sign-board ten feet high by fifteen wide. On a background of white was painted in black the resolution of the county commissioners, which in part declared:

ALL PERSONS ARE ACCORDINGLY PROHIBITED FROM FOLLOWING THE CUT-OFF BECAUSE OF THE PERIL, DURING THE MONTHS OF JULY AND AUGUST, AND NOT BEFORE SEPTEMBER 15TH!

Utah Hall gasped. To the right the Cut-Off led straight on into the distance, where, no matter how far one looked, one saw a shimmering, a sparkle, a range of mountains lying beyond, and that terrible level extending miles on miles to those low, faint horizons that seemed to straggle one beyond another into uncountable mazes. There, a mile distant, he saw the tourist automobile rolling on. Dust fluffed up behind it, so that he could not always see the car. When he did see it, the black seemed at one moment like a near-by crow, at another like a reeling black mountain, and again resembled nothing more than a volcano belching smoke to unimaginable heights. Hall pictured in his mind the people in that car.

At the wheel was a man; of him Hall thought only with contempt. With the man there was probably a woman, who had married such a man— Oh, well! But probably there were children; tourists generally had two or three little tots; likely enough they had started to go to the coast in three weeks, from Chicago, or Iowa, or somewhere away back East, and then they would sell the car and re-

turn home in the remaining week of the man's vacation—lots of people in the Mississippi Valley figured that close. The Cut-Off would save fifty miles, but—but!

Utah Hall stepped on his starter, let in his clutch, and turned to the left. Forty miles south and southeast, the Little Duck Ranch would be glad of the peaches. Fifty miles west, kind of northwesterly, there were three places, and lots of people—at least a dozen. Then beyond there about ten miles, the main trail had another ranch, and on beyond, at the Gravel Slope, the two roads came together. It was one hundred and fifty miles around, and by the Cut-Off one hundred miles across.

"He'll go through all right!" Utah Hall said to himself. "But he's a fool for luck, that's what he is! What'd he want to risk the kiddies' lives for, anyhow? Why——"

There were children in that car. Hall knew it. He had seen four peach-stones beside the wagon ruts, within a hundred feet, on the hard pan—couldn't help but see them, for they loomed like mountains on the flat, caked alkali. So he rode along southward, watching the other car roll along westward. He watched their dust for miles. An hour later it had become a tawny smoke against the dull atmosphere over the salt lake. Two hours later it was a white, ghostly mist, fairly silvery, flashing in the shimmering mirage. By and by he could see it no more, for the sand maidens were dancing in the winds that drifted over that flat—hot blasts that stung even the accustomed cheeks of the desert youth.

Ten miles an hour was fast going on that road, the good main road. Much of the way Hall drove only six or seven miles, and one stretch of trail was so bad that he refused to risk breaking anything at a speed greater than four or five miles an hour. In late afternoon, having driven for hours toward a group of buildings like playhouses at the foot of a mountain range, he crossed a broad alkali marsh, grown to reeds, and alive with the little ducks, three inches long, which gave the place its name. On the far side, and two miles to the northward, he drew up to the ranch, ran the truck under a shed, and

started for the house with a bushel-basket full of peaches.

Later, when the purple shadow of the mountain had spread a shade over the ranch, he sat down to the table with his brother, mother, and father, and ate sliced peaches in condensed milk. After supper he went out and fed the horses in the corral, where they had a shed covered with reeds for shade. At sunset he looked northward, and saw a blue sea, with waves breaking upon a shore of sparkling crystals; he saw pink columns of topaz rising to clouds that were dark rose, with purple shadows, and folds of silver and gold; he saw mountains that did not exist, and when he saw ships breasting the sea, with sails set, he reckoned that they were probably a little herd of wild horses that were out there near the foot of the gray pearl mountain—he was not sure. He just thought it might be the horses, or the shades of craft bound for the Port of Missing Ships.

Night fell on the scene, night of stars like electric lights in a dark, rich blue sky; voices of coyotes, and a chill breath in the air. He strained his eyes looking northward. He tried to see a glow of light off there somewhere. With good luck the tourist on that rough Cut-Off would be somewhere to the north, or northwest, perhaps. He would be rocking and rolling along. A broken spring, a bad tire, a hot motor, a bolt dropped out, or—well, any one of many things, and none could even guess where the car would be.

Utah Hall walked to the house. On the wall was a telephone. The wires were hung on posts six feet high and one by two inches. The line led up and down that desert land. It went back to a little mine, to a cattle ranch four thousand feet higher above the sea, to a railroad station sixty miles to the south, and hither and yon westward and northward—sort of a party line. A hundred miles away northwest it connected with a general store, ranch, and thousand-acre irrigation project known as Zack's.

Utah took down the receiver and listened in. It was pretty late at night—after nine o'clock. No one was talking. He hung up, and turned the crank, two

longs and a short, over and over again. By and by he heard a voice, far away, faint, vying with hummings and rumblings that might be spirits of the desert dancing on the wire.

"Hello, Zack!" Utah said. "This is Little Duck. Utah talking. Tourist car

"But they are tourists, Zack! You know tourists!"

"Yes, I know! We got seven cars here strung out along the fence, and we need the water. Well's down low already. Tourists on the Cut-Off! All right! I'll watch out! But it ain't my funeral!"



The truck lights remained dark, though Utah looked for them two hours later.—Page 238.

went into the Cut-Off this morning, about nine o'clock."

"What!"

"I say a tourist car went into the Cut-Off this morning!"

"It's against the law! Ain't that sign up——"

"It's up, but they're tourists——"

"Well, the—the— What of it, anyhow?"

"I thought I'd tell you!"

"I don't care! What'd they go for? Sick? Why—any fool would know——"

"Nor mine!" Utah replied with asperity. "I thought I'd tell you, that's all. I'm coming over to your dance Labor Day."

"Good!"

"S'long!"

They hung up and rang off. Utah went to bed, but on his back thought about two little children who were on the Cut-Off, tired, thirsty, and rolling along as they must do all night long, if they would reach Zack's in the morning. He went to sleep thinking about them. They



Utah's tourists.

were first in his mind when he awakened. Automobiles had brought many blessings to the wide places of the deserts, but they had also brought tourists who took the cut-offs closed by order of the authorities during the summer months.

At nine o'clock A. M. the telephone rang. Utah was nearest and with a chuckle went to it. He knew it was Zack; so it was.

"Say, tell Utah——"

"This is Utah!"

"Oh, all right! That car hasn't come by yet. 'Taint in sight, either—not this side of the Pass."

"Not come through—not in sight!" Utah exclaimed.

"No. Did they have lots of water?"

"I don't know; how in blazes would I know? I left town and they were ahead of me. They took the Cut-Off."

"Well, they're your tourists, Utah! You found 'em!"

"I 'low they be!" Utah replied frankly.

"Well, let me know! I'll find out!"

They hung up. Utah called Four

Trees. He asked the garage man, Denbry, about the tourists who went out the previous morning.

"I didn't notice," Denbry replied.

"They didn't stop here——"

"They didn't! Where'd they get gas?"

"I don't know; why?"

"I saw them take the Cut-Off!"

"Good Lord! Well, all right—I'll find out what I can; let you know. They're yours?"

"You call me up when you find out anything."

Thirty minutes later Denbry called up Utah, who was sitting by the instrument.

"There was a Stulander Six, camping outfit, filled at Crow Rock," Denbry said. "They took twelve gallons, which filled them, and two quarts of oil. They had water there. Fellow just come in, and said a party camped east of town about four miles, by the old stage-coach station. Said they had an interesting night, he judged. Seven dead rattlesnakes there—darn fools! Wouldn't you

think they'd know better than to camp near stone ruins?"

"I wouldn't think anything," Utah replied. "Not of tourists, I wouldn't."

"Well, how about it?"

"They're mine, of course, I reckon. Let me know, will you?"

"Sure thing!"

All day long the telephone bell rang at intervals. Every one near the wire heard that tourists had gone into the Cut-Off. They had gone in in the morning. They hadn't come out the next morning. They would have come through if they kept rolling all night. Probably, being tourists, they had camped that night, when it would have been best to keep rolling. At Zack's, after three o'clock in the afternoon, some one was looking eastward all the time. Twice they were fooled. Cars from the main road showed up. Then it was known the next car must be the Cut-Off tourists, for there was no other car on the main road.

At sunset Zack rode out in his car to the Pass, which he reached at flat dark. With a pair of glasses he looked eastward along the Cut-Off road. He could see thirty odd miles, and there was no automobile headlight coming. Somewhere in the seventy miles of the Cut-Off beyond was a tourist's car. He rode back to his place, and five minutes later Utah Hall knew that the tourists were out there.

"And they're stuck!" he said to himself. "Well—all right!"

All day long every precious drop from the drinking spring at Little Duck had been conserved. The water was now in cans, lashed to the running-board of the Hall touring-car. He threw into the car some rations, a bag full of bolts, some chunks of wood, an axe, a dozen strands of hay-wire, and other odds and ends. He had a can of gasoline. His car would ride better with a hundred or so pounds of outfit in the rear, being a five-passenger.

"S'long folks!" he said to his people. "If word comes, flash a light. I'll throw my spot light——"

"I'll turn on the truck lights," his father said.

But the truck lights remained dark, though Utah looked for them two hours later when twenty miles away he passed

out of sight of the home ranch to look for "his tourists."

He drove steadily, a little faster than usual. He had a long trip ahead of him, and he wanted to make as much as he could of it at night. He turned into the Cut-Off two hours before daybreak. He rolled on for hours and hours after sunshine came, taking the forbidden trail to make sure about the tourists.

Some people said they deserved whatever had happened to them. Some said they'd never raise a finger to help such fools! Some said probably they didn't know any better—people from Nebraska and Iowa and all those Eastern States having no idea how bad it was in the desert in summer. As to their ignorance, everybody had agreed over all those wandering miles of wire. As to his own thoughts Utah held them merely to the driving of the car, with occasional flashes about the two little kiddies. Thought of the children kept him patient.

He was still rolling when night fell. Good driver as he was, for hours he could do no better than four or five miles an hour. He shuddered to think of the tourist, the 'way back Easter, from New York, who had run into that place, refusing to take the word of the people whose government had forbidden this thing. He felt sorry for such ignorance, folly, disobedience, and useless demand upon the few overworked natives.

He was dead tired when sunset came. He kept on, however, his spot light adding to the headlights to make sure he followed those fresh tire tracks where none had been for weeks before. He watched the track so steadily that he was astonished, on looking up, to see a red light ahead of him.

He rolled up to the automobile. Cries and shouts greeted him. Frantic people danced up and down waving for him to stop. They had seen him coming, and for a quarter of a mile as he approached his lights revealed them.

Two were little children! A boy and a girl. He hardly looked at the two adults.

"Say! Say!" the man cried. "Have you any water?"

"Lots of it!" Utah replied, and filled the cups the children held out first. Then he gave water to the man and

woman, as he asked: "What's the trouble?"

"We ran out of gas. Can you tow us in?"

"I won't have to," Utah replied. "How many miles do you make on a gallon?"

"Why, usually about twenty, but on this road, running so much on second and low, only about ten. I thought I had plenty!"

"You better fill at every gas barrel," Utah suggested mildly. "And you can run on high through here, even if you slip your clutch a little once in a while. I've five spare gallons, though. It's fifty miles to Zack's where you can fill your tank. Water in your radiator?"

"We put in a gallon of cold tea night before last. I guess there's a little left. We didn't have water."

"How long have you been here?" Utah asked.

"Since yesterday morning. My, but it was hot!"

"Lucky I happened along," Utah remarked casually. "Well, we better fill your tank with what I have in my spare can."

"Do you always carry extra gasoline?" the tourists asked, admiringly. "You know, I never thought of that! Why, I never dreamed houses were fifty miles apart. I supposed you could get gasoline every ten or twenty miles, and we can go two hundred—that is, usually."

Utah was busy and he made no comment. Ten minutes later they rolled on. The little girl, about ten years old, wanted to ride with Utah if they were going to go on together, and she leaned against the youth's arm as she gradually went to sleep, despite the swinging and swaying of the car.

Seven hours later, just after daybreak, the two cars rolled down into Zack's.

The tourist saw a number of people there, without realizing that all the population had turned out, not to greet him, but to see Utah Hall. The tourist blustered up to the store and ordered his tank filled with gasoline; he ordered five gallons for Utah's spare can, too. He thanked Utah heartily, the little girl kissed him, the boy shook the desert lad's hand.

"I'm glad I met you," the mother said, looking around. "It was wonderful—it seems almost providential you're coming along just then! I was afraid——"

"I knew somebody would be coming through, seeing our tracks! We saved fifty miles!" the man exclaimed. "Well, let's run on, and we'll cook breakfast. Won't you come join us, Hall?"

"This is as far as I go," Hall said, adding: "Thank you!"

The tourist rolled on to some planted junipers a quarter of a mile away. Zack, as the strangers went out of hearing, turned and shook Utah's hand. His daughter gave the stalwart youth a most admiring and thrilling look. "You're coming to the dance?" she demanded.

Mrs. Zack had him in to breakfast, and knowing the meaning of his bloodshot eyes, she sent him to bed in a darkened room, where he slept at last, having been two days and two nights without rest because a tourist car had taken the Cut-Off and he had seen it.

The tourists didn't know—how could tourists ever know?—that Utah Hall claimed them by right of discovery, saved them from deadly arid desert peril before they realized their jeopardy, and handed them on westward to the desert kind of half a thousand miles or so; the wanderers wiser, perhaps; at least knowing enough now to keep their gasoline and water-tanks full, and spares of water and gas along the running-boards.

The Gallant Lady

BY CAROLINE E. MacGILL

Author of "The Problem of the Superfluous Woman"



WHEN you speak of high explosives, there is nothing which can approach history by way of upsetting things. Not even TNT can equal it. The Lady Clio runs a laboratory warranted to produce goods which, duly employed, will shake the most case-hardened *homo sapientissimus* loose from his prejudices, and the musty air usually around them, and set him afoot on a sunshiny pilgrimage. Probably he will find himself in quarters where he least dreamed it possible his steps could turn, but he will always find merry company by the way.

Just at present the palæolithic age is much in the public eye. Perhaps Kipling is dimly responsible, or the ingenious gentleman who put Tarzan in the movies. The latter fact, and the presence of prehistoric man in the lists of best-sellers, would seem to prove that Pithecanthropus and Eoanthropus and their congeners are at last enjoying that posthumous fame which is ever held the reward of the pioneer. But there is a still more surprising thing held by those learned in ethnology. They show that certain strains have come down to our own times, comparatively little altered. Thus the type of the Old Man of Cro-Magnon is found in a number of places, not alone among communities presumably still somewhat primitive but appearing in those highly civilized as well. The Ligurian type, probably of an eon or two later appearance, is another frequent avatar of to-day.

It is a rarely comforting thought. It is Charity's own sweet mantle, which enables one to cast a decent covering upon the naked crudities and misunderstandings of otherwise wholly estimable people. Their thinking processes are merely survivals of those current in the Neanderthal in the dawn of time, or perchance along

some Javan river, when man still wore his own hair and hunted his wife with a club, along with the sabre-toothed tiger and the woolly rhinoceros.

It is not really quite scientific to choose a poet to support an ethnological discussion, save that poets are in the habit often of summing up certain currents of thought, and so supplying clichés for the use of those less nimble of wit but like in opinion. Therefore, one may fairly quote Byron in this matter, when he remarks that "love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence," and Kipling's *obiter dicta* upon the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady, the Female of the Species, and concerning cigars compared with the same. We would not, indeed, imply any special reprobation of these gentlemen, but merely quote illustrations of a palæolithic habit of thought still curiously surviving. Of course such strains are funny or tragic, according to one's general outlook or state of digestion, but sometimes they also stimulate the conscience of the disciple of Clio, to ask: "Are they true?"

"Well, what do you mean by *true*?" counters Clio. Men have apparently developed schools of thought about "women," a word which they always put in at least mental quotation marks. One school maintains, with Byron and Kipling, that women are all utterly alike—if you know one you know them all. The other school descants on their infinite variety. Clio, being a woman herself (strange!) smiles her sweetest, for, knowing all things, she finds them generally amusing, and says: "Come and see."

The habit of generalization from insufficient data is of all historic futilities the most palæolithic: for instance, that hoary idea that all women not more or less happily married, widowed, or divorced, have been "crossed in love." I have a sneaking suspicion that nearly as many of these would plead guilty as their spin-

ster sisters, could an honest-to-goodness Australian ballot be taken upon the subject. Coeval with this is the notion that no woman ever finds anything really interesting except matrimony, anything in the shape of a man being better than no man at all, and that women who appear to find interests outside of matrimony are a very recent phenomenon and a sign of the degeneration of society.

Now it is probably true that the vast majority of Young Things do experience a certain Springtime that goes down in their private inner history as slightly different from all other springtimes, a Spring when they discovered the Moon, and noticed How Green the Trees Were Getting. That is the Little Touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin. We like it, we like to see it, and too we find it rather pleasant to murmur *Et in Arcadia ego*, when we see a particularly pretty girl and handsome youth go by, and fancy how much they look as we did, no matter how bow-legged or hook-nosed we may have been from infancy. Such moments are very sweet and moony, but we find either men or women a dreadful nuisance in real life who do not outgrow that stage of existence.

For the truth is that the world does not belong to the Young Thing, in spite of the present fad. Young Things grow older—it is a firmly fixed habit of Nature to see to it that they do, and also the habit of living is so strong that few of them are willing to break it voluntarily when they cease to belong to the Young of the species. Nor, when that time comes, are most of us willing to climb up on a shelf and watch the procession of Young Things go by. For one reason, quite a lot of us are engaged by that time in assisting the still Younger Set to cultivate their physical or mental footsteps in the ways of the world, and the fact is borne in on us that if there were no Old Things the Young Things would have a pretty hard time of it, certainly much less money to spend, and perhaps not even existence.

Now, for a variety of reasons, social, economic, biological, there must exist, at any given time, a rather large body, both of men and women, of mature age, who are not directly engaged in supporting or rearing families. For some cause not yet

discovered, in this body there is a preponderance of women. Are we to assume, on the basis of the palæolithic premises of Byron, Kipling, et al, that all of these women are sitting around sobbing more or less publicly over their hard fate? Let us recall the wise saying of the old colored mammy who consoled her foster-child, whom she privately considered overparticular in her choice of men; "they do say as how ol' maids is de happies' pussons dey is, once dey *quits strugglin'*." It is true that a few of them do lack philosophy enough to "accept the universe" and forget about it, and it is also true that we have here a presumption, by no means provable, that all of them have striven to attain matrimony—something alas statistically impossible.

The egocentric individual we shall always have with us; and it is possible that the proportion is increasing with parental failures in the fine art of spanking, and the like increase in the luxury and self-pleasing tendencies of our time. Yet there have always been such. The present overemphasis would seem to be more a product of the printing-press and the popular novel than any real change in the scheme of things entire. They are the noisy minority, who, as often, are mistaken for the *vox populi*—if rarely for the *vox Dei*.

But at least you must admit, says some one, that the women who can find an interest outside of matrimony, if there be any such, are a very modern development. No; fact is that neither I nor my friend Clio will admit any such thing. There is a trace of a woman who seems to have been at least a little sorry for herself, who was a friend of the prophet Isaiah, and he very properly rebukes her, in terms which sound much as if there were a good many happily unwed ladies even in those days of polygamy. Hear what he says: "Sing, O barren, thou that didst not bear; break forth into singing and cry aloud, thou that didst not travail with child: for more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the Lord. Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes; For thou shalt break forth on the right hand

and the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited."

So it goes on for seventeen verses. Obviously the woman (or women) addressed by Isaiah is honorable in the sight of God and man. She is merely suffering from a violent attack of *Weltschmerz*, and her spiritual adviser is trying to cure her introversion by pointing out how important her place is in the divine scheme. And so he writes, perhaps a letter, to comfort her, and, because he is a prophet, he relates her personal problems to the eternal, everlasting fact that the children of the spirit are greater than the children of the flesh, and that maternity lies in the soul as well as in the womb. It is the psalm of the woman as teacher, as writer, as healer of the ills of body and soul, as moral and intellectual leader, as saint and savior of her people. And at the end come the marvellous heartening words of prophecy: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn."

In fact, History reveals to us a pageant of Gallant Ladies from every century, and we are so continually discovering more that we can but surmise the batallions which have perished from its pages. They have discovered for themselves that, while Springtime is pretty, it must pass, and, after all, the glorious Summer is the season for achievement, for fruition, and Autumn brings the rewards of the harvest, of the deed well done, and Winter the serene wisdom and contemplation of the righteousness of the Doer of all Good Things. Spring is only a quarter of the year, the beginning, the promise, perhaps the vision; but "the best is yet to be."

It is a curious thing that the Wise Woman of Proverbs is lauded not in fact for her maternity, nor her spousal affection, but for her commercial and managerial gifts. Her husband is known in the gates not because she sits modestly within her house and busies herself with the distaff, but because she rises early and goes to bed late, because she runs a farm efficiently, and knows how to buy land, keeps her handmaidens always at work, and sells the product of her domestic

woollen and linen factory in the best market. Apparently, in the judgment of the writer, whether Solomon or another, her fame for all time rests upon her extra-domestic activities, which, be it noted, are highly praised by her husband and children, as well as the elders of Israel.

Semiramis is another Gallant Lady, whose ideas and career are appallingly modern, not in the least like those proper to an Oriental Queen, who might have spent her days in purple seclusion, eating sweet cakes and listening to the bulbul. She won her husband by capturing a town whose defenses had repelled his troops, which inclines one to the belief that such a gallant lady won a gallant gentleman for her liege indeed. But her wifehood was brief. Thereafter, for forty-two years she ruled the Assyrian Empire, not the calmest of tasks. Her exploits in war, government, and the economic improvement of her realm were so stupendous that dull historians have sometimes believed that no woman could have accomplished so much, and so have tried to identify her story with a legend of Ash-taroth, an Assyrian moon-deity. Which is truly lunacy, for the traits of the two do not at all correspond. Semiramis was interested in such prosaic matters as good roads, of which she built many hundreds of miles. She had two reasons for this, one to open up vast new tracts for settlement and cultivation, and the other for military purposes, that her enemies might not hide in the mountains or beyond her borders, and harass her countrymen. Nor did she content herself with giving orders; on the contrary, she superintended affairs herself, travelling to the farthest confines of her kingdom. Her ideas of good government included the construction of canals and bridges to facilitate commerce, the solving of the housing problem in congested Babylon, and the enlightened patronage of municipal art and architecture. Her days must have been filled with a strenuousness rivalling a Roosevelt's.

In fact, in spite of our preconceived opinions upon Oriental civilization, such women seem to have been not so uncommon. The pages of Holy Writ have many more than we can quote, Jael and Judith and Deborah, who was a judge in Israel, to say naught of Ruth and Esther. There

was Zenobia, and Cleopatra, one of the worst-maligned women of all time. If a culture is to be estimated by the position of its women, the day for a new reading of history may yet come, when Marathon will be interpreted as a disaster for European progress. We must remember that our authorities are Greek, and more than that, Athenian—that is, written by an ethnic group that entertained an extraordinarily good opinion of itself, whereby it felt entitled to suppress in Nietzschean fashion all trace of rival civilizations. For alone of all nations and tribes on the face of the earth we shall search in vain among the Greeks, outside of the misty days of Homeric legend, for the Gallant Lady. Did she therefore not exist? That would be saying too much. Greek culture was androcentric to a greater degree than any other known, and record-keeping from the days of clay tablets to the modern newspaper is not always minutely veracious. Personally, I see no reason why Greek women should have utterly failed to inherit any of the undoubtedly high qualities of their fathers. The weight of biological evidence makes me believe that the absence of record is due instead to the state of public opinion of the time, which limited education and intellectual opportunity to women from the despised class of metics, or foreigners, permitted to dwell in the Piræus, and to a limited extent in Athens itself, and carry on the commerce without which the city could not have existed. There were brilliant women among these, women who were stigmatized by the endogamous laws of Athens most unjustly, and whose names, true to the Greek taboo, are largely lost. One indeed, Aspasia, remains as the centre of that "glory that was Greece," despite the slanders of the comic poets, in whose pages not even Socrates escapes.

When the dim mists which surround the story of Carthage and its long struggle with Rome lift a little, we read of women who defended cities valiantly, and here and there a daughter of the people whose name survives. Of Roman women, the world knows more than most, but even here there are a host of whom there is but bare record.

Christianity, with its new impetus to civilization, developed as well new types

of womanhood. The holy woman, who gave her life to contemplation and the service of the sanctuary, was not unknown to the Jews, for there is no reason to think that Anna the prophetess was unique. The new faith, with its social gospel, its emphasis upon charity and mercy, not only fostered a higher conception of what might be called the human worth of womanhood, but also opened new avenues for the employment of feminine energies. The "almsdeeds" of Dorcas are scarcely even the first of the long bead-roll of good works which to-day we call "social service" and fancy a very new thing. Paula, the friend of Saint Jerome, after a comparatively short experience of married life, found her real sphere in Bethlehem, developing the monastic life which was to open an independent career for so many thousands of women during the Christian centuries. Like her are Scholastica, the two Bridgets, Clare, Teresa, and a host of others. Within the convents they founded are women of marvellous learning, of practical political talent, administrators like Hilda of Whitby, the "mother of the English Language," Chrodisia of Poitiers, who defied the king himself, or Hrotsvitha of Gandersheim, that remarkable Benedictine nun whom one misguided writer calls a puzzling phenomenon.

The truth is that the abbey of Gandersheim was a perfect nest of learned literary ladies. Not one but more than a dozen achieved distinction in the legendary darkness of the tenth century—a darkness which a little solid information quickly dispels. Hrotsvitha merely happens to be rather the greatest of them, and her works perhaps the most picturesque, for she is no less than the founder of the vernacular drama in Europe and the first German poetess. She wrote originally in Latin, but her plays and poems and other works were translated into the tongue of the people, and were widely read and copied long after their author was forgotten.

What Gandersheim, with its Princess-Abbess who possessed a seat in the Diet, gave for ladies of high station and intellectual power by way of opportunity, the Béguines of northern Europe did for the woman of the middle and lower classes

who forbore to seek or had had enough of the matrimony in vogue at the time. To this singular institution, described by one writer as the solution of the woman question of the time, they flocked by thousands, finding their opportunities for self-support, companionship if they chose, at all events a dignified and interesting life, of great independence. Many were teachers, many were engaged in various industrial pursuits, as weavers or spinners, those who had the means lived as they chose and devoted their lives to charitable works. Others were nurses; the *Béguinages* formed in fact colonies of women employed in a variety of ways, living in a group for the sake of protection and prestige. Bound by no obligation save their own wishes to remain, free to come and go as they pleased, they are interesting to-day not only for their own sake as a social force of the time, but as evidence of the presence of so many women who desired just the opportunity the *Béguinage* offered. Many were writers also, though no *Béguine* reached the height of fame attained by that writer who belonged to a masculine version of the same institution, the Brothers of the Common Life, whom we know as Thomas à Kempis.

Tuscany seems to have been particularly prolific in daughters who found matrimony but a partial satisfaction for their energies. There is the lovely Margaret of Cortona in the thirteenth century, turned adrift at seventeen by a stepmother, entering into a marriage, unblest by the church, with a powerful lord of the district, a sorry tale not at all uncommon in those days when great barons claimed the right to settle such questions as they saw fit. Wife she was in all but the priestly benediction, evidently, for she was greatly beloved by her spouse, given much wealth to spend on the poor during his life and the heir of his movable goods at his death. What a picture it makes—Margaret in her wondrous beauty walking in her garden of a late afternoon, sighing for the return of her lover who apparently has been delayed. Down the road she sees something coming—it is his hound, who catches her skirt and draws her after him to the depths of the forest, where she finds her beloved,

stabbed by some enemy, too late for help. In her great love she believed that the disaster had come upon him because he had been overfond of her beauty, and she resolved to give her life thenceforward to prayer and penitence. So she did, but, being of a practical turn of mind, of great vitality of body as well as boundless charity of soul, she established in Cortona some institutions that would do credit to a modern woman with all the ideas of our century. She founded a hospital with some of the jewels left her, and then, seeing that a hospital was useless without nurses, she founded a school for their training, and herself taught the first classes. For the support of this hospital in the future she organized a body of women of wealth, who looked after it financially, and likewise interested themselves in providing care for the sick poor outside the hospital, particularly those who were of the self-respecting type, not merely the beggars. For these there were to be attendants trained. Truly it is a very up-to-date programme. Besides her own personal activities in superintending the hospital and administering the affairs relating to it, she found time to write a number of treatises on the spiritual life, and to take a considerable part in the civic life of Cortona. She seems to have been much in demand to settle disputes between citizens, and twice interfered in matters of her own initiative, when she did not like the way they were proceeding.

Fifty years after Margaret's death came into the world another Tuscan woman destined to be one of the great figures of European history. Like Margaret, Catherine Benincasa was born of poor parents, and like her was a woman of extraordinary personal charm, but unlike her she seems never to have had any inclinations toward affairs of the heart. At first she devoted her life to prayer and works of charity, but later she was drawn into the life of her native city of Siena, and into the vortex of Italian politics. Many times the ambassadress of Popes and Kings, her history contradicts much of the popular notion of women in her time, and the opportunities and influence they could have, if indeed they were fit. Catherine was fit. When we discover that history is not merely a series of kingly

biographies, we shall know more, not only of Catherine of Siena, but of many another man and woman whose work far outranked that of their sovereigns.

The Young Things of the Renaissance took much to themselves by way of learning, quite after the manner of our present epidemic, largely by conveniently forgetting and ignoring the centuries immediately preceding. Thus we have many books about Olympia Morata, and her Greek scholarship, while Eadberg of Thanet, renowned among the greatest of her earlier day, is known, I venture, to none who will read these pages. Moreover, there is one great change which was brought about with the Renaissance. Whereas before, learning and influence were open not only to the great ladies of Gandersheim but also to the humble daughters of the people, like the Béguines, Margaret of Cortona, and Catherine of Siena, it became now the property alone of the wealthy and great. From this time it is the women of the Estes, the Medici, the Gonzagas, and the Sforzas, of whom we read. They are queens like Giovanna of Naples, or Renée of France, or Marguerite of Valois, and, alas, such is the fallibility of human nature, we cannot be nearly so sure their talents were really so considerable as their biographers have made out. Certainly none of them has left such solid evidence of her abilities as a Hrotsvitha or a Gertrude, a Margaret or a Catherine. Nor are they on the whole as interesting. One can but feel that their fame was possibly slightly adventitious.

This cannot be said indeed of Aphra Behn, that remarkable woman whose fame is still recorded on the hoardings of country stores—though no wayfarer guesses when he reads the sign *Oronoko* that it was named after the first English novel by a woman, in fact one of the first of romantic novels of the modern kind anywhere. Nor can it be said of Rosalba Carriera, in the next century, of the good city of Modena, or her contemporary Elizabeth Carter, noted for her translation of Epictetus and other Greek writers; or a bit later of Fernan Caballero, the Spanish novelist who founded the first society for the prevention of cruelty to animals; or Caroline Herschel. . . .

Where shall the stop come? Those of

the last century are fairly well known; they are by no means few. But this be it said: these women were happy, as happy as life usually falls to any not hopelessly frivolous. They found life good and full of meaning, of value to themselves and the world in which they lived. Many of them knew "love," and found it a thing good in its place but not for all time. Some were learned—but it is doubtful whether Catherine of Siena could write—some were gifted, though Margaret of Cortona shows little evidence of special gifts, beyond a courageous will to do what she saw lay before her needing action. Her work was duplicated in the last century in New Orleans by another Margaret who came to this country an ignorant immigrant, worked as domestic servant much of the time, and finally ran a bakery. To her, Margaret Haughery, a grateful city erected one of the first statues to a woman in this country, and she is yet fragrant in the affections of the children who live in the homes she founded.

No, the Gallant Lady is she who possesses the will to do. Our kingdom is within us. If we accept the universe, good and bad, keeping our personal preferences for the good, and helping to increase it as best we may, we can be quite sure of our measure of happiness. But the misguided lady who will not enter the lists of the world and fight her own battles gallantly is the one who wonders why she is so miserable. Other folk are rarely ignorant of the reasons in her case! True, love—or charity, as the older world hath it—is the greatest thing there is, but there are many kinds of love. Only one is dangerous—self-love, self-pity. That has no worthy place. Love, indeed, is the centre and core of the life of the Gallant Lady—love of the good, the worthy in art, in literature, in the manifold life of the day, and most of all that greater love which is in the power of every living soul—the love of the loveless, the lonely, the neglected, the abandoned, the ailing of body and soul.

"Enlarge the place of thy tent . . . spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes . . . thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles . . . and great shall be the peace of thy children."

The Fish-Hawk

BY JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK



ON the large highway of the awful air that flows
Unbounded between sea and heaven, while twilight screened
The majestic distances, he moved and had repose;
On the huge wind of the Immensity he leaned
His steady body in long lapse of flight, and rose

Gradual, through broad gyres of ever-climbing rest,
Up the clear stair of the eternal sky; and stood
Throned on the summit! Slowly, with his widening breast,
Widened around him the enormous Solitude,
From the gray rim of ocean to the glowing west.

Headlands and capes forlorn of the far coast, the land
Rolling her barrens toward the south, he, from his throne
Upon the gigantic wind, beheld: he hung—he fanned
The abyss for mighty joy, to feel beneath him strown
Pale pastures of the sea, with heaven on either hand,

The world with all her winds and waters, earth and air,
Fields, folds, and moving clouds. The awful and adored
Arches and endless aisles of vacancy, the fair
Void of sheer heights and hollows hailed him as her lord
And lover in the highest, to whom all heaven lay bare!

Till from that tower of ecstasy, that baffled height,
Stooping, he sank; and slowly on the world's wide way
Walked, with great wing on wing, the merciless, proud Might,
Hunting the huddled and lone reaches for his prey
Down the dim shore—and faded in the crumbling light.

Slowly the dusk covered the land. Like a great hymn
The sound of moving winds and waters was; the sea
Whispered a benediction, and the west grew dim
Where evening lifted her clear candles quietly . . .
Heaven, crowded with stars, trembled from rim to rim.





ented Acres

LONG ago, in London, when neighborly curiosity had taken us prowling over the then deserted, and terribly untidy, house in Chelsea at whose windows Turner had sat to study his beloved Thames, the caretaker, vainly searching for some claim to pride in her down-at-heels charge, said: "It stands on a lot of land at the back." The delightfully roundabout way of expressing the fact that that tiny slice of a house could claim an unusually long, narrow garden in the rear has clung in my mind these many years.

To-day our summer bungalow, in this smiling township of hills and gentle valleys that takes its name from an English duke, "stands on a lot of land" in all directions: on rolling meadows that dip and fold and find their boundaries in hedges of full-grown trees. All ours, for the time being, for the mere sending to their owner of sundry narrow slips of paper that are not without honor in our own home town.

If a grim New England conscience holds us for its very own in ordinary times, it can, from the mere force of contrast, give us mad holiday whenever we are able to convince ourselves that we "are not in the least responsible." We, who have pursued with truly bitter ruthlessness the stray dandelion in our own home lawn, have lived here rejoicing through a riot of gold. Even the round, fuzzy seed-balls, filled with the saucy determination to spread dandelion propaganda far and wide the minute the wind blows, have shown beautiful in mass to our care-free eyes.

At last, to our really shocked minds, came the conviction: "We are going to miss the dandelions when they go." Miss them indeed! Nature rampant allows very little to be missed in her pageant of the months. Remember pleasantly is much more like her motto. The dandelion plants are long since buried beneath waving grasses, and tall reckless weeds, such as have caused endless sorrow in our strawberry-beds of old, wave triumphant, crowned by joyous bobolink or goldfinch.

Some day, we understand, an enterprising neighbor farmer is to cut and gather in our

hay, and we listen speculatively to the rattle and drone of the machines that are cutting other peoples' fields. Were these acres our very own we should have to worry about this particular crop, for it is actually ripening on the stalk. As it is we feast our eyes on the waving, shimmering grasses, marveling that they can take on such wonderful tones of palest yellow, bronze, and mauve, wondering vaguely, too, why we have never seen it so beautiful before, and then coming up short against the chuckling conviction that a conscientious devotion to full barns, and the remorseless routine of times and seasons, have never before permitted us this luxury of overripe meadows.

For luxury it surely is, this sitting for a season with folded hands watching the changing lights with no sharper reminder of the passing days than the gradual dying away of the bobolink's song, no graver anxiety than the safe launching of mother robin's third brood into the wide world.

There is no question but that idle acres make a bird paradise. They are our time-pieces, these feathered friends who so firmly believe themselves to be the true owners of our surrounding fields and woods. Like the church-bells of Europe of old they regulate our days, from the matins of the swallows on the ridge-pole to the vespers of the entire congregation that gathers on tree and bush and telegraph wire to watch the setting sun.

These same birds have taught us many a lesson in careless ease throughout the summer; for the dead trees, that every dictate of thrift and tidiness should have long since gathered into the capacious wood-shed, are their favorite resting-places; and the gaunt frame of the windmill, now dismantled, is their tower of babel. On that lofty vantage-point have assembled successive congresses of starlings and robins shrewdly estimating—and possibly parcelling out—the crop of choke-cherries in our hedge-rows, and planning to return when they shall be ripe.

The berries on the tangled woodbine over the deep piazza do not interest these hardy adventurers. These are reserved for the gentler bluebirds, who watch their slow ripening with an appraising eye. There is

no question but that if any one were searching for an emblem to express the utter calm of an idle summer he need go no farther than the bluebird. No other bunch of feathers seems so capable of dumpish relaxation, no other eye so full of childlike trust, so willing to take fate as it comes, so wholly averse to "stirring things up."

"Bluebirds for happiness." No one can question that, for what can be happier than sheer content? However, for my own present fancy I should like to amplify M. Maeterlinck's taking phrase. To us in the midst of our rented acres the bluebirds this summer have not only stood for happiness, but they have constantly showed us just how to find it for ourselves. Their text has been unchanging, their preaching constant: for this summer, at least, we must be consistently idle, content to sit for hours at a time with our backs against trees just looking at the wonderful rippling line of our surrounding hills, strengthening our eyes with gracious distances, resting them with masses of simple color; or again, lying beneath the shelter of the tree-studded hedges, so close to the ground that the very daisies, and their neighbors the heavy-headed grasses, have formed our near horizon against the blue of an all-enfolding sky.

If we have had moments when the old care-taking instincts have returned, when it has seemed a moral necessity that some hedge-row should be trimmed, some neglected fruit-tree pruned, or some straggling vine trained back to place, there has always come a flash of blue wings, a sudden but complete settling of a bunch of feathers on some near-by branch, and the throaty contralto call of "Cheeri-o, cheer-i-o," which, freely translated, means:

"Sit still a bit,
You have been busy in the past,
You may be very busy in the future,
But for now
Just rest."

FAR be it from me to become a religious controversialist; indeed, in one respect I resemble King Ahab: he feared Elijah, and therefore "went softly." I fear and honor the church; hence my humility is genuine and profound. But meekly I am going to suggest that something is wrong with our hymnology. Our hymnals are not what we have a right to expect them to be.

No man loves better than I those sacred lyrics which have sung themselves out of and into the yearning great heart of the race. The "Rock of Ages," the "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," the "Lead, Kindly Light," the "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," the "Calm on the Listening Ear of Night"—these and scores of others of the same elevated type are among the precious treasures of our anthology. The service of these to humanity can never be reckoned. They are a credit to man at his best; and, what is far higher commendation, they appear (as far as we can judge) to be not unworthy of the Creator whom they praise. But our hymn-books, with all their revising, contain too many namby-pamby pieces—too many lyrics which, to put the matter mildly, are an insult to the native wild intelligence of the human heart and mind:

"Men build and plan, but the soul of Man,
Coming with haughty eyes to scan,
Feels richer, wilder need."

Let us examine at random a few of these paltry hymns for the purpose of ascertaining whether they are really worthy to be used to worship God. The number, though year by year commendably reduced, is still too great; and there are many which express little more than familiar and offensive adulation. Observe these lines:

"So, within thy palace gate,
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only potentate."

This is fulsome praise; not worship, not adoration. Certain hymnners take vast liberties; for example, they sometimes charge God with interfering with those great laws which he himself established:

"Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more the face of horror wear."

It may be contended that a hymnal is for the use of a variety of people; that in it intellectuals and what Shakespeare (not I) calls "the rabblement" may find expressed their thoughts. But from this opinion I dissent. No man, whatever his birth or station, ought to be told that verses, apparently written by invalids for mental ruins, are hymns for him to sing. Besides, the really great and authentic hymns appeal to all hearts. Hymn-writers should consider that anything that comes from a sound heart goes to most hearts naturally and di-

rectly; and this is especially true of the things of joy. Christianity is, I take it, a joyous religion; yet in our hymnals we have an alarming number of disastrous, dark-blue hymns.

Other sacred lyrics are altogether too condescending in their tone. If familiarity breeds contempt, then zeal breeds familiarity. Thus in peremptory fashion a robust optimist descants:

"Angels, take your golden lyres,
And strike the cheerful chord."

Sometimes the thought that the lyricist tries to express is vague, and as unctuous as strained honey:

"In sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above."

Again, the tone may assume an objective, exuberant assurance that is sure to shock any sensitive and reflective spirit:

"I'll shout, while floating through the air,
'Farewell! Farewell! sweet hour of prayer.'"

I well remember hearing such a tone used in a village church at a children's service. I was sitting next to the community butcher—a solid, vast, reposeful being, who literally bawled with pious fury this refrain:

"I am Jesus' little lamb;
I am Jesus' snow-white lamb!"

If he is, I am very sorry for the millennial lion that will have to lie down with him.

A hymn-book usually contains upward of five hundred hymns; of these some are among the noblest lyric utterances of man; others are the merest drivel—mawkish sentimentality. My view-point is this: cannot hymnals be revised rigorously so as really to omit the unworthy, the inane, the trivial, the repetitious, the valetudinarian—and to keep the grand old songs, with perhaps here and there the addition of a "Crossing the Bar," a "Recessional," or a "In the Hospital"? Such a sacred anthology might be slender, but it really would be sacred in the sense that it would be worthy for use in the worship of God.

I really believe that not a few men have acquired a distaste for the church and for religious things because in them, by means of many of our dismal and doggerel hymns, a fatal sense of sardonic humor has been awakened. Such men really love the great things in religion, in poetry, and in religious poetry; but their spirits can reasonably and rightly have for the vain, the rapid, the in-

spid, the disingenuous, the puerile, no feeling save that tacitly expressed by a withering smile.

BY forcible readers I mean not those who read with lively dramatic effect, but those who read by force; who read relentlessly to an indifferent or an unwilling or even a rebellious listener. The curious thing about these pestilential persons is that there never is a discoverable spark of malice in them; on the contrary, Forcible Readers they seem to intend kindly. In my opinion, however, it is a question whether they may be said to intend at all; I suspect that forcible reading is a purely reflex action, with no spiritual quality whatever. In its exaggerated form it takes no account of possible differences in taste, and even at its mildest it wholly ignores mood. We all know the man who drops in, at some not very opportune moment, with shining eyes and a slender volume, crying: "I've found the most remarkable young poet! You're busy, aren't you? Let me just read you this"—and reads us, perhaps with the exception of a page or two, the entire book; and the man who cannot be trusted out of doors even, but who, just at the perfect moment when we extend ourselves, filled with a good picnic luncheon, on the kindly earth and concentrate our attention on the lazy cloud-shadows, whips out from his pocket the newest thing in socialism; and the man who steadily reads us his newspaper while we are reading ours, or when we have just finished ours, or, perhaps worst of all, when we are looking forward to a sweet silent session with ours.

Of this last species the most ruthless example that I have ever known was a gentle little old lady, sweet as a pink and quiet as a mouse except when giving one of her inexorable readings. Circumstances delivered me over to her, bound hand and foot; for I was spending a convalescent two months, and had to lie all day in a steamer-chair on a boarding-house porch. The porch overlooked a quiet green land of hill and rolling meadow, and a pine wood close by breathed balm all day and all night. But my heart was hot with rebellion, for not only were all my fellow boarders elderly, and, to my thinking, dull, but I was longing that summer to be by the ocean; so that a herd of Guernseys tacking aimlessly, hour after hour, across the pasture seemed a poor

substitute for skimming sails on an azure sea, and the pedestrian flight of crows gave little pleasure to eyes thirsty for the celestial wheeling and flashing of gulls. And ironically the one event of the day—the arrival of the mail—the kind old lady's hour of glory, was the hour of despair for the rest of us. She would watch us with benevolence, polishing her reading-glasses meanwhile, as we received our letters and newspapers; then she would pick up her *New York Times*, and, in a voice astonishingly resonant for one so small and so old, would read it immitigably through. Her interests were catholic: the deathⁿotices, the birth of a five-legged calf in South Dakota, conferences of diplomats, bargains in bathing-suits—all these she intoned with equal gusto. My companions would rattle their own newspapers or rustle their letters furiously; tap with their feet; roll their eyes in frenzy; and one by one, routed, flee from the breezy porch to the refuge of their bedrooms, leaving me, helpless in my steamer-chair, to endure the bombardment alone. And my torment was aggravated by a rather turbulent preoccupation, for it happened that summer that there was a particular letter whose daily arrival or non-arrival was a vital concern to me; when it failed to come, I could have shrieked at the dear old lady as she read, and when it came, sometimes less bulky, sometimes more, I could have chopped her into a hundred pieces.

But why do I go so far afield for a specimen? For—I must have confessed it sooner or later—there is a forcible reader in my own home: George, my husband. Not at once did I find him out. In the first place, our courtship was largely staged in hotel ballrooms, in motors, on golf links, and on bathing beaches. It is true that there was one sunny afternoon under the cliff when George read me the whole of Meredith's "Modern Love"; but who in the world would have drawn a sinister conclusion from that single episode? As I watched the sea-gulls and the quiet low water, and thought placidly how much better George's mind must be than mine, never a flicker of boding crossed my contentment. Then the very week we were engaged George had to go to Chihuahua for an æon or two; and then it was in a cat-boat that we spent almost the whole of our honeymoon—a drunken and dazzled fortnight of salt wind and sunshine and flashing sea-foam. So it

came about quite naturally that not until we were settled in our own house did I discover that I had married a forcible reader.

My initiation began, of course, with the newspapers; but it was the llama incident that really showed me where I stood. We were sitting one evening on our charming little porch, in a twilight that smelled of freshly cut grass, when I chanced to ask George if he knew whether a certain ungentlemanly but skilful trick of defense attributed to the llama was a scientific fact or merely a popular superstition; whereupon George reared up his lazy length from the Gloucester hammock with an alacrity that ought to have surprised me, and vanished into the house, to return briskly with a large natural history and a volume of an encyclopædia. The latter he opened and searched. "Here!" said George—"The llama"—and a volley of Latin names rained about my ears. He was reading me the entire classification of the camel family. "Yes, dear," I feebly interrupted, "but does there seem to be anything about—" "It's too dark; I can't see," said George. "Come on in, will you, darling? I've got some better books." We went in. George switched on half a dozen lights, assembled eight or nine volumes, and began to read. I sat in a corner of the sofa and envisaged the truth: I had married a forcible reader. When I opened a panicky eye after forty accidental winks among the sofa cushions, George's brown head was still bent with concentration over his book, and he was working his way steadily—dear old thing!—through the dromedaries. And all I had wanted to know was whether the llama really has the knack of spitting in an aggressor's eye.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that something—I forget what—is like knocking over the fire-irons: if you upset the tongs you are bound to precipitate the shovel and the poker as well. It is like that with the forcible readers; only in their case an idle question brings down not only tongs, shovel, and poker, but every stick in the wood-basket, and half a cord up from the cellar. Particularly is it unsafe to quote in their hearing; one might as well drop a spark in a dry stubble-field.

The only effective way of dealing with these amiable tyrants, I believe, is to fight fire with fire. My suggestion would be that every person in the power of one of them

should go to the nearest bookseller and arm himself with some practically inexhaustible work, such as "The Two Thousand Leading Facts," or, still better, something more sustained. Let him then keep the book always by him, and at the slightest indication that he is about to be read to, let him at once read, loudly and steadily. Of this simple method I intend to be the pioneer. This very night, after dinner, when George drops

into his deep chair beside his favorite lamp, folds back the *Evening Post* to the page that always engages his attention first, and glances across at me to see if I have finished fussing about and am settled with my knitting, he will meet a purposeful regard fixed upon him above a large volume, and in an instant I shall have begun reading to him firmly about the Sense of Equilibrium in the Dogfish before He Develops His Ears.



The Modernist Movement in Painting

BY OLIVER S. TONKS

IF familiar with the word, Polygnotus undoubtedly called Zeuxis a modernist, while Zeuxis with equal enthusiasm damned Apelles as an ultra-radical; and both were right, for we humans are so constituted that we prefer the old familiar things to the new. We like the pies mother made, the old dances, and the customs of our youth. Old lang syne is our approved standard. Each oncoming generation perennially looks askance at all innovations as modernisms.

All of which makes it hard to say just where the modernist movement in painting begins. It is safe to say, however, that most people would agree that it should include post-impressionism, cubism, futurism, synchronism, and dadaism. Impressionism would not enter in, because that once despised style is now accepted in the circle of polite artistic society. The norm against which these movements may be measured began to be established when the French Academy was founded in Rome, in 1663.

It was only natural that France should locate her academy in Rome. During the Renaissance not only had Italy taken the lead in sculpture, painting, and architecture, but many Italians found their way to Paris, where they helped mould French art upon Italian lines. Unfortunately for France, the time of the founding of the academy was one when the sublimity of the Renaissance

had been replaced by an artificiality that stressed extravagance of form and gesture. By the close of the seventeenth century there remained of the bigness of art only the shell. It is the cold precision and empty gestures of this art, still marked, to be sure, by a certain stateliness, that appears in the work of Poussin. But even at its best it is insincere, and was so recognized by many Frenchmen.

Watteau well represents this state of mind. His fortunate proximity to the Flemish frontiers threw him into direct contact with the art, sincere if often trivial in subject, of the "little masters" of the Netherlands, from whom he learned to know nature by meeting her face to face. With this grounding it was inevitable that he should fight the pseudo-classicism of the academy by choosing his subjects, if not always from his immediate environment, at least from the realm of poetical whimsy. His gallant lovers and perfumed voyagers to Cythera are protests against the frozen artificiality of a false classicism.

Some others came to Watteau's assistance to combat a state-controlled, self-complacent art so contradictory to the volatile spirit of France. Lancret and Pater found plenty of material in the froth of elegant society, while Boucher's amiable children and cupids, together with Fragonard's amorous swains, gaily contested with Dido and

Æneas for public approval. The long fight between canon and non-canonical thus began. Under various disguises it has continued until the present time. How much Rousseau's philosophy may have contributed to the rise of an anti-academic art is hard to say. Yet his praise of the simple life, his love of nature, and the attractiveness with which he dressed his ideas unquestionably went far toward turning the aristocracy toward nature. Their interest, to be sure, was largely artificial. Still it probably fortified the romantic-realistic group in their stand against the academy.

What is particularly noteworthy, whether Rousseau enters into the question or not, is that even in those days of the supremacy of the court there was in France an art vigorously rebellious against a dependence upon a dead past. It was a time when the common people were beginning to estimate their own worth. In opposition to the vices, real or imagined, of the nobility they balanced their own sturdy virtues. Under no other interpretation can we explain the popularity of such pictures as "The Village Bride," or "Father Reading the Bible," in which Greuze melodramatically holds up for admiration the solid worth of the bourgeoisie.

The struggle against pseudo-classicism, strangely enough, was brought to a close by the same common people who had inaugurated the attack. With the advent of the revolution, the proletariat, now supreme, liked to fancy themselves the reincarnation of the ancient Roman republicans. In this state of mind they naturally demanded subjects which illustrated the deeds of the heroic ancients, with the result that the academicians came into a greater power than they had ever dreamed of possessing. Once in the saddle their taste soon developed to include not only heroic themes, but other classical subjects which could have no claim upon the artists except that they were classic.

That these men should have concerned themselves with the revival of a dead past is bad enough. Immeasurably worse is it that they attempted its rehabilitation through a study of sculpture, for such a course, accentuating an interest in drawing at the expense of color, developed a canon of form and attitude based not upon a study of life, but of inanimate sculpture. Not

that the model was neglected: but, excellent as the model might be, in the picture it was made to conform to the proportions of ancient art. The result could be nothing but artificial, and had not the people themselves imagined that they had recreated the civilization to which these sterile themes belong, it is doubtful if the academy could have resisted the onslaught of the anti-classic group.

For a time the academician had it all his own way. But even so the protestant spirit was not dead. No sooner was the revolution accomplished than the anti-classicists reappeared. Bitter experience had eventually shown the French that they were not antique Romans, however much they might like to think so, and forthwith they tired of posturing as Brutus or Socrates. Life was too imminent to allow them long to find delight in personalities so long dead.

This state of mind made it possible for Gericault and Delacroix to paint the "Raft of the Medusa" and "Dante and Virgil Crossing the Infernal Lake." The academicians, of course, were properly scandalized at what seemed to them the vulgarity of presenting subjects so frankly romantic. They could, however, not attack on the ground of poor draughtsmanship, for Delacroix and his friends were quite as interested in drawing as the academicians. The point of debate, therefore, was largely the propriety of handling themes which a distant time had not made impersonal. The romanticists, in fact, differed little from the academicians except that they explored a more recent past and its literature for material. Still we should remember this: Delacroix was wide awake to the importance of color—a factor which the academicians had neglected. In passing over the Renaissance into the ancient past they had failed to see how much Italian painting had valued color. It is true that the Florentines esteemed it less than either the Umbrians or the Venetians, but, granting that, the Florentines appreciated its essentiality. The French academicians, on the other hand, believed it of secondary importance. Ingres, the post-Davidian champion of the academy, insisted that "drawing is the property of art."

Opposed to this view is Delacroix, whose inborn feeling for color was intensified by acquaintance with Constable and Turner,

as well as by a visit to northern Africa, where, under the blaze of a sub-tropical sun, color for him took on an entirely new meaning. That his insistence upon it should have shocked anyone is hard to understand in view of the fact that painting deals inescapably with pigment. Yet the academicians did maintain the superimportance of drawing, and even at the present time the same is more or less true of them. For that reason Delacroix's adventure into the province of color is of prime importance in a discussion of the evolution of modern art.

Two points of view were thus established hostile to the classical: the acceptance of non-heroic themes as appropriate pictorial material, and the recognition of the great importance of color as the chief agent in painting. Both ideas were capable of practically unlimited development. Both were soon the matter of serious consideration. To be sure the academy resisted valiantly—Cabanel, Bouguereau and Baudry continuing to produce voluptuous, or saccharine, works impeccably perfect in drawing. But the homely pictures of the Barbizon group of landscape painters, Millet's challenge that truth is always beauty, his demonstration in the glorification of toil, and Courbet's sometimes brutal assertion of unvarnished fact placed the academy entirely on the defensive. These rebels widened the horizon of art. No longer were the unusual and the picturesque considered the only suitable themes for landscape painting, and no longer were epic heroes the only actors on the stage. Art had come down from Olympus to Arcady. And herein lay the danger: for who was to say where art should stop in its wanderings afield?

Whatever else may be said of the movement away from classicism one fact stands forth with peculiar clearness. It taught painters to think. Beautiful as much academic painting is, faultless in drawing and seductive in modelling, it is still undeniable that its concern is not so much with the exploration of the mysterious phenomena of nature as with the elegance of historical and literary statement. In opposition to the academician the romantic and realistic landscape and portrait painter was fascinated by the brilliancy of light, and the fugitive nuances of color under the inconsistency of that illumination. Manet discovered that the human form, bathed in

light, has the appearance of baffling simplicity. This effect he undertook to reproduce with a corresponding simplification of planes and a purification of color. In the subject itself he seems to have had no particular interest. At one time he delighted a conservative public with as winsome a picture as the "Boy with the Sword," at another he shocked the same public with as startling a canvas as the "Olympia." Contrary to his academic critics he gave less and less thought to the subject, *per se*, and increasingly more was concerned with the manner of presenting the subject.

This applies not only to figure painting. It applies with equal force to landscape. Poussin and Claude had insisted upon the grandiose. With them the subject counted most. For Monet one haycock, or one row of poplars, was sufficient material for weeks of work. Art had shifted its attention from the object considered as a fact to the problem of presenting it under different conditions of light and atmosphere. Monet and his followers realized that light and color are the important factors in denominating nature—that what in a certain complex of conditions appears to be one thing, in another is entirely changed. Painters began to wonder about the mysterious qualities in nature which have so much power to change the drab and commonplace into things of exquisite beauty. To a certain degree this implies the acquisition of technique. But more than that it meant the subordination of the historic or narrative element to the realization of the beauty of nature in terms of color, light, mass and form.

Art had started out with the thesis that the subject is of first importance, the theory that this subject must be exotic and remote, and that the forms employed must measure up to standard types. Soon emerged the consciousness that remoteness or nobility of theme are not essential. Yet, even then, it continued to be thought imperative that some particular interest inhere in the story, whether the latter be inspired by classic legend, medieval romance or contemporary life. Only in comparatively recent times, possibly since the third quarter of the last century, have artists recognized generally that subject is less important than the beauty that clothes it, because of certain conditions of color and atmosphere.

The new movement means that men were

approaching their work critically. After Manet showed that the impression of reality could be better produced by simplification of plane and color—in which matter he was only following a law which the Greeks had discovered five hundred years before Christ—after he had demonstrated the potentials of simplification, it was easy for Gauguin to extend his planes and reduce not only the tones of his colors, but the actual gamut of color itself. With this disregard of nature's particularities it was natural that a mind like Gauguin's, verging on the abnormal, should feel no impropriety in disdaining the verity of natural color. A green horse or a magenta dog was no offense to him. If such colors fitted into the scheme of his picture he saw no reason why they should not be borne by a dog or a horse as well as any other object. He had never seen a purple cow, but, unlike the poet, he had no objection to seeing such a creature.

So, too, with form. If, as in color, correspondence with fact was looked upon as unessential, with form it was quite as permissible to take liberties if the effect desired could thus be obtained. Michelangelo changed the natural proportions, why then should not men like Gauguin see no offense in what may mildly be described as exaggeration?

Perhaps the most startling feature connected with this new movement was a tendency to speculate about the character of things in nature. It was this philosophical habit that caused Cézanne to note that objects in close proximity appear to modify their respective shapes. This phenomenon is familiar to everyone in the seeming mutual distortion of certain closely adjacent lines. Consciousness of this habit led Cézanne to imagine that an increase of these aberrations must intensify the suggestion of reality, and caused him in his pictures to wrench from rectitude the forms of animate as well as inanimate objects. The more he became interested in his new theory the less regard he had for actuality, until it is fair to say that much of his painting is not representation but symbolism, or something even less easy to define.

After Cézanne made his pronouncement as to the apparently mutual distortion of objects, other artists who liked to be classed among the "illuminati," easily elaborated

this doctrine. Naturally men less intellectually gifted than Cézanne misunderstood what he meant. From the artist's statement that all natural forms are based upon those of the cone, sphere and cylinder, Picasso assumed that all objects in nature are cones, spheres, or cylinders. Out of this grotesque misunderstanding, or perhaps wilful distortion of truth, evolved that abnormality in art known as cubism.

Of these modernists one might truly say that too much thinking had made them mad. Cézanne had seen that objects in imminent contact seem to qualify each other's forms. Thereupon other artists discovered that when they recalled this or that thing—say, for example, a vase—they not only saw the front, which was turned toward them, but also the back, which was turned away. This phenomenon results in part from the mind being so familiar with the objects as to be able to supply what would actually be concealed from the artist's view. Also it is true that when we look at a vase, since we use two eyes in observing it, we do somewhat encompass the sides with our sight.

Possessed of this knowledge certain painters depicted objects in such a fashion that several aspects are presented simultaneously. When this point is reached painting ceased to be representative. At that moment began the modernist movement. One might almost say that painting was no longer an art but a phase of philosophy. Artists, seemingly incapable of understanding that a mind untrained to examine the facts of nature rationally must, perforce, err in its judgments, seized upon what seemed to them obvious truths, made a hobby-horse of them, and rode it to death.

For example, once it was granted that many aspects of a static object might be represented simultaneously, it was, or at least seemed to be, a logical sequence that objects in motion might be represented at once in the several progressive stages of that motion. For this point of view there was, apparently, some justification, since if we visualize, let us say, a man running to catch a train, we see not a man at any one place in his mad career, but we follow him, independently of the element of time, from the initiation to the completion of his course. The artist is aware of this without recognizing that what may be envisioned in a flash

by the mind does not present itself for such instantaneous apprehension to the physical eye. So while undoubtedly an artist might visualize a nude figure descending a staircase, he could not represent on his canvas the progress of this nude from the top to the bottom of the stairs without producing a result which, in our most expansive mood, we are compelled to call fantastic.

Much as we may protest against these cubists, at least we must admit that they deal with more or less recognizable forms. Perhaps it was not their fault. In fact one suspects that they would have divorced themselves from recognizable shapes had they known what to substitute in their places. As it is they moved as far away as possible from what seemed to them the contamination of mere representation.

With their minds turned in that direction it is not astonishing that the futurists, frankly disavowing any interest in form, concentrated their efforts upon abstractions. Russolo disdained the old-fashioned method of suggesting motion by showing the blurred spokes of an engine-wheel, and a spurt of steam escaping from the cylinder; his contention being that what you really have is an engine at rest, a pattern of steam also at rest, and a wheel, though blurred, equally still. Said he: only by the acceptance of certain conventions do we understand that such a picture suggests speed. Therefore he would have none of it. He desired the actual presentation of speed to the spectator; speed devoid of the accident of the object in motion; speed so shown that one is at once borne along by the impetuous onrush.

This tendency to use pictorial agencies to express abstractions is but one phase of non-academic art. If we return to the post-impressionists we shall see that another path was taken by an equally anti-academic group. Manet had preached the doctrine of simplicity; Gauguin elaborated, or, if you please, exaggerated that idea. It remained for Matisse, the classically-trained and able draughtsman, to find in the sensuousness of Gauguin's color and his symbolic distortions of form an inspiration to carry the idea of simplicity to an ultimate conclusion. Form as such did not appeal to him; color he valued only in proportion to its power to stimulate emotion. Had he been able he would have eliminated entirely from art the

necessity of acknowledging the existence of form. He was drawn toward what he believed to be the essence of things. Could he exorcise that from form, it mattered little what happened to the latter.

His theory of simplicity of expression caused Matisse to think that primitive man, unconfused by the involutions of modern society, sees things with a clearer vision than the present-day man. This quaint doctrine drew him toward negroid sculpture, and deceived him into believing that the steatopygous monstrosities produced by these primitive sculptors show an artistic forthrightness. He failed to understand that primitive man, because of his uncomplicated existence, is not necessarily a clearer thinker. It never occurred to him, nor to those who patter about the sweetness of primitive life, that the primeval man is of lesser brain capacity than the modern, and that, far from having a keener vision because of his primordial innocence, is much less able than his more cultivated brother to see things either clearly or correctly. More simply he does see them, but with a simplicity rather of ineptitude than calculation. The theory that would place early man as the model for moderns is identical with the idea that simple childhood comes nearer to a realization of nature's mysteries than thinking maturity; yet anyone who has observed the artistic efforts of an untutored child can hardly agree to such a proposition. From time to time we hear such theories propounded, but they are as futile as those which would have the grown man once more return to the enjoyments of his infancy. You cannot turn back the hands of the clock. Even in the work of so subtle an artist as Paul Manship such a theory produces little more than an academically artificial beauty. Water cannot be made to flow back under the bridge.

Unquestionably such pictures as Matisse produced, along with the teaching of Cézanne, helped make cubism possible. To the historical critic such reversions to a remote past for inspiration spell disaster, because experience teaches that when an art becomes archaistic it is, if not already decadent, at least headed for decadence.

The futurist, whatever else may be said of him, did not look backward. Like the soul in the theory of transmigration, he thought to approach perfection by a con-

tinual elimination of the earthy from his make-up. Russolo could represent, or at least thought he had represented, the dynamic force of an automobile. Another artist might allow a sinuously indeterminate line to writhe across an otherwise innocently white sheet of paper and call it "rhythm." Such an artist, maybe, would depict "Music" by tender stains of tint or staccato dots of color, according to the whim of the moment. One speculates fearfully how a really emancipated modernist would represent sound or smell. A crashing drum or an enticing bottle might have sufficed the old-fashioned artist. But this would be too obvious—too banal for the present-day radical.


The inevitable question is—whither has it all led? What has this radicalism done for the good of art? If I have made myself clear it must have appeared that from the start there has been a revolt against the traditional canon of the academy. It must have appeared also that not until the advent of the post-impressionist, or just possibly a little earlier with the impressionist, did the anti-academic group neglect the substance of art for an attempted exploration of the spirit. Once for all the idea of representation was discarded; pictorial art began to do what has been attempted in modern music—to try to analyze and interpret matter which, it would appear, lies outside the capability of its technique. You are asked to adventure into a non-physical, tenuous world of which we know little, and that little not at all well.

Could it be proved that this revolt against academic canon is entirely the work of improperly equipped artists, we might dismiss the question of the modernist movement as a bit of stupid charlatanism. But in the face of the fact that many of these rebels could, when they so chose, draw well even according to academic standards, we must look closer at the matter.

The situation seems to be this: Startled by the dawning consciousness that the academic group had bogged down into an uninspired habit of work which prevented it from really appreciating nature, and dimly aware that there are many mysteries in the natural world awaiting investigation, these protestants quickly passed from what

seemed the more obvious and apparently easy task of recording visible forms to an attempted analysis of the essence of things. The movement is of the same cloth with the psycho-analytical tendencies of the last few years. As soon as art became a means for investigating the problems arising in connection with a study of one's environment, it was quite possible for the idea of beauty to recede beyond the horizon. Foolishly or not, these painters fancied themselves deep thinkers, philosophers whose investigations carried them above the need of mere beauty. The misfortune is that the farther their art moved away from the traditional type the more it found itself compelled to use a symbolism intelligible only to the initiated. Art thus becomes a cult. In some instances color is treated with consideration so that the layman still experiences a pleasant sensation. But natural form is aborted into a shape bearing little resemblance to the subject supposed to be represented. Often, too, color bears no relation to that which is native to the object. Its function is quite as learnedly cryptic as the drawing. So baffling to the ordinary person are these super-pictures that one is fairly justified in believing that in some cases their fantastic ugliness and unintelligible confusion is the masquerading charlatanism of inexperienced daubers.

At the same time it would be incorrect to say that the modernist movement has produced no good results. Rebellion always accomplishes some good. It was, for example, the impressionist's eagerness to record the fugitive aspects of nature that taught the artistic world that color in nature is not bounded by the conventional rules of the studio. The modernist also made it clear that form has a solidity which is due to the play of light on color. This fact had never once glimmered in the consciousness of the tradition-reverencing academician. Through the modernist's efforts man's appreciation of the beauty and mystery of nature has been quickened. Therefore if in their speculative audacity they err in attempting the unattainable, they should be credited at least with jolting the academician out of the rut of contentment and complacent self-appreciation into which he had fallen.



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

In the "Dull Season"

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THE pause which midsummer usually brings to financial, industrial, and sometimes political activities, affects the financial community's ideas and impressions in two different ways; its effect depending on whether observers

The Pause of Mid- summer Markets

of the situation are trying to look into the future or are making comparisons with the past. To those who are gaz-

ing forward, midsummer is a period of uncertainty. How uncertain a season it is in politics, nothing proves better than the misgiving which has prevailed in the summer of our own presidential years, even with parties and candidates whose subsequent victory at the polls was overwhelming.

Mr. Roosevelt's uneasiness over his own campaign at the end of summer in 1904, with his 2,500,000 popular majority ahead of him, was no less typical than Mr. Lincoln's deliberate conclusion at the end of August, 1864, that he was destined to be defeated, although the sweeping majority of election day was hardly two months away. In financial and industrial markets it is always a matter of controversy in the markets, even after a springtime trade revival, whether the midsummer relaxation means that the forward movement has spent its force and is destined to be followed by reaction in the autumn, or whether the midyear halt represents only the gathering of energy for resumption on a larger scale of the forward movement.

THERE are midyear uncertainties in the tangible factors making for prosperity or adversity. Even before the war, the question as to good or bad outcome of home and foreign harvests, with the important bearing which the character of those harvests always had on the purchasing power of the people, on foreign-

exchange rates, on movement of gold, on volume of railway traffic, necessarily hung in the balance during the summer months, subject to vicissitudes of the season.

Uncertain- ties of the Season

Even in years which are now remembered for their immense grain production in the United States, this uncertainty prevailed. Nowadays, the famous American wheat crops of 1914 and 1915—exceeding respectively by 140,000,000 and 270,000,000 bushels the largest pre-war harvests—are remembered only because of the part played by those unexampled yields in averting European food shortage during the first half of the war. Probably even the grain trade has forgotten that for many weeks the winter wheat crop of 1915 was threatened by unseasonable rains which disheartened the markets, and the spring wheat crop of 1914 by a midsummer hot wave which reduced its condition from 92 per cent of a perfect crop in July to 74 per cent in August.

But to the thoughtful watcher of the situation whose eye is turned to comparison with the similar midyear season of uncertainty a year or more before, the question of economic revival or reaction, and of the scope of either, is answered by the record. The midsummer pause in 1921 brought great uncertainty to financial markets, but even then the markets knew that the long and precipitous decline in prices had been checked, that the tightening of the credit market had reached its end, and that conditions were altogether changed from what they had been in midsummer of 1920; a time when every merchant and producer knew that his business affairs were drifting rapidly toward violent readjustment.

THE midsummer halt of 1915 aroused anxious inquiry as to whether the American trade revival, which had begun

in the springtime after the autumn "war panic," could possibly be carried farther.

**During
the "War
Boom"**

But a moment's comparison of the surrounding circumstances with the economic chaos into which the whole financial and industrial world had been plunged with the coming of midsummer in 1914, was enough to convince the most timid or sceptical observer that for this country at any rate, the position had been completely reversed; that, whatever should be in store for the country's economic fortunes later on, America was on its financial feet and moving toward the position of central credit market which London had relinquished.

The disturbing considerations, to those who tried to look ahead in midsummer of 1915, were the facts that the world was at war, that destruction of life and property was proceeding at a rate never paralleled in the history of war, and that capital was being wasted in the work of devastation as it had never previously been wasted. Then how was financial and industrial revival possible, even to a neutral state? We know now what actually followed; the scope of the American business expansion which ensued is on the record, and nowadays in retrospect it is easy to see that no other result was reasonably to have been expected under the circumstances which were plainly visible in July and August of 1915.

WE cannot look ahead with any more assurance in the summer of 1922 than in the summer of 1915. Precisely as it was then asked how a forward movement of finance and industry was possible with the incubus of a great war overshadowing the situation, so it is asked now how trade and industry can revive, even in America, with Europe in a state of reaction, collapse, and economic confusion. But we can at least look back a year and see where we stand as compared with midsummer of 1921.

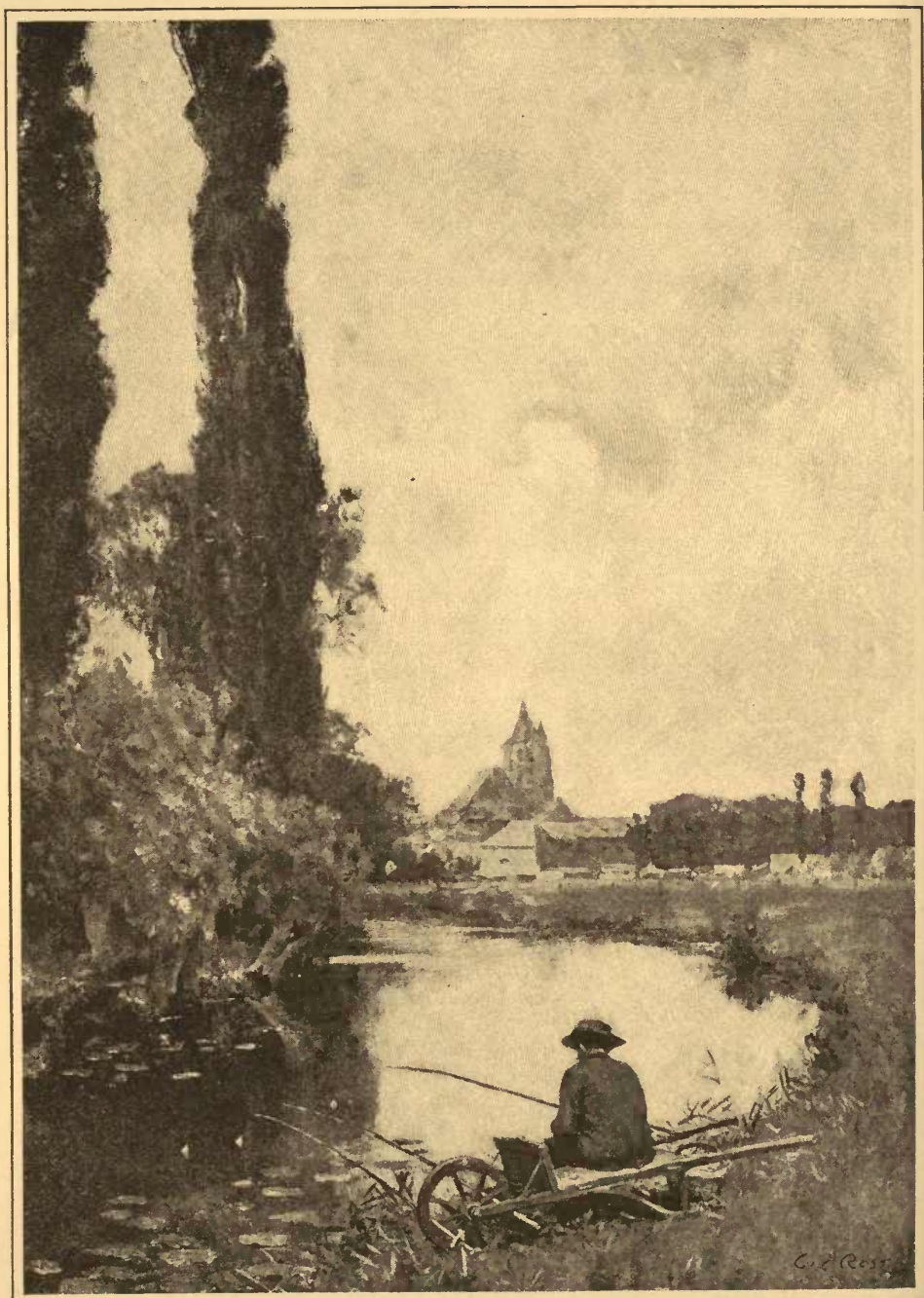
When one recalls the spirit of utter hopelessness regarding Europe's economic dilemma which then pervaded the minds even of the most experienced financiers, and next considers what has hap-

pened in the intervening period—the seemingly inexhaustible resources of investment capital which have come into play, the extent to which private American investors are now financing even Central Europe, the discussion by practical bankers of a billion-dollar loan to finance the German reparations payments, the rise in value of all the European currencies except those of Germany, Austria, and Russia, the beginning of a series of international conferences to find the way out by united effort—it is impossible to doubt the immense change for the better from the situation of a year ago, and the long steps taken toward solution of the central problem. But such a retrospect has its significance in regard to the future also, precisely as it did in the first year of the war. It may not indicate that financial and industrial recovery is bound to continue at an increasingly rapid pace. But it does mean that its continuance may be reasonably looked for.

FOR the considerable reaction in prices which occurred on nearly all markets at the beginning of summer, Wall Street assigned particular causes, as it always does; ascribing the decline of 5 points or thereabouts on the stock market to the coal strike in this country, the threat of a railway strike, and the postponement of the plan for a German loan by the Paris conference of bankers; explaining the average decline of 1 or 2 per cent in bonds to the fact that the investing public had grown less enthusiastic in subscribing to new loans simultaneously offered in large quantities; ascribing the reaction in foreign exchange (which in June brought the pound sterling 13½ cents below the month's highest rate of \$4.51¼ and the franc 1 cent below the year's high point of 9¾ cents) to the doubtful position in which the German reparations controversy was left by the failure of the Paris negotiations. All these influences played their part. Nevertheless, the teaching of experience has been that substantial reaction in values was in any case bound to follow so prolonged and rapid an advance as had occurred on all these markets.

**The Mid-
summer
Situation**

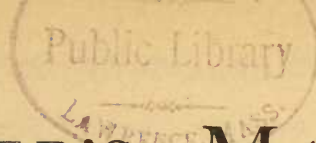
**Trying
to Look
Ahead**



Drawn by Guy Rose.

POLLARD WILLOWS ON THE BANKS.

—"Coarse Fishing in France," page 281.



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From Immigrant to Inventor

By MICHAEL PUPIN

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I.—WHAT I BROUGHT TO AMERICA

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



WHEN I landed at Castle Garden forty-eight years ago I had only five cents in my pocket. Had I brought over five hundred dollars instead of five cents my immediate

career in the new, and to me a perfectly strange, land would have been the same. A boy immigrant such as I was then does not begin his career until he has spent all the money which he has brought with him. I brought five cents and immediately spent it upon a piece of prune pie, which turned out to be a bogus prune pie. It contained nothing but pits of prunes. If I had brought five hundred dollars, it would have taken me a little longer to spend them, mostly upon bogus things, but the struggle which awaited me would have been the same in each case. It is no handicap to a boy immigrant to land here penniless; it is not a handicap to any boy to be penniless when he strikes out for an independent career, provided that he has the stamina to stand the hardships that may be in store for him.

A thorough training in the arts and crafts and a sturdy physique capable of standing the hardships of strenuous labor do entitle the immigrant to special considerations. But what has a young and penniless immigrant to offer who has had no training in any of the arts or crafts and does not know the language of the

land? Apparently nothing, and if the present standards had prevailed forty-eight years ago I should have been deported. There are, however, certain things which a young immigrant may bring to this country that are far more precious than any of the things which the present immigration laws prescribe. Did I bring any of these things with me when I landed at Castle Garden in 1874? I shall try to answer this question in the following brief story of my life prior to my landing in this country.

Idvor is my native town; but the disclosure of this fact discloses very little, because Idvor cannot be found on any map. It is a little village off the highway in the province of Banat, formerly belonging to Austria-Hungary, but now an important part of the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. At the Paris peace conference, in 1919, the Rumanians claimed this province; they claimed it in vain. They could not overcome the fact that the population of Banat is Serb, and particularly of that part of Banat where Idvor is located. President Wilson and Mr. Lansing knew me personally, and when they were informed by the Yugoslav delegates in Paris that I was a native of Banat, the Rumanian arguments lost much of their plausibility. No other nationality except the Serb has ever lived in Idvor. The inhabitants of Idvor were always peasants; most of them were illiterate in my boyhood days. My father and mother could neither read nor

write. The question arises now, what could a penniless boy of fifteen, born and bred under such conditions, bring to America which under any conceivable immigration laws would entitle him to land? But I was confident that I was so desirable an acquisition to America that I would be allowed to land and was somewhat surprised that people made no fuss over me when I landed.

The Serbs of Idvor from time immemorial always considered themselves the brothers of the Serbs of Serbia, who are only a few gunshots away from Idvor on the south side of the Danube. The Avala Mountain, near Belgrade in Serbia, can easily be seen from Idvor on every clear day. This blue and to me at that time mysterious-looking peak looked always like a reminder to the Serbs of Banat that the Serbs of Serbia were keeping an eye of affectionate watchfulness upon them.

When I was a boy Idvor belonged to the so-called military frontier of Austria. A bit of interesting history is attached to this name. Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century the Austrian Empire was harassed by Turkish invasions. At periodically recurring intervals Turkish armies would cross her southern frontier, formed by the Rivers Danube and Sava, and penetrate into the interior provinces. Toward the end of the seventeenth century they advanced as far as Vienna, and would have become a serious menace to the whole of Europe if the Polish king Sobiesky had not come to the rescue of Vienna. It was at that time that Leopold I, Emperor of Austria, invited Charnoyevich, the Serb Patriarch of Ipek, in old Serbia, to move with thirty-five thousand picked families of old Serbia into the Austrian territory north of the Danube and the Sava Rivers, and to become its guardians. For three hundred years these Serbs had been fighting the Turks and had acquired great skill in this kind of warfare. In 1690 the Patriarch with these picked families moved into Austria, and they settled in a narrow strip of territory on the northern banks of these two rivers and stretching from the Adriatic to the so-called iron gate of the Danube. They organized what was known later as the military frontier of

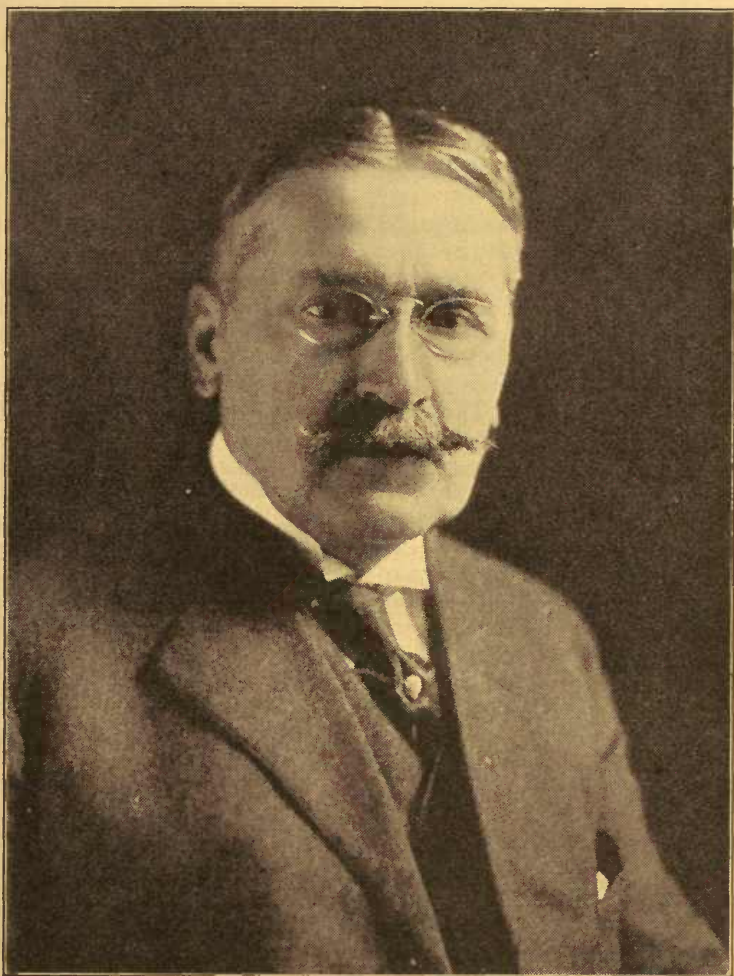
Austria. 1690 is according to tradition the date when my native village Idvor was founded, but not quite on its present site. The original site is a very small plateau a little to the north of the present site.

Banat is a perfectly level plain, but near the village of Idvor the River Tamish has dug out a miniature canyon, and on the plateau of one of the promontories of this canyon the old site of Idvor was located. It is connected to the new site by a narrow neck. The old site was selected because it offered many strategical advantages of defense against the invading Turk. The first settlers of the old village lived in subterranean houses which could not be seen at a distance by the approaching enemy. Remnants of these subterranean houses were still in existence when I was a schoolboy in the village of Idvor, over fifty years ago. The location of the original church was marked by a little column built of bricks and bearing a cross. In a recess on the side of the column was the image of St. Mary with the Christ Child, illuminated by a burning wick immersed in oil. The legend was that this flame was never allowed to go out, and that a religious procession by the good people of Idvor to the old monument was sure to avert any calamity, like pestilence or drought, that may be threatening the village. I took part in many of these processions to the old deserted village and felt every time that I was standing upon sacred ground; sacred, because of the Christian blood shed there during the struggles of the Christian Serbs of Idvor against the Turkish invaders. Every visit to the old village site refreshed the memories of the heroic traditions of which the village people were extremely proud. They were poor in worldly goods, those simple peasant folk of Idvor, but they were rich in memories of their ancient traditions.

As I look back upon my childhood days in the village of Idvor, I feel that the cultivation of old traditions was the principal element in the spiritual life of the village people. The knowledge of these traditions was necessary and sufficient to them in order to understand their position in the world and in the Austrian Empire. When my people moved into Aus-

tria under Patriarch Charnoyevich and settled in the military frontier, they had a definite agreement with Emperor Leopold I. It was recorded in an Austrian state document called Privilegia. Ac-

spiritual and political heads, that is, the Patriarch and the Voyvoda (governor). We were free and independent peasant landholders. In return for these privileges the people obligated themselves to



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

Professor Michael Pupin.

ording to this ancient document the Serbs of the military frontier were to enjoy a spiritual, economic, and political autonomy. Lands granted to them were their own property. In our village we maintained our own schools and our own churches, and each village elected its own local administration. Its head was the knez, or chief, usually a sturdy peasant. My father was a knez several times. The bishops and the people elected their own

render military service for the defense of the southern frontiers of the empire against the invading Turks. After they had helped to drive the Turks across the Danube, under the supreme command of Prince Eugene of Savoy, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and after the emperor had discovered the splendid fighting qualities of the Serbs of the military frontier, he managed to extend the original terms of the "Privilegia" so as

to make it obligatory upon the military frontiersmen to defend the empire against any and every enemy. In this manner the Serbs of the military frontier of Austria defended Empress Maria Theresa against Frederic the Great; they defended Emperor Francis against Napoleon; they defended Emperor Ferdinand against the rebellious Hungarians in 1848 and 1849; in 1859 and 1866 they defended Austria against Italy. The military exploits of the men of Idvor during these wars supplied material for the traditions of Idvor, which were recorded in many tales and stirring songs. Reading and writing did not flourish in Idvor in those days, but poetry did.

Faithful to the old customs of the Serb race, the people of Idvor held during the long winter evenings their neighborhood gatherings, and as a boy I attended many of them at my father's house. The older men would sit around the warm stove on a bench which was a part of the stove and made of the same material, usually soft brick plastered over and whitewashed. They smoked and talked and looked like old senators, self-appointed guardians of all the wisdom of Idvor. At the feet of the old men were middle-aged men, seated upon low stools, each with a basket in front of him into which he peeled the yellow corn from the seasoned ears of corn, and this kept him busy during the evening. The older women were seated on little stools along the wall; they would be spinning wool, flax, or hemp. The young women would be sewing or knitting. I, a favorite child of my mother, was allowed to sit alongside of her and listen to the words of wisdom and words of fiction dropping from the mouths of the old men and sometimes also from the mouths of the middle-aged and younger men, when the old men gave them permission to speak. At intervals the young women would sing a song having some relation to the last tale. For instance, when one of the old men had finished a tale about Kara George and his historic struggles against the Turks, the women would follow with a song describing a brave lieutenant of Kara George, named Haidouk Velyko, who with a small band of Serbians defended Negotin against a great Turkish army under Moula Pasha. This gallant band as the song describes

them reminds one of the little band of Greeks at Thermopylæ.

Some of the old men present at these gatherings took part in the Napoleonic wars, and they also remembered well the stories which they had heard from their fathers relating to the wars of Austria against Frederic the Great during the eighteenth century. The middle-aged men had participated in the fighting during the Hungarian revolution, and the younger men had just gone through the campaigns in Italy in 1859 and 1866. One of the old men took part in the battle of Aspern, when Austria defeated Napoleon. He received a high imperial decoration for bravery, and was very proud of it. He also went to Russia with an Austrian division during Napoleon's campaign of 1812. His name was Baba Batikin, and in the estimation of the village people he was a seer and a prophet, due to his wonderful memory and his extraordinary power of description. His diction was that of a gouslar (Serbian minstrel). He not only described vividly what was going on in Austria and in Russia during the Napoleonic wars in which he himself participated, but he would also thrill his hearers by tales relating to the Austrian campaigns against Frederic the Great, which his father upon his return from the battle-fields of Silesia had related to him. I remember quite well his stories relating to Kara George of Serbia, whom he had known personally. He called him the great vozd, or leader of the Serbian peasants, and never grew weary of describing his heroic struggles against the Turks in the beginning of the nineteenth century. These tales about Kara George were always received at the neighborhood gatherings with more enthusiasm than any other of his stirring narratives. Toward the end of the evening Baba Batikin would recite some of the old Serbian ballads, many of which he knew by heart. During these recitations his thin and wrinkled face would light up; it was the face of a seer, as I remember it, and I can now see his bald head with a wonderful brow towering over bushy eyebrows through which the light of his deep-set eyes would shine like the light of the moon through the needles of an aged pine. It was from him that the good people of Idvor learned the history of the Serb race

from the battle of the field of Kossovo in 1389 down to Kara George. He kept alive the old Serb traditions in the village of Idvor. He was my first and my best teacher in history.

The younger men told tales relating to Austrian campaigns in Italy, glorifying the deeds of valor which the men of Idvor displayed in these campaigns. The battle of Custoza in 1866, in which the military frontiersmen nearly annihilated the Italian armies, received a great deal of attention, because the men who described it participated in it and had just returned from Italy. But I remember that every one of those men was full of praise of Garibaldi, the leader of the Italian people in their struggles for freedom. They called him the Kara George of Italy. I also remember that in my father's house in which these winter-evening gatherings took place there was a colored picture of Garibaldi with his red shirt and a plumed hat. The picture was hung up alongside of the "Ikona," the picture of our patron saint; on the other side of the Ikona was the picture of the Czar of Russia, who only a few years prior to that time had emancipated the Russian serfs. In the same room and hanging in a very conspicuous place, all by itself, was a picture of Kara George, the leader of the Serbian revolution. The picture of the Austrian emperor was not there after 1869!

The Serb ballads recited by Baba Batin glorified the great national hero, Prince Marko; his combats were the combats of a strong man in defense of the weak and of the oppressed. Marko, although a prince of royal blood, never fought for conquest of territory. According to the gouslar, Prince Marko was a true champion of right and justice. At that time the Civil War in America had just come to a close and the name of Lincoln, whenever mentioned by Baba Batin, suggested an American Prince Marko. The impressions which I carried away from these neighborhood gatherings were a spiritual food which nourished in my young mind the sentiment that the noblest thing in this world is the struggle for right, justice, and freedom. It was the love of freedom and of right and justice which made the Serbs of the military frontier desert their ancestral homes in old

Serbia and move into Austria, where they gladly consented to live in subterranean houses and crawl like woodchucks under the ground as long as they could enjoy the blessings of political freedom.

The military frontiersmen had their freedom guaranteed to them by the "Privilegia," and in exchange for their freedom they were always ready to fight for the Emperor of Austria on any battlefield. Loyalty to the emperor was the cardinal virtue of the military frontiersmen. It was that loyalty which overcame their admiration for Garibaldi in 1866, and hence the Austrian victory at Custoza. The Emperor of Austria as a guardian of their freedom received a place of honor in the selected class of men like Prince Marko, Kara George, Czar Alexander the Liberator, Lincoln, and Garibaldi. These were the names recorded in the Hall of Fame of Idvor. When, however, the emperor in 1869 dissolved the military frontier and delivered its people to the Hungarians, the military frontiersmen felt that they were betrayed by the emperor who broke his faith to them which was recorded in the "Privilegia." I remember my father saying to me one day: "Thou shalt never be a soldier in the emperor's army. The emperor has broken his word; the emperor is a traitor in the eyes of the military frontiersmen. We despise the man who is not true to his word." This is the reason why the picture of the Emperor of Austria was not allowed a place in my father's house after 1869.

As I look back upon those days I feel, as I always felt, that the treacherous act on the part of the Austrian emperor in 1869 was the beginning of the end of the Austrian Empire. It was the beginning of nationalism in the realm of Emperor Francis Joseph of Hapsburg. The love of the people for the country in which they lived began to languish until it finally died. When that love dies the country must also die. This was the lesson which I learned from the illiterate peasants of Idvor.

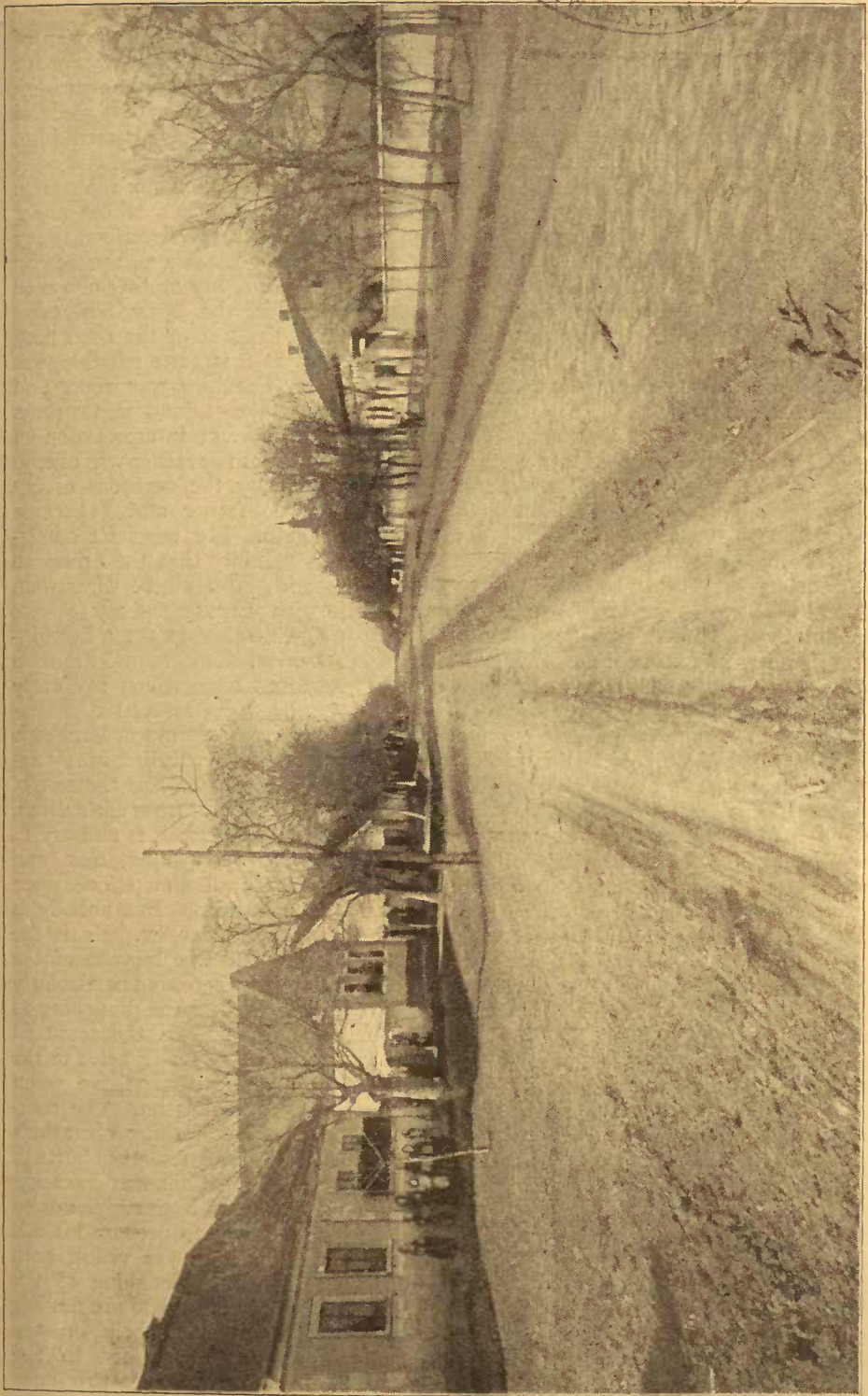
My teacher in the village school never succeeded in making upon my mind that profound impression which was made upon it by the men at the neighborhood

gatherings. They were men who had gone out into the world and had taken an active part in the struggles of the world. Reading, writing, and arithmetic appeared to me like instruments of torture which the teacher, who, in my opinion at that time, knew nothing of the world, had invented in order to interfere as much as possible with my freedom, particularly when I had an important engagement with my chums and playmates. But my mother soon convinced me that I was wrong. She could neither read nor write, and she told me that she always felt that she was blind, in spite of the clear vision of her eyes. So blind, indeed, that, as she expressed it, she did not dare venture into the world much beyond the confines of my native village. This is as far as I remember now the mode of reasoning which she would address to me: "My boy, if you wish to go out into the world about which you heard so much at the neighborhood gatherings, you must provide yourself with another pair of eyes; the eyes of reading and writing. There is so much wonderful knowledge and learning in the world which you cannot get unless you can read and write. Knowledge is the golden ladder over which we climb to heaven; knowledge is the light which illuminates our path through this life and leads to a future life of everlasting glory." She was a very pious woman, and had a rare knowledge of both the Old and the New Testaments. The Psalms were her favorite recitations. She also knew the lives of saints. St. Sava was her favorite saint. She was the first to make me understand the story of the life of this wonderful Serb. This, briefly stated, was the story which she told me: Sava was the youngest son of the Serb Zhupan Nemanya. At an early age he renounced his royal titles and retired to a monastery in Mount Athos and devoted many years to study and meditation. He then returned to his native land in the beginning of the thirteenth century and became the first Serbian archbishop and founded an autonomous Serbian church. He also organized public schools in his father's realm, where Serbian boys and girls had an opportunity to learn how to read and write. He thus opened the eyes of the Serbian people, and the people in grateful recognition of these great ser-

vices called him St. Sava the Educator, and praised forever his saintly name and memory. Seven hundred years had passed since St. Sava's time, but not one of them had passed without a memorial celebration dedicated to him in every town and in every home where a Serb lives.

This was a revelation to me. Like every schoolboy, I attended, of course, every year in January the celebrations of St. Sava's day. On these occasions we unruly boys made fun of the big boy who in a trembling and awkward voice was reciting something about St. Sava, which the teacher had written out for him. After this recitation the teacher, with a funny nasal twang, would do his best to supplement in a badly articulated speech what he had written out for the big boy, and finally the drowsy-looking priest would wind up with a sermon bristling with archaic church Slavonic expressions, which to us unruly boys sounded like awkward attempts of a Slovak mouse-trap dealer to speak Serbian. Our giggling merriment reached then a climax, and so my mischievous chums never gave me a chance to catch the real meaning of the ceremonies on St. Sava's day. My mother's story of St. Sava and the way in which she told it made the image of St. Sava appear before me for the first time in the light of a saint who glorified the value of books and of the art of writing. I understood then why mother placed such value upon reading and writing. I vowed to devote myself to both, even if that should make it necessary to neglect my chums and playmates, and soon I convinced my mother that in reading and writing I could do at least as well as any boy. The teacher observed the change; he was astonished, and actually believed that a miracle had occurred. My mother believed in miracles, and told the teacher that the spirit of St. Sava was guiding me. One day she told him in my presence that in a dream she saw St. Sava lay his hands upon my head, and then turning to her said: "Daughter Pyada, your boy will soon outgrow the village school of Idvor. Let him then go out into the world, where he can find more brain food for his hungry head." Next year the teacher selected me to make the recitation

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Main street in Idvor. In the house on left with three windows, a typical peasant house of Idvor, Pupin was born.

on St. Sava's day, and he wrote out the speech for me. My mother amended and amplified it and made me rehearse it for her over and over again. On St. Sava's day the first public speech of my life was delivered by me. The success was overwhelming. My chums, the unruly boys, did not giggle; on the contrary, they looked interested, and that encouraged me much. The people said to each other that even old Baba Batikin could not have done much better. My mother cried for joy; my teacher shook his head and the priest looked puzzled; they both admitted that I had outgrown the village school of Idvor.

At the end of that year my mother prevailed upon my father to send me to a higher school in the town of Panchevo, on the Tamish River, about fifteen miles south of Idvor, quite near the point where the Tamish flows into the Danube. There I found teachers whose learning made a deep impression upon me, particularly their learning in natural science, a subject entirely unknown in Idvor. There I heard for the first time that an American named Franklin operating with a kite and a key had discovered that lightning was a passage of an electrical spark between clouds, and that thunder was due to the sudden expansion of the atmosphere heated by the passage of the electrical spark. The story was illustrated by an actual frictional electrical machine. This information thrilled me; it was so novel and so simple, I thought, and so contrary to all my previous notions. During my visit home I eagerly took the first opportunity to describe this new knowledge to my father and his peasant friends who were seated in front of our house and were enjoying their Sunday-afternoon talks. I suddenly observed that my father and his friends looked at each other in utter astonishment. They seemed to ask each other the question: "What heresy be this which this impudent brat is disclosing to us?" And then my father, glaring at me, asked, whether I had forgotten that he had told me on so many occasions that thunder was due to the rumbling of St. Elijah's car as he drove across the heavens, and whether I thought that this American Franklin who plays with kites like an idle

boy knew more than the wisest men of Idvor. I always had a great respect for my father's opinions, but on that occasion I could not help smiling with a smile of ill-concealed irony which angered him. When I saw the flame of anger in his big black eyes I jumped and ran for safety. During supper my father, whose anger had cooled considerably, described to my mother the heresy which I was preaching on that afternoon. My mother observed that nowhere in the Holy Scriptures could he find support of the St. Elijah legend, and that it is quite possible that the American Franklin was right and that the St. Elijah legend was wrong. In matters of correct interpretation of ancient authorities my father was always ready to abide by the decisions of my mother, and so father and I became reconciled again. My mother's admission of the possibility that the American Franklin might, after all, be wiser than all the wise men of Idvor, and my father's silent consent, aroused in me a keen interest in America. Liucoln and Franklin were two names with which my early ideas of America were associated.

During those school-days in Panchevo I passed my summer vacation in my native village. Idvor, just like the rest of Banat, lives principally from agriculture, and during harvest-time it is as busy as a beehive. Old and young, man and beast, concentrate all their efforts upon the harvest operations. But nobody is busier than the Serbian ox. He is the most loyal and effective servant of the Serb peasant everywhere, and particularly in Banat. He does all the ploughing in the spring, and he hauls the seasoned grain from the distant fertile fields to the threshing-grounds in the village when the harvesting season is on. The commencement of the threshing operations marks the end of the strenuous efforts of the good old ox; his summer vacation begins, and he is sent to pasturelands to feed and to rest and to prepare himself for autumn hauling of the yellow corn and for the autumn ploughing of the fields. The village boys who are not big enough to render much help on the threshing-grounds are assigned to the task of watching over the grazing oxen during their summer vacation. The school vacation of the boys coincided with

the vacation of the good old ox. Several summers I passed in that interesting occupation. These were my only summer schools, and they were the most interesting schools that I ever attended.

The oxen of the village were divided into herds of about fifty head, and each

of territory of a score of square miles which in some years were all planted in corn. During the months of August and September these vast corn-fields were like deep forests. Not far from Idvor and to the east of the corn-fields was a Rumanian settlement which was notori-



The old monument on Staro Selo, the old village, where the original settlers of Idvor lived in subterranean dwellings.

herd was guarded by a squad of some twelve boys from families owning the oxen in the herd. Each squad was under the command of a young man who was an experienced herdsman. To watch a herd of fifty oxen was not an easy task. In daytime the job was easy, because the heat of the summer sun and the torments of the ever-busy fly made the oxen hug the shade of the trees, where they rested awaiting the cooler hours of the day. At night, however, the task was much more difficult. Being forced to hug the shade of the trees during daytime, the oxen would get but little enjoyment of the pasture, and so when the night arrived they were quite hungry and eagerly searched for the best of feed.

I must mention now that the pasture-lands of my native village lay alongside

ous for its cattle-thieves. The trick of these thieves was to hide in the corn-fields at night and to wait until some cattle strayed into these fields, when they would drive them away and hide them somewhere in their own corn-fields on the other side of their own village. To prevent the herd from straying into the corn-fields at night was a great task, for the performance of which the boys had to be trained in daytime by their experienced leader. It goes without saying that each day we boys first worked off our superfluous energy in wrestling, swimming, hockey, and other strenuous games, and then settled down to the training in the arts of a herdsman which we had to practise at night. One of these arts was signalling through the ground. Each boy had a knife with a long wooden handle. This knife was stuck deep into

the ground. A sound was made by striking against the wooden handle, and the boys lying down and pressing their ears close to the ground had to estimate the direction and the distance of the origin of sound. Practice made us quite expert in this form of signalling. We knew at that time that the sound travelled through the ground far better than through the air, and that a hard and solid ground transmitted sound much better than the ploughed-up ground. We knew, therefore, that the sound produced this way near the edge of the pastureland could not be heard in the soft ground of the corn-fields stretching along the edge. A Rumanian cattle-thief, hidden at night in the corn-fields, could not hear our ground signals and could not locate us. Kos, the Slovenian, my teacher and interpreter of physical phenomena, could not explain this, and I doubt very much whether the average physicist of Europe at that time could have explained it. It is the basis of a discovery which I made about twenty-five years after my novel experiences in that herdsmen's summer school in Idvor.

On perfectly clear and quiescent summer nights on the plains of my native Banat, the stars are intensely bright and the sky looks black by contrast. "Thy hair is as black as the sky of a summer midnight" is a favorite saying of a Serbian lover to his lady-love. On such nights we could not see our grazing oxen when they were more than a few score of feet from us, but we could hear them if we pressed our ears close to the ground and listened. On such nights we boys had our work cut out for us. We were placed along a definite line at distances of some twenty yards apart. This was the dead-line, which separated the pasturelands from the corn-field territory. The motto of the French at Verdun was: "They shall not pass!" This was our motto, too, and it referred equally to our friends, the oxen, and to our enemies, the Rumanian cattle-thieves. Our knife-blades were deep in the ground and our ears were pressed against the handles. We could hear every step of the roaming oxen and even their grazing operations when they were sufficiently near to the

dead-line. We knew that these grazing operations were regulated by the time of the night, and this we estimated by the position of certain constellations like Orion and the Pleiades. The positions of the evening star and of the morning star were also closely observed. Venus was our white star and Mars was called the red star. The Dipper, the north star, and the milky way were our compass. We also knew that when in the dead of the night we could hear the faint sound of the church-bell of the Rumanian settlement about four miles to the east of us, then there was a breeze from the corn-fields to the pasturelands, and that it carried the sweet perfume of the young corn to the hungry oxen, inviting them to the rich banquet-table of the corn-fields. On such nights our vigilance was redoubled. We were then all eyes and ears. Our ears were closely pressed to the ground and our eyes were riveted upon the stars above.

The light of the stars, the sound of the grazing oxen, and the faint strokes of the distant church-bell were messages of caution which on those dark summer nights guided our vigilance over the precious herd. These messages appealed to us like the loving words of a friendly power, without whose aid we were helpless. They were the only signs of the world's existence which dominated our consciousness as, enveloped in the darkness of night and surrounded by countless burning stars, we guarded the safety of our oxen. The rest of the world had gone out of existence; it began to reappear in our consciousness when the early dawn announced, what we boys felt to be, the divine command, "Let there be light," and the sun heralded by long white streams began to approach the eastern sky, and the earth gradually appeared as if by an act of creation. Every one of those mornings of fifty years ago appeared to us herdsmen to be witnessing the creation of the world,—a world at first of friendly sound and light messages which made us boys feel that a divine power was protecting us and our herd, and then a real terrestrial world, when the rising sun had separated the hostile mysteries of night from the friendly realities of the day.

Sound and light became thus associated in my early modes of thought with the divine method of speech and communication, and this belief was strengthened by my mother, who quoted the words of St. John: "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God."

I also believed that David, whose Psalms, under the instruction of my mother, I knew by heart and who in his youth was a shepherd, expressed my thoughts in his nineteenth Psalm:

"The heavens declare the glory of God. . . ."

"There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard."

Then, there is no Serb boy who has not heard that beautiful Russian song by L'ermontoff, the great Russian poet, which says:

"Lonely I wander over the country road,
And in the darkness the stony path is glimmering;
Night is silent and the plains are whispering
To God, and star speaketh to star."

L'ermontoff was a son of the Russian plains. He saw the same burning stars in the blackness of a summer midnight sky which I saw. He felt the same thrill which David felt and through his Psalms transmitted it to me during those watchful nights of fifty years ago. I pity the city-bred boy who never felt the mysterious force of that heavenly thrill.

Sound and light being associated in my young mind of fifty years ago with divine operations by means of which man communicates with man, beast with beast, stars with stars, and man with his creator, it is obvious that I meditated much about the nature of sound and of light. I still believe that these modes of communication are the fundamental operations in the physical universe and I am still meditating about their nature. My teachers in Panchevo rendered some assistance in solving many of the puzzles which I met in the course of these meditations. Kos, my Slovenian teacher, who was the first to tell me the story of Franklin and his kite, was a great help. He soon convinced me that sound was a vibration of bodies. This explanation

agreed with the Serbian figure of speech which says:

"My heart quivers like the melodious string under the gouslar's bow."

I also felt the quivering air whenever during my term of service as guardian of the oxen I tried my skill at the Serbian flute. Few things excited my interest more than the operations of the Serbian bagpiper as he forced the air from his sheepskin bellows and made it sing by regulating its passage through the pipes. The operations which the bagpiper called adjustment and tuning of the bagpipes commanded my closest attention. I never dreamt then that a score of years later I would do a similar operation with an electrical circuit. I called it "electrical tuning," a term which has been generally adopted in wireless telegraphy. But nobody knows that the operation as well as the name were first suggested to me by the Serbian bagpiper, some twenty years prior to the time when I made the invention in 1892.

Skipping over several sections of my story, I will say now that twenty years after my invention of electrical tuning a pupil of mine, Major Armstrong, discovered the electrical vacuum-tube oscillator, which promises to revolutionize wireless telegraphy and telephony. A similar invention, but a little earlier, was made by another pupil of mine, Mr. Vreeland. Both these inventions in their mode of operation remind me much of the operation of Serbian bagpipes. Perhaps some of those thrills which the Serbian bagpiper stirred up in me in my early youth were transferred to my pupils, Armstrong and Vreeland.

I was less successful in solving my puzzles concerning the nature of light. Kos, the Slovenian, my first guide and teacher in the study of physical phenomena, told me the story that a wise man of Greece with the name of Aristotle believed that light originated in the eye, which throws out feelers to the surrounding objects and through these feelers we see the objects, just as we feel them by our sense of touch. This view did not agree with the popular saying often heard in Idvor: "Pick your grapes before sunrise, before the thirsty sunbeams have

drunk up their cooling dew." Nor did it agree with Bishop Nyegoush, the greatest of Serbian poets, who says:

"The bright-eyed dewdrops glide along the sunbeams to the heavens above."

The verse from Nyegoush I obtained from a Serbian poet, who was an arch priest, a protoyeray, and who was my religious teacher in Panchevo. His name, Vasa Zivkovich, I shall never forget, because it is sweet music to my ears on account of the memories of affectionate friendship he cherished for me.

According to this popular belief a beam of light has an individual existence just like that of the melodious string under the gouslar's bow. But neither the poet, nor the wise men of Idvor, nor Kos, the Slovenian, ever mentioned that a beam of light ever quivered, and if it does not quiver like a vibrating body, how can the sun, the moon, and the stars proclaim the glory of God, and how can, according to David, their voice be heard wherever there are speech and language? These questions Kos would not answer. No wonder! Nobody to-day can give a completely satisfactory answer to questions relating to radiation of light. Kos was non-committal and did not seem to attach much importance to the authorities which I quoted; namely, the Serbian poet Nyegoush, the wise sayings of Idvor, and the Psalms of David. Nevertheless, he was greatly interested in my childlike inquiries and always encouraged me to go on with my puzzling questions. Once he invited me to his house, and there I found that several of his colleagues were present. One of them was my friend the poet-priest, and another was a Hungarian Lutheran preacher who spoke Serbian well and was famous in Panchevo on account of his great eloquence. They both engaged me in conversation and showed a lively interest in my summer vacation experiences as herdsman's assistant. The puzzling questions about light which I addressed to Kos, and the fact that Kos would not answer, amused them. My knowledge of the Bible and of the Psalms impressed them much, and they asked me quite a number of questions concerning my mother. Then they suggested that I might be transferred from the school in Panchevo to the famous schools of Prague

in Bohemia, if my father and mother did not object to my going so far away from home. When I suggested that my parents could not afford to support me in a great place like Prague, they assured me that this difficulty might be fixed up. I promised to consult my parents during the approaching Christmas vacation. I did, but found my father irresistibly opposed to it. Fate, however, decreed otherwise.

The history of Banat records a great event for the early spring of 1872, the spring succeeding the Christmas when my father and mother agreed to disagree upon the proposition that I go to Prague. Svetozar Miletich, the great nationalist leader of the Serbs in Austria-Hungary, visited Panchevo, and the people prepared a torchlight procession for him. This procession was to be a protest of Panchevo and of the whole Banat against the emperor's treachery of 1867. My father protested long before that by excluding the emperor's picture from our house. That visit of Miletich marks the beginning of a new political era in Banat, the era of nationalism. The schoolboys of Panchevo turned out in great numbers, and I was one of them, proud to become one of the torch-bearers. We shouted ourselves hoarse whenever Miletich in his fiery speech denounced the emperor for his ingratitude to the military frontiersmen as well as to all the Serbs of Vojvodina. Remembering my father's words on the occasion mentioned above, I did not hesitate to shout in the name of the schoolboys present in the procession: "We'll never serve in Francis Joseph's army!" My chums responded with: "Long live the Prince of Serbia!" The Hungarian officials took careful notes of the whole proceeding, and a few days later I was informed that Panchevo is not a proper place for an ill-mannered peasant boy like me, and that I should pack up and return to Idvor. Kos, the Slovenian, and protoyeray Zivkovich interfered and I was permitted to stay.

On the first of May, following, our school celebrated the May-day festival. The Serb youngsters in the school, who worshipped Miletich and his nationalism, prepared a Serbian flag for the festival march. The other boys, mostly Germans, Rumanians, and Hungarians, carried the

Austrian yellow-black standard. The nationalist group among the youngsters stormed the bearer of the yellow-black standard, and I was caught in the scrimmage with the Austrian flag under my feet. Expulsion from school stared me in the face. Again protoyeray Zivkovich came to my defense and, thanks to his

thing ready for my long journey, a journey of nearly two days on a Danube steamboat to Budapest, and one day by rail from Budapest to Prague. Two multicolored bags made of a beautifully colored web of wool contained my belongings: one my linen, the other my provisions, consisting of a whole roast goose



Approach to Staro Selo over bridge spanning Toukosh, an arm of River Tamish.

high official position and to my high standing in school, I was allowed to continue with my class until the end of the school year, after promising that I would not associate with revolutionary boys who showed an inclination to storm the Austrian flag. The matter did not end there, however. In response to an invitation from the protoyeray, father and mother came to Panchevo to a conference, which resulted in a triumph for my mother. It was decided that I bid good-by to Panchevo, a hotbed of nationalism, and go to Prague. The protoyeray and his congregation promised assistance if the financial burden attached to my schooling in Prague should prove too heavy for my parents.

When the day for the departure for Prague arrived, my mother had every-

and a big loaf of white bread. The only suit of clothes which I had I wore on my back, and my sisters told me that it was very stylish and made me look like a city-bred boy. To tone down somewhat this misleading appearance and to provide a warm covering during my journey for the cold autumn evenings and nights, I wore a long yellow overcoat of sheepskin trimmed with black wool and embroidered along the border with black and red arabesque figures. A black sheepskin cap gave the finishing touch and marked me as a real son of Idvor. When I said good-by to father and mother on the steamboat landing I expected, of course, that my mother would cry, and she did; but to my great surprise I noticed two big tears roll down my father's cheeks. He was a stern and unemotional person, a splendid

type of the heroic age, and when for the first time in my life I saw a tear in his luminous eyes I broke down and sobbed, and felt embarrassed when I saw that the steamboat passengers were taking a sympathetic interest in my parting from father and mother. A group of big boys on the boat took me up and offered to help me to orient myself on the boat; they were theological students returning to the famous seminary at Karlovac, the seat of the Serb Patriarch. I confided to them that I was going to the schools of Prague, that I never went from home farther than Panchevo, that I had never seen a big steamboat or a railroad-train, and that my journey gave me some anxiety, because I could not speak Hungarian, and had some difficulty in handling the limited German vocabulary which I learned in Panchevo. Presently we saw a great church-tower in the distance, and they told me that it was the cathedral of Karlovac, and that near the cathedral was the palace of his holiness, the Patriarch. It was at this place where the Turks begged for peace in 1699, having been defeated with the aid of the military frontiersmen. Beyond Karlovac, they pointed out, was the mountain of Froushka Gora, so famous in Serbian poetry. This was the first time I saw a mountain at close range. One historical scene crowded upon another, and I had some difficulty to take them all in even with the friendly assistance of my theological acquaintances. When Karlovac was reached and my theological friends left the boat, I felt quite lonesome. I returned to my multicolored bags, and as I looked upon them and remembered that mother had made them I felt that a part, at least, of my honey-hearted home was so near me, and that consoled me.

I noticed that lunch was being served to people who had ordered it, and I thought of the roast goose which mother had packed away in my multicolored bag. I reached for the bag, but, alas! the goose was gone. A fellow passenger, who sat near me, assured me that he saw one of the young theologians carry the goose away while the other theologians engaged me in conversation, and not knowing to whom the bags belonged, he thought nothing of the incident. Besides, how

could any one suspect a student of theology? "Shades of St. Sava," said I, "what kind of orthodoxy will these future apostles of your faith preach to the Serbs of Banat?" "Ah, my boy," said an elderly lady who heard my exclamation, "do not curse them; they did it just out of innocent mischief. This experience will be worth many a roast goose to you; it will teach you that in a world of strangers you must always keep one eye on what you have and with the other eye look out for things that you do not have." She was a most sympathetic peasant woman, who probably had seen my dramatic parting with father and mother on the steamboat landing. I took her advice, and during the rest of my journey I never lost sight of my multicolored bags and of my yellow sheepskin coat.

The sight of Budapest, as the boat approached it on the following day, nearly took my breath away. At the neighborhood gatherings in Idvor I had heard many a story about the splendor of the emperor's palace on the top of the mountain at Buda, and about the wonders of a bridge suspended in air across the Danube and connecting Buda with Pest. Many legends were told in Idvor concerning these wonderful things. But what I saw with my own eyes from the deck of that steamboat surpassed all my expectations. I was overawed, and for a moment I would have been glad to turn back and retrace my journey to Idvor. The world outside of Idvor seemed too big and too complicated for me. But as soon as I landed, my courage returned. With the yellow sheepskin coat on my back, the black sheepskin cap on my head, and the multicolored bags firmly grasped in my hands, I started out to find the railroad-station. A husky Serb passed by and, attracted by my sheepskin coat and cap and the multicolored bags, suddenly stopped and addressed me in Serbian. He lived in Budapest, he said, and his glad eye and hand assured me that a sincere friend was speaking to me. He helped me with the bags and stayed with me until he deposited me in the train that was to take me to Prague. He cautioned me that at about four o'clock in the morning my train would reach Gaenserdorf (Goosetown), and there I should

get out and get another train which would take me to Prague. The name of this town brought back to memory my goose which disappeared at Karlovac, and gloomy forebodings disturbed my mind and made me a little anxious.

This was the first railroad-train that I had ever seen. It disappointed me; the legendary speed of trains about which I heard so much in Idvor was not there. When the whistle blew and the conductor shouted "Fertig!" (Ready!), I shut my eyes and waited anxiously, expecting to be shot forward at a tremendous speed. But the train started leisurely and, to my great disappointment, never reached the speeds which I expected. It was a cold October night; the third-class compartment had only one other passenger, a fat Hungarian whom I could not understand, although he tried his best to engage me in a conversation. My sheepskin coat and cap made me feel warm and comfortable; I fell asleep and never woke up until the rough conductor pulled me off my seat and ordered me out.

"Vienna, last stop," he shouted.

"But I was going to Prague," I said.

"Then you should have changed at Gaenserndorf, you idiot!" answered the conductor with the usual politeness of Austrian officials when they see a Serb before them. "But why didn't you wake me up at Gaenserndorf?" I protested. He flared up and made a gesture as if about to box my ears, but suddenly he changed his mind and substituted a verbal thrust at my pride. "You little fool of a Serbian swineherd, do you expect an imperial official to assist you in your lazy habits, you sleepy muttonhead?"

"Excuse me," I said with an air of wounded pride, "I am not a Serbian swineherd; I am a son of a brave military frontiersman, and I am going to the famous schools of Prague."

He softened, and told me that I should have to go back to Gaenserndorf after paying my fare to that place and back. When I informed him that I had no money for extra travelling expenses, he beckoned to me to come along, and after a while we stood in the presence of what I thought to be a very great official. He had a lot of gold braid on his collar and

sleeves and on his cap, and he looked as stern and as serious as if the cares of the whole empire rested upon his shoulders.

"Take off your cap, you ill-mannered peasant! Don't you know how to behave in the presence of your superiors?" he blurted out, addressing me. I dropped my multicolored bags, took off my yellow sheepskin coat in order to cover the bags, and then took off my black sheepskin cap, and saluted him in the regular fashion of a military frontiersman. I thought that he might be the emperor himself and, if so, I wondered if he had ever heard of my trampling upon his yellow-black flag at that May-day festival in Panchevo. Finally, I screwed up my courage and apologized by saying:

"Your gracious Majesty will pardon my apparent lack of respect to my superiors, but this is to me a world of strangers, and the anxiety about my belongings kept my hands busy with the bags and prevented them from taking off my cap when I approached your serene Highness." I noticed that several persons within hearing distance were somewhat amused by this interview, and particularly an elderly looking couple, a lady and a gentleman:

"Why should you feel anxious about your bags?" said the great official. "You are not in the savage Balkans, the home of thieves; you are in Vienna, the residence of his Majesty, the Emperor of Austria-Hungary."

"Yes," said I, "but two days ago my roast goose was stolen from one of these bags within his Majesty's realm, and my father told me that all the rights and privileges of the Voyvodina and of the military frontier were stolen right here in this very Vienna."

"Ah, you little rebel, do you expect that this sort of talk will get you a free transportation from Gaenserndorf to Vienna and back again? Restrain your rebellious tongue or I will give you a free transportation back to your military frontier, where rebels like you ought to be behind lock and key."

At this juncture the elderly looking couple engaged him in conversation, and after a while the gold-braided mogul informed me that my ticket from Vienna to Prague by the short route was paid for,

and that I should proceed. The rude conductor who called me a Serbian swine-herd a little while before that led me to the train and ushered me politely into a first-class compartment. Presently the elderly looking couple entered and greeted me in a most friendly, almost affectionate, manner. They encouraged me to take off my sheepskin coat and make myself comfortable, and assured me that my bags would be perfectly safe.

Their German speech had a strange accent, and their manner and appearance were entirely different from anything that I had ever seen before. But they inspired confidence. Feeling hungry, I took my loaf of snowy-white bread out of my bag, and with my herdsman's knife with a long wooden handle I cut off two slices and offered them to my new friends. "Please, take it," said I; "it was prepared by my mother's hands for my long journey." They accepted my hospitality and ate the bread and pronounced it excellent, the best bread they had ever tasted. I told them how it was made by mixing leaf-lard and milk with the finest wheat flour, and when I informed them that I knew a great deal about cooking and that I learned it by watching my mother, the lady appeared greatly pleased. The gentleman, her husband, asked me questions about farming and taking care of animals, which I answered readily, quoting my father as my authority. "You had two splendid teachers, your father and your mother," they said; "do you expect to find better teachers in Prague?" I told them briefly what sent me to Prague, mentioning particularly that some people thought that I had outgrown the schools not only of my native village but also of Panchevo, but that in reality the main reason was because the Hungarian officials did not want me in Panchevo on account of my showing a strong inclination to develop into a rebellious nationalist. My new friends gave each other a significant look and said something in a language which I did not understand. They told me that it was English, and added that they were from America.

"America!" said I, quivering with emotion. "Then you must know a lot about Benjamin Franklin and his kite, and about Lincoln, the American Prince Marko."

This exclamation of mine surprised them greatly and furnished the topic for a lively conversation of several hours, until the train had reached Prague. It was conducted in broken German, but we understood each other perfectly. I told them of my experience with Franklin's theory of lightning and of its clash with my father's St. Elijah legend, and answered many of their questions relating to my calling Lincoln an American Prince Marko. I quoted from several Serbian ballads relating to Prince Marko which I had learned from Baba Batikin, and at their urgent request described with much detail the neighborhood gatherings in Idvor. They returned the compliment by telling me stories of Benjamin Franklin, of Lincoln, and of America, and urged me to read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a Serbian translation of which I discovered some time afterward. When the train reached Prague they insisted that I be their guest at their Prague hotel, called the Blue Star, for a day, at least, until I found my friends in Prague. I gladly accepted and spent a delightful evening with them. The sweetness of their disposition was an unfathomable riddle to me. The riddle, however, was solved several years later.

I mentioned above that the first sight of Budapest nearly took my breath away. The first view of Prague filled me with a strange religious fervor. The ancient gates surmounted by towers with wonderful stone carvings and inscriptions; the lofty domes, crowning mediæval cathedrals, the portals of which were bristling with beautiful images of saints; the historic public buildings, each of which told a story of the old glories of Bohemia's kingdom; the ancient stone bridge across the Moldava River supporting statues of Christian martyrs; the royal palace on the hill of Hradchin, which seemed to rise way up above the clouds—all these and many other wonderful things made me feel that it was places like Prague which St. Sava visited when he deserted his royal parents and went to the end of the world to seek new knowledge. I saw then why the protoyeray of Panchevo suggested that I go to Prague; I even began to suspect that he expected the influence of Prague to turn my attention to theol-



The village church in Idvor, surrounded by the village green, where Kolo dancing takes place on Sundays and holidays.

ogy. I think now that it would have done so if it had not been for that unpleasant goose incident at Karlovac. Besides, there was another influence at Prague which was more powerful than any other influence in the Austrian Empire at that time.

The sights of Prague interested me more than its famous schools, which I was to enter and delayed entering. But finally I was enrolled, and the boys in the school scrutinized me with a puzzled expression, as if they could not make out

what country or clime I came from. When they found out that I hailed from the Serb military frontier, all uncertainty vanished and I knew exactly where I stood. The German boys became very cold, the Chekhish boys greeted me in their own tongue and hugged me when by my Serbian answer I proved not only that I understood them but that I also expected them to understand my Serbian greeting. They were all nationalists to the core and did their best to make me join their ranks, which, after some reluctance, I finally did. I showed them then

two letters from protoyeray Zivkovich introducing me to Rieger and to Palazky, the great apostles of Panslavism and of nationalism in Bohemia. From that day on I was one of their young revolutionary set, and henceforth school lessons looked tame and lost most of their charm to me.

The German victory in France two years prior to that time, resulting as it did in the creation of a united Germany, encouraged Teutonism to run riot wherever it met a current opposing it, as it did in Prague. Nationalism in Bohemia was a reaction against Austrian Teutonism in those days, just as it was a reaction against Magyarism in Voyvodina and in the military frontier. Hardly a day passed without serious clashes between the Chekh nationalist boys and their German classmates. That which made my stay in Panchevo impossible met me in Prague in an even more violent form. Loyal to the traditions of the Serbian military frontiersmen, I liked nothing better than a good fight, and I had the physique and the practice, gained in the pasturelands of Idvor, to lick any German boy of my age or even older. The German pupils feared me and the German teachers condemned what they called my revolutionary tendencies, and threatened to send me back to Idvor. As time went on, I began to wish that they would expel me and give me a good excuse to return to Idvor. I missed the wide horizon of the plains of Banat in the narrow streets of Prague. My little bedroom in a garret, the only living quarters that I could afford, was a sad contrast to my mode of life on the endless plains of Banat, where for six weeks each summer I lived under the wide canopy of heaven, watching the grazing oxen, gazing upon the countless stars at night, and listening to the sweet strains of the Serbian flute. The people I met on the streets were puffed up with Teutonic pride or with official arrogance; they had none of the gentle manliness and friendliness of the military frontiersmen. The teachers looked to me more like Austrian gendarmes than like sympathetic friends. They cared more for my sentiments toward the emperor and for my ideas about nationalism than for my ideas relating to God and his beautiful world of life and

light. Not one of them reminded me of Kos, the Slovenian, and of protoyeray Zivkovich in Panchevo. Race antagonism was at that time the ruling passion. If it had not been for the affectionate regard which the Chekhish boys and their parents had for me I should have felt most lonesome; from Banat to Prague was too sudden a change for me.

Another circumstance I must mention now which helped to brace me up. I delivered, after many months of delay, my letters of introduction to Rieger and to Palazky. I saw their pictures, I read about them, and finally I heard them address huge nationalist meetings. They were great men, I thought, and I could not screw up sufficient courage to call on them, as the protoyeray wished me to do, and waste their precious time on my account. But when I received a letter from the protoyeray in Panchevo asking why I had not delivered the letters of introduction he gave me, I made the calls. Rieger looked like my father: dark, stern, reserved, powerful of physique, with a wonderful luminosity in his eyes. He gave me coffee and cake, consuming a generous supply of them himself. When I kissed his hand, bidding him good-by, he gave me a florin for pocket-money, patted me on the cheek, and assured me that I could easily come up to protoyeray's expectations and surprise my teachers, if I would only spend more time on my books and less on my nationalist chums. This suggestion and indirect advice made me very thoughtful. Palazky was a gentle, smooth-faced old gentleman, who looked to me then as if he knew everything that men had ever known, and that much study had made him pale and delicate. He was much interested in my description of the life and customs of my native village, and when I mentioned St. Sava, he drew a parallel between this saint and Yan Huss, the great Chekh patriot and divine, who was burned at the stake in 1415 at Constance because he demanded a national democratic church in Bohemia. He gave me a book in which I could read all about Huss and the Hussite wars and about the one-eyed Ziska, the great Hussite general. He gave me no coffee nor cake, probably because his health did not permit him to

indulge in eatables between meals, but assured me of assistance if I should ever need it. I eagerly read the book about Yan Huss and the Hussite wars, and became a more enthusiastic nationalist than ever before. I felt that Rieger's influence pulled me in one direction and that Palazky encouraged me to persist in the opposite direction which I had selected under the influence of the spirit of Chekh nationalism.

In my letters to my elder sisters, which they read to father and mother, I described with much detail the beauties and wonders of Prague; of my receptions and talks with Rieger and Palazky; elaborated much the parallel between St. Sava and Yan Huss to which Palazky drew my attention, and which I expected would please my mother; but I never mentioned Rieger's advice that I stick to books and leave nationalist propaganda of the boys alone. I never during my whole year's stay in Prague sent a report home on my school work, because I never did more than just enough to prevent my dropping to the lower grade. My mother and the protoyeray in Panchevo expected immeasurably more. Hence, I never complained about the smallness of the allowance which my parents could give me, and, therefore, they did not appeal to my Panchevo friends for additional help, which they promised. I felt that I had no right for such an appeal, because I did not devote myself entirely to the work for which I was sent to Prague.

While debating with myself whether to follow Rieger's advice and leave nationalism in the hands of more experienced people and devote myself to my lessons only, an event occurred which was the turning-point in my life. I received a letter from my sister informing me that my father had died suddenly after a very brief illness. She also told me that my father had a premonition that he would die soon and never see me again when, a year ago, he bade me good-by on the steamboat landing. I understood then the meaning of the tears which on that day of parting I saw roll down his cheeks for the first time in my life. I immediately informed my mother that I wanted to return to Idvor and help her

take care of my father's land. But she would not listen, and insisted that I stay in Prague, where I was seeing and learning so many wonderful things. I knew quite well what a heavy burden my schooling would be to her, and my school record did not entitle me to expect the protoyeray to make his promise good, which would be a great assistance to her. I decided to find a way of relieving my mother of any further burdens as far as I was concerned.

One day I saw on the last page of an illustrated paper an advertisement of the Hamburg-American line, offering steerage transportation from Hamburg to New York for twenty-eight florins. I thought of my mellow-hearted American friends of a year ago who bought a first-class railroad-ticket for me from Vienna to Prague, and decided on the spot to try my fortune in the land of Franklin and Lincoln as soon as I could save up and otherwise scrape up money enough to carry me from Prague to New York. My books, my watch, my clothes, including the yellow sheepskin coat and the black sheepskin cap, were all sold to make up the sum necessary for travelling expenses. I started out with just one suit of clothes on my back and a few changes of linen, and a red Turkish fez which nobody would buy. And why should anybody going to New York bother about warm clothes? Was not New York much farther south than Panchevo, and does not America suggest a hot climate when one thinks of the pictures of naked Indians so often seen? These thoughts consoled me when I parted with my sheepskin coat. The day of sailing found me in Hamburg, ready to embark but with no money to buy a mattress and a blanket for my bunk in the steerage. Several days later my ship, the *Westphalia*, sailed — on the 12th day of March, 1874. My mother received several days later my letter, mailed in Hamburg, telling her in most affectionate terms that, in my opinion, I had outgrown the school, the teachers, and the educational methods of Prague, and was about to depart for the land of Franklin and Lincoln, where the wisdom of people was beyond anything that even St. Sava had ever known. I assured her that with her blessing and

God's help I would certainly succeed, and promised that I would soon return rich in rare knowledge and in honors. The letter was dictated by the rosiest optimism that I could invent. Several months later I found to my great delight that my mother accepted cheerfully this rosy view of my unexpected enterprise.

The ship sailed with a full complement of steerage passengers, mostly Germans. As we glided along the River Elbe the emigrants were all on deck, watching the land as it gradually vanished out of our sight. Presently the famous German emigrant song rang through the air, and with a heavy heart I took in the words of its refrain:

"Oh, how hard it would be to leave the homeland shores
If the hope did not live that soon we shall see them again.
Farewell, farewell, until we see you again."

I did not wait for the completion of the song but turned in, and in my bare bunk I sought to drown my sadness in a flood of tears. Idvor, with its sunny fields, vineyards, and orchards; with its grazing herds of cattle and flocks of sheep; with its beautiful church-spire and the solemn ringing of church-bells; with its merry boys and girls dancing to the tune of the Serbian bagpipes the Kolo on the village green—Idvor, with all the familiar scenes that I had ever seen there, appeared before my tearful eyes, and in the midst of them I saw my mother listening to my sister reading slowly the letter which I sent to her from Hamburg. Every one of these scenes seemed to start a new shower of tears, which finally cleared the oppressiveness of my spiritual atmosphere. I thought that I could hear my mother say to my sister: "God bless him for his affectionate letter. May the spirit of St. Sava guide him in the land beyond the seas! I know that he will make good his promises." Sadness deserted me then and I felt strong again.

He who has never crossed the stormy Atlantic during the month of March in the crowded steerage of an immigrant ship does not know what hardships are. I bless the stars that the immigration laws were different then from what they

are now, otherwise I should not be among the living. To stand the great hardships of a stormy sea when the rosy picture of the promised land is before your mind's eye is a severe test for any boy's nerve and physical stamina; but to face the same hardships as a deported and penniless immigrant with no cheering prospect in sight is too much for any person, unless that person is entirely devoid of every finer sensibility. Many a night I spent on the deck of that immigrant ship hugging the warm smoke-stack and adjusting my position so as to avoid the force of the gale and the sharpness of its icy chilliness. All I had was the light suit of clothes which I carried on my back. Everything else I had I converted into money with which I covered my transportation expenses. There was nothing left to pay for a blanket and mattress for my steerage bunk. I could not rest there during the cold nights of March without much shivering and unbearable discomfort. If it had not been for the warm smoke-stack I should have died of cold. At first I had to fight for my place there in the daytime, but when the immigrants understood that I had no warm clothing they did not disturb me any longer. I often thought of my yellow sheepskin coat and the black sheepskin cap, and understood more clearly then ever my mother's far-sightedness when she provided that coat and cap for my long journeys. A blast of the everlasting gales had carried away my hat, and a Turkish fez such as the Serbs of Bosnia wear was the only head-gear I had. It was providential that I did not succeed in selling it in Prague. Most of my fellow emigrants thought that I was a Turk and cared little about my discomforts. But, nevertheless, I felt quite brave and strong in the daytime; at night, however, when standing alone alongside of the smoke-stack I beheld through the howling darkness the white rims of the mountain-high waves speeding on like maddened dragons toward the tumbling ship, my heart sank low. It was my implicit trust in God and his regard for my mother's prayers which enabled me to overcome my fear and bravely face the horrors of the angry seas.

On the fourteenth day, early in the morning, the flat coast-line of Long Island

hove in sight. Nobody in the motley crowd of excited immigrants was more happy to see the promised land than I was. It was a clear, mild, and sunny March morning, and as we approached New York Harbor the warm sun-rays seemed to thaw out the chilliness which I had accumulated in my body by continuous exposure to the wintry blasts of the North Atlantic. I felt like a new person, and saw in every new scene presented by the New World as the ship moved into it a new promise that I should be welcome. Life and activity kept blossoming out all along the ship's course, and seemed to reach full bloom as we entered into New York Harbor. The scene which was then unfolded before my eyes was most novel and bewildering. The first impressions of Budapest and of Prague seemed like pale-faced images of the grand realities which New York Harbor disclosed before my eager eyes. A countless multitude of boats lined each shore of the vast river; all kinds of craft ploughed hurriedly in every direction through the waters of the bay; great masses of people crowded the numerous ferry-boats, and gave me the impression that one crowd was just about as anxious to reach one shore of the huge metropolis as the other was to reach the other shore; they all must have had some important thing to do, I thought. The city on each side of the shore seemed to throb with activity. I did not distinguish between New York and Jersey City. Hundreds of other spots like the one I beheld, I thought, must be scattered over the vast territories of the United States, and in these seething pots of human action there must be some one activity, I was certain, which needed me. This gave me courage. The talk which I was listening to during two weeks on the immigrant ship was rather discouraging, I thought. One immigrant was bragging about his long experience as a cabinetmaker, and informed his audience that cabinetmakers were in great demand in America; another one was telling long tales about his skill as a mechanic; a third one was spinning out long yarns about the fabulous agricultural successes of his relatives out West, who invited him to come there and join them; a fourth confided to the gaping crowd that his brother, who was

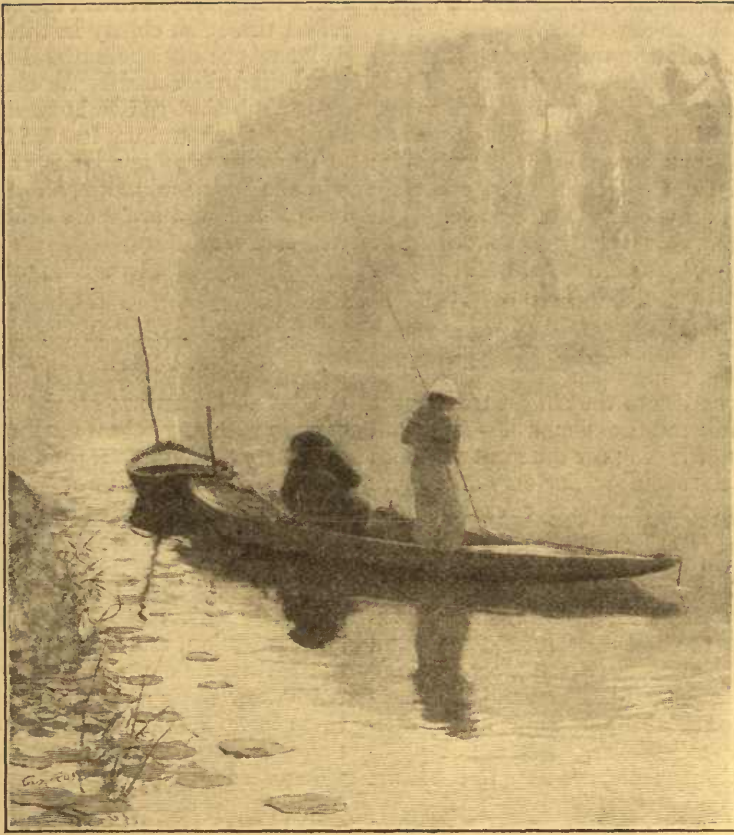
anxiously waiting for him, had a most prosperous bank in some rich mining-camp in Nevada where people never see any other money except silver and gold and hardly ever a coin smaller than a dollar; a fifth one, who had been in America before, told us in a rather top-lofty way that no matter who you are or what you know or what you have, you will be a greenhorn when you land in the New World, and a greenhorn has to serve his apprenticeship before he can establish his claim to any recognition. He admitted, however, that immigrants with a previous practical training, or strong pull through relatives and friends, had a shorter apprenticeship. I had no practical training, and I had no relatives nor friends nor even acquaintances in the New World. I had nothing of any immediate value to offer to the land I was about to enter. That thought discouraged me as I listened to the talks of the immigrants; but the activity which New York Harbor presented to my eager eyes on that sunny March day was most encouraging.

Presently the ship passed by Castle Garden, and I heard some one say: "There is the Gate to America." An hour or so later we all stood at the gate. The immigrant ship, *Westphalia*, landed at Hoboken and a tug took us to Castle Garden. We were carefully examined and cross-examined, and when my turn came the examining officials shook their heads and seemed to find me wanting. I confessed that I had only five cents in my pocket and had no relatives here, and that I knew of nobody in this country except of Franklin, Lincoln, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin" I had read in a Serbian translation. One of the officials who had one leg, only, and walked with a crutch, seemed much impressed by this remark, and looking very kindly into my eyes and with a merry twinkle in his eye he said in German: "You showed good taste when you picked your American acquaintances." I learned later that he was a Swiss who had served in the Union army during the Civil War. I also confessed to the examining officials that I had no training in the arts and crafts, but that I was anxious to learn, and that this desire brought me to America. In answer to the

question why I did not stay at home or in Prague and learn instead of wandering across the sea with so little on my back and nothing in my pocket, I said that the Hungarian and Austrian authorities had formed a strong prejudice against me on account of my sympathies with people, and particularly with my father, who objected to being cheated out of their ancient rights and privileges which the emperor had guaranteed to them for services which they had been rendering to him loyally for nearly two hundred years. I spoke with feeling, and I felt that I made an impression upon the examiners, who did not look to me like officials such as I was accustomed to see in Austria-Hungary. They had no gold and silver braid and no superior airs, but looked very much like ordinary civilian mortals. That gave me courage and confidence, and I spoke frankly and fearlessly, believing firmly that I was addressing human beings who had a heart which was not held in bondage by cast-iron rules invented by their superiors in authority. The Swiss veteran who walked on crutches, having lost one of his legs in the Civil War, was particularly attentive while I was being cross-examined, and nodded approvingly whenever I scored a point with my answers. He whispered something to the other officials, and they finally informed me that I could pass on, and I was conducted promptly to the Labor Bureau of Castle Garden. My Swiss friend looked me up a little later and informed me that the examiners had made an exception in my favor and admitted me, and that I must look sharp and find a job as soon as possible.

As I sat in the Labor Bureau waiting for somebody to come along and pick me out as a worthy candidate for some job, I could not help surveying the other fellow immigrants who, like myself, sat there waiting for a job. I really believed that they were in a class below me, and yet they had no trouble in being admitted. They had no need of favors on the part of the officials in order to be admitted. I did, and therefore, I inferred, they must have appeared to the officials as being more desirable. It is true, I said, arguing with myself, that they had a definite

trade; they undoubtedly had some money; and they certainly looked more prosperous than I did, judging by their clothes. But why should the possession of a trade, of money, or of clothes stand so much higher in America than it did in Idvor, my native village? We had a blacksmith, a wheelwright, and a barber in Idvor; they were our craftsmen; and we had a Greek storekeeper who had a lot of money and wore expensive city-made clothes, but there was not one respectable Serb peasant in Idvor, no matter how poor, who did not think that he was superior to these people who had only a transient existence in our historic village. The knowledge of our traditions and our implicit belief in them made us feel superior to people who wandered about like gypsies with no traditions, and with nothing to anchor them to a definite place. A newcomer to our village was closely scrutinized, and he was judged not so much by his skill in a craft, nor by his money, nor by his clothes, but by his personality, by the reputation of his family, and by the traditions of the people to whom he belonged. The examiners at Castle Garden seemed to attach no importance to these things, because they did not ask me a single question concerning my family, the history of my village, or the history of the military frontier and of the Serb race. It is no wonder, said I, consoling myself, that I appeared to them less desirable than many of the other immigrants who would never have been allowed to settle in Idvor, and whose society on the immigrant ship interested me so little. In fact, it was often repulsive to me, because I could not help considering many of them as a sort of spiritual muckers. My admission by a special favor of the examiners was a puzzle and a disappointment to me, but it did not destroy the firmness of my belief, that I brought to America something which the examiners were either unable or did not care to find out, but which, nevertheless, I valued very highly, and that is: a knowledge of and a profound respect and admiration for the best traditions of my race. My mother and the illiterate peasants at the neighborhood gatherings in Idvor taught me that; no other lesson ever made a deeper impression upon me.



One fishes from a boat on the best kind of pike water.—Page 283.

Coarse Fishing in France

BY ETHEL ROSE

ILLUSTRATIONS (INCLUDING FRONTISPIECE) BY A. B. FROST AND GUY ROSE

I SHALL never forget my first sight of a typical French fishing scene.

Arriving in France the day before, I had travelled by night from Paris to the little town on the Grand Morin where I awoke to a warm sunny morning, made rather unreal to me by a faint bluish haze that enveloped even nearby things in a glamour of soft color.

I walked in the meadows beside the little winding river and I saw, seated on a camp-stool under a large white umbrella,

a fat Frenchman dressed in a pongee suit and a big, flapping straw hat with a piece of red tape around the crown. His shirt was widely open at the throat and his feet were bare in his slippers. In his hand he held a long fishing-pole, and fastened to the bank before him were two others.

Beside him was a pail for bait, another about the same size for his fish, and a basket containing a bottle. His wife was there also, industriously sewing, full in the broiling sun.

The three floats bobbed on the water. The stout angler dozed.

In the distance were more fishermen equally energetically occupied. Some were alone, some in groups, some had families with them, or dogs; they seemed to extend away in infinite perspective; and so I think of them now, endlessly fishing on all the rivers of France.

The sport goes merrily on somewhere or other for various kinds of fish all the year round; and when there is a close season in one place there is an open one in another, for the climate of France varies in a short six hundred miles from that of the bleak northern border to the almost tropic heat of the Midi; and the change of seasons and the times of fishing for different varieties of fish in the same locality only offer more frequent opportunities for exciting *ouvertures de la pêche*, and more excuses for investing in various kinds of tackle, or all the improvements made thereto since last year; as well as for interminable discussions as to the best lines, lures, hooks, and (especially important) the most fetching devices for ground-baiting; and the qualifications of those innumerable little "articles de luxe" which, though not absolutely indispensable, are dear to the heart of every true angler.

Taking it all together, there are a good many kinds of coarse fish and not one of them is too insignificant to be considered fair game; for while an American boy will delight in fishing for minnows that would be beneath the notice of his elders; in France *goujon* and *ablette* fishing is a recognized branch of the art, and some of the most popular of the day resorts are those which can offer their visitors the chance to catch enough of those tiny midgets to furnish a mess for the first course of the luncheon; while the little restaurants tucked away under the trees along the river banks boast such appetizing names as "*A la Bonne Friture*" or "*Au Goujon Renommé*."

The fisherman is indeed fortunate if he lives near a stream containing perch, as they are quite gamey enough to be fun to fish for, as well as fairly good eating.

Carp, on the other hand, are sluggish, and by no means to the taste of everyone, though there are some remarkable old recipes for preparing them, many of

them being original with the monks, who raised these fish chiefly in their ponds.

There are also bream and barbel and tench and dace and roach and eels, besides chub that run to huge size and are hard to catch and unpleasant to eat.

The very small fry consists of gudgeon, whitebait, and minnows, all of which are fried whole and are most delicious when well cooked.

The king of them all, however, the *brochet*, or pike, is by far the most highly esteemed by the connoisseur both as game and food, for which latter purpose those of about two pounds in weight are the best. There are *brochet* fishers who can vie with any others for indolence and sedentary methods, but those of the newer school who use live bait or troll or practise "*le spinning*" can cover as much ground as a hunter and come home fully as fatigued.

The term "*le spinning*" is fondly if erroneously believed to be the correct English expression, and simply means casting the artificial bait. This is a comparatively new thing over here, and although there is no doubt that it is quite legal there are still grave arguments in the villages and in the press as to whether such an arrangement can properly be called a "*ligne flottante*," or floating line, which is the only one permitted by law; and I have seen the "spinning" fisherman seriously advised, should he go into such an obstinate-minded community for his sport, to fasten a tiny quill float to his line by means of a thread, this being too small to interfere with the practical working of the tackle and at the same time being a conclusive proof of his law-abidingness if he should be threatened with a *procès* by some zealous though antiquated objector.

It seems that an article printed in *Forest and Stream* giving directions for making the short bait-casting rods once awakened great interest—chiefly, I should fancy, through translations—and a number of men made their own rods; while one or two places sell material for spoons and other artificial baits.

All this received much comment and encouragement in the sporting press from men who actively and continually try to raise the standard of shooting and fish-

ing throughout France by both practice and precept.

Even where one fishes from a boat on the best kind of pike water, a lake or sluggish stream, this is no sport for in-

These enormous fish run to over thirty pounds in weight and sometimes veritable combats take place in landing them; as one instance where a guard caught one unexpectedly and his dog attacked and



There are such purely delightful places in which to enjoy one's self and nature.—Page 284.

valids if one hooks, as did a friend of ours, a monster of about twenty pounds and plays him for half an hour with all the energy, nervousness, and excitement of which only a French *amateur* of the sport is capable, bringing him finally in triumph to the boat's side, only to have a trembling friend hit him wildly on the head with an oar with such force as to break the line and send the fish flying home. "I could have willingly killed X!" the disconsolate one said to us with tears in his voice as he recounted the contest days afterward.

helped to kill it, dashing into the water for the purpose, and both man and dog were severely bitten by the fish.

Brochet are said to live to a great age, even fifty years or more, and there is a delightful tale supposed to prove that at least one of them attained to nearly three hundred. It is to the effect, though on what authority I do not know, that in 1497 there was captured in the Lake of Kaiserweg in Mannheim a pike twenty feet long, weighing three hundred and sixty pounds, and wearing an inscribed ring of gilded

bronze which had been attached to it by order of the Emperor Barbarossa two hundred and sixty-seven years before!

The smallest town on or near a stream boasts its shop or part of a shop devoted to "*articles de pêche*," advertised by an abnormally long bamboo pole which thrusts itself out over the street, or by a big, glittering, brass fish twirling gaily in the breeze. Outside are stacked bundles of bamboos of various sizes, qualities, and lengths, and landing-nets on long wooden handles. The window contains an assortment of the cheaper kinds of tackle: rods of different degrees; reels for bait-fishing, reels for "*le casting*" or "*le spinning*," and reels for all other occasions; besides lines and leaders and large twists of white horsehair; hooks and gangs of hooks and artificial lures; and, above all, floats: floats of every size and description, from large gayly painted wooden things resembling tops to fairy-like little quills; and there are always baskets and boxes and pails and campstools; and all sorts of nets and snares and traps and tridents, some of them being forbidden by law. And not only do the shops sell these illegal things, but the fishing journals, while on one page decrying poaching and calling upon the officials to act, will on the next describe in detail the best way to take fish in some prohibited manner.

Fishing is, without a doubt, the most popular sport in France: literally all ages, degrees, and kinds of people indulging in it—that is, for coarse fish—and even the devotees of fly-fishing for trout and salmon will at times fish just as keenly and enthusiastically for perch or even for chub!

One reason for this, I fancy, lies in the fondness of the French people for being out-of-doors: not merely for out-of-door purposes, but for conducting all the business of life there when it is possible.

One eats out-of-doors everywhere in the country whenever it is half warm enough, and on the sidewalks in the towns if there is no other place (sometimes with a huge brazier of glowing coals beside one); and all sorts of occupations are carried on in the open air, from doing the washing to giving an acrobatic performance. For one thing, the houses are often

damp and dark; and for another, all out-doors in France is so beautiful and there are such purely delightful places in which to enjoy one's self and nature: there are little brooks half hidden by long grass at the foot of quaint pollard willows, and wider streams that meander through open meadows and green woodland, and calm ponds drowsing in the shimmering summer heat-mist, and busy *quais* in the hearts of cities, and wide reaches of rivers with ruined castles outlined on the bordering hills; all of them bathed in that atmosphere and color which belong to France alone.

Women fish habitually as they seldom do in the United States, but as they do everything in France; namely, they simply do it because they want to, without making a fuss or talking about it. Singly or in gay parties or in staid family groups or as one of a sentimental couple down from Paris, they fill the boats at the day resorts, while stolid town-dwellers stand in line with the men on the *quais* though they may be fat or aged or have their faces done up with the toothache.

My neighbor lives in a large, square house with a high-walled garden full of fine old trees and showy parterres of flowers; she has made a fortune in the rag and bottle business and has retired to enjoy the fruits of her industry. She is enormously, tremendously fat, and she wears her hair in two little braids wound coquettishly around each ear; her age is—uncertain. Every day of the fishing season she spends the afternoon seated on a rug under a tree on the sloping bank of the tranquil "*bras de la Seine*," rod in hand; a bait-box, and a net for keeping her fish alive in the stream, close by; and her big poppy-trimmed hat tossed on the grass. She catches good big fish and plenty of them, and the way she can reel them in, scoop them out with her long-handled net, and cast the fresh bait far out on the water, all without stirring from her place, is a wonder.

At five o'clock her *bonne* arrives with the *gouter*: bread, butter, cakes, and a bottle of sweet wine in a basket with a white napkin over the top; and her small nephew and niece appear too. She is a genial person and is always pleased to be complimented on her catch.



Women fish habitually as they seldom do in the United States.—Page 284.

Girls fish as they do everything else, under their mother's wing; but that women do fish and do read the fishing journals as well is attested by the following advertisement for a dressmaking school which appears regularly in one of them:

"Ladies! Fishing is good sport but—to learn to make your own gowns is more profitable."

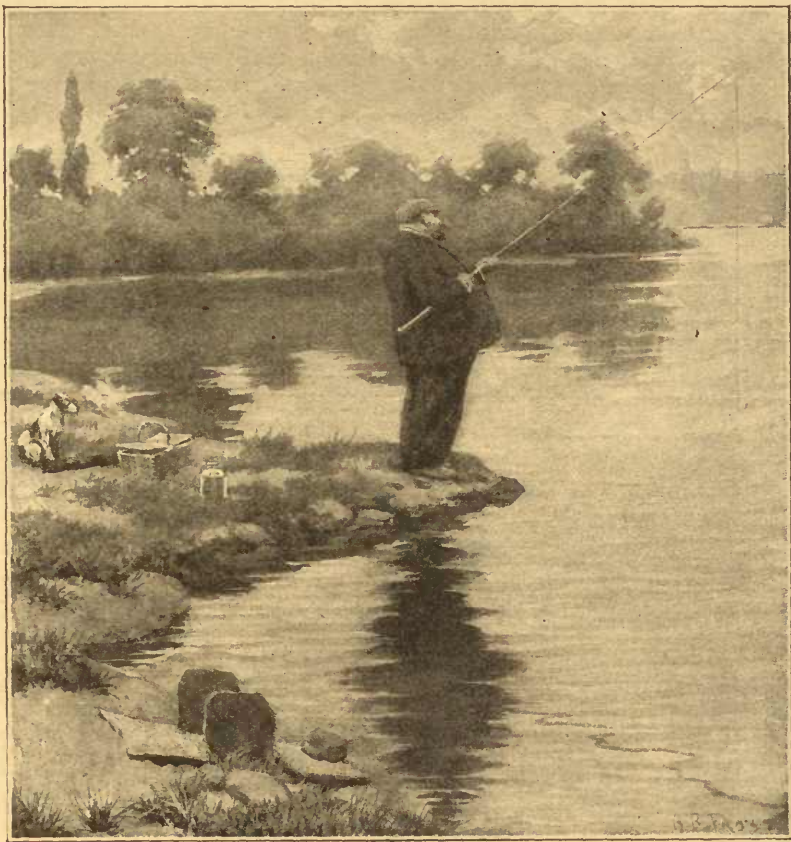
Boys, of course, fish in every country on this round globe, and one may see swarms of little school-boys in their universal black aprons (could anyone possibly imagine an American boy in a full,

long-sleeved, black apron!) standing on the bridges in the towns or thronging the country stream-sides and ponds; catching very small fry indeed, mostly, but vastly excited over it. They are usually hatless and their heads are very close-cropped and they carry tin cans for their captures and have exceedingly primitive outfits, often a branch from some bush for a rod, with a piece of string and perhaps even a bent pin. They never seem to go very far afield for their fun, as our boys would; the village is their world, or the limits of their father's cot-

tage gardens often enough, with mother at hand to secure the prize as soon as they feel a nibble.

Gipsies were encamped by the brook one day and on the farther side of the railroad embankment we came upon a

dweller he will on Sundays hie himself to some pet retreat in the suburbs, laden with a camp-stool, a basket of luncheon, and all sorts of gear, finding occasionally, to his unspeakable chagrin, that the special spot fondly believed to be known to



Though there is not a competitor in sight there is not even a sign of a fish either.—Page 287.

very small, very ragged, absolutely homely, little boy fishing with a twig and a bit of twine; when we asked him if he had had any luck he looked up with a sudden irradiation of his small face that made it wonderful as he said, "No, monsieur, my hook is too large for these little fish, but it is a pleasure all the same to sit here and feel them nibble the bait."

As for the men: the Frenchman who never fishes is indeed a rarity, and the *amateur* who lives in the country will manage to spend a part of each day at his favorite sport; while if he is a town-

him alone is already occupied by another and successful brother of the line.

The enthusiast not only wets his line at daybreak of the opening day, and fishes, when he can, straight through the season, but the twilight of the last evening finds him lingering on the bank in the penetrating dampness hoping for one more unfortunate to add to the year's score.

The instinct for sport does not, alas! always accompany the love for it, and in spite of ground-baits and other supposedly irresistible lures there is always some Jonah to whom the likeliest-looking

spot is but a snare and a delusion, and patience of no avail, for though there is not a competitor in sight there is not even a sign of a fish either.

A second reason for the popularity of fishing is that it may be so inexpensive a

All "navigable" rivers are owned by the state and anyone may fish on them from a boat or, with the owner's consent, from the bank provided a line is used, but the netting and trap-fishing privileges are leased, usually to professionals.



Laden with a camp-stool, a basket of luncheon, and all sorts of gear, finding occasionally that the special spot . . . is already occupied.—Page 286.

pleasure, for tackle need not cost much and one is not obliged to purchase a permit as for shooting. Practically the only preserved waters are those containing trout or salmon or flowing through private grounds, though in theory no one has a right to fish on any stream classed as "non-navigable," either from a boat or otherwise, without the consent of the landowner. Lakes and streams on property owned by municipalities may, if not already free, usually be fished by paying a small sum for a permit.

Several years ago there was much agitation for and against the passing of a law requiring a permit; the most potent appeal that can be made in France, "That it would deprive the poor man of his pleasure," having been successfully employed against it. Most of the more than eight hundred fishing societies opposed the idea, claiming that with the money so obtained the state would be unable or unwilling to do as much or as wide-spread good for the cause as is now done by the societies, which are scattered over almost the whole

of France and whose object is the amelioration of fishing conditions, the repression of poaching, the re-stocking of streams, etc.

One of the most dastardly and destructive methods of poaching, and one that in the long run would certainly seem to defeat its own ends, is to poison the water with lime or to kill the fish with dynamite, proceedings that deliver them up dead by the hundreds but sometimes depopulate the rivers in two or three seasons.

Besides the local poachers who infest every waterside, trespassing with their illegal *engins*, all France is overrun by wandering families and bands of nomads who pillage wherever they go and are a regular nuisance as beggars.

Otters also are a frequent cause of fish destruction, especially on trout streams, where they can ruin the fishing in their locality and kill practically all the trout in an incredibly short time.

All kinds of competitions for prizes are continually taking place in France, and in this the fishing clubs are to the fore with their yearly "*concours*," to which non-members may generally subscribe. Even towns themselves, when on fishing rivers, have them, and there is an "open-to-all" event every year in Paris when the quais are lined with every imaginable variety of angler and there is an ever-shifting and changing crowd of onlookers and critics.

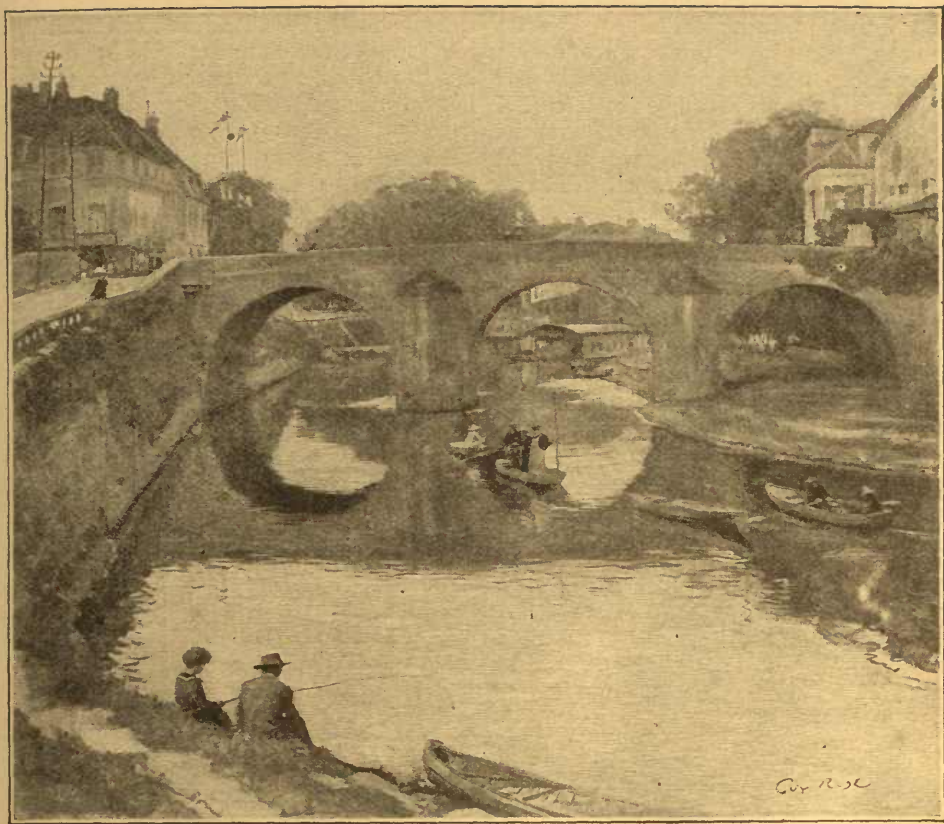
Prizes in money and goods are given to the successful competitors, always including one for the largest fish and one for the greatest number; and in at least one of these events the taker of the smallest fish receives a prize.

More than six hundred such contests are held every year, and many of them are announced or recorded in the fishing journals.

For larger towns one reads the day's programme beginning at 7 A. M. with the reception at the station of visiting clubs;



Anchored off the bank are flat-bottomed boats, some of them thoughtfully provided with awnings and chairs.—Page 292.



One may choose the cool shade of a bridge resounding to overhead traffic.—Page 292.

at nine a grand fanfare of music and a procession to the scene of the contest, which then takes place, followed by a luncheon "amical" at 12 (tickets four francs). At 2.30 carrier pigeons are loosed bearing the names of the victors; at 4.30 there is a balloon ascent; and then the presentation of the innumerable recompenses and prizes, not forgetting the ladies and children; the whole winding up in the evening with illuminations and the inevitable "bal."

Annual banquets used to be given by the "Fishing Club" and the "Casting Club de France," when the name of the minister of agriculture headed a long list of well-known men and women.

Most societies permit the use of three lines at a time, and these are generally of different types and differently baited in order to give one as many chances as possible, for though certain baits are the

recognized thing for certain fish, still every now and then something new and wonderful is discovered. The classic things are small fish, alive or preserved; real and imitation frogs, insects, and mice, worms of all kinds and colors treated in innumerable un-wormlike ways; grubs, and grains of wheat, and certain fancy specialties.

Ground-bait is almost as much of a *sine qua non* as the bait on the hook, and there are almost as many varieties as there are fishermen.

When an especially successful one is discovered, its proud originator promptly sends it off to be printed in his favorite "*Journal de Pêche*," and these tidbits range all the way from lumps of coagulated blood, swelled wheat grains, and pellets of different kinds of dough, to such complicated mixtures as "1 pt. of bran and 1 pt. of willow blossoms made care-

fully into a paste by adding water drop by drop. To this add one pound of boiled and mashed potatoes and one half a loaf of household bread which has been soaked several hours and carefully squeezed in order to get out all the air which would otherwise cause it to float. All this to be stirred and pounded until it is of exactly the right consistency." The method of

the meadows there are small fish mostly, but some of the chub are leviathans and hard to catch, so a Parisian friend spent his vacation fishing for them indefatigably in a deep pool near the Seine. Whether it was due to the appalling messes he used for bait or to his superior skill is a question, but it is certain that he rejoiced the heart of his peasant landlady



Here in a day you will see a greater variety of types of the genus fisherman than in months of country wanderings.—Page 292.

depositing a morsel of this dainty directly beneath the bait on one's hook requires a page in itself, but in the end the combination seems to be irresistible. There are hundreds of similar recipes that seem beyond human ingenuity to devise, and it is said that a little condensed milk added to the above or any other proves to be an added attraction.

There is no fish so poor—and some are very bad—that some one cannot be found to eat it, and one can easily give away what one does not want for one's self and so have a feeling that the sport is not entirely futile.

In the sinuous little Epte down across

by presents of marvellous strings of fish that none of us would accept, though he ate them himself and vowed that they were fine.

A local sport, spying from his boat-house windows, observed with envy and indignation the extraordinary luck of this outsider, and one morning there was a second boat anchored in close proximity to the particular spot that our friend had so carefully ground-baited the night before. What was worse, the new-comer also had luck and did not refrain from showing his satisfaction, a displeasing exhibition, besides being manifestly unfair. The monsieur from Paris went home early that



I remember a portly, frocked, and be-sashed personage sunk peacefully down in his garden-chair,
 . . . slumbering audibly.—Page 292.

day and spent the evening busily engaged with bits of wood, nails, string, and wire. In the dead of night he took the finished "*machine*" to the fishing-ground and lowered carefully to the bottom of the river, at the exact spot where number two had fished, a weighted water-wheel contrivance that was turned steadily by the current with much attendant splashing. Then he carefully ground-baited at a respectful distance.

Next morning the native was already in position, stolidly fishing, when the conspirator languidly made his appearance, but he did not seem to be having good luck. Our friend started in at his new place and began at once to catch fish as ostentatiously as possible. Consternation of the intruder, who had not even had a bite! Still greater discomfiture as the morning wore on and by noon he had taken nothing, while his neighbor was catching them as usual with irritating frequency. When the native went home to luncheon, he took all his paraphernalia with him and did not come back again.

It was not from him that we heard of this outwitting of a Norman, but if you

could have seen the face of the trickster as he dramatically told the tale with waving of hands, lifting of eyebrows, and waggings of a pointed black beard, and heard his pleased little sigh as he resumed his cigarette and his chair by the fire, you would, I know, have rejoiced with him as we did.

There were, some years ago, three or four fishing papers which vied with one another for prestige, all of them frequently printing exactly the same article, but one, the "*Pêcheur Populaire*," or "*Popular Fisherman*," had a unique and amusing method of advertising itself: it owned a small automobile boat flying the paper's name from its flag-staff, and during the summer months this craft cruised in the fishing rivers near Paris. It was fitted out with a supply of the small articles used by anglers and if one of the fraternity found himself in need of anything he had only to hail this good Samaritan by crying out: "*Pêche Pop!*" when he would promptly be furnished, absolutely free of charge!

The fishing resorts near Paris are a delight to the eye, for there are usually tall

trees or pollard willows on the banks, a much-frequented footpath beneath the trees, flowering meadows and fields of grain on either hand, hamlets and scattered cottages here and there, and always an inn, or inns, with some such alluring name as "La Carpe Joviale" or "Au Rendezvous des Pêcheurs," with tables and chairs by the waterside and hidden away in arbors and leafy thickets. There are swings and *balançoires* and delightfully foolish games, such as the one where you toss disks into the mouth of a large iron frog, and the grown-ups delight in them as much as the children do.

White-aproned garçons run to and fro with trays and bottles, while in the less pretentious establishments the patrons themselves serve you and converse amicably, for here they do not do the cooking themselves, as the custom is farther south.

Anchored off the bank are rows of large, flat-bottomed boats, some of them thoughtfully provided with awnings and chairs, and each one having its fish-well. In the season these will all be occupied, some by tranquil and portly personages who pass the day with scarcely more movement than the boats themselves, others by gay parties who scream and laugh and play mild jokes; but for the most part it is an occupation to be taken seriously, conducive to retrospection and somnolence, and probably only appreciated in its deepest essence by those small retired tradesmen who have worked hard and economized incredibly all their lives and are now reaping the reward of their labors; absolutely satisfied with a tiny house and garden, on an annuity or income of perhaps two hundred dollars a year.

When any one is so favored by fortune as to possess a riverside home, he can indulge in a private float, and I have seen these arrangements like big, low-sided boxes about twelve feet long, moored a few yards from shore, awninged and fitted with tables and chairs, occupied by the entire family: mother sewing, father fish-

ing, children playing, and a dog usually yapping wildly and threatening to fall overboard.

A small and wobbly row-boat serves as a tender and will bring the *bonne* with refreshments at five o'clock.

Paris is the paradise of anglers—of a kind. Does not the Seine flow through its midst? The Seine, with broad quais on either side where one may stand at the water's edge or establish one's camp-stool and other belongings on the clean cobbles; where the parapets of street and bridge above are fringed with leaning rows of on-lookers; where one may choose the cool shade of a bridge resounding to overhead traffic, or an airy spot beneath tall, rustling trees, or bask in the sunshine on a pile of sand while one watches the busy river life; the *mouches*, or passenger-boats, darting from one landing to another like their namesakes the flies; the long lines of freighters that have come up the river in tow of the fussy red-and-black steam-tugs that are called *guêpes*, or wasps; the weekly boat from Rouen, or possibly one from London; the vast wash-boats where the *blanchisseuses* of Paris cleanse the linen of that teeming city; the baths with their potted shrubs and plants; the awninged swimming schools; the professional dog-washer and clipper of poodles with his timid or obstreperous clients.

Here in a day you will see a greater variety of types of the genus fisherman than in months of country wanderings: verily all sorts and conditions of men.

I have never, myself, seen a priest fishing there, possibly because in Paris they are too busy; but in the country they are frequent enough, and I remember a portly, frocked, and be-sashed personage topped by his wide hat, sunk peacefully down in his garden-chair with hands clasped on his stomach, slumbering audibly in the afternoon heat; the inevitable three rods propped out before him, while three small and unsuspected victims were tearing madly and futilely about in the water.

Joyce

BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD

Author of "Miss Fingal," "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH



THEY met at a dance. She was taken to it by the Daltons, who lived in a flat lower down. They had only met her in the lift, but she attracted them—twenty-one, pretty and slim, blue eyes, brown hair, and the freshness of youth. It struck them that she didn't get much out of life, for they never saw her with any one of her own age, and her mother looked cross and tiresome. One day a girl they were to have taken to a charity dance annoyed them by crying off at the last minute. They discussed what could be done while they waited for the lift from the top floor. It arrived with Joyce Lawson in it, looking her prettiest. Suddenly an idea occurred to them. They offered to take her.

"A dance!" Her face lighted up. "I should adore it." Then her thoughts taking a natural course, she added doubtfully: "If I can—I am not a bit smart. I should have to dig up my one and only frock and see if it would do."

Anything would do, they told her. She was sure to look nice.

When she went up in the lift again, she felt as if she landed in the seventh heaven.

John Dacres was at the dance—thirty-three, fairly tall, clean-shaven, thoughtful-looking. He had bought a ticket from Dalton, who was interested in the charity, and went for half an hour to look on, but he didn't dance. He was rather bored when Joyce was hurled at him—till he saw her pale little face and blue eyes, eager and half-frightened, and the pretty hair twisted round her head. He took her to be younger than she was, and felt that he ought to be agreeable.

"Do you mind sitting out?" he asked.

"Oh, no"—with a long-drawn sigh of content, for anything pleased her on this wonderful night. They went to a bal-

cony, and gradually he drew from her the scanty details of her every-day life.

"It must be dull for you," he said, "if you have no intimate friends in London and your mother is not able to go about with you."

"But it is dull for mother, too."

He thought her answer tender and not too gushing. "I suppose you have books?"

"Very few. I don't think I care for reading much. When I'm not doing anything, I mean things for mother, I look out of the window."

"Look out of the window?"

She nodded. "We are very high up, and no one can see me; I like to wonder who all the people are and where they are going, and wish I could go with them; sometimes I pretend I do."

"And where do you generally arrive?"

"Nowhere. They seem to go on into distances in which there isn't anything at all that I know about—isn't it foolish?"

"No, not foolish." He put more meaning to it than it had, for it seemed imaginative to him. "It's a way sometimes to undiscovered countries."

She didn't understand, and she was puzzled by the way he looked at her, as if he were sorry for her, but not much entertained. Luckily a partner appeared and hurriedly claimed her; so she gave herself up to the excitement of the dance. She had not been to one since the summer she was seventeen, when she had stayed with her mother at a hydro in Wales. It had rained nearly all the time and they had sat indoors, but there had been one or two balls at the Assembly Rooms a mile off, and a party of young people went to them while their elders stayed at home. Her mother let her go with reluctance and only because the doctor insisted. She remembered the young man, something like the one she was with now, with whom she had danced the "Sun-

shine" waltz. Luckily it was one of the few fine nights; they wandered in the garden and he kissed her. She couldn't think how he came to do it. "You are awfully nice, you know. I believe I could fall in love with you," he said. Then they went back to the ballroom: and she never saw him again. . . . She wished the band would play that waltz now. There was no garden, but there was something magical in a dance; she felt as if it might be a conjuring trick that changed the whole world. She was almost afraid to remember that when it was over she would have to go back to the top flat and the irritable, silent mother sitting by the fire.

John Dacres went home thinking of a book he wanted to finish, for in the evening he did some rather stolid criticism; in the daytime he was a permanent official of minor importance. Work interested him more than anything else. He was bored by theatres and the usual entertainments of London. He dined at his club occasionally, and did a little golf on Saturdays and Sundays. His sisters were married and lived long distances off. He had no other relations and few friends. He cared nothing for women. There were stray men he had known at Harrow or Oxford who turned up now and then, and even dined with him. They called him "good old Dacres" and thought him too stodgy for frequent use. He had a house and three old-fashioned servants in Victoria Road, Kensington, and never worried about the future. Marriage? He shook his head when any idea of it occurred to him or one of his sisters suggested it in a letter; it would upset the place, the quiet rooms, the methodical servants. Besides he didn't know any one, he never fell in love: it was not in his line.

He forgot Joyce Lawson, except just once or twice in the week after the charity dance, when he had a vision of a girl sitting at a window, high up in a block of flats, watching the people on the roadway beneath. "I'll go by, if I think of it, and look up; strange things girls are," he said to himself, and forgot her again. One day he met the Daltons at Charing Cross Station, just going off to Italy.

"How is Miss"—he wasn't even sure

of her name—"the girl you took with you to that dance?" he asked.

"Oh, poor little thing, you mean Joyce Lawson. I am so sorry for her. Her mother died yesterday, and we were so busy that we had no time to do anything for her; but we never saw them, except in the lift, and knew nothing about them."

"I suppose she has relations."

"I don't believe she has."

"Is she all alone?" Suddenly a remembrance of the lonely life she had pictured to him flashed back.

"I expect so. We heard that they never had any visitors, and the old servant looks rather sullen."

"Is there anything one could do for her?"

"I don't think so. You might take her some flowers. Do. It would ease my conscience. I meant to get her some, but hadn't a moment. It's the flat at the very top, above ours," Mrs. Dalton said it over her shoulder as they hurried to their train.

Flowers? He was rather bothered at the suggestion. After all, he had only seen her once, and he felt that she might resent them as an intrusion. But she haunted him through the hours at his office, and when he left it in the afternoon he was possessed by her. A girl of one-and-twenty—he didn't believe she was as old—she didn't look it—alone with her dead mother, and in a top flat, so that not even a footstep passed her door. . . . Of course, she had telegraphed for country friends . . . they might not have come yet . . . to do nothing would be rather brutal. . . . He bought some roses, and went up in the lift. Then he hesitated—but of course he was only going to give them in to the servant. He knocked, and waited a long time; his courage ebbed; then she opened the door herself.

In the dim light her face looked white and thin. She had evidently been crying, and her pretty hair was rumpled, as if it had been buried in a cushion. "Oh!" She stood still, sadly staring at him, but she remembered him after a moment. "Mr. Dacres!"

"I am sorry," he said awkwardly. "I didn't mean you to see me."

"It's such a relief," she whispered, as if afraid to raise her voice. "I am all

alone and so unhappy. Parker—she is the maid—has gone out to get some things.”

“I’m sorry,” he repeated. “I meant to leave these without your seeing me—just a few roses.”

She took the white package and put her little nose down as if to smell them through the paper. “It’s so kind of you,” she said. “And, oh, do come in. It’s getting dark.”

“I think not—now.”

“Oh, do,” she entreated. “I am alone and—” She shivered.

She made way for him, and they entered together a rather dreary little sitting-room. He stood just a yard or two inside for a minute, saying commonplace, and remembering a book he had read lately about death being only sad to those who were left; he tried to quote it in a sympathetic voice. She looked up at him, with a dazed expression. His manner was rather severe and aloof, but it was kind and protecting, and she was so relieved to see him. “I’m frightened,” she said, still in a whisper, and nodded toward the dim passage. There was a closed door at the end.

“You are not afraid of your mother?” he asked gently.

“I am—she looks so remote . . . I never saw any one before . . . and the room feels different.” She shivered again. “It is full of silence; everything in it seems to know— I can’t bear it! Do stay till Parker comes—she will be here directly.”

Of course he stayed. He sat down and watched the bowed head and locked hands on the sofa. She was shudderingly silent, and he could think of nothing more to say. Then Parker let herself in with a latch-key. She came at once to the sitting-room and stood in the doorway, looking at them with surprise, a tall, gaunt woman with a hard face and sullen manner. “I didn’t think any one was coming,” she said.

The girl raised her head. “I asked Mr. Dacres to stay till you came back,” she explained, as if she feared being called to account. “He has brought me some roses.”

He got up to go. Parker retreated to the front door. “If I could be of any use

—could do anything. But you have relations who will be with you?”

She shook her head. “There isn’t anybody except Aunt Henrietta, who has telegraphed that she can’t come to London—it gives her neuritis. And Ella—Ella is her daughter—is away.”

“But who will manage for you here?”

“Parker will, I suppose—she has been with us three years—and the lawyer; he is very kind. There isn’t any one else.” It was almost an appeal.

He hesitated. “You will go to your aunt presently?”

“No,” she answered quickly.

He felt embarrassed. He was sorry for her, but he didn’t want to mix himself up with her affairs. She was outside his track. While he was considering how he could depart without seeming unsympathetic, she said with sudden vehemence:

“I can’t go to Aunt Henrietta; she was never kind to me, and Ella is dreadful. And there’s no one to advise me—or anything.”

“I am awfully sorry—if I could be of any use—” he repeated vaguely.

Parker, who knew nothing of the stranger, came to the doorway again. There was dismissal in her manner. Then the white face looked up. “Do come again,” she said. “It has been such a help.”

“Of course I will,” he answered, and hated himself for the hesitation he feared she detected.

All the way home he felt as if a sense of responsibility had stolen up to him. And there was no forgetting her. He thought of her rumpled hair, her white face, her shrinking, and the entreaty in her voice. He wondered what she would do, if she had any money, and whether Parker would stick to her like a grim but faithful dragon; but even then she could hardly go on living in that dismal top flat.

At the end of ten days he felt that things must have somehow adjusted themselves, and to stay away longer would look as if he shirked going. He took her two little books, one hidden in each side pocket, lest a propitious moment in which to give them did not occur. They were “Green Mansions” and “The Road Mender”—nature studies, and not

too frivolous. Reading was the mainstay of his own life, but he felt she would not look at anything very serious. He could think of no other gift; chocolates did not occur to him, and there was something foppish to his mind in carrying flowers. He had done it last time, but that was different.

She was better, evidently glad to see him, and she was certainly pretty; the experiences she had been going through had put more expression into her face. She gave him some tea, which Parker brought in reluctantly, as if she thought it rather soon to be having a visitor—of the other sex, too; but this did not occur to him. When the tea had been taken away, he brought out the two books. She was pleased at having a gift, and smiled as she turned over the leaves.

"They look very nice," she said. It was not quite the right adjective, of course; but it didn't matter. She was so young; by and by she would know better. This was unadulterated youth: he had seen so little of it before. While she was interested in the books, he looked at the shelf in the corner—a single shelf, and a miscellaneous collection: two or three volumes of sermons, some essays, Tennyson's poems, and a few old-fashioned novels. He wondered if she had read anything else.

"These were your mother's?" he said.

She nodded. "I used to read to her sometimes," with a sigh that he misunderstood.

"You miss her very much, I'm afraid."

She shook her head. "Perhaps—but I wish I grieved more—I feel so wicked not to. I try—but I can't." She got up and stood by the mantelpiece. "It's Ella's fault—she told me—when I was little, too. It was so cruel. I have always hated her for it."

"What did she tell you?"

"That mother didn't love me. She never loved father. She only married him out of pique, and Aunt Henrietta couldn't forgive it. Aunt Henrietta was father's sister. . . . Mother brooded all her life, and said father was a stranger—always a stranger; he had done something that made her dislike him, and she didn't like me because I was father's child—she told Aunt Henrietta so. She seemed to

shrink from me sometimes. I was afraid of her—that's why I didn't love her much. I knew I was in her way." She was almost passionate with miserable remembrance. "The man who treated her badly died; perhaps she went to him, for she looked so content. . . . She had been waiting—she was glad to go. She had never wanted me, and she has quite forgotten me now—she never looks back for a single moment, or cares—poor mother," she added, with a far-off look in her blue eyes. "Perhaps she is happy at last—that's why I can't grieve for her."

"When did your father die?"

"Oh, years ago. I don't even remember him."

He thought for a moment. "But why shouldn't your father's relations be kind to you?"

"Oh, no." She shuddered. "Ella called mother 'that woman' once. I heard her; and it was she who told me about everything. I can't grieve for mother, but I hate them for their cruelty to her, and I think they hate me because I was her child."

There was a long silence before he asked: "What will you do—with yourself?"

"I don't know yet."

"There is Parker——"

"She is going to her son at Durham. I don't want to be with her; she is always cross, and only stayed because she thought it couldn't be long. I must go away from this flat. There won't be enough money to pay for it now mother's pension is over, but I don't know where I shall go."

"You might find some work," he ventured. "Girls do so many things now. It would fill your life."

"I am not clever. I don't know how to do anything—I mean anything that could be paid for, and I want to feel free. I never have been that, and never went anywhere alone."

"Do you want to go—anywhere alone?"

"Yes—yes"—with a long-drawn sigh.

"You would be very lonely."

"But I have always been lonely."

"You seemed happy that night at the dance. I watched you for a minute or two after our talk."



Drawn by Reginald Birch.

The girl raised her head. "I asked Mr. Dacres to stay till you came back."—Page 295.

She nodded. "I felt that I was wanted. First, when the Daltons asked me to go, and then when I got there—only by my partners, you know; but I felt wanted, just as I did at the hydro in Wales, when I went to dances there. It was only for an hour or two then; but I have never been wanted at all anywhere else, and yet I have never been free. Now I am—" She broke off and shuddered. "It haunts me so that I didn't care enough for mother. You see, she wasn't like the mothers one reads of in books; she made me feel that she only did things for me because it was a duty, and I resented it so—it was wicked of me, but I did," she added doggedly.

Parker entered and looked at them. "Miss Joyce," she said almost roughly, "the lawyer will be here soon and you've got to be ready for him. This Mrs. Thornton may be coming too."

He was glad to be extricated from a difficult situation. "I'm going," he said. "But Mrs. Thornton—is she a friend?"

"Oh, no. I have never seen her. She is a friend of Mr. Burt's, the lawyer, and she may take the flat. She is coming up from Devonshire to-day."

"I see. . . . Good-by." He said it as if it were final—she felt it. "I wish I could have been of some service to you," he added.

"But you will come again?" There was something like desperation in her voice that arrested him.

"I will if you wish it"——

Then Parker interposed. "It had better not be this week; there's plenty to do—and no time for visitors," she added disagreeably.

"There is," Joyce flashed. After all, there was fire hidden in her somewhere. "Do come. It won't matter to Parker."

"Visitors annoy me," the woman muttered.

"I'll come next week," he said. "Good-by till—till, let's say, Tuesday." He felt like a straw to a drowning woman.

Parker followed him with heavy footsteps to the outer door. He heard her lock it after him with what sounded like malicious determination to keep him away. "I believe that woman bullies her," he thought as he walked home.

There was more in the girl than he had imagined, but she was curiously deficient in sentiment. He disliked sentiment, he had none himself—at least he thought so—but it seemed unnatural that a woman should be without it; he had imagined, too, that relationship was a net in which the affections, of girls especially, were inevitably entangled. She had spoken of her mother with sympathy, with pity, but with so much detachment that for an hour or two it repelled him. He wished he could shake her off. "But that would be rather unfair," he thought later. "She is so young to be alone, and may come to all sorts of grief if she doesn't look out." He did no work that evening, and the days of the week dragged by, while more and more insistently Joyce Lawson came into them.

Monday at last—the day before he was going to see her again. All the evening he sat thinking out plans for her, building up possible futures. He wished he knew how much money she had; he imagined that it could not be much, for it was a small top flat and there were no signs of affluence or luxury about it; moreover, she had spoken of a pension that ended with her mother. He wanted horribly to do something for her, something that would arrange her life satisfactorily. Money he could give her, of course—he was a generous man and would gladly have given it—but it might not be necessary, and anyhow it would be difficult. Besides, it was a home she wanted—and happiness. It hurt him to feel how much she must long for happiness. Obviously, she had never known it. A stray gasp or two of pleasurable excitement—that had been all her share; she had apparently never really had even a comfortable home. He looked round his study. He thought of the dining-room, and the one place laid for dinner, of the little-used drawing-room up-stairs. "There would be plenty of room for her here, but that would never do." He was amused for a moment while he imagined her going up and down the quiet staircase, or sitting on the opposite side of the fire. He shook his head. He had lived so long alone, it would be too strange. Besides, after all, she was not a child. She was twenty-one . . . old enough to be married, but he didn't want

to marry her; he was not in love with her, nor she with him. It would be a solution, of course, but he didn't think it was one that she would admit, nor that he could face. She was not like a girl one would expect to fall in love with—and he didn't believe that sort of thing had entered her head. She was merely a forlorn little thing, with not much in her, who had been snubbed or bullied all her life, who knew nothing of the world, and wanted to escape from her gloomy surroundings into some better atmosphere. It was no use thinking about it; he didn't see a way out for her. If she had been five-and-twenty it would have been so much easier. He turned to his work, but still Joyce Lawson haunted him . . . such a little white face, and such sad, appealing blue eyes . . . they had charming lashes, he remembered, though he did not know before that he had noticed them . . . pretty hair, too—he liked the rumpled state he had seen it in. Poor little girl, she was rather a little idiot. But she would develop; she was so young. He wondered what would have happened to her by to-morrow, and if she would look up with that little fleeting smile of hers, as if she sheltered herself in his strength. . . .

The lift was out of order. He had to walk up-stairs. When he was nearly at the top a woman with a long gray veil thrown back from a close-fitting bonnet passed him on her way downward. She had large shining eyes, a grave face, thin and very sweet—the eyes and face of a visionary. She looked at him, and he felt that an unasked question was on her lips, but she made no pause or sign, and in a moment she had vanished. Parker opened the door before he could knock. "I heard you coming," she said, and led the way to the drawing-room. "She'll be here when she's taken off her things. She was out when that woman came, and they've been talking every since she was back." She entered with him and, shutting the door, stood with her back to it, looking at him with an expression of disagreeable exultation. "We've sold the flat," she said, "lease and furniture—everything just as it stands—and we have got to turn out this week. I'm going to Durham, on Saturday."

"And Miss Lawson? Where is she going?"

"I don't know. I can't have her with me; there's my son to look after. She's got all sorts of silly notions; she ought to go to her relations, but she won't hear of it."

"She doesn't like them."

"Lots of us don't like relations, but we have to put up with them. I think you had better talk to her. I shall be gone, so it's nothing to me, but there's one thing I want to say, and that is if you don't mean anything you had better leave her alone. I don't hold with men hanging about—here she is."

He was astounded, but it was impossible to answer, for Joyce entered, and Parker hurriedly vanished.

He looked at her and suddenly his heart went out to her—a slip of a girl in a plain, dull, black frock—very grave, but content. A change had come over her. In her eyes there was an expression that seemed like a reflection of the strange woman's. From sheer bewilderment he held the soft hand a moment longer than was necessary, but it had no visible effect on her.

"We are going away," she said, as if she hardly believed it. "I'm so glad you have come, for in a few days I shall be gone." She stopped, crossed to the sofa and sat down, waiting for him to speak.

"Parker told me. And that she goes to her son. But you?"

"I shall go away—quite a way from London. I want to think a great deal—to be different."

"Yes?" he said doubtfully, "and you can—you have somewhere to go?"

"Oh, yes, it is all arranged," she added with a sigh of content.

He wondered if she meant some place abroad, and he thought of the money it would cost.

"And you could manage it all?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "for I shall be richer than I expected. I shall have nearly two hundred a year, and there will be six hundred pounds directly for this flat—but I shall not go to the end of the world; to North Devon, perhaps. She said it was beautiful, and by the sea."

"She? Who said it?"

"Mrs. Thornton, the woman who has bought this flat." She looked up with a little dreamy smile. "She knows about so many things. Mr. Burt brought her the other night. I have only seen her three times, but she has set me thinking, and she has made the whole world different." For a moment a horrible idea possessed him. Could it be that the strange woman was a psycho-analyst? He hated the whole gang; Freud and Jung were maniacs or impostors to him, who veiled indecencies with obscurities. "Did she talk about psycho-analysis?" he asked coldly.

She looked at him bewildered. "I don't know anything about that. What is it?"

"You needn't know anything about it, dear child."

She turned her head a little toward the scanty blaze at the last two words and asked: "But what does it mean? What did you call it?" She didn't even know the word; he loved her for it.

"It means self-consciousness and morbidity, everlasting introspection, and self-contemplation. Their stuff annoys me more than I can say." He tried to laugh it off. "People should forget themselves, not sit and gloat over their inner consciousness." He tried to pass it off and asked in a different voice: "She didn't talk to you about that sort of thing?"

She looked at him, and he saw the blueness of her innocent eyes; then away into the fire again—her hands still crossed on her lap in the way she had while she spoke: "She said she could divine things and could see that I was desolate, but it was my own fault, for I had starved my soul."

"What did she mean?" He was still suspicious.

"She said that when a child was born its mother nourished it and clothed it and taught it to walk and speak, did everything for its body, to keep life in it—good, healthy life. But we had to do the rest for ourselves, to nourish our souls, to clothe them with thought and knowledge and especially with love and the memory of work—work done for others, or for the world, and then it safeguarded us with patience and courage and understanding, and out of it happiness grew. And if we didn't do this, consciously or unconscious-

ly, the evil influences came and disfigured us."

She was evidently trying to repeat the words she had heard, but she was confused, as if she saw them written up, and only read them through a mist. "She said I had starved my soul, she could see it, and if I had not done wrong things, it was only because I had not had the chance of doing them."

"Perhaps you have not had the chance of doing anything at all, one way or the other."

She took no notice of the interruption and went on. "She said I ought to have felt it, while I was living with mother, all the years since I was born; but how could I—I knew nothing—no one cared for me or taught me, how could I know? Now I shall go away for a little while into a distance and think it out in some place that is beautiful. She said that would be the wisest thing to do; and the world itself is so beautiful that if I let my eyes see and my ears hear, my soul would steal out and sun itself, and the beauty of the world would nourish it and warmth would come into my heart, and I should learn to love it—as something that was my own. And when I did, I should love the people in it and feel for them, and long to serve them, to do things for them, that would give them happiness—for if one's heart and soul were saturated with beauty, one gave it out and helped to make a whole with nature."

"She belonged to some form of Pantheism," he said to himself rather than to Joyce.

She went on as if she had not heard him. "I have been waiting all my life for a door to open, to go through it into some different part of the world. I feel as if I had beaten at the door of it with my hands; and if, after mother died, I had stayed on here I should have died, too, of starvation as I think now that she did—perhaps of starvation for love—No one loved her, not even I." There were tears falling slowly down her face, but she did not know it. "She made me feel that I had been no good to any one, done nothing—nothing. But I will. . . . I have been waiting . . . she said every one could do something for the world, love or work, or give it some happiness for others

to use, and that if it were ever so little it gave one a right to live under its sky and to tread its ground—for even the least of us had a share in the world; it was a divine inheritance, to use well or ill. I shall go away and seek for my share.”

She gave a long sigh as if she were rested already. “If I had only known it before, everything would have been so different,” she seemed to be speaking into a distance rather than to him—into one of the distances of which she had spoken at the dance.

He got up and went over to her. “You can’t go alone,” he said. “Let me go with you and seek for my share?”

She drew back. “I want to go alone—I must.”

“Why shouldn’t I marry you, then we might fight out things together?”

She stood up and looked searchingly at his face. “Oh, no, I couldn’t,” she said with low determination. “Besides, you don’t like me very much. You are sorry for me—but you need not be now—you were shocked the last time you were here, I felt it. You went away disliking me.”

“I love you to-day and I want you—I want to take you away and marry you.”

He put his arm round her and softly kissed her cheek—just once, as he might have kissed a child.

She drew back, without any sign of response or resentment. “I am glad you did that,” she said; “for you have been so good to me; but I couldn’t marry you, it has made me feel it—I couldn’t,” she seemed almost frightened.

He looked at her puzzled, as well as rebuffed, then he remembered the twelve years’ difference between them. “I am much older than you,” he began.

“I know, it has helped me. I can’t think what I should have done if you hadn’t come when you did. But I don’t want you to marry me. I couldn’t bear it.”

“But why couldn’t you?”

“I don’t want to tell you—please go away—let me be alone.” There were tears in her eyes. She held out her hands. He kissed them, and rested his face for a moment on the soft cool palms: he felt them tremble. “Dear child,” he said, “I don’t want to distress you.” Then

without another word he turned away, let himself out, and went down the long staircase feeling that he had left behind a mystery, a symbol, perhaps, that held the secret of his future.

“I am a conceited ass—for somehow I thought that she cared for me,” he told himself as he walked home. “But it’s no use worrying her. I have just got to put up with it.”

The house at Kensington seemed very silent as he entered. There was a fire burning in his study, some books on the writing-table had come while he was absent, an evening paper was on the arm of the chair. It all looked comfortable and homelike. “I believe she could have been content here,” he thought. “However, it’s no good, perhaps it’s as well.”

A month later—two months. He had no news of her, nothing happened, his days went by in the precise order they had done for years. But gradually there came to him a sense that the house was waiting, that it had been starved, too. He felt it every time he passed the doors of the rooms that might have held human happiness. He had lived a life of routine; if other things had been within his reach they had passed him and gone on. He had money enough for comfort, an easy post, he did some criticism for a literary journal because it interested him, but that dozens of other men, worse off, could have done equally well, that was all. For the first time this occurred to him, because of what little Joyce had said. (He called her “little Joyce” in his thoughts, and she was always in them, or at the back of them). “I don’t even collect coins or china to leave to a museum, or keep a dog or a horse,” he said with a grim smile; “not that that would rebound to my credit.” He thought over his life; it had been comfortable and without shocks. He had travelled a good deal on well-beaten tracks, but only for his own satisfaction; he had gone alone, made no acquaintance, gathered no results from his observations. . . . He turned to his table, one of the books waiting to be reviewed was on Waste Products. “I am one myself,” he thought. “But after all there are thousands of cumberers like me, and the world would

be a gaping nuisance if it were filled solely with a crowd forever up and doing." Still, it worried him that he was not getting enough out of it himself—nor it of him. He knew a good deal one way and the other, but it was locked up, and the key to its hiding-place was seldom exercised. He was capable of emotion, of affection, even of passion, as all men are; but he had no goal of any sort, and he had shirked human obligations. Gradually he came to feel that, as Joyce had put it, his life was starved, too, on one side of it at any rate. "But I'm becoming morbid," he thought, "doing psycho-analysis on myself," he kicked away an imaginary something. "It would be much better to take a long walk and make love to a pretty woman. More natural, and wholesome exercise." Make love? He was not sure that he knew how; he had never been good at small talk or paying little attentions—after all he was a lazy beggar and self-centred. Perhaps that was why Joyce had refused him. Somehow she had found him out. Joyce! She said that the woman who passed him on the stairs had made the whole world different for her. Joyce was making it different for him. He was beginning to feel that he couldn't go on much longer without seeing her. It was ridiculous, but he believed he had fallen in love at last with a little white-faced girl with a soft voice and blue eyes, to whom he had felt vastly superior at the dance, and had only pitied when he found her in the top flat, while her mother was lying dead.

The winter had gone. There were violets and primroses heaping the baskets of the women by Kensington Station. There were spring flowers, of course, in the hedges of the countryside where Joyce had gone. She was a springtime girl herself, unconsciously waiting for her summer. He was rather pleased with the idea. . . . And it was all very well, but he was going to find out where she was. Some one at the flat would know.

A strange servant opened the door. Miss Lawson's address? She would go and ask, and left him in the little hall. It looked more comfortable than when he had seen it last, as if it belonged to a different manner of home. . . . Mrs.

Thornton would like to see him. . . . He followed the maid to the little sitting-room he remembered. It was transformed too: books and etchings, a different sofa with many cushions, a writing-table with a shaded lamp, and various signs of comfort. A tall woman in black rose from the writing-table—her face was grave and sweet, just as he had seen it that day on the stairs. She had quantities of gray hair; soft lace fell from it and from her throat. He felt her fascination in a moment, her magnetism, just as Joyce had done.

"You are Mr. Dacres," she said. "We passed each other one day—I heard about you, from Joyce Lawson."

"May I know where she is?" he asked, when he had made his apologies for intruding. "I should like to write to her," he looked at her and gathered courage. "I want to see her again."

She smiled as if she knew. . . .

"She is in North Devon—at Lynmouth. Do you know it?"

"No. I have often heard of Lynton."

"Lynton is on a height, and fashionable. Lynmouth is immediately beneath it. It is very small and quiet and reaches to the sea. It is soft and springlike there now—the trees and the flowers are coming out."

"Is she alone?"

"Yes—with an old servant of mine. I have lent her my cottage by the harbor till Easter—a month yet, isn't it?"

"How kind you have been to her!"

"I knew a great deal about her, poor little girl, from Mr. Burt, who is a friend of mine. He was sorry for her; the mother was a strange, morose woman. When she had gone he asked me to come and see her. I wanted a little flat in town, and she was glad to let me have this."

He hesitated before he asked: "Do you think I might go and see her?"

She looked at him for a moment; he felt as if she knew every thought he had. "I think you might," she hesitated, then she asked: "Are you fond of her?"

"I love her," he said simply. "But she wouldn't have anything to say to me."

It seemed to amuse her. "I think I know about you," she told him presently.



Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"It has been growing on me every day—since I saw you last—you are simply the world to me."—Page 305.

"Your father was General Dacres—he died in South Africa?"

"Yes, that's it—a splendid fellow, but it doesn't make me any better, nor Joyce inclined to have anything to say to me. You told her that her soul was starved. I think mine has been starved, too, but it's my own fault. I have done some work that any one else could do, and would probably be glad to do, if I were out of the way; but no one is a bit the better because I am alive, and I don't believe I ever gave a day's happiness to any one in my life." He felt as if he had come to confession.

She liked him for it. "You were a great help to that child when she had no one else near her."

It swept over him that perhaps that was why he loved her, and for the first time in his life he dimly realized the blessedness of serving. "I wish I could think that," he said awkwardly; "I did nothing really—though I believe I would do anything in the world for her." The color mounted to his face, for he had not meant to say so much.

Again just as if she understood all that was in his rather simple heart, Mrs. Thornton held out her hand and smiled again.

The beauty of Lynmouth took him by surprise. He arrived in the twilight. The hills that guarded it from the outer world looked like mountains, and the dwellings, half hidden on their wooded sides and only betrayed here and there by the redness of a roof or, as the shadows deepened, the twinkling of a light, gave the place a foreign air. In the little harbor were sailing-boats and fishing-craft that might have been Italian. Facing the harbor was a gentle slope, called Mars Hill, going up from the water's edge, and on it, closely grouped together, were half a dozen Old World little houses or cottages. They had forecourts, only wide enough to hold some clumps of flowers, and low gates. Some of the roofs were thatched, and over their fronts creepers and honeysuckle spread, and climbing rose-trees that presently would cover them with bloom. They looked in at the casement windows and almost smothered the doorways. He ascertained which was Mrs. Thornton's

house—it was on Mars Hill—then went for a stroll while he considered what he would do about Joyce. She had refused him once, she might do it again, and he wondered whether she would be happy if he married her. She was setting out on her way through the world, he might not be able to keep pace with her, she had led such a methodical life, too; when she found things out a bit, she might not be satisfied. . . . He imagined her in the quiet Kensington house—and the closed rooms open—and all he might do to make her happy. He would take her to Italy . . . he would buy her all sorts of things . . . and it would be absurd to come all this way for nothing; besides, whether he liked it or not, the little girl had got him by the scruff of the neck and he must see her. . . .

The kind-looking woman with grizzled hair, dark eyes, and a large white apron, who opened the door, smiled at him with approval. She showed him into the sitting-room; it faced the sea; on the right were the high hills and the wonderful vegetation. Books—books that were good to read—covered one side of the room; there was a piano, and comfy chairs and cushions. Joyce sat with her back to the window and had not seen him coming—the inevitable afternoon tea was set out, a covered muffin dish was on the fender; for, though the weather was soft and warm, there were still lingering spells of cold. She had been reading, a book was on her knees—a slender comfortable little figure in an easy chair. She rose with a sound of happy surprise. "Oh," she held out her hands.

"Did you think I would come?"

"I didn't know. . . ."

"You look so much better, so different—I could bless Mrs. Thornton," he said when he had been given tea and food from the covered dish.

"I bless her every day—many times," she answered. "I told you I had been beating with my hands at the door of a different part of the world—she gave me the key to it. . . . Isn't it beautiful here. Let us go out—there are hills and zigzag pathways up them and a rushing river through a wood in a valley."

"Take me at once," he laughed—for sheer joy at her manner.

While she put on her hat, and a wrap round her throat—they were on a peg outside the room—he picked up the book she had been reading. “Kipling—do you like him?” he asked as they went outward and turned to the left—past the harbor and the cliff railway.

She nodded. “He has seen how beautiful the world is—and he is so tender.”

“He can be pretty fierce.”

“Only because he can’t bear the things that are done to spoil it—he loves it so—and he hates the things that people have to suffer when they might be so happy.”

They strolled on to the little promenade. It was just a new road beside the sea with a new sea wall, on its opposite side was one of the wonderful wooded heights. It was all still in the making, and ended, after a quarter of a mile, in chaos and great slabs of blasted rock—Joyce had climbed over them often in the past weeks, down to the last stone that was safe, and counted the incoming waves. . . .

He looked at her—the slender girl he loved walking by his side, and he was happier than he had been for years—in his whole life, perhaps. He faced it squarely. He had never seen her in a hat before—it fitted close, yet allowed strands of fair hair to escape, and he could see the content in her blue eyes. They hardly spoke till they stopped and stood leaning over the wall, listening to the splash of the waves beneath. “It’s so heavenly,” she said with a long-drawn sigh; “if people could all live in beautiful places they would never be wicked.”

“I think they might try,” he answered cynically. “I am afraid they do.”

“But they are good and kind naturally,” she answered; “it’s only when they are cruelly treated that they give back to the world the pain they have suffered—I think that’s how it was with mother.” The tears came to her eyes. “I can’t bear to think that I didn’t love her—I try to tell her so in my thoughts—sometimes I think she knows—and is glad I am here. . . .”

They heard a clock strike in the distance. He waited a minute before he spoke.

“Why did you say you couldn’t marry me?”

“You only pitied me, that was why you asked me. I thought it would be dreadful for you,” she had turned her face away.

“My dear—” he began.

“I felt it when you kissed me.”

He laughed at that. “Did any one ever kiss you before?” he asked, just as a joke.

“Yes.”

He could hardly believe his ears. “Who was it?”

“I don’t know, I never saw him again—it was after a dance at the hydro in Wales—we went out to the garden after the waltz, and just before we went in—it was dark and I didn’t dream what he was going to do, he kissed me and said: ‘I believe I could fall in love with you—’”

“And then?”

“And then we hurried in—I never saw him again—I was dreadfully ashamed. . . . I am glad I have told you—what will you think of me?” She put her cool hands to her face.

“You blessed innocent, I love you for telling me—say you’ll marry me.”

She looked up, and then away from him. “When you kissed me,” she said in a low voice, “I knew that you were not in love with me—it was so different.”

“But I am, dear,” he protested. “It has been growing on me every day—since I saw you last—you are simply the world to me.”

“And you to me,” she whispered. She turned toward him then, unconsciously rejoicing in his tallness and the strength of the arm that held her. Luckily the twilight had deepened, and not a soul was in sight. It was just as well.

“I think I have outdone that impudent beggar in the garden,” he said at last. “I must go back to-morrow, but in a month, when I get my Easter leave, I shall carry you off.” He kept his word.

A Sheaf of James Huneker's Letters

EDITED BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



HUNEKER was one of the least old-fashioned men that have ever lived, yet it is an old-fashioned word that comes to mind as I turn over his letters—the word “sensibility.” No other defines so well the source of that peculiar play of intellectual and emotional activity which marks both his books and his correspondence. When the latter is presently published, it will fall naturally into association with the body of his work as a record of critical adventures. As he ranged up and down the world he threw out incessantly the most sensitive of feelers, touching, seeing, tasting everything, a metaphysician in one moment, a gourmet in the next, a man of gusto all the time. Some few interests in life perhaps escaped this indefatigable amateur of sensations. I cannot discover that there was much room in his cosmos for either politics or sport. But taking “the seven arts” for his province he covered a sufficiently wide area.

The breadth of his scope is possibly the first thing that you notice about him. The next is his happy avoidance of the dilettantism which lies in wait for the ordinary savorer of every new thing. He avoided it because he was a human creature if ever there was one. I never knew so well read a man who was so little bookish. He lived, in a measure, by the art of quotation; he was a master of allusion. Nevertheless, in considering the myriad names, incidents, and anecdotes with which almost any characteristic essay of his is sprinkled, it is fairer to regard them as drawn not so much from reading as from what I prefer to call experience. A critic by profession, he was absorbed, naturally, in things. But he never lost sight of the people behind them. His letters are full of people.

An old friend of ours, famous for his musical evenings, used to call himself a

collector—a collector of acquaintances. Huneker was like that, but with a difference. He went about seeking contacts with brains. When he talked with men and women celebrated in those arts to which he was dedicated, he gave as much as he received. Hence the liveliness, the sympathy, in that picturesque “copy” which he was always producing. Somewhere he says that all his books are reprints, meaning that he made them up out of the newspaper articles in which he recorded his impressions. He might have said: “I make my books out of actualities.” He was the man of letters doubled with the journalist, seizing the affair of the moment and flinging it alive upon his page. When he visits Frau Foerster-Nietzsche and she gives him access to all her souvenirs of her brother, he writes to his friend Rosebault: “Can’t you see me moving around like a nervous nightmare among the books, letters, pictures, busts, and all the treasures of this artistic home!” To him they were not insensate objects, they were fragments from the life of Nietzsche. He touched them clairvoyantly when he came to write about his visit.

One thing that his zest and his understanding did for him is clear from his letters, they made him a citizen of the world. “I sell as well in London as I do in America,” he could justly boast. “My ‘Chopin’ is in French. My ‘Overtones’ in Italian. My ‘Visionaries’ in Bohemian.” It pleased him that sketches of his had been admired by Maeterlinck and Remy de Gourmont, that Huysmans had liked his “Eighth Deadly Sin,” that Anatole France had praised “The Third Kingdom.” In winning this European repute he had simply come into his own, ratifying the cosmopolitanism which was the distinguishing element in his nature, the *panache* that he proudly wore. How did he achieve it? The volumes of “Steeplejack” give his more formal answer to the question. Light on the subject is also

afforded in the following reply to an inquiry for biographical facts:

To Henry L. Mencken

Westminster Court,
April 11, 1916.

MY DEAR MENCKEN:

I fear this letter will give you as much boredom as yours gave me pleasure; really, I'm becoming alarmed at the sight of my name with your signature—I'll never live up to all the things you say of me! And I needn't add, that you know how grateful I am for your lonely but golden voice in the wilderness. Also—I'm damned glad that *you* are about to print a volume. You should have done it years ago. I only hope I'll have a page on some journal to review your book! A few corrections and suggestions before I answer your questions: (don't get scared! I've a morning to myself—one of many since my illness—and I propose to tell you all you ask and more. Nothing is more desiccating than the gossiping egotism of writers). 1st. De Pachmann pointed at the audience and said, "He knows more than *you*"—meaning, of course, the critics as well as the London public. Catch the little chap admitting that anyone knew more than he did of Chopin. Few do (notably Godowsky, the Superman of the keyboard). 2nd. I do hope you will not endorse the legend of Pollard's, i.e., that I never wrote of Americans, only of foreigners, whereas, all my life I've toiled in the cause of American poets, painters, musicians, prosateurs, critics—witness, E. A. MacDowell and all contemporary American composition for which I battled in the *Musical Courier* as far back as 1886. And for 18 years, all over the land I attended the annual meetings of the Music Teachers Association where new music (American) was given.

In art ask the 1903-1912 crowd—Davies, Lawson, Luks, Sloan, Prendergast &c. what I did on *The Sun* (even Manet and Monet and Degas were laughed at here in 1900). The Cubists don't interest me. I have to get off somewhere and with the exception of Matisse and Picasso and Epstein and Augustus John, I don't dote on the new chaps. I've letters from Frank Norris; Dreiser (whose

Gerhardt novel—I've forgotten the title, I read in Mss. and sweated blood in the corrections—to no purpose. He is without an ear for prose, or an eye for form), Steve Crane and the new writers—first of all and best, H. B. Fuller, whose "With the Procession" and "Cliff Dwellers" were models of realism in their day—which prove my sympathy for American art and letters. No, my dear H. L., Pollard had that crazy notion on the brain and did me an injustice. What I didn't do was to print a volume on American arts, &c. I'll do it some day and date it and you may be surprised.

No, I've not a drop of German blood in me. I wish I had for then I would possess more of what I once called The Will-to-Sit-Still. (Sitzfleisch.) I'm too Celtic, too centrifugal, as opposed to the centripetal Teuton, too fickle if too Catholic, and I'm a poor man at 56. My philandering in the 7 arts has kept me roving from literature to art and that is not very German. Even the German beer and cuisine are not in it with the Austro-Hungarian. I'm Celto-Magyar—Pilsner and Donnybrook Fair.

Now as to your questions: First effort—a short story written July 4, 1876 (thermometer at 105°) in Phila. Bad imitation of E. A. Poe—my first idol—and in print. It is called "The Comet" (ominous title!). Then I went to Paris 1878—to see Liszt—and wrote for the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* specials on the music, painting, sculpture, literature, stage, &c.; wrote very much in my present gossipy manner—I've no literary style, except a possible personal note—and I've all this stuff in print to show. I came to New York in 1886. I first read Ibsen in 1878. I became acquainted with Nietzsche in 1888—his "Richard Wagner at Bayreuth." I imitated Carlyle—the Carlyle of "Sartor" till my mother—who wrote pure, undefiled English—gave me Cardinal Newman; with Flaubert he has been my model. God knows you would never suspect it. The first Ibsen critic in America was William Morton Payne, editor of *The Dial*, Chicago; with Prof. H. H. Boyesen of Columbia he discoursed on the plays (and completed the Jaeger Life) But as far back as 1891 I was in the critical trenches as dramatic critic

and fighting the poison bombs of the old time criticism. Then Ibsen was a "degenerate"; today, he is a tiresome preacher.

I had only a brief Maeterlinck fever. I'm over it 15 years. Shaw is shallow, but amusing. I read him in 1886—a rotten music and art critic. But I quoted him in the *Musical Courier* and persuaded its owner, the late Marc A. Blumenberg, to buy an essay of Shaw's on old musical instruments, clavichord, &c. and their superiority to the modern grand pianoforte (like all innovators and revolutionists, Shaw faces the past socialism, idealism &c). This article—I believe to be the first that ever appeared in America—is buried in the pages of the *Musical Courier* for May 1890 or 1891. From the *Phila. Bulletin*, when I returned, I went to *The Courier* (for 15 years). Joined *The Recorder* in 1891; then *The Morning Advertiser*; finally *The Sun* in 1900. Since then—1912—I've written for *The Times*, still do (was music, dramatic and art critic on *Sun*. Also editorial writer, book reviewer, and foreign correspondent).

I studied piano at Paris with a Chopin pupil, the venerable George Mathias; in New York with Joseffy. Was his—(Don't blench Bill! This is the last)—assistant as piano pedagogue at the National Conservatory, N. Y., for 10 years. Have never published any music, though my grandfather, John Hunecker, was a rotten composer of church music and a capable organist of St. Mary's Church, Phila.; my other grandfather was an Irish poet, patriot, refugee, printer, James Gibbons, president of the Fenian Brotherhood in America. (The limit—poet and organist! No wonder I drink Pilsner). My "best seller" thus far (mirage No. 93!) is "Iconoclasts" (published 1903) then the "Chopin" and now "Ivory Apes" &c. which has gone here and in England. (See *Spectator* Dec. 18-15). My "Chopin" is in German (Georg Müller, Munchen & Leipzig). My "Iconoclasts" is in print but not published in Germany and Austria ("Bilderstürmer"—idiotic title). The "Chopin" is also in French and Italian, and, oddly enough there is an edition (pirated) of "Visionaries" in Bohemian! (Prague). I have it. (The translator, poor devil, came over here in money dis-

tress and it was summer and I was in Europe. He got a job at the German Hospital as a lift boy. It fell. He was killed. No royalties for me, no money for him). And now the secret of my soul.

In France and Germany my two volumes of tales, "Melomaniacs" and "Visionaries" are the best liked of my books (they have both been translated by Lola Lorme of Vienna but the war has kept them off the market). I think they are, in spots, worth all my alleged critical stuff. That is, they belong, for the most part, to what the Germans call "Kulturnovellen," and are not Anglo-Saxon or American fiction at all. I have "The Lord's Prayer in B" in German and French. Also in German—"The Purse of Aholibah," "A Chopin of the Gutter" &c (in weekly and monthly publications). My favorites are (in "Visionaries") "The Third Kingdom," "Rebels of the Moon," and in "Melomaniacs" "Avatar." Both books have been called valuable documents for alienists &c., and both books do not sell. They are too heavy. Did you read "Visionaries"? May I send, if not, both these fictions? (Ah! the parental passion for the ugly ducklings of the inky family). In conclusion (quick! a drink at my expense) I loathe movements—artistic, political, literary, religious—all propaganda &c. There are no "schools" in art or literature, only good writers and artists; there are no types, only individuals. And the best beer comes from Bohemia as the best music comes from Germany; the best prose from Paris, the best poets from England—you can't get away from it, old son. But the best fried oysters and terrapin and literary critic—from Baltimore! By God! And may this same god have mercy on your soul if you read this through at a sitting. Again—thanks. We must meet, with G. J. N. here in May, late in May.

As ever,

JAMES HUNEKER.

There are no schools, he says. Only good writers and artists. His affirmation of the distinction, forever cropping out in his writings, was specifically made in "Egoists." It laid him open to the charge that his perspective sometimes got a lit-

tle awry, involving the transformation of geese into swans. He retorted in his next book, scornfully disclaiming any pretensions to "general ideas," which, in fact, he distrusted and detested. None the less, Hunecker had a compass in his baggage. When I disagreed with some of the conclusions in "Egoists" he wrote: "Understand me—I love several of the men in it but I'm dead sick of the decadents, dead sick of the entire crew of 'modernity' yowlers. The good I shall always stick up for, but my early idols—how many of them?—have fallen into the void, and will vanish in the embraces of the mother of dead dogs." That was in 1909. Some years later he returns to the motive as follows:

To John Quinn

Westminster Court,
March 26, 1916.

DEAR JOHN:

Don't buy any more pictures. You have too many already. Don't buy crude American art or Cubist junk. This new crowd is already ancient. Buy a few *great* pictures and sculptures—like the Puvises, or the Augustus Johns or the Arthur B. Davies; don't tolerate rot because it is signed 1916. Remember John, all these petty revolutions, interesting, even significant at times, will never even deflect for a moment the broad current of eternal art. It's so in music and literature; it's so in art. There is a norm and these young chaps may fume and sputter but back to it they must revert else rot and drop from the parent trunk. As to the egotist painter—yes, a terror, but with more talent and temperament in his little fingers than the whole crowd here—Davies and Lawson excepted. (Lawson is now our greatest colorist in landscape. A jewelled palette. George [Luks] is *not* Dusseldorf, but Holland; above all a master in clear characterization, even if he does limp technically at times. He is *vital*—color, line, character. The rest doesn't much matter.

As ever,

JIM.

I tackled him at once, in print, on the subject of Cézanne. It provoked this

further intimation that he was on the side of the angels:

To Royal Cortissoz

Westminster Court,
January 7, 1916.

MY DEAR ROYAL:

The quotation about Cézanne piqued my curiosity. I found that I had written it in 1904 in an account of the Automne salon in Paris. In 1906 I wrote Paul's obituary. I met the old chap first in 1901 at Aix. We went *via* tramway from Marseilles. Hot, dusty, dirty Aix! Cézanne, like John La Farge, hated handshakes. He loathed his origin. His father first a barber, then a valet, finally a banker. In 1904 at the "Hommage à Cézanne" exhibition (Salon d'Automne) a huge Salle was given over to him. Again I spoke to him, but as I failed to address him as "Cher Maître!" he didn't answer. Of course, he had quite forgotten that I had visited him at Aix for a newspaper story. If I had said that Cézanne was the antithesis of Corot—as you suggest—I would have put too high a price on his worth; Bouguereau is the more apposite comparison; though your point is well taken. Since those days I've seen the best Cézanne—the local exhibition last week was hardly representative; since then I've read and "roasted" the rot of Clive Bell and W. H. Wright; and since then, while I haven't revised my opinion of the strength and sincerity of C. yet I've deemed it necessary for my own critical health to see him in perspective. I did so in *Scribner's*, now incorporated in "Ivory, Apes & Peacocks"; and I do so from time to time in *Puck*. C. would be the first to revolt against the idiotic idolatry which makes him *chef d'école*; during his life he attacked both Gauguin and Van Gogh (I admire this latter Dutch Johnnie) for misreading his meanings. What the Cubists and Futurists will do in the future who shall dare say! I prefer the Italian group; at least, they do not attempt the species of glorified geometry of the Cubisten. I paid my respects to the hideous German art—modern, of course—in my new book, leaning heavily on a quotation from R. C.

All this to prove I'm not a *Cézanne-ist*, even if I like—above all—his still-life.

His landscapes are all alike—he is the Single Speech Hamilton of landscapists. But it doesn't matter what I think, anyway; I'm just unburdening myself and for my prolixity a friend's pardon. How are you, Royal?

As Ever Cordially
JAMES HUNEKER.

P. S.—He was little more than third-rate, after all, this grumpy old bird, wasn't he? A new title: "The Barber's Son from Aix: or Why He Used a Shaving Brush for Disfigured Subjects."

There is a great deal about art in the letters, art here and abroad. In the course of his repeated European rambles he was as often in the galleries as in the concert-room and the opera-house. Rembrandt and Hals rejoiced his soul. So did the Flemish Primitives. But I leave this topic for the reader to pursue in the collection to be published. For an illustration of his literary judgment, remembering especially the interest in things American of which he speaks in his biographical letter to Mr. Mencken, I take this tribute to a native novelist:

To Edwin W. Morse

The Carrollton,
November 17, 1905.

DEAR MR. MORSE:

The day you gave me Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth"—Tuesday, I think—I began reading it at 7:30 p.m. and ended at 1:30 a.m. It is a big book, big because she has dared to let style go to the devil and stick to characterization—a renunciation, I fancy, for one of her temperament. Who is going to dramatize the novel? It contains strong scenes in abundance—an embarrassment of dramatic, even theatric, situations. Much of Lily Bart would evaporate in the hard, dry atmosphere of the theatre but that Jew Rosedale—he would loom up magnificently. I am not sure but that he would be the central figure in the play. He is wonderful. Studied from life and yet a summing up of racial traits and tribal ambitions. He is much more vital and convincing than Selden, who, at the close, is a pale prig. However I am not writing a review—only a word of thanks for the pleasure the book has given me.

And I am for personal reasons, curious about Mrs. Wharton's plans for a drama. I could knock the novel into an acting play in 3 months; though I fancy she will make her own version.

With best wishes and thanks for the trouble, I am,

Sincerely,
JAMES HUNEKER.

He thought George Moore and Joseph Conrad the big men of their day, Hardy being out of the field. "George in his desert descriptions," he wrote to John Quinn, "can give R. Hichens cards and spades for being a landscapist. He has a sense of verbal values." But he was dubious about Moore's "humorous bone." Huneker was an impressionist. The letters abound in brief, fleeting expressions of feeling and opinion about books. But occasionally he comes to grips with a subject and defends a point of view at some length. Witness this:

To W. C. Brownell

The Carrollton,
October 9, 1908.

DEAR MR. BROWNELL:

We are equally right and wrong. The article on "Baudelaire et la Baudelaire-isme," may be found in Vol. VIII of Scherer's "Etudes sur la Littérature Contemporaine" (Paris 1863-1889. Nine volumes.) This would argue that it appeared in the '80's. It did. It was caused by a review of Bourget's "Essais" (1882); when—about—did you see it and in what revue? Possibly the *Deux Mondes*. James' book (1st edition) appeared 1878. The study must have been written a year or two previous. He gives no dates. Subsequent editions of his volume appeared 1884, and 1893. (Lord! isn't it lovely to be able to write 1884 again; 1908 is so chilly, so dreary to me.) Scherer was an ex-Protestant (Calvinistic) clergyman. His mother an Englishwoman. Little wonder he couldn't savor Baudelaire. Besides, he was bad-tempered when contradicted. And he hated Carlyle, Molière, Diderot; so Baudelaire is in good company. Will you take it as an impertinence if I beg of you to revise, be it ever so slightly, your belief that Poe was a greater poet than Baudelaire! While

Poe was far from being Emerson's jingle-man, he never struck the profounder chords of passion so marvellously sounded by the wretched Baudelaire. Take down "Fleurs du Mal" from the shelf and read the tiny masterpiece again. There is all the horror we find in Poe; but also humanity, pathos, sex.

Another thing, before Baudelaire ever heard of Poe he had written the greater number of his poems of Spleen and Ideal. This was *before* 1846 or 1847, when he first read the Poe *tales*—not the verse. Anyhow the color and content of the "Fleurs du Mal" reveal the enormous difference. I admit that in the Poems in Prose, Baudelaire was affected by Poe. All this I set forth with many amplifications in the "Baudelaire Legend," which Mr. Burlingame was considerate enough to accept. It is not, my dear Mr. Brownell, that I wish our estimates to accord—that would indeed be presumptuous on my part—but, that, since the spring of 1908 I came into possession of the newly published life, the Diary ("Mon Cœur mis à nu") the posthumous words and the Letters. Therein I saw that while Baudelaire raved all over Paris about Poe, he was fundamentally Baudelaire from first to last. Naturally, this will not affect your Poe study; but it may throw, as the newspaper critics say, a new light on the Frenchman. I "go" for Stedman and Bayard Taylor, who, while abusing Poe for his thirst (what a sublime thirst it was!) nevertheless pitch patriotically into Baudelaire, claiming that *he* imitated Poe. Rubbish! He was the victim of an accursed and beautiful temperament—one all his own. Documentary evidence I have by the yard as you will see later. I hope I don't bother you with this chatter. You are one of the elect, *mon cher maître*. I owe much to you. (Though this does not seem a grateful way of repaying one's obligation does it?)

In Henry James' "French Poets and Novelists" (1893 edition) page 60 occurs the following sentence: "Nevertheless, Poe was much the greater charlatan of the two, as well as the greater genius." I can't agree. Poe was more versatile than Baudelaire and that's saying much. Baudelaire had critical gifts for art. *There*, Poe was shallow; at least not well grounded. If Poe could only have lived

in Paris! What absinthe duettos, with Baudelaire singing bass!

Sincerely yours,

JAMES HUNEKER.

Literature and art recur, as I have said, constantly, in Hunecker's correspondence. But it is music that provides the groundswell. He cannot touch the subject without being interesting. Even his briefest asides are piquant, as, for example, in this passage from a letter to his friend Ziegler: "Thanks for the rehearsal invitation. But I'm through with opera. I couldn't sit through Humperdinck, as much as I admire his score—a score in which siege guns slaughter tom-tits. If you wish for genuine 'Kinder scenen' quality—Hauptmann's 'Hannele' contains more than all the pseudo-Wagnerism of H's pretty but quite sophisticated score." One smiles over that "through with opera." He was never through with music. I must give more than one of the letters which show how he listened to it:

To H. E. Krehbiel

Weimar,

September 24, 1904.

LIEBER HARRY

I thought of you this week more than once as I went through this ever charming town. Everything is as it stood last year; Europe does not change its physiognomy as does America. Whether this be a good or a bad sign I leave to social philosophers. One thing is certain—Weimar is a spot for weary souls, nervous souls; persons who will insist on going to Marienbad for a month to lose flesh only to put it on again a few months later. We had a cold *kur* at Marienbad this summer. Four weeks of chilly, raw or bitter cold weather is not conducive to *schurtzeri*. So after 6 or 8 hours a day hill climbing, starvation, hunger and thirst—above all thirst—I only took off 12 lbs. and by the Lord Harry I am putting them on again as fast as my throat can swallow good, old Pilsner and comforting Thuringian cooking!

We overdid the walking here so in consequence we are both laid up at this hotel with bad colds and sore legs. We walked to Jena—5 hours. I wanted to see if the plum-trees were so plentiful as the time when Heine walked over here from Jena

to visit the god-like Goethe. They are—and so are the stones. A dusty walk. To Tiefurt proved prettier, also the ascent to Schloss Belvedere in Ober-Weimar. We went over to Eisenach for the day, saw *dich theure Hall*, and rode like sensible folk in a railroad car to Erfurt the same. I've seen everybody on the Liszt matter; had a dozen introductions here from Burmeister and others. The Stahr sisters, Baronin V. Meysenderf and others still live. Most of all I enjoyed an afternoon with Frau Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche up at her beautiful villa—Nietzsche Archiv. There I revelled in the pictures, books, busts and correspondence. At last I got at the Wagner affair. This sister is a woman of wonderful energy. She loves her brother's memory to veneration point. She drew for me a different portrait of the man. She regrets the Wagner incident and spoke with tenderness and respect of Richard and Cosima. As usual Harry, mutual friends fomented bad blood between the men.

I enclose programme [of "Fidelio"] as it might interest you. The performance was sound, straightforward rather than brilliant. But it did my dusty old soul good to hear the tremendous second act. Bad as is the book; ridiculous as are the situations—I mean theatrically—there is music in this act that makes the stars sing. What a duet! The Leonora was Thila Plaschinger *als gast*. She is a big woman of the Valkyr type with a voice that at times recalls the steel-blue tones of the only Lilli Lehmann. But there the likeness ends as her tone production is very Teutonic. A superb actress nevertheless and so the "Abscheulicher" had meaning, eloquence, rage and pathos. Stunning too, was the acting in Act II. Pizarro was excellent—a visitor from Hanover. The rest not bad. The chorus good—every man acted and sang. The conductor Kryzanowski—I wonder is he any relative to the Chopin maternal branch?—deserves a better band. Its material is mediocre, especially the wood; as is the case in Germany. Only 6 first fiddles; about 38 men. But they whizzed through the Leonora No. 3 which opened the evening. No other overture was given, the second act beginning with the usual introductory measures.

I hear Mahler in Vienna has made some sweeping changes in the staging of "Fidelio." Frä. Mildeberg wears an Andalusian costume; swaggers like a youth, avoids feminine postures and really looks masculine. He plays the Leonora No. 3 between the Zwischen akt.—or while the stage is being set for the last scene using the E major Fidelio at the start [isn't it E?] It seems to me Seidl did something of the sort and did it years ago. We also saw the "Goetz von Berlichingen" the night of its 100th anniversary and a heavy work it is. Goethe was miles behind Schiller in his sense of dramatic form. Best of all was the "Freischütz" which is quite within the capabilities of the company, the stage manager and the band. They attempt big things in this historic little house—"Meistersinger" is announced, so is "Tannhauser." And now old man I must stop boring you. I hope, across an oaken table, to tell you the gossip I picked up. We return in November. Future movements—Berlin next week for a cycle of Ibsen and Hauptmann plays; opera and concerts. Ansgorge is a frequent visitor here, so is Von Wildenbruch, R. Dehmel, R. Strauss, d'Albert and the poet Detler v. Liliencron. Vogrich is a great figure since his "Buddha" was sung. It is to be given soon in Paris. He lives here. They speak now in the newspapers of "The new Weimar"—but I fancy it will not be remembered as long as the old of Goethe or even as the middle-aged Weimar of Liszt. I hope you are well and escaped Worcester! Mrs. Huneker joins me in regards to the family.

With Love from

JIM.

To H. E. Krehbiel

Fischer's Park Hotel,
Rome, October 9, 1905.

DEAR HARRY

Just a few lines by way of greeting after some exciting experiences in the earthquake country—Calabria, Messina (Sicily). We spent a few weeks swimming at Sorrento and came here for a month. I've been over the entire Liszt ground—at Ville d'Este, Tivoli; slept at his old hotel Elibert (kept by the Fischer of this hostelry) and also at St. Francesco Kloster. The old fellow is still remem-

bered. Fancy, though, coming to Rome for the Gregorian music at St. Peter's and only hearing a mass by Milozzi fairly well sung by male choir (only one male soprano with a voice like a flute) over emphasis in the accents—operatic you would say—and no *spoor* of Gregorian. Mr. Lewis, your friend from New York—he formerly lived on East 16th St.—was at St. Peter's the morning we were and spoke to the leader of the choir, who told him that poverty was the reason the Pope's plans for musical reforms were not carried out.

Another disappointment was the singing of the French nuns at Trinita—Mendelssohn wrote special music for this community. If Frank Damrosch's Musical Art Society would sing in such a mediocre manner we would all raise a howl, and in Rome! We were at an audience given by the Pope Leo X in the Vatican last Thursday afternoon, Oct. 5, and, Harry—photographed in a group with his "Holiness"! Fancy such mundane proceedings in the grand old Vatican. I'm no better Catholic than I was. How can one believe in the pagan city! Even the mass takes on a pagan tone. Why even Conried's Parsifal circus developed a more pious atmosphere.

But the glories of the two vanished civilizations, the gardens, palaces, the statuary, pictures and churches! It is an education and a joy to live here for a day. The Vatican library is maddening. You pass from one masterpiece to a million more—black letter works on music, first editions of Dante, manuscripts before Christ. Indeed Christ and Apollo are mixed up here. How I wish you were here. But music—I've heard better at the Madeleine, Paris; above all heard the true Gregorian chant at the Benedictine Monastery, Solesmes, before the expulsion. Hope to see you next month some time. We go from here to Florence, Venice, Milan, Genoa—and then home. Regards from both (if Mrs. H. stays much longer the pope will baptize her; I am hurrying her away else a convent looms in her future!)

As ever your Old Boy
JIM.

I hope you had a pleasant summer and the Beethoven will be ready soon.

To Charles J. Rosebault

Park Hotel,
Charlottenburg, January 26, 1913.

DEAR CHARLES:

Last night Mrs. Hunecker dreamed of Mrs. Rosebault. No use, I said, I owe her good man a letter, so here is its apology. As my inky volcano has been again in eruption, spouting slag, lava, scoræ, mud and brickbats (see *The Times*) my writing is so much to the worse, especially as I had a grand piano here in our big room (what a charming hotel, just opposite the Zoo) and my old stiff fingers are beginning to relax with the aid of Bach and Tausig. Heard d'Albert play the other night—audience 2000, delirious. Such playing—a smear, a blur, 1000000 dropped notes, rotten rhythms &c. but the whole like something elemental, an earthquake, a tornado, a collision of planets, the sun in a conflagration. Since Rubinstein! I stood on my chair to yell with the rest (I was really standing on my head.) Piano playing pays here. America is not the only land of dollars. I paid 20 marks for 2 wretched seats at the Philharmonic. What a genius at the keyboard. His own music is a clever quilt of other men's ideas. *Oh d'Albert!!* Never shall I forget that dwarf-giant, that Kobold—demi-god!

As Ever

JIM.

Hunecker was all for the arts and the world well lost. But I have sought to stress the human element in him, the passion for tangible experience which detaches him altogether from the rather arid atmosphere of the purely sedentary type. There is a phase of this brilliant man's life which might easily be overlooked by the reader of his books, namely, his strenuous performance as a mere worker. He couldn't, to save him, use a typewriter but had to stick to the pen. Despite that handicap to a desperately busy journalist, he carried himself through unimaginable tasks. Over and over again he reports to a friend some positively spectacular labor. I might cite a dozen examples, but one will suffice, from a letter to Edward C. Marsh: "I had to write six columns for today's *Sun*, leader in the book page, regular art department, and a column editorial. Yes—

terday after six hours of concentrated agony I finished six thousand words. Only six thousand! But twenty-five years behind them. I'm not crying for sympathy but, really, Marsh, you ought to buy me a drink for my courage."

Huneker's brilliance, his flair, came to him by nature. It is an instinctive gift that vitalizes his criticism. It is the artless, unforced play of his mind and imagination that makes his work so original and so readable. But to the admiration that we yield him it is well to add the special respect that goes to a man who had enormous industry and devotion. For my own part, thinking affectionately of my friend's comradely traits, of his fun as well as of his genius, I think also of the magnificent workman that he was, of the generous pains he took with everything that fell to his hand to do. It is a humdrum virtue, if you like, this virtue of heroic application. But there is something fine about it, too, something, I repeat, heroic.

On the other hand, it would be a mistake to bid Jim Huneker farewell on a note of gravity. There was too much humor in him for that, he had too keen a delight in just the joy of living. There is nothing more like him in the whole mass of his correspondence than a passage in a letter of his to Mr. Rosebault: "I crossed the Donau attracted by a big sign across the bridge, 'Tonello's Restauration.' I supposed, naturally enough, a macaroni-spaghetti-Chianti blow-out, and my old jaws watered. We went upstairs, found an absolutely clean place, with no more Jews (*geschmat*) than you meet in any Vienna restaurant, and I at once and quite briskly ordered two portions of spaghetti. The waiter, a melancholy man, replied: 'Sir, pardon. This is a Kosher restaurant.' Well, we couldn't leave and I'm glad we didn't for I never in my life tasted such roast goose and knockerl. The secret was not the Hebraic chef but the tiny flavoring of garlic in the sauce—garlic, which is the C major of all flavoring, if people but knew it."

People didn't know enough, in his view, about garlic. Neither did they know enough about the ambrosial blisses of Pilsner. Here is Huneker's philosophy on what he loved to call "the witching amber brew," the delectable beverage

which, along with the seven arts, made his earthly pilgrimage enchanting:

To Frederick James Gregg

New York,
June 19.

SIR:

While the political heathen is raging mightily throughout the land let us heed the still small voice of Dr. Lyman Abbott, who has dared to say and in a city where lives "Mike the Mouquineer"! that for him the domestic brew is as naught; only in Germany does he sip with joy the amber. Now isn't this a bit arbitrary! I do not speak in defence of American beer, I never drink it, simply because I don't like it; also because it is kept so barbarously cold. Beer is not alone a beverage, beer is food. It must be digested. Fancy taking into your stomach ice-cold soup! Yet that is what the American nation practically does every day and night—it swallows, gulps, absorbs its beer ice-cold. And in few resorts where imported beer is sold is the stuff kept as it should be. Luckily good (but not old) Dr. Knirim is practicing here the gentle art of serving Pilsner without spoiling the coat of one's stomach. His Pilsner Sanatorium (not many miles away from the cotton and coffee exchanges) boasts a distinguished number of patients, who daily drink at a moderate temperature and also tempo—the Doctor is strict as to tempo, for him always *andante*—Pilsner that must come from Walhalla, so velvety and mellow and soothing is it. Without a license from the County medical association does this worthy German-American practice the art of curing; indeed, it would do the aforesaid association good to drop in at the "Doctor's" and follow his advice: "don't take pills, take Pilsner." The people with sick nerves, sick stomachs and hob-nail livers are ordered to go on a Pilsner regime. Rheumatic and gouty persons are forbidden wine and spirits, but allowed, in moderation, Pilsner. I remember at Marienbad even the fat man is given his fixed quantity of Pilsner per diem. Eat slowly, drink slowly—Pilsner—and don't cut your throat to spite your thirst! We recommend to Dr. Abbott a *kur* at the famous Pilsner Sanatorium—where the cheese is as wonderful as the beer.

JIM THE PENMAN.

The Wall Dog

BY ELIZABETH HERRICK

Author of "After All," "Against the Wind," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE HARVEY



HE disreputable-looking Ford touring-car with the ladder tied on one side, a red flag flaunting from the rear rung of the ladder, and paint-pails obvious in the semi-obscurity of the back seat, climbed nimbly up the Mohawk Trail and tooted derisively as it skipped past the big, laboring Endehard.

"I'd have every Ford driver on the Trail arrested for speeding, if I had my way," grumbled the president and chief magnate of the Oswego Oil Co. to his companion and manager, a youngish man recently advanced to his responsible position.

"That was a mighty pretty girl, though," appreciated the manager. "Crinkly, bright-colored hair and eyes with a dancing devil in them. She looked straight at you, Mr. Salter."

"H'm! I didn't look at her. I was looking at the vehicle. What was the red rag tied to—a ladder?"

"I didn't notice. I was looking at the girl—a peach-colored skin—just that same warm, crimsony down, don't you know?"

"My daughter had a skin like that—wonderful color!" And, half subconsciously, Mr. Salter sighed.

His manager, who, being new to the position, didn't know as much about the magnate's family as every reporter for the society columns of the Sunday papers, waited a respectful minute, then with, he hoped, just the right degree of sympathetic reticence:

"She—died?" he questioned.

The magnate's nervous, prematurely aging face twitched.

"No! She married!" he said dryly. "But it was all the same to me. I've never seen her since."

"Ah!" young Ames commented with

discretion, though he burned to ask a leading question.

Mr. Salter leaned out of the car and looked behind it at the purple billows of mountains surging up against the sky and far below the narrow crystal ribbon of river tangled at their foot.

"Wonderful panorama!" he murmured and turned back to scowl at the dust of the insolent car, veiling the range ahead.

"Wasn't that a journeyman's outfit?" he nodded toward the dingy black-brown speck rapidly disappearing. Leaning forward, he tapped his chauffeur on the shoulder.

"Lawson," he rebuked, "it goes against me to take that fellow's dust."

"Yes, sir! She's doing all she can, sir!" But the big car lunged forward under the incentive with a heavy g-r-r-r of complaint.

The president of the Oswego Oil threw himself back with an air of exasperation.

"Then I'll sell her for junk and buy a Ford and fire *you*. Nobody needs a chauffeur to drive a Ford." And he glowered out of the car at so much of the landscape as was visible through the Ford's trail of dust.

His manager, however, being still young and having seen that the girl was fair, followed the nimble sprinting and hair-raising careening of the car ahead with absorbed interest.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated, half under his breath, as the Ford whirled apparently to the outer rim of a dizzy curve overhanging the valley, almost on a level line with the first tier of mountains behind, suddenly checked its mad course on the very brink of destruction and skidded in a coquettish whirl of dust around the elbow of the mountain as if its recent behavior were merely a practical joke. "I thought the darn fool was going to break her neck and his own."

"Common rubbish!" The magnate

shrugged callously, as if it wouldn't have mattered much if the worst had befallen. "Out on his employer's time, sweethearting. Serve them both right!"

"She's darned pretty, though," repeated the manager and he hoped in his heart that something—even an accident of a minor sort—might happen to delay that adventurous car till the Endehard could get another near glimpse of her. "I'll wager a girl like that could put anything over she set her mind to, with those dare-devil eyes. I think—though I couldn't swear to it, that"—he spoke in a self-conscious voice—"she wore knickerbockers."

The magnate's "T'chk!" was almost a snort.

"Of course she did! You aren't married, are you, Mr. Ames?"

The young man reddened.

"No, sir—not yet!"

"Well, *don't* marry a girl with dare-devil eyes and knickerbockers. She'd lead a man anywhere."

Robert Ames laughed, but he looked more than ever self-conscious.

"It's not probable I'll ever see her again!" He tried to speak with elaborate carelessness, the while he was eagerly scanning the road ahead, as the Endehard groaned around the curve where the Ford had cavorted, but the white-gleaming stretch was disconcertingly blank. The insolent little car had outdistanced them. The stretch being level, the chauffeur took it on high. Half-way to the next bend, maddeningly, a tire blew out.

The president of the Oswego Oil, irritated by the accident, chose to be capacious.

"What the deuce are you taking me up along the trail to see, anyway—a dare-devil in knickerbockers?"

Ames, recalled from romance to business, transferred his enthusiasm. Whether he ever saw her again or not, he must make Mr. Salter see what good publicity lay in the new road ads.

"No—it's romance of another sort, though—business romance. You see, it's this way—" He settled himself confidentially toward his employer. "A young guy that's started out to make a name for himself—I'll say, he's some artist. Started out to be an illustrator, but he got married, so he had to go to sign-painting in-

stead—gave me the idea. We're putting the signs all along the trail at each curve, so when you round it, it looks as if you were going to run right into the sign—big white letters on a grass-green background; a little way off it looks as if the letters hung on air—'Oswego Oil takes you over the trail'; then, on one side, there's a picture of one of our oil-wells. It's great! He's putting them in darned cheap, too. I don't see how he can do it for the price and make a cent for himself, but that's his lookout. He's just started in business for himself and I dare say he figures this job as an ad for his business."

"Well, that's good business," Mr. Salter commended, with a nod of approval. "Shows the fellow has a glimmer of common sense, if he did start out wrong."

"Start out wrong? Why, the guy's a born artist!"

"So I understood you to say. And I say a born artist's a damn fool. I know all about born artists. Had 'em in my own family. But this man seems to show sense, so I've hopes of him. Probably he's figuring on getting all of our work, but I'm not going to throw down Corliss Co. because a young fool got married—unless, of course," he corrected himself warily, "your man can do Corliss's work enough cheaper to pay us. You may tell him we have to have an inducement—that is, tell him, of course, if these signs look good to us."

"Oh, they'll look good, all right," Ames spoke with enthusiasm. "I've seen the first three. He began the North Adams end and is working this way."

"So? Then perhaps 'twas his outfit we've been taking the dust of!" The president of the Oswego Oil revived his grievance with added sense of injury—if he were paying money to the fellow!

The manager, wavering between a wild hope that it might be and fear lest it was, thought in that case he'd have recognized him.

"Huh! I wouldn't recognize my own brother in a Ford!" observed Mr. Salter. "Fixed her up, Lawton? All right! Put her on high!" And the great car purred along.

The insolent little Ford stopped five miles ahead just on the curve of the road

in front of a looming sign-board from which "Oswego" in great white letters had begun to stare out of a grass-green background. The journeyman leaped out, untied the ladder from the side of the car and put it on the bunters, laid a plank over the rungs, and came back to the car for his paint pails.

"That was Mr. Ames back there in the Endehard," he remarked. "He'll probably stop to look at this sign, so we'll have to slash it, if he's to get the effect."

The girl had jumped out, pulled off her trim Norfolk jacket of blue silvertone and flung it back into the car. She gave a swift glance down herself and her lips curved deliciously—dark-blue knickerbockers, white silk shirt with a dark-blue tie knotted under its collar, brown silk hose and oxfords—what she could see of herself was good enough for any man's eyes—though perhaps a bit startling.

"I hope he'll approve of your helper!" She put a hand on the plank and sprang up beside him. He took hold of the falls and pulled the scaffold up within easy reach of the letters. "Hand me the green mop, please, dear!" she commanded. "I'll *have* to slash it, all right, to fill in around these letters before he gets here."

He dipped the largest of the brushes in a pail of green paint and handed both to her, then fell to work on his picture with feverish haste. He painted with sure, skilful strokes, and the country landscape grew under his brush. He talked as he worked—between strokes.

"Just fill in around 'Oswego,' then take the fitch and put in the black outline. If you'll get a couple of letters outlined before he shows up—they *may* have a blowout, Heaven permitting—I'll take you over to Whitcomb's for a chicken dinner!"

"I'll do the letters O. K.," she promised, slapping on the green paint in ragged outline around the white letters. "*Maybe* I'll get 'Oil' cut in, too, but you won't take me to Whitcomb's for a chicken dinner, because I won't go. We'll have our roast chicken at home when Oswego pays for the signs—I hope you soaked them! Meanwhile, bacon and eggs and ham sandwiches for the wall dogs!"

His swift brush stayed a minute as he

turned to her quickly, his good-looking, sensitive face nervously twitching.

"I wish you wouldn't call yourself a wall dog!" he protested.

"Why not? If you're one, I'm one."

He flung out his brush with a temperamental gesture and faced her.

"Great heavens!" he said. "As if it wasn't hard enough to see you up here beside me and think what I took you from—" He made another gesture of bitterness; his brows contracted.

She shrugged and laughed, then painstakingly outlined M with the fitch dipped in black paint, stood back and surveyed her handiwork critically.

"You took me from a bored doing-nothing to a mighty interesting doing-something. Just think, Verne, I might have been designing curtains for the Charity Bazaar or painting paper dolls for an orphanage fair instead of wielding a real brush and helping a first-class artist, who's bound to come to his own some day, on signs for the biggest oil company on earth. You ask President Salter"—her lips curled derisively—"if it isn't an honor to be employed in any capacity by the Oswego Oil!"

Verne Dana made a sound, between tightly compressed lips, like a groan.

"That's just what hurts me worst—that you *should* be painting Oswego Oil signs. That's why I didn't want you to come up the trail."

She stopped painting long enough to throw a wide, all-embracing lover's glance around the great sweep of mountains and valley.

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world!" she declared ardently—"especially *to-day*," and flashed him a mischievous side-glance from her golden-brown eyes. "Isn't Mr. Ames *very* good-looking?" she asked innocently, with a flourish of the fitch.

Dana had resumed his painting, but he looked up again quickly.

"I hadn't observed it," he answered, a little bit stiffly.

Her eyes glimmered again under the down-swept fringe of her eyelashes.

"You dear goose," she murmured affectionately. "Neither had I!"

"Well, but he is," Dana conceded, after a minute, "darned good-looking.

You'll see for yourself in a minute. Here he comes now."

His helper turned sharply, at imminent risk of life and limb, and looked over her shoulder up the curve around which the long tank with its big lamps was just coming into view. Then, womanwise, she settled her narrow-brimmed, rather high-crowned blue sailor hat a thought more jauntily on her head with the hand that had no paint on it and surreptitiously rubbed off a green splash from the back of the other on the far side of her knickerbockers. The lovely bloom on her cheeks deepened and her breath seemed to come a bit quicker, but, as the car slowed to a standstill, she dipped her fitch in the black paint and began boldly on E.

Both men in the car leaned forward and looked at the picture—not of the Oswego oil-well in its green fields they had travelled up the trail to see, but of the girl poised on the scaffold—the lithe, graceful figure, knickerbocker-clad, the rounded arm, from which the shirt-sleeve was rolled back above the elbow, wielding with swift, deft strokes a painter's brush, the flung-back, beautiful head, the vivid, beautiful face, the narrowed golden-brown eyes, absorbed on the letter, the blooming red lips, over which a little smile, as at the fun of the thing, began to play wittingly.

"Well, what do you think of it, Mr. Salter?" Ames spoke, as he was bound, of the oil-well, but he was privately thinking the other picture still better worth coming a hundred miles to see. The oil magnate's fixed stare deepened swiftly to horror.

"Think?" he spluttered. "I think it's outrageous! What's *she* doing up there?"

"Why," Ames answered, as if he had just made the discovery, "that's the girl, isn't it, in the Ford that passed us? I thought she looked familiar."

"Yes. I thought she did, too," Mr. Salter said dryly. "But who the dickens taught her to letter?"

"Probably she took a course in applied art somewhere. Women do a lot of that work now."

The magnate made a queer sound of contempt with his teeth and upper lip.

"Probably! Her damn fool father educated her—to stand on a plank like a

movie actress and paint signs in pants. . . . If you're going up there to talk to the fellow, Mr. Ames, please send the *lady* down here to talk with me. I want to learn something about applied art myself."

Mr. Ames felt within himself a thirst for knowledge on the same subject, but the magnate's request was his law.

"Certainly, Mr. Salter," he made answer and, alighting, sauntered up to the scaffold.

"Good morning, Mr. Dana," he said cordially and included the girl in his glance and the lift of his cap. "You're hard at it, I see."

Verne Dana pushed back his cap from his moist curly hair—even in the mountains painting is hot work.

"We're in a hurry for your check," he laughed. "So we're putting the job through. Mr. Ames, my helper and my wife, Mrs. Dana."

Ames's handsome face rather perceptibly fell, but he turned to her with some gallantry of congratulation on her skill and her husband's extraordinary ability.

"We were questioning just now, Mrs. Dana, how you learned your profession."

She turned to him, smiling, her golden-brown eyes shimmering in warm little waves that thrilled Ames very pleasantly.

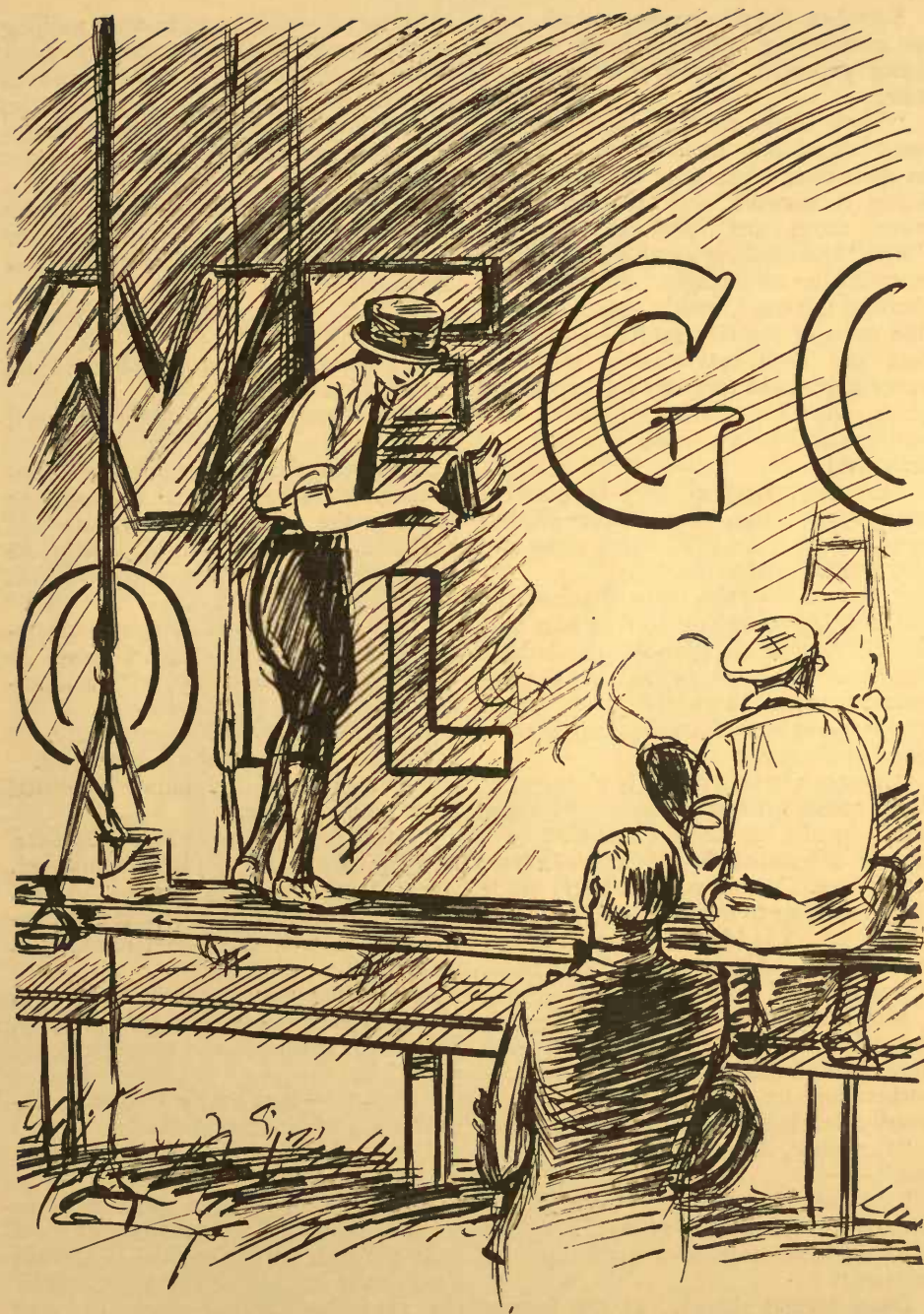
"I learned it by doing it. Mr. Dana had to have a helper and he hadn't the money to hire one when he first started in business, so I began to go along with him to hand him his paint pails and take care of his brushes. And then, it looked easy—and, of course, I had studied design in art school—"

"That is what I told Mr. Salter." Ames was pleased with his own perspicacity.

The pseudo-mechanic turned quickly. "Is the president of the Oswego Oil Co. with you?"

Mr. Ames nodded pleasurably, very sensible of the honor the president's company conferred.

"Yes. I brought him up for a look at your signs. I think you've a good new idea and you're working it out creditably. Mr. Salter seemed quite taken with it. On the way up he hinted that, if your prices were right, you might get the work Corliss is doing."



Alice
Harvey-

"It looked easy—and, of course, I had studied design in art school."—Page 318.

Somehow the sign-painter wasn't quite so overflowing with gratitude as Mr. Ames expected. Dana glanced at his wife.

"That would mean a lot of money, wouldn't it, Mr. Ames?" she appeared to speculate, exchanging the fitch—outlining is nervous work for the novice when there are spectators—for the "mop" and slashing away boldly. Ames watched her admiringly. She was wonderfully planned, nobly executed—the fine work of creative genius—every feature and limb marvellously modelled, every movement free and full of natural grace. And her coloring—! No wonder the husband of a woman like that was an artist!

"Roughly, forty or fifty thousand a year, Mrs. Dana. Mr. Salter all but promised it, if he liked these signs and Mr. Dana's quotations."

"Does he like the signs?" asked the girl, turning so swiftly to face him that she came near stepping off the ladder. Ames's heart almost stopped, but the mechanic's seemed to go on beating. Dana was working steadily, rolling up a white cloud in his sky.

"How can he help it? They're great!" Ames spoke with enthusiasm. "I know from what he has already said that he is greatly interested—which reminds me, Mrs. Dana. Would you mind very much stepping down to the car for a few words with him? The idea of a woman helper was so novel to him— And I really think it would help."

Mrs. Dana seemed to hesitate a second, the golden-brown eyes narrowing, then they flashed down over her knickerbockers and up, the daredevils in them merrily dancing.

"Certainly, if he doesn't think—if he won't—"

"He can think but one thing," Ames declared, rather headily; "that, for your day's work, no costume on earth could be prettier."

Dana turned sharply, as she sprang lightly down from the scaffold.

"Don't go, Ruby!—unless you like."

"I do like. He looks a dear old man—so fatherly!"

Now the president of the Oswego Oil Co. looked just what he was—a harsh,

hard, money-mad magnate, with nothing of mellow age or tender paternity about him. As they walked across the grass to the car, Ames glanced at her furtively, but her lovely face was open as the morning. She had evidently meant what she said.

Dana had stopped painting. As his eyes followed them to the car, his brow darkened into a frown. He called after her peremptorily:

"Ruby! Come back! I don't want you to go!"

But she turned and waved her hand back at him.

"Don't worry! Mr. Ames thinks it will help!"

Mr. Ames, though, began to think differently when he observed the lowering look on the face of the magnate and heard his first words of greeting, before the words of introduction were well out of Ames's own mouth.

"Well, what do you think you are, anyway?" the president of the Oswego Oil Co. inquired sarcastically, with a meaning glance at her nether raiment.

Ruby smiled up at him guilelessly.

"Just a wall dog!" she said sweetly.

For a minute Mr. Salter appeared thrown off his poise.

"A wall dog! That's a nice thing for a woman to call herself," she spluttered, when at last he found words. "A wall dog! And that's a nice feminine occupation for a woman, too—straddling a plank!"

The young manager crimsoned with vicarious indignation, but, marvellously, Mrs. Dana's radiant color never deepened a particle.

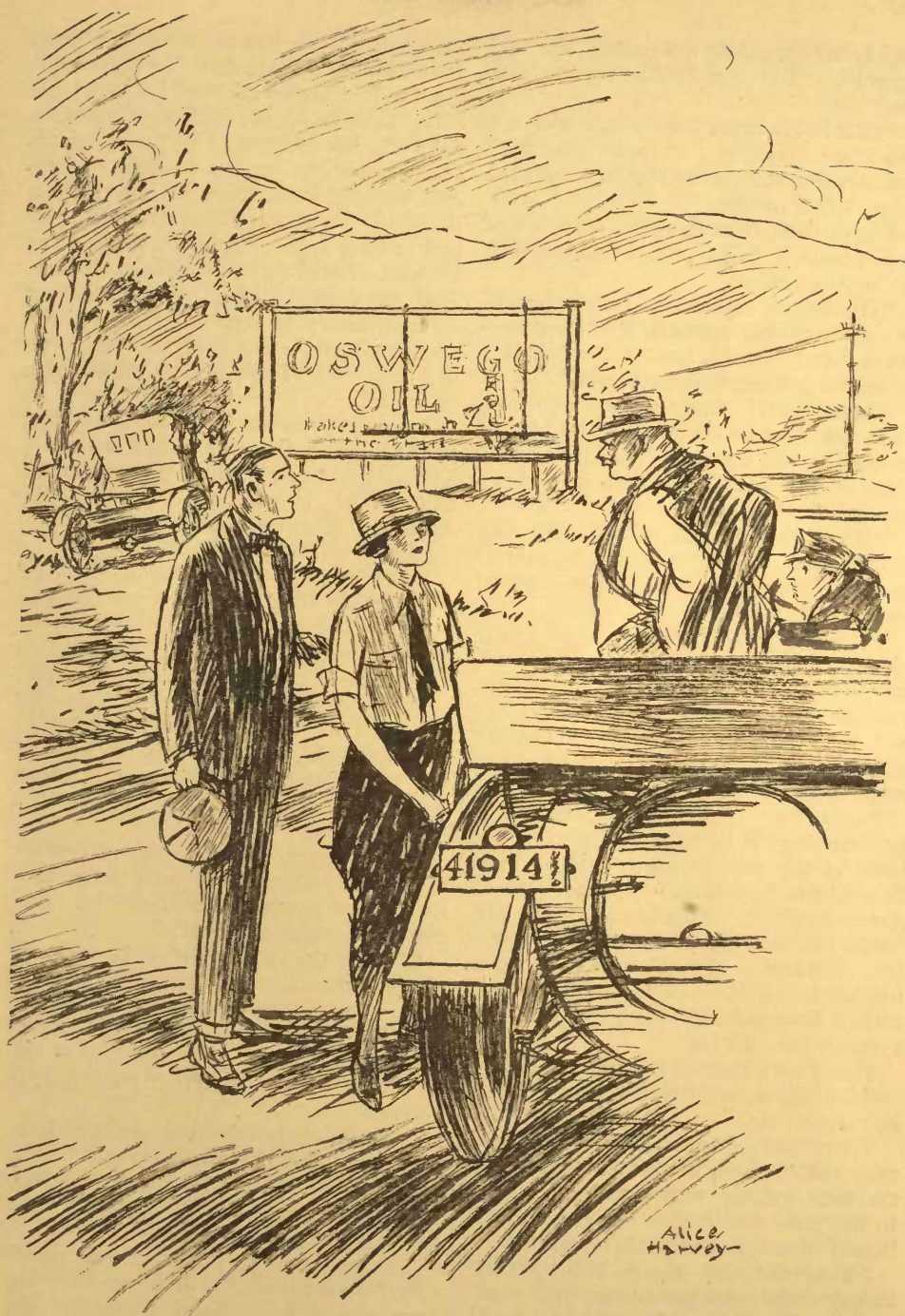
"Well, no—that's why I wear knickers," she told him confidentially.

The president of the Oswego Oil purpled wrathfully.

"H'm! I suppose the pants and that outfit"—he waved a contemptuous hand from the man on the scaffold to the old Ford out at pasture on the grass strip by the roadside—"appeal more to your natural taste than a Worth gown and a \$10,000 car."

She looked straight into his eyes, a little hard line around the lips that had just been so smiling.

"What goes *with* the pants and the



"Well, what do you think you are, anyway?" the president of the Oswego Oil Co. inquired sarcastically.—Page 320.

outfit *does* appeal to me more," she said bravely. "I love my husband, Mr. Salter."

"H'm! He must love *you*," said Mr. Salter sarcastically, "to make you work out here like *that* on the highway with the whole world passing."

For the first time the girl's color swept out of bounds, flaring, a hot crimson tide, up into her hair.

"He doesn't make me. I do it myself. It's no worse for me than it is for him—not so bad, for he has *genius*. And I haven't anything but my hands."

"Mr. Dana is really a wonderful artist," Ames cut in kindly, with an idea of smoothing the waters. "He'll make his mark in the magazines some day. He's studied illustrating."

"H'm! I know the sort!" Mr. Salter disposed of him shortly. "Couldn't sell his pictures, so had to paint signs or starve."

"No, Mr. Salter," the girl's voice rang clearly. "He couldn't wait to *try* to sell his pictures, because he had me to take care of. My father is a rich man, a *very* rich man, Mr. Salter, but he threw me off because I married a man who had nothing but his ability."

"Quite right!" said the magnate warmly, bringing his hands down hard on the back of the seat in front. "Just what he ought to have done. I respect him!" Ames fidgeted, remembering what Mr. Salter had told him about his own daughter. Evidently Mrs. Dana wasn't helping her husband much by her frankness, rather unconsciously harming him. "I sympathize with him!"

Mrs. Dana ignored the interruption.

"And his people threw him off because he married *me*!"

The magnate suddenly straightened, very stiff-backed, on the seat, and said the first gallant words he had spoken to the girl—which shows that, after all, beauty does penetrate the hardest rind.

"They did, did they? Well, I'd like to know what was the matter with *you*!"

Again the girl looked straight into his eyes.

"They said—and it's *true*—that marrying me destroyed his career. He couldn't go on in the art school and support me without money. He had to get out and

earn money. He has the talent of a great artist, but he's come down to sign-painting for my sake—because he loved me better than he loved his chance to make a name for himself. So I've put on pants and jumped up on the scaffold to help him, because I care more for him than for the whole world that you say is passing by and looking at me. And I'm *proud* to be his wife. And I'm *proud* to work for him. And some day, when we've saved up enough money to send him back to the art school, you'll be proud, too—that you can brag Verne Dana once painted a sign for you."

Eyes and cheeks now were blazing. She delivered the words like so many hard slaps straight into the magnate's face. With a good deal of pleasure, Ames saw him wince under them.

"Oh, I will, will I?"

"Yes, sir, you *will*! And it won't be long in the future. We're just *coining* money. The only job we've ever lost on is this job for you. And we figured this low"—those golden daredevils, her eyes, again shot mocking fire—"because we realized that working for the Oswego Oil was something for wall dogs to brag of till Verne gets to where you'll begin bragging of *him*. To figure it low was good business."

"Then if you've lost on it, you won't mind not getting more work from us." Salter was watching her narrowly. But she was too game to flinch.

"Not in the least. We've got what we wanted—the advertisement of putting out the most unique signs on the road."

"They're certainly that," Mr. Ames cut in warmly, but the president of the Oswego Oil Co. withered him with a glance.

"You have the advertisement certainly of putting them out most uniquely." Mr. Salter's cold voice was almost a sneer. "I wonder you haven't featured in a Sunday-paper art supplement."

"Along," retorted Mrs. Dana spirit-edly, "with millionaire divorcees and run-away daughters. Good morning, Mr. Salter. Thank you so much for being interested in our performance!" She turned on a haughty heel and strode back to the scaffold, purposely, Ames thought, exaggerating her stride. Again she put

her palm on the plank and sprang lightly up, caught the green "mop" out of its pail, and began slashing.

The president of the Oswego Oil Co. gazed after her speechlessly a minute, then:

"The hussy!" he ejaculated. "The darned little wall dog! She called herself *all right*—she's thoroughbred!"

"That," said his manager, in a glow of unrestrained admiration, "is exactly what *I* think—what *I* thought the first minute I set eyes on her."

Mr. Salter turned cumbrously toward his companion and the transient gleam of good humor died out of his eyes.

"*You* thought! It's not your place to think *anything*. The girl's married—damn him!"

Mr. Robert Ames bit his lip and looked at the landscape. The president of the Oswego Oil Co. gave his chauffeur an order.

"Listen; you go to those persons up there on the scaffold and tell them President Salter of the Oswego Oil Co. invites them to dine with him at Whitcomb's."

He leaned out of his car and watched his invitation delivered. He saw the young journeyman startle and look toward the girl. There was a quick little movement of her head as she seemed to answer him, then she flung it back a little on one side and surveyed her work, the brush poised, then dropped the brush in the green pail, while the magnate watched interestedly, rubbed her painty hands, man-fashion, on the sides of her knickerbockers, stooped, fished the cutter out of the white pail, and began calmly cutting in. The chauffeur came back, struggling to conceal a grin.

"Well, what did she—they say?"

The chauffeur's grin slowly expanded.

"She said to him, 'Chicken!' then she said to me: 'Please thank President Salter of the Oswego Oil Co. and tell him a wall dog won't take a bone from a man that's kicked him!'"

"Damn!" said the magnate furiously. "Drive on to North Adams!"

When the Endehard had purred out of sight, Ruby dropped her brush in the pail with a splash and sat down on the plank, her face in her hands.

"Oh, Verne!" she sobbed. "Verne!

There's chicken at Whitcomb's and I'm so *hungry* I could eat one *alive*, and you're hungry, too. But I couldn't touch a *bone* he flung me after what he said about you!"

Dana put his own brush in its pail and came over and sat down beside her, putting an arm around her shaking shoulders.

"There! There!" he soothed. "I don't care a straw what he said about me—I'll win out in spite of him. It's"—the sensitive face of the artist grew suddenly grim—"what he dared say to *you*!"

"But he won't let Mr. Ames give you the Corliss job now—and you know we'd counted on it. Mr. Ames all but promised it. And now he won't! And it's all my fault!" she wailed. "I went down there to help you, but he made me mad. And I've only harmed you."

There was deep anxiety in the gray-blue eyes under the young journeyman's shell-rimmed eyeglasses, but he took his handkerchief and wiped the tears tenderly from hers, then kissed the still quivering lips, regardless of who might be passing, and lifted her to her feet.

"Never mind, Ruby!" he said. "It's all right. We've got this job to finish, anyhow, and meantime something else will show up. Maybe I'll sell one of those heads to the International. You know Sherbourne said they were mighty good work. Come on, dear! We'll go to Whitcomb's and have chicken for dinner—just to show we're not broke."

He looked into her eyes, his own cheerfully smiling, but anxiety now looked out of hers.

"If we have chicken for dinner, Verne—what'll we have for supper—and breakfast to-morrow?"

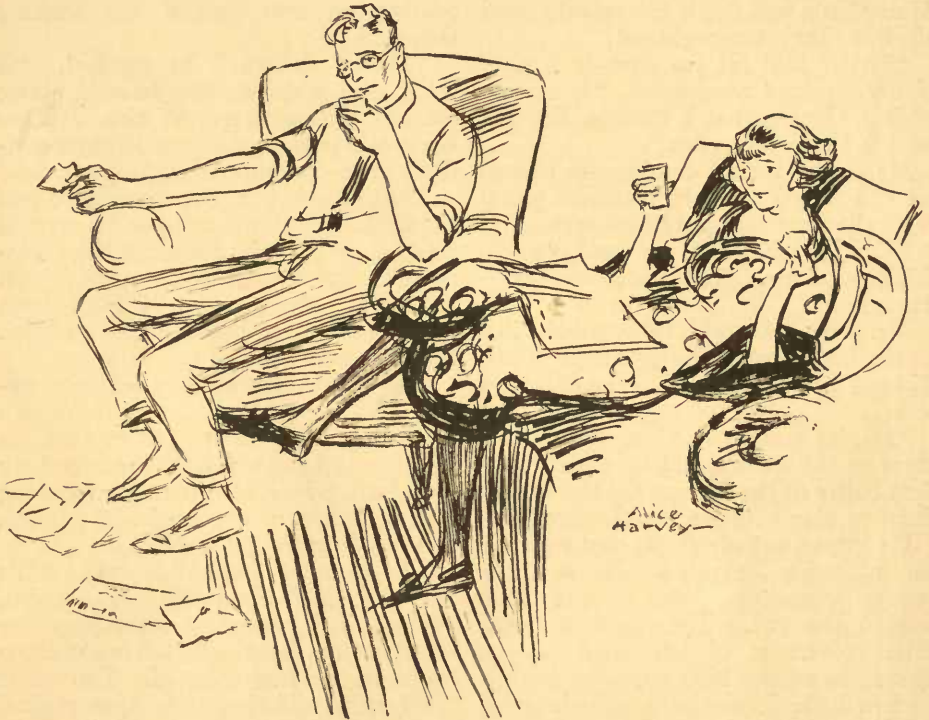
"Oh, don't worry!" Dana said lightly. "We'll eat our lunch for supper and hock something for breakfast. If worst comes to worst we can eat one of my heads!"

So they went to Whitcomb's and had dinner, artist-wise, in reckless extravagance. Then they sat on the brow of the summit and watched the changing lights on that mountain sea billowing in wave on wave of blue and purple against the sky-line. And Verne sketched the hills and his wife, and his wife and the hills, on the inside and the outside of the lunch-box

cover, and then made a last sketch of his wife on a piece of wrapping-paper a pic-nicker had left in memento behind him. Just before sunset they climbed into the old Ford and rattled happily back over

hard sandwiches and cold water and took sober counsel for the morrow.

"At all events," Dana encouraged, "we'll finish the signs up this week and that'll give us something to live on—I



"But the rent was due yesterday. . . . The landlord will be here to-morrow."

the mountains, the red flag flaunting, in gay defiance of the gathering gloom, behind them.

Supper was not quite so happy. To begin with, the postman had left a notice from the Electric Light Co. that, unless their account of \$3.90 were paid before noon, September 3 . . . , service would be discontinued, etc., and comparison of dates showed to-morrow to be the fatal day. Also, the International's art editor returned, "with thanks for the look," the heads Dana had hopefully submitted for covers. And, in the third place, the luncheon minced-ham sandwiches had dried and the coffee can discovered itself empty. So, at half-past eight, they supped on

needn't pay for the lumber and paint right away."

"But the rent was due yesterday," Ruby remembered. "The landlord will be here to-morrow."

"Unless he's here now," Dana grimly amended, as somebody rang their bell. He spoke down the tube, then turned to his wife with an air of surprise.

"It's Mr. Ames!" Then, down the tube, "Certainly. Please come up!" he said cordially.

It was raining outside, for all the gorgeous sunset, and Ames apologized for his raincoat. He wouldn't stop, thank you! He just ran in, at Mr. Salter's request, to tell Mr. Dana—he stumbled

embarrassedly—that Mr. Salter thought, for some reasons, the signs were impracticable. “So drop work on them where you are!” He stood nervously before their white-faced consternation.

“I’m very sorry myself,” he told them sincerely, and looked it. Loyalty to his chief evidently forbade anything further. “Of course we will pay for the work already done, so please let us have the account and I’ll get a check through to you at the earliest possible moment.”

When he had gone, they sat down and looked at each other, then Ruby broke into hysterical laughter.

“We can go into vaudeville,” she suggested “—you and I and the old Ford—and the knickers! I wonder if President Salter will like that any better?” But it was no matter for jesting, with the rent due and the larder empty and Ruby’s Persian kitten mewing for milk that was not.

“Probably some order’ll come in the morning,” Dana hoped, without very much certainty. He sat down at his easel and went to work reproducing the brown-paper sketch he had made that afternoon of his wife. He worked at it absorbedly. She came, after a little, and looked over his shoulder. “Look what I’ve done to you!” she cried, in bitter contrition. “Why, it’s wonderful!—way and ahead the best thing you’ve ever done, if it *is* me. You ought to sell that! I wish dad could see it!” Then she frowned and stamped her foot.

“*I hate him!*” she blazed. “And I hate myself! Somehow, between us, we’ve ruined you!—dad by hating you, I by *loving* you!”

His eyes, brilliant, absorbed, swept up to hers from the picture.

“No. I think, Ruby,” he said seriously, “between you, you’re *making* me—if this thing’s one-half so good as I feel it is,” and went on silently painting.

Ruby cried herself to sleep, but she wakened next morning to her husband’s kiss with the feeling that it’s a right world after all. The milkman had left the milk, in spite of her fear that he wouldn’t, with the bill owing, and she found some dried beef that she’d forgotten about, and there was a half-loaf of bread.

“Coffee is bad for you, anyway, Verne.

You drink a good deal too much of it.”

The postman was early with the letters. Ruby took them with dread. There was one from the landlord and one from the storeman—she laid both aside for after-breakfast perusal—and one from a school friend.

“And one for you, Verne—no, for *me*, from the Oswego Oil Co.”

He got up from the table, napkin in hand, and read it over her shoulder.

“YOU DARNED LITTLE WALL DOG:

“You made me mad yesterday and I swore I’d get you off your ladder, if I had to buy up every sign concern in the country. From what I deduced, though, as to your financial condition, it seemed, on further deliberation, that to break Mr. Ames’s contract—as he made it, it wouldn’t legally hold, anyway—with your husband was both quicker and cheaper——”

“The brute!” cried Ruby, and made to tear up the letter, but Dana, who had been reading ahead, caught at it and stayed her.

“Wait!” His eyes flashed down the page.

“—So I’ve done it. And I’m going to do something more, for there’s no knowing what the crazy pair of you’ll be up to, if you’re left to yourselves. If that budding genius of yours wants to put his talent to something that’s really paying, he can have a post that’ll give him a chance to do something of more worth to the world than painting pretty girls with few clothes for the magazine covers—though I’ve no objection to his doing that on the side, since you say he’s a genius, if he doesn’t do it on my time. I’ve told Ames to put him in advertising manager for the Oswego Oil Co., salary \$10,000 to start. I want to see him in my office at nine o’clock *sharp* Monday morning and you both at dinner at home to-night at 7.30—also *sharp*.”

“Ruby, don’t be a fool! I observe you’re sharp enough for business when you want to be.

Your dad,

ALONZO L. SALTER.

“P. S. There’ll be chicken!”

“Also P. S. Wear a dress!”

Unpublished Letters of Edward FitzGerald

THE TRANSLATOR OF OMAR KHAYYAM
TO BERNARD BARTON, THE QUAKER POET

[SECOND PAPER]

19 Charlotte St. &c
Friday
[Jany 17. 1845]

DEAR BARTON,

I was all prepared for going into Suffolk today: but I got a note from A. Tennyson yesterday, saying he was coming to London, and wished to see me. So I waited: and last night he came: looking much better: but a valetudinarian almost:—not in the effeminate way; but yet in as bad a man's way. Alas for it, that great thoughts are to be lapped in such weakness—D! —, who had half swindled his money, is dead: and A. T. having a Life insurance, and Policy, on him, will now, I hope, retrieve the greater part of his fortune again. Apollo certainly did this: shooting one of his swift arrows at the heart of the Doctor; whose perfectly heartless conduct certainly upset A. T's nerves in the first instance.

I have sent your letter and enclosure to Mrs. Jones:—for you do not specify *what* the situation is—But I hope she will enquire directly, and satisfy herself. It is very good of you to remember her—Ah! I shall be glad to be back in the land where such little offices are thought of! Could it be offered to me to write another Iliad, or to live down to my three score years and ten (if it is for me to fulfil that number) in the daily remembrance of such small charities, I should not hesitate which to choose—Of all sayings, none is to me so touching as that of the good Emperor Titus—"I have lost a day!"—I always wonder Dante did not expatiate more on one who certainly was so Christian at heart—

I have bought two heads lately: for 30 shillings a piece—one Venetian as usual: the other a very sweet sketch by Harlow, or Sir J. Lawrence—as I think. The latter is much injured and must be re-

paired. You shall see it one day: and you will like it much. Tell Churchyard I am *angry* he did not come and see me. There he was gadding over London for 3 days.

Farewell. Next Monday or Tuesday! On then I fix my eyes. Ever yrs

E. F. G.

Thackeray travels in the East: I send you one of his Punch sketches concerning his travels.

Ireland.

August 15/45

MY DEAR BARTON,

Tomorrow I leave Paddyland and draw homeward, staying some while at Bedford. I may also go to Naseby for a day or two. But my easily-wearied heart yearns to be at home again—I was to have gone to meet Allen in Wales; but I have refreshed myself with the opal tints of the Wicklow hills here, and I want no more. A line of distant hills is all we want in Suffolk. A landscape should have that image of futurity in it—

I had a very queer hyppish note from Crabbe; lamenting that he could only interest himself in one subject, which would not interest me, viz, the truth of the Evangelical doctrine; and still harping on my pride &c. I fancy he has these occasional seasons of doubt &c. I have written to laugh at him; which I hope he wont take ill; for I regard the man too much to risk a quarrel with him. Where would one find such another in any other country but England? How honest and determined his obstinacy!—

I suppose Carlyle's book must be on the point of appearing. At all events he must have almost done *his* part. He told me that he had done so much for the illustration of Cromwell's letters &c that he doubted if he should ever write any

further Life of him—So get this; it is sure to have much more good than bad in it. I told C. that the more I read of Cromwell the more I was forced to agree with the verdict of the world about him. Carlyle only grunted and sent forth a prodigious blast of tobacco smoke. He smokes indignantly—

You say nothing of the state of harvest &c in Suffolk. The crops about here are very good, and only want sunshine now to crown a full cup of harvest—Ireland is wonderfully improved (this part of it, at least) in the last two years even.

Is your book out? Are you come out in imperishable hot press yet?

Here is a story for you to tell in company. It will do when the conversation happens to turn on toll gates, women, or breeches. There, pull out your snuff box, take a pinch, and relate this authentic story; that Dr. Welsh of Noas told us—He stopped in his gig at a toll gate the other night; the toll man could not get on his breeches quickly. Next day, Welsh passed the same way; the good woman then opened the toll gate, and Welsh joked with her about her husband's inaptitude in putting on his breeches &c. "Ah please your honour, its no wonder," said she, "sure he hasn't worn them at all at all for this long while"—

Ever yrs

E. F. G.

Direct to the P. O. Bedford if you write.

DEAR B. B.

[Boulge Cottage 1845]

Come by all means tomorrow, an thou wilt. Do not come if it rains like this. I will ask Crabbe, who I have no doubt will come; for though Woodbridge is far for him to go out to in the evening, we may reckon Boulge as a midway place where happy spirits may alight between Bredfield and Woodbridge.

I have a letter from Cowell. Perhaps he also will ride over tomorrow—

Bring up with thee a pound of Derby Cheese, for a toast: and some oysters, with knives; that thou mayst eat. And I will pay thee the cost—I have a fowl hanging up: and if my Father's cook arrive, as I think she will, tonight, she shall handsell her skill on my fowl. For I doubt Mrs. Faier's* powers of Bread-

sauce—I doubt she would produce a sort of dumpling. But Sarah knows about these things.

Only think. Robert Peel has given A. Tennyson £200 pension—I suppose so much a year—

I dont think him the less a humbug for this.

Yrs

E. F.

60 Charlotte St.,
Rathbone Place.
[May 4th 1846].

MY DEAR BARTON,

You will think me very negligent. Crabbe, I suppose, will think I am offended with him. For I owe him and you a letter this long while, I think. But I have no wits to write with in this London, where, positively, I have not enjoyed one hour's clear health since I have been in it.

To-morrow Tennyson and I are going to get a pint or two of fresh air at Richmond: and we are to wind up our day at Carlyle's, by way of a refreshing evening's entertainment. I met C. last night at Tennyson's; and they two discussed the merits of this world, and the next, till I wished myself out of *this*, at any rate. Carlyle gets more wild, savage, and unreasonable every day; and, I do believe, will turn mad. "What is the use of ever so many rows of stupid, fetid, animals in cauliflower wigs—and clean lawn sleeves—calling themselves Bishops—Bishops, I say, of the Devil—not of God—obscene creatures, parading between men's eyes, and the eternal light of Heaven", &c. &c. This, with much abstruser nonconformity for 2 whole hours!—and even as it was yesterday, so shall it be to-morrow, and the day after that—in *secula seculorum*!—

I met Ainsworth at P. P. but had not much talk with him, and did not give him your love. He works very hard at gentility now. Churchyard has doubtless told you of his jaunt with me: and I suppose you have fallen greatly in love with his two little fruit pieces. I have done nothing since. Indeed, I don't go into the streets now, but get out by the Regent's Park to Primrose Hill, where the air is a little purer.

Thank Miss Barton for the book extracts she sent me. And drive over round by Boulge Cottage one afternoon and tell

* His housekeeper at Boulge Cottage.

me if my anemones and irisses* (sic) are in full glow. My heart would leap up to see them.

Farewell. Ever yrs E. F. G.

Goldington Hall
Bedford
[Sept. 1846]

MY DEAR BARTON,

Thank you for your long and kindly letter. My stay here draws to a close: winds begin to blow cold and gusty, as you say, and leaves to fall; and it is time to draw homewards. I had intended to go and visit some cities in the West, where I yet look one day to reside. A reason, I assure you, beyond love of change, draws me, or will one day draw me (if I have resolution to move) beyond Suffolk—At least, so I now believe: but I would give much were it otherwise—But time will prove this and many more important things—I make a kind of inward groan—which I will not put down on paper as Carlyle does—I had a note from that worthy a few days since, which I enclose, though there is not much in it. Do not be at the trouble of returning it, for I do not want it.

Thank Miss Barton heartily for her kindness to good Mrs. Faiers. I only doubt she will make her too proud by such honours. I am just about to write a note home about my garden. After I leave this place, I shall go to Cambridge for awhile. But all this I think I told you before.

Tell Churchyard I shall be glad to buy his picture for the sum he names: because W. Browne, with whom I now am, would be very much delighted with it in case I should not desire to keep it. As you say, it is the old English life of it that makes it interesting, and I fancy I should like a few such memorials of the last century. These are to be found in all English country seats, and are constantly selling dirt-cheap at auctions, hung up in garrets &c. They are historical things to us. Two or three of those pictures at Easton touched me livelily.

I have been looking over parts of

* In a letter to Barton written at Leamington in the previous autumn but one (September 28, 1844), FitzGerald had told him of his intention to plant the anemones and irises here mentioned in the garden at Boulge Cottage. He wrote: "I have bought anemone roots which in the Spring shall blow Tyrian dyes, and Irises of a newer and more brilliant prism than Noah saw in the clouds."

Croker's Edition of Boswell, and cannot but think that Carlyle has dealt unjustly with it. Surely it is a good edition—The last two volumes besides contain anecdotes of Johnson from the people—anecdotes I had never seen before. Miss Reynolds (Sir Joshua's sister) describes the nervous gesticulations he used in the street, and before entering a room—a sort of penance-exercise, it seemed. Does Boswell describe this?—As usual, when once I took up the magical book, I could have sat down and read it all through right on end: but I found it at a clergyman's house near here, where I was staying for two days, and so could only devour two days' worth of it. Carlyle did a great work when he cleared away all the confusion of opinion that was abroad about this book—about Johnson and Boswell themselves—and settled the question for ever: setting up Johnson as a good representative of the English character—solid sense—dogmatic prejudice—veneration—melancholy temperament &c—

This is a short and meagre letter, returning you no such news as you sent me. But take the will for the deed. I write in a cold room, *wishing* for a fire, but of course not able to command, or hint, one in a friend's house. I believe, as you say, Crabbe has forgiven me; but I heartily hope he will never replace me on the pedestal from which he so lately took me down. "I would not rise, and so shant fear to fall."

And so from my happy station on the common mortal ground I salute you and him.

Yrs ever E. F. G.

Carlyle's letter, which FitzGerald did not care to have returned to him, has fortunately been preserved, and is now, for the first time, published. Carlyle's description of the misery he suffered whenever he permitted himself to be "pitched out into the general hurly burly" is here portrayed with all the vigor of his most intensive style.

Chelsea. . 22 Septr, 1846.

DEAR FITZGERALD,

Your letter finds me *here*; where I have been for some ten days now,—mostly *asleep*, for I arrived in a very wearied state. There is therefore nothing to be

Public
LAWRENCE

Monday. Sunday.

Dear Barton

Yesterday, I set off to Woodbridge
rather early - being told it wd
come on to rain heavily at
night. By the time I got 3
quarters of the way, I was so wet,
that, having no change of
clothes but a toothbrush, I
returned & staid my frame
here for the evening. Why
don't you come to Crabbe's
this Evg. ?

Yrs ever

E. Fitzgerald

said about any further wandering, for a good while to come!

My Pilgrimage, so far as immediate improvement in health or spirits went, was none of the successfulest: I was dreadfully knocked about with one tumult and another; and indeed in the whole course of my journeyings, could find no place half as quiet for me as Chelsea, with an empty London behind it, now is.

After a couple of weeks in Lancashire, I went across to Scotland; saw rainy weather, rotten potatoes, brutal drunken *Navvies*, and other unpleasant phenomena; went no further North than Dumfriesshire;—at length, with a dead-lift effort, decided to pass over into Ireland, by Ardrossan and Belfast, not with any hope of profit or enjoyment at all, but merely to redeem a promise I had given in those quarters. For some days accordingly I did see a bit of Ireland; roamed over the streets of Dublin, a little among the Wicklow Hills; saw Daniel* in his green cap in Conciliation Hall (the hugest *palpable* Humbug I had ever set eyes on); listened to Young Ireland (with hope that *it* might yet turn to something); regretted much you were not with me to look on all that;—finally, by Liverpool and the swiftest power of Steam, had myself tumbled out here, and so winded up the matter. My Wife, who had not gone farther than Lancashire, was here to receive me a fortnight before: much improved in health she; I too expect to feel myself a gainer by these painful locomotions by and by. The thinnest-skinned creature cannot be left *always* to sit covered under a tub; must be pitched out, from time to time, into the general hurly burly, and ordered to bestir himself a little.

From Moxon I heard the other day that Tennyson and he *had* just been in Switzerland; that T. was actually at that time in Town, his address unknown; Moxon was himself just bound for Ramsgate,—undertook to send Alfred to me if he could; but has not succeeded hitherto. Thackeray I have heard of at Boulogne or Brighton; Spedding I missed in Cumberland: I think there is nobody yet here whom you know; but indeed I keep out of all people's way as much as may be.

* Daniel O'Connell.

Do you know Poet Browning? He is just *wedded*, as his card testifies this morning; the *Mrs.* Browning still an enigma to us here. "Conciliation Hall" appeared to me to be on its last legs.—Tell Browne, with compliments, my Horse was sold in Annandale, £35 to a much admiring neighbour of my Brother's there—Come you and see us, speedily, and hear all the news.

Ever yours

T. CARLYLE.

19 Charlotte St.
Rathbone Place
[29th Octr. 1848]

DEAR BARTON,

You see I am in old quarters: and thence indite you a few inane lines for your Sunday's breakfast—The thing that most weighs on my mind is the loss of the only good coat I had in the world: a blue one with gold buttons—I have missed it for some time: Mrs. Faiers knew not of it; I hoped to have found it here; but do not find it; and where I have left it I cannot tell. I shall not get a new one before Xmas, I believe: so my friends must suffer by the sight of the seedy old one. They are the only sufferers, what is it to me?—

I find old Spedding* up here; and to-night I rather intend to go to Chelsea, to consult the oracle there. But this will depend. Laurence has gone down to Beccles for some days. Thackeray I have not heard of: but have shot off a line to apprise him of my being here.

Is it some *coffee* I am to get at Freshwater's, ask Miss Barton?—and what is the name of the coffee?—Also, have you any other commissions?—

I scarcely know how our affairs are going on—for my own private business I am negotiating a rather successful Annuity out of my Reversionary property—So my friends tell me; indeed, they are managing it for me—but all may drop to the ground.

Yrs ever E. F. G.

[London]
[Nov. 4th 1848]

DEAR BARTON,

Instead of myself at your Breakfast table tomorrow, behold my letter. I hope to be down before the end of next

* James Spedding, editor of Bacon's works.

week, however—I stop here chiefly to see *Frederic* Tennyson, who is just off again to Florence, where he will be absent another 5 years perhaps. He entreats me much to go with him: and I am foolish

I can scarcely give you an accurate account of our proceedings at the meeting of Creditors on Wednesday—The proceedings that had taken 4 months to arrange were totally abandoned: and



Lucy FitzGerald—Barton's daughter—whom FitzGerald married in 1856, seven years after her father's death.

The photograph from which the reproduction is made was taken many years after her marriage.

not to do so, for this winter—But I suppose it will end in my not going—Alfred is also here, having just emerged from the water-process at Malvern. He now drinks a bottle of wine a day, and smokes as before; a sure way to throw back in a week or two all the benefit (if benefit there were) which resulted from many weeks of privation and penance—

never begun—But with their mode of operation, and probable success, I am almost unacquainted—I shall yet meddle a little perhaps: and then have done with the business—

Thank you for your little view of Aldbro. Isabella is now located there; I saw the Signor in London just before his departure hence to join her.

I went one evening to Carlyle's: he lectured on without intermission for 3 hours: was very eloquent, looked very handsome: and I was very glad to get away. He gave an account of a Quaker who had come to remonstrate with him concerning certain doctrines about Peace &c.—“when” (said Carlyle) “I went on with a deluge of hot matter like what I have been pouring out to you, till I almost calcined my poor Quaker—Ah me!”* Fancy *Frederic* gradually dissolving under the fiery torrent—

Yrs ever E. F. G.

[London]
[Nov: 11th 1848]

MY DEAR BARTON,

I am so late today, I have but time to write ten lines before post. The reason is, that A. Tennyson, having only 2 days ago set off with his brother to *Florence*, re-appeared in my rooms this day at noon, and has usurped my day till now that it is 5 o'clock. I have packed him off with a friend to dine; and have ten minutes to write to you, and another man.

I must be here till the middle of next week certainly; as I have my own money loans to settle; and lawyers at least are in no hurry. I have no news of other transactions.

I have bought you a *silver mug*, to drink porter out of—it will not hold enough to hurt you. And I have bought a plaster *statuette* of Dante for Miss Barton to put up over her bookshelf.

Yrs in desperate haste

E. F. G.

[London]
[Dec 2nd 1848]

MY DEAR BARTON,

I was just on the point of forgetting to send you your weekly dole, in the hurry of starting off to visit my Mother at Brighton—I am just going off: my brother Peter bearing me company. He has been

* It seems probable that Carlyle was relating the incident of his meeting with John Bright at Manchester in the previous year. His account of the meeting is thus described in a letter to his wife dated September 13, 1847:

“But John Bright, the Anti-Corn law member, who had come across to meet me, with his cock nose and pugnacious eyes & Barclay-Fox-Quaker collar—John & I discorded in our views not a little. And, in fact, the result was that I got to talking occasionally in the Annandale accent, & communicated large masses of my views to the Brights and Brightesses as with a passing earthquake; and, I doubt, left a very questionable impression of myself there!”

staying with me this last week—And who should walk into my rooms on Thursday night but George Crabbe;—to whom I have also given bed and board (such as it was) till today:—when he returns to his parish duties—I have enjoyed his visit much; and, odd to say, felt a twinge at his going away—Last night we were at Thackeray's, who gave us all good things—good company included.

I shall be at Brighton till Wednesday: then return here, when I *hope* to find my law matters forward toward completion—Edward Cowell proposes to be in London about the same time, when I am to shew him two literary lions, in the persons of A. Tennyson, & Carlyle—the latter of whom is more rabid than ever—

I had a nice note from Job Smith this morning: he reports all well at Boulge, both in family and parish—I suppose Miss Barton's Dante has got to his new home by this time: has been resuscitated from his coffin, and promoted to another & a better locality—This puts me in mind of Meller; who puts me in mind of the transitoriness of earthly things—rail carriage among them—& I must be off with Peter—so farewell—Ever yrs

E. F. G.

This was the last letter FitzGerald wrote to Barton. Six weeks later he returned to Boulge and in a letter to Donne dated December 27, 1848, he wrote: “I only returned home a few days ago to spend Christmas with Barton, whose turkey I accordingly partook of. He seems only partly well: is altered during the last year: less spirits, less strength; but quite amiable still.”

FitzGerald appears to have remained at Boulge throughout the winter, perhaps so as to be near his old and ailing friend, whose days he knew were numbered. On February 9, 1849, he wrote to Laurence: “Barton is out of health: some affection of the heart, I think, that will never leave him, never let him be what he was when you saw him. He is forced to be very abstemious . . . but he bears his illness quite as a man; and looks very demurely to the necessary end of all life.”

Ten days later the Quaker poet died.

Letting Go of a Lady

BY W. EDSON SMITH

Author of "Big Top o' the World"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. A. FEDERER



OMEHOW the government had overlooked Kelly's old front-end timber. It was still there—just outside the pump-house—that good lounging-place; a point of vantage from which a roundhouse foreman could see his whole world—the coal-chute, the clinker-pit, the sand-house, and the curving line of engine-stalls beyond the turntable.

Just now the roundhouse circle seemed to be enjoying a nap in the sunny afternoon. The deep-well pump was—yes, surely it was snoring. Old Angelo had wet down the clinker-pit and gone over to the sand-house. Jim Crow, the most pampered kitty in the world, laundered a white vest to his own satisfaction, all regardless of impudent sparrows who told him it would look better rough-dried, and then curled down to a deserved repose.

"Railroadin' ain't what it was," remarked Kelly, shaking his head sadly as he watched the painter who was touching up a big gold number on the tank of a high wheeler. "Look at Johnson over yonder. There was about fifteen minutes' work on that letterin' an' he's gone an' done it in two hours. I've seen the time he'd 've slaved at it all the time the engine was in the house. It was that government control—it confused us. We didn't know just how to size it up an' we got clear out o' step. It didn't affect me any—I was always industrious as could be. But it took away a heap o' romance from railroadin'. Even now we're back home again, we're loosed by them political habits. We still wear red tape down the seam of our overalls. You telephone up to the auditor's office and the little girl who came over from the business college yesterday makes some mistakes on the adding-machine an' tells you that they're

not going to run an extra till Sunday week. Not much like them days of yore, is it? Why, I remember once conferrin' with an official on weighty matters an' tendin' to a love-affair all on the same identical trip. It was the very best love-makin' I ever done in all my life. An' to a lady I never hardly seen before—just to help Jim Everard—I wasn't wantin' her. In fact, what I did was to let go of her. Though she was a pretty lady to look at—an' I liked it splendid—that love-makin'. It felt fine to know I was sayin' good stuff. Shucks! Why—Jim couldn't 've won that young woman by speech-makin'. Not in a hundred years! He knows it, too. Every year he writes me a letter sayin' his girl is exactly her mother over again. Every year he sends me an annual over that jerkwater road he's runnin' down in South America. You see, Jim had the makin's—education, style, heft—all of it. He didn't need to be a low-down railroader any of his time. It was just his contrary way to like it. Say—he must be well along to fling away passes like that. I'd take to it better if I could go down there and use 'em, but the old man'll never let me off more'n three days. How can I get to South America in three days? But I'm glad Jim stayed grateful to me f'r gettin' him his lady. Anybody can be grateful. But stayin' that way—

"Old man Desplaines—he was third vice-president—he had full charge of the insultin' department an' he tended strictly to business. He could start out from Chicago and not miss even a section-man all the way to Billings. He took in all the branches and cut-offs, too. He was a regular Santy Claus with his insults. Not that he ever said anything to me. 'Ceptin' the time he come through the end door of the roundhouse sudden an' caught me washin' my rubber collar over

by the stationary boiler. All he said was that he quite understood we'd have to do our laundry by hand. D'ye know—I didn't realize till the next day he was meanin' that the power was in bum shape. He meant to get me all right, but I just didn't seem to have sense enough. It went clear over my head.

"The spring afternoon I'm tellin' of seems a long spell away when I come to dust it off. We'd been notified that Mr. Desplaines was comin'—private car Sunset—that he was goin' up our little Loveland branch immediate for some reason, an' that he was off to the northwest at 11 P. M. That schedule didn't give him no time to harm us none, for there was a big doin's by the traffic men up-town that night—swell banquet and smoker—and he was booked for that, we heard. But you bet we didn't take no chances. The word was passed that every man on the job was to have sweat runnin' down his face from the time he was due till the whistle turned 'em loose. If they couldn't find anything to do that would raise the sweat, they was to borrow some without fail. For old man Desplaines had eyes like field-glasses. He could take a peek out of his car-window while it was goin' lickety-split and tell you, without stoppin' his dictatin', that your yard was a disgrace an' that you had far too many men around. So we ordered a few flats an' loaded up all the scrap an' everything else that was loose an' didn't look like it was busy—settin' the layout over behind the elevator at the far side of the yards. You see, if something wasn't in use, Mr. Desplaines always wanted it sent where it'd be more appreciated. It was inconvenient sometimes to run the steam-hammer in the blacksmith-shop continual while he was among us. But then, we couldn't expect the officials never to come.

"I got scared early in the afternoon because the despatcher hadn't ordered any engine to take the private car Sunset up to Loveland. The old man was away—far enough so he couldn't get back. I knew that it was up to me to see that everything was right. I called Edgar by 'phone. He was despatcher then.

"'No,' he comes back at me real positive, 'we don't want an engine. Mr.

Desplaines desired his car put on the regular train.'

"'What d'ye mean, regular?' I says. 'You don't mean—'

"'Yes,' he answers, 'train 181. Mr. Desplaines is quite aware of the shortage of power which has handicapped our capable operating department for some time. He wouldn't care for another engine, thank you. Train 181 will do nicely. We're obliged to you, though, Kelly—for buttin' in. Now, was there anything else?'

"'Oh, no!' I says to him. 'Only you better let me give you a real engine, hadn't you? An' you scare up a way-car instead of that there 1007. Both of 'em is jokes.'

"'We expect to tell Mr. Desplaines about the desperate effort we're makin' to conserve our power for the main line,' Edgar informs me. 'He will be pleased.'

"'Oh, yes,' I says, 'I see. The simple life, is it? Well, I was just passin' the telephone an' thought I'd have a chat.' Then I hung up.

"All the same I hopped Kobel's engine when it went by toward the depot near 7's time. I dropped off by the gas-house where train 181 was standin'. Train 181 was a bright idea of somebody—long ago. You see they used to have quite a lot of passenger business at Loveland when they was runnin' it as an amusement resort. There was a two-by-four island in the lake at the entrance to the canyon an' they run track across to the island an' on up the canyon. It made a big Y. The train would go round the corner of the hill up-river with its bunch of happy hearts. Then it would back down the grade and across to the island. End o' track went clear in among as nice a group of pines as you ever laid eyes on. Not but what the canyon was plenty pretty, but the island with its rocks and pines took my fancy. Pete Herigstadt and his gang had brought a lot of the dandiest rocks from up-river so they could make some natural grottos and wonders. It was sure a contract for Pete—gettin' them pebbles on an' off the flat cars, but he done it fine. Pete's a hard worker. Yeh, it was surely a winner, that island. On a moonlight night the train crew'd pretty near have to fight to get the boys



"Why, I remember once conferrin' with an official on weighty matters an' tendin' to a love-affair all on the same identical trip."—Page 333.

and girls aboard the last train. There was positive orders not to forget 'em.

"An' then it played out on account o' some new resort. But they had to keep runnin' some sort of a train to hold their charter, so they took a little runt of an engine that had a name instead of a number, bein' called the Uncle Sam. It had been sent out here years an' years before. It an' way-car 1007 made up train 181. Way-car 1007 was one of them sawed-offs

—half the size of a regular car, only with a standard cupola and platforms.

"Funny looker; but it didn't seem to bother Jim Everard—even though he was the sportiest conductor ever. Jim dropped in here from nowhere. He was the still sort—stiller'n that—six-foot easy, broad-shouldered, slim-waisted as a girl. They give him train 181, an' he took it. He didn't care because nobody else wanted it. Jim had been up an'

down country too much. But him an' me got to be the best o' friends, the way-car track bein' right over here on the stub beyond the coal-chute, an' him stickin' round it often in the evening. I know now he came down there to be miserable all by his lonesome, but I didn't *sabe* then. So I used to go over an' visit when I come down after supper. Jim certainly could have told me more stories than he would. He'd been everywhere there was a railroad—an' where there wasn't. Sometimes with money, sometimes without. But always I felt he was holdin' out the principal happenin'. Sure enough he was. Didn't it come out when I hopped his car that very afternoon I'm speakin' of. He was loungin' along one o' the side-seats. Stretched out that way he took up the whole length. So I sat down on the other side.

"My, but you're serious," I tells him. 'This ain't no charnel-house. Soften up them vampire eyes. 'Stead o' lookin' at nothin',' I says, 'you better be up in your cupola chair with your hand shadin' your vision—peerin' ahead along your train, alert to duty. I suppose you know you're to take that car Sunset up the line. New stuff to you, Mr. James Everard—but let me tell you,' I says, lashin' myself into a fury, 'that your bein' han'some an' haughty won't make the Desplaines heart go pitapat at all. I've already informed old Dan—over on the engine—what'll be done to him if he lets that two-dollar teakettle pop off. Is this way-car 1007 ready for inspection? If it ain't, it better be. Oh, you look all right—I don't mean your necktie. Too nifty for a freight conductor. What business have you got to be shaved? Up to your station! In a very few minutes now you meet your doom. You don't know him!'

"I know his daughter," mutters Jim, clear down in his throat by his heart somewhere, an' talkin' to the floor.

"I wish you joy of it," I remarks. 'I suppose you mean you saw her once. I had the same joy three years ago. She doesn't seem to hit the train with the old man much. Where her an' me met was down at Union Depot. One minute she was comin' straight toward me an' lookin' straight through me; next minute she was past.' "

"'Kelly,' says that Jim Everard, loosenin' all at once—I'd always been real good an' fatherly to him an' this was the result—don't tell me kindness won't win 'em. It does every time—some time. Jim was sittin' up facin' me now, elbows on his knees, chin on his two hands. 'Kelly, I've loved Lenore Desplaines for many a year. I've been all over the place tryin' to forget her.' That's the way he goes on, talkin' desperate, like he'd tried to forget me an' succeeded right. 'I can't forget her—I can't!' he groans. 'I wanted her—but I didn't have the nerve. An' so I lost her.'

"'Lost nothin'!' I goes back at him, real provoked. 'You can't lose nothin' that belongs to you by rights. What you want to do is to find out if it does belong. So that's why you've been such all-fired poor company an' your eyes like two holes burnt in a blanket! What you have to do, Jim, is to get this off your chest. You borrow a pass of Kenyon—after findin' out just where she is—an' go East or West, South or North, an' tell her.'

"'I did try to tell her, Kelly,' he moons at me; 'we met in a wonderful way—a wonderful year! It was in Honolulu——'

"'I dunno why you can drift every which way, while I have to be tied fast by the foot,' I breaks in, mad as could be. 'I'd like to see Honolulu myself—but shucks!—if I so much as say I want to go home at half past five the old man acts like I'd slapped him in the face. Go on, though. It was in Honolulu. You a railroader, too! There ain't no railroad there, except a funny one like this train 181. I suppose you was runnin' it, though.'

"He didn't say nothin'. He was lookin' through me, just like that lady of his had done that other time. So I tried kindness again.

"'It's springtime all the year in Honolulu, Jim?' I asks real tender. He rose to that; right up to the surface.

"'All the year.'

"'Moonlight on the ocean every night—some nights?'

"'Yes,' he murmurs. Just that an' nothin' else. My land! What can you do with anybody that says a word a week?

"'An' you talked to her that last long evenin', Jim—a good deal like you've been talkin' to me now?' I inquires.

"'Yes,' he says.

"'An' she come away next day. Was that how you lost her?'

"'No,' he confesses, 'I come too, next ship. I wasn't up to the crowd she was in. She—well, she was different. But I followed along to Chi. That's where she lives.'

"'I see,' says I. 'It got to the point where you had to speak for yourself, Jim, didn't it? What I want to know is, how did you and father Desplaines come out?'

"'I never met him,' admits that Jim Everard. Honest, he's the poorest information bureau I ever went up against. Except when he gets to telling something where he kind of don't remember, he's there. Then he can talk.

"'Is he away from home all the while,' I asks, 'or did the butler let you out by the side-entrance while the footman was bowin' him in at the front door?'

"'Confound you, Kelly!' growls Jim, like a tiger that's been prodded; 'confound you—and all of it! I never went out there. That was what ended it. I met her half a dozen times—different places—one excuse and another. I tried my best to tell her—tell her—every time—but I couldn't. I swear I couldn't, Kelly! It wasn't like a flirtation with any girl—hit or miss—Mex or Geisha or white. It would be forever, Kelly. Forever—think of it! And I wanted it to be—but when it come to sayin' it—sayin' it— One day we went to the pleasantest park I was ever in. It was the kind of an Indian summer-time that makes you want to be a good Indian. I was happier that day than I've ever been before or since. Red and gold and brown leaves everywhere; red and gold and brown in her hair. And you know how an October sky is sometimes, Kelly—gray, yet all soft and warm in the sun. That was the way of her gray eyes—'

"'Seven's due in four minutes,' I observes.

"'I don't care. And at the end of the path she turned and looked me in the eyes—fair. She's almost as tall as I am, Kelly. Looked at me for a long time—it seemed a day—and said she wanted me

to come out to a house-party she was giving to some good friends she'd known all her life. Said she wanted me to meet her father and mother. And she was so quiet and gentle—just like the day. Kelly—I stampeded that night. When I woke up I was in Frisco, booked for South America. It's five years—hell all the time, Kelly. I picked up and saved a few thousand, here and there—one mine panned out fair—one way and another—but hell all the time. Why, I could have been the king of the prettiest little mountain road in that south country you could think of, for I *sabe pronto* more than the natives themselves. I could have it now, for that matter; but I can't think of anything but Lenore Desplaines.'

"'Well, you big, tall, ungainly, good-for-nothin',' I says. 'Lookin' at you from the outside you appear real heroic. You'd make a right stirrin' picture if they was to paint you. There goes Number 7! Where's your brakeman?' They allowed him one brakeman on that dinkey. Nobody could tell what for. I reckon it was a law.

"'Say, he isn't here, is he? I've been easy with him. He laid off once before this way. This is what comes of it. But I reckon I can do my own rawhiding. Not that there's anything to do except throw a couple of switches. None of the bunch from the office will be over. Our superintendent's out of town, and an understudy like Edgar will know well enough that Mr. Desplaines wants all the lower classes in the office an' tendin' strictly to business.'

"'Kobel is a nifty switchman. He hooked that palatial piece of rolling-stock to our wheezy Uncle Sam engine and hung way-car 1007 onto the observation-platform in about twenty seconds by the clock. Then him an' his crew an' his goat backed off a ways where they could laugh without hurtin' anybody's feelin's.

"'I drop off at the sand-house,' I says. 'Get your orders at the Junction, I reckon.'

"'Jim nodded. Just then a porter or a valet or a chef comes trippin' across from the car ahead. On a private car they go in any class. He was one of them cream-yellow, aristocratic porters that are ashamed of bein' connected with a rail-

road, and don't want to have it mentioned aloud—the kind that does exactly as he's told without even wonderin' what it's all about.

“‘Mistah Desplaines wants you to stop at the roundhouse and pick up the foahman, Mr. Kelly,’ he condescends to say.

“‘What’s that?’ I says to that heathen. ‘I’m Kelly,’ I tells him. ‘You better lead me in there, hadn’t you, if Mr. Desplaines wants me?’

“So I went in to where the head of our happy family was dictatin’ at about a mile a minute to a boy with a high collar. He stopped long enough to look me over, but he didn’t say nothin’ mean at all.

“‘Kelly,’ he scolds, ‘I’m very busy at the moment, but I want to talk to you regarding an elevator for the tie-treating plant we are about to install up here. I want the opinion of a practical man and I wanted to look at the proposition myself. I should have brought Jackson along,’ he laments, ‘but I forgot, an’ now I’m here an’ very hurried. I’ll talk to you when we get there—and there’s a blue-print to go over on the way down if I can find time. Your master mechanic should have been here to-day. I am told he’s not, though.’

“That’s the way. Always there’s a blue-print. If I was to be shipwrecked on a desert island and saw a bunch o’ savages comin’ pell-mell—I’d know they wasn’t goin’ to eat me. Huh-uh! The chief’d have blue-prints under his arm—of a shark trap, an’ a cocoanut husker, an’ a coral crusher—he’d pat me on the back an’ ask me to look ’em over. The blamed things wouldn’t be mounted, either. They’d be rolled; so that when I let go one side to point out some dingbat that wouldn’t do, the whole thing’d roll up tight again.

“Anyway, I’d been told to stick around. That was final, wasn’t it? I’ve been railroadin’ long enough to do what the first feller tells me till the next sport comes along. I knew that about five-thirty the men’d be askin’ where I was, an’ wonderin’ if it’d be all O. K. to make a getaway a bit before the whistle blew. But I didn’t care. When I got back through the way-car, we was just stoppin’ at Utah Junction. Jim and a car tink

was fussin’ round under the 1007. The air had gone bad, an’ they wound up by cuttin’ it out on the way-car altogether. Hand-brakes was more its style, anyway. I went in an’ sent a message to the night foreman while Jim got his orders. Then we went along. I was standin’ on the front platform of the 1007, thinkin’ about how it’d feel to quit the road cold an’ be a rancher.

“All at once I looks around an’ there was the most wonderful young lady ever; other side the brass railin’ of the Sunset. No little girl who hadn’t learned to sit still yet. Huh-uh! She was as quiet as a church; an’ she’d combed her hair pretty enough so she didn’t have to keep pattin’ it all the while. She might have been thirty, maybe—but she’d grown more beautiful every year since she was twenty. You could see that much with one look. An’ I guess her eyes an’ mouth had been gettin’ a bit sadder every year—they looked it. But she could smile. She did it—at me. The right kind of a smile—like a light. I was just about to say something to pay for that smile when Jim Everard came out. He caught hold of my arm so he wouldn’t fall down. The lady never moved. She wasn’t lookin’ at him at all. So he kind of faded into the 1007 an’ climbed up into the cupola.

“It was such a short-bodied car that he couldn’t help being in plain sight an’ hearin’ from the observation-platform of that there car Sunset. You might say he was right above it. The lady didn’t seem to care for him bein’ there at all, but, honest, he was all I could think of to talk about. And I couldn’t just stand there like a stick. Not after she’d smiled at me so scrumptious. I couldn’t beat it back into the car like Jim Everard had, either. There’s a standing order that all employees are to be courteous to the traveling public. I always try to do what all those bulletins an’ things say.

“‘It’s a dull hour gettin’ up to Loveland,’ I begins by way of breaking the ice; ‘you’re Miss Desplaines, I believe. Your father told me to amuse myself, and I’m one of the kind that would die if they couldn’t talk, Miss Desplaines. If you’ll let me talk to you,’ I tells her, ‘I know a love-story.’

“She looked at me—and then she

laughed—real low, but real sweet. Shucks! I liked her better'n anybody from that minute on. I was glad I'd got by.

"I'd be very happy to hear it, Mr. —,"

"Kelly."

"Mr. Kelly. Come over here an' sit in this chair. Is it *your* love-story?"

"Never. I couldn't tell any of them."

"No? But of course it's just as good. I'm listening."

"That was the nicest chair. I put my hands behind my head and crossed my feet, lookin' in pity at Jim in his cupola—even if he did manage to be handsome. That was a magic chair. For the moment it made me own the railroad. The lady an' me was free companions. She had put me in my right place; she was the kind that would do that."

"Well, you see, I says, considerin', 'when you take up a story, like as not there's a picture of the hero on the front page. That's the way it is with mine. There's my hero, right there.'"

"Oh!" she says. Just that one word, but it was quite considerable of a speech. I was glad of a chance to talk the way I wanted to. I liked 'em both so well.

"It was the Curse of Silence," I continues. 'There's the Curse of Too-Much-Talk—but his was the Curse of Silence. It lost him the woman he loved—loved more'n you or me would think a girl ought to be loved or could be loved—yet that was the way of him. Everard is my good friend, but it's no harm to tell the truth even of a friend. He's brave and true and kind and tender—clean white—all of that. An' he's hit the trail in many a country, but never brought back any big words rattlin' around in his grip.'

"I've often wondered—it'd seem like he should've been able to tell her—whoever she was—as much as he told me—that much, anyway. If it was me doin' it, she'd know that much. How could he sit under a Honolulu moon—out there it was they met—trembling at the glory of her—in love with the life of her—a song in his heart when she spoke—the moon forgotten when she smiled—and not tell her about it all? But he didn't—he said he couldn't. It was the Curse on him. An' she took ship an' sailed away'."

"That was all?" asks my lady in the next chair. She was awful quiet an' cool. But I had one more try a-comin'."

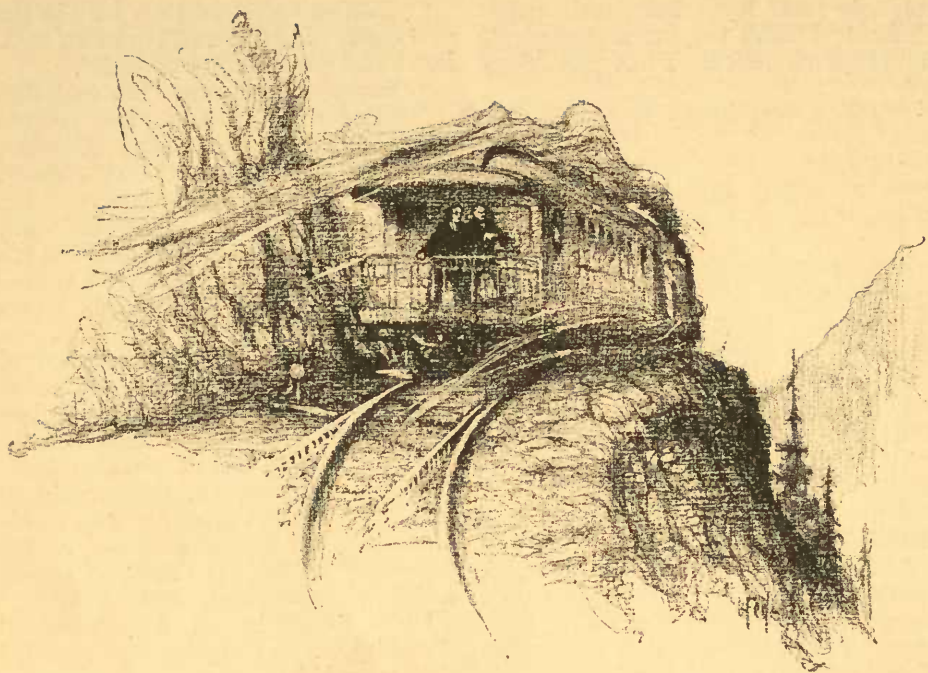
"Huh-uh!" I answers. 'He took ship an' sailed away, too—a close second. Then there was another day—October, that was—when they met in some woods. Say—maybe you know—how could a man be quiet when he was lookin' right at her? I say that if he could tell me afterward he could tell her right then—that the red and the gold and the brown of her hair was more of a glory to him than all the Octobers in all the woods of the world; and that the sunlit gray of her eyes made more light over the land than any Indian-summer sky. That was the way he told it to me. I wouldn't know all those words myself. How could he wish that she was the one to stand shoulder to shoulder with him through all the years—an' not tell her the things he was thinkin'? Answer me that—if you know!'"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know!" she whispers. Actually her voice sounded glad as could be.

"Nor nobody else. It isn't reasonable. Not that there's anything to that shoulder-to-shoulder business. What a woman is for is to cook your meals an' give your pay-check to. They haven't any fine feelin' like a man. Anyhow, he's been driven up an' down—coast to coast—never a minute's peace. What was comin' to him, he got. He sure did. The dream of a firelight in a home of his own is dyin' in his eyes. I like him fine. I could wish I knew the girl. I'd travel a thousand miles to tell her. Like as not she'll never know why he did that way. I reckon that's all my story, Miss Desplaines," I concludes, gettin' up; 'an' we're pretty near the canyon. There's a beautiful bit of an island in the lake an' then the track runs along a mountain-stream. Not but what you've had plenty of scenery, I dare say.'

"When we got to the canyon, Jim went ahead to throw the switch. But he didn't look up when we was passin' him, an' she didn't look down. She was busy talkin' to me."

"It's really up-grade here," she says to me. 'Isn't it, though? If we were to uncouple this funny little way-car, how far would it go?'"



"Would you believe it—it went through just like that lady said."

"'About ten feet. The air's cut out on it, but Jim could stop it with the hand-brake in that distance.'

"'Oh, but I mean—if he didn't. Would it go to that lovely island, Mr. Kelly?'

"'Yes,' I says, 'clear down into the pines, an' hit the bumper-post at the end of the track.'

"Say, that lady leaned over and smiled at me so, I'd 've gone to the end of the world for her in a minute.

"'What is it up here—a station?' she asks me kind o' breathless.

"'There's a section-man an' a condemned box-car, an' a telephone to do the despatchin',' I explains; 'I suppose you could call it that.'

"'When we get there,' she says in a half-whisper, 'I'm going over into that way-car. You signal the engineer to jolt us one so you can uncouple. Do it quick.'

"That was what she said, honest—'jolt us one'. Oh, she was a railroader—that lady was!

"'I won't have a chance, probably,' I

tells her. 'Jim'll be out in a second when I start to monkey around. You don't know him.'

"'Yes, I do.' My, she could blush, too. 'Yes, I do,' she tells me. 'He won't be out—till we're going some.' That's what she said, common as an old shoe. 'An' when father gets excited, you tell him I wanted to explore that dear little island, and that I made the conductor take me. Tell him that I was bored, and that he can pick us up when you and he are through with your old tie plant.'

"Would you believe it—it went through just like that lady said. Jim dropped out of his cupola chair when Dan took up the slack an' started the 1007 down the grade, but he never came outside till they was goin' like she said—goin' some. It was then Mr. Desplaines found me on the rear platform, smilin' tender at Jim Everard in the distance. Jim was twistin' the brake-wheel—not too hard—no, he wasn't twistin' it hard enough.

"'What the—what's the matter, I

Kelly?' says father. 'A break-in-two?'

"It calmed him in a second when I told him exactly what his daughter had told me to say.

" 'She's always doin' things like that,' he growled, 'or wantin' to. If I didn't know her, I'd say your conductor was a Simple Simon. We'll pick them up when we start back. Where's the brakeman?'

"An' I had to tell him about the brakeman's folks bein' sick, an' Jim and I sayin' we'd do the work sooner'n delay Mr. Desplaines while we got another shack. He understood that we wouldn't want to do that, an' beyond growlin' something about a hot sample of railroadin', he was real decent. Then we went at that tie-treatin' plant. I never did talk so long nor so interestin' about a tie-treatin' plant in my whole life. Somehow, I kept

thinkin' she'd want me to. But for all the time I used up it might just as well have been a minute. They thought it was a minute. They didn't even hear us when we backed across to that island. Mr. Desplaines was out on the rear platform of the Sunset with me. I was bein' conductor an' brakie an' also tellin' him how to run a railroad.

" 'Where the devil's that girl?' he inquires, cross as a bear when we come to the 1007 tucked in among the trees. 'Where's your—' An' then he stopped an' choked. I hated to be so mean, but his eyes were poppin' out of his head, so I looked where he was pointin'. They was sittin' under a pine close to the lake gazin' out across the water. Yeh—sittin' on one of them fancy rocks Pete Herigstadt had brought down—an' they didn't



hear us at all. It's true. Didn't hear us till Mr. Desplaines cussed so loud that there wasn't any gettin' out of it. Then Jim managed to get her head off his shoulder an' his other arm to himself.

"'You're fired!' shouts Mr. Desplaines at him when we got nearer where they was—shouts like Jim was deaf. 'You're fired! You sha'n't ride in with us. I'll take the responsibility. You're done right now. I won't even take your damned way-car,' he goes on, gettin' madder an' madder; 'neither you nor your way-car.'

"'Oh, all right,' laughs Jim Everard, happy as could be. Shucks! He was so happy there he didn't want to leave forever an' ever, you could see that. 'All right,' he says, 'I'm fired. Good-by, Kelly!'

"'Good-by, Mr. Kelly,' says Jim's lady, holdin' to his arm but givin' me a smile to keep for my own. 'Good-by. I'll stay till you send for me, father. Yes, right here.'

"'You get aboard right now, Lenore,' her father tells her, meaner'n dirt.

"'I'm staying—with the way-car,' says Miss Desplaines to him. An' the way she said it was just like she meant it. He looked at her for all of two minutes an' she looked at him. He didn't waste no words on her.

"'Come, Kelly,' he says to me, 'let's get out of here.'

"'Yes, you're forty minutes late right now,' Jim tells me, offhand. 'Not that it makes any difference. All that Dan has to look out for on the way down is that old white cow. She goes home

about this time and likes to take to the track. So-long, Kelly.'

"An' we actually left 'em there. I felt sorry one minute an' glad the next—sorry they didn't have anything to eat, an' glad they wouldn't want anything; sorry it was gettin' so late with the island such an awful lonesome place, an' glad to see a big moon well up in the east—waitin' for the sun to go down to make 'em forget how lonesome it was.

"We looked at the blue-prints some on the way in. That there yellow butler Henry was most too proud, but I made a pretty good flagman an' conductor out of him. An' while I was tryin' to get the blue-prints to lay flat, Mr. Desplaines asked me where that damn conductor came from an' who the devil he was. So I told him all about Jim—like I'd told his daughter—only different.

"Then we got to Union Depot.

"'I can't leave my daughter out on a condemned desert island all night,' he says to me, grindin' his teeth; 'an' there's no way of gettin' her in but to bring that young dog with her. I don't know how she ever come to be so stubborn. But she is. You have your despatcher run that old rusty up there light an' get them. You see that they're at the hotel when I get through this fool meetin'. She's goin' to marry him sure as fate,' he tells me. He was actually confidin' in me without knowin' it, me bein' so handy. No, he didn't put his arm around me an' whisper, but I just guessed he meant it to be in confidence.

"'Oh, maybe not!' I says, to be sayin' somethin'. But she did."

To a Rose at a Window of Heaven

BY STARK YOUNG

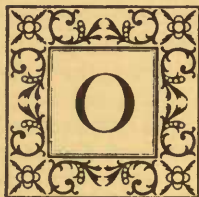
WHOEVER put you there with her white hand,
Mary, or some one lonely even in bliss,
O rose, upon that golden ledge,¹
Forever sweet in that bright land,

Look in upon my little Frances there
And say, she is the rose that clammers up
Over my lonely heart and sends
Her darling sweetness on the air.

On the Length of Cleopatra's Nose

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I



ONE of the best known and most frequently quoted of the "Thoughts" of Pascal calls attention to the way in which a little thing may have great consequences. "He

who wants a full understanding of the vanity of man has only to consider the causes and the effects of love. The cause is 'I know not what'; and the consequences of it are frightful. This 'I know not what,' so trivial that it can scarcely be recognized, moves all mankind,—kings and armies and the entire social organization. The nose of Cleopatra,—if it had been shorter, the history of the world would have been changed."

Although Cleopatra was the Serpent of the Old Nile, she was not an Egyptian but a Greek; she was a hyphenated queen—which is what queens usually are. Even if Mahaffy was right in holding that the Greeks were not really so superior to us in physical beauty as the surviving statues might lead us to believe, she may have had more than her share of the good looks which must have been not uncommon among the Hellenic peoples. As she was a Greek she probably did not have a Roman nose; indeed, her nose may have been "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," which would not have diminished her fascination. But whatever the shape or the size of her nose, Pascal is justified in believing that if it had been unduly short she would probably not have descended the corridors of time as the heroine of the most disastrous of historic love-stories. She might then have floated down the river in her glittering barge without finding Mark Antony at her feet when she stepped ashore.

If Mark Antony had escaped the coils of the Egyptian serpent, he might not have lost the battle of Actium, and if he

had vanquished the young Octavius, Mark Antony might have been the founder of the Roman Empire. But Mark Antony was unfitted for the appalling task of solidifying a realm on the verge of wreck. He was too impetuous and too fickle, too emotional and too uncertain. He lacked the self-restraint, the caution, and the astute statecraft of the Augustus who laid solid the foundations of the grandeur that was Rome. Even if Mark Antony had made himself master of the Mediterranean lands, and if he had ruled as long as he lived, it is unlikely that he would have governed wisely, and after his death chaos would have come again. The empire would not have been skillfully buttressed and its outlying territories would not have been unified with Rome and grateful for the three centuries of assured prosperity which followed the advent of Augustus. When the time was fulfilled, the gates of the empire would not have been guarded and the barbarians would have broken in. There would have followed swift disintegration and destruction, and there would have been no lingering Decline and no long deferred Fall for Gibbon to chronicle and to illuminate. Then we moderns would not have come into the heritage upon which our civilization is based.

It is very lucky for us to-day that the nose of Cleopatra was of a normal length and that the frightful consequences of its possible abbreviation were avoided. If it had been shorter, it would have changed not only her face but the face of the world in this twentieth century. Yet I may venture to hint a doubt whether Cleopatra's nose or even Cleopatra herself had really the immense importance that Pascal asserted. It is true that the captivating queen of Egypt was Antony's evil genius and that she was responsible for his ignominious defeat. But if we look a little longer and a little deeper, we are likely to conclude that Antony's fatal

weakness was in himself, in his unstable character, in his lawless and lustful temperament. If he had never laid eyes on Cleopatra, the ultimate result might well have been the same. She was not the only charmer of her time, even if she may have been the most dangerous. There were others, and any one of them could have lured the unstable Roman to his allotted doom. With Antony once out of the way, Octavius had the road to empire open before him, and the history of the world would have been what it is.

More than one later writer has applied Pascal's thought to other historical events. Among them was Eugène Scribe, most adroit of playwrights even if he was devoid of the ample vision of the more richly endowed dramatist. One of his most ambitious and most ingenious comedies is "A Glass of Water; or, Great Effects from Little Causes." It dealt not with Queen Cleopatra of Egypt but with Queen Anne of England, and it aroused the ire of Thackeray, who was in Paris when it was originally presented in 1840. Thackeray was then only a hard-working journalist contributing to a heterogeny of magazines. He took this play of Scribe's as the text for a paper on "English History and Character on the French Stage." He expressed his disapproval of Scribe's assumption that "the historical trophies of England are generally the result of some mean accident, which entirely strips of them their ideal glory."

After analyzing the French piece, the English critic asserted that Scribe was "wrong in his general principle," since "trivial circumstances are in this life pretexts, not causes, for breach of long-established connections." They are "the readily available facts which discover the depth of an existing difference; they are seized to decide an already impending rupture." In other words, the little thing which sometimes seems so significant is only what the physicians call "an exciting cause," always far less important than what they term "a predisposing condition." The last straw does not break the camel's back unless that patient beast is already laden to the limit of endurance. The slight pressure on the hair-trigger which fires the gun did not load the weapon or aim it.

II

BUT even if little things are unlikely to have great consequences, there are often remote causes not immediately apparent to those who contemplate their ultimate results. I remember a whimsical suggestion in a book by one of Darwin's disciples—although I cannot now recapture the title of the volume or the name of its author—to the effect that the sturdy stanchness of the British army, the stubborn resistance of the "thin, red line," was due to the prevalence of spinsterhood in Great Britain, to the fact that the women outnumber the men. The explanation of this paradox is to be found in a sequence of causes and consequences. The British soldier is nourished on beef, and the quality of the beef is due to an abundance of clover, which needs to be fertilized by bees. But bees cannot multiply and live unless they are protected against the field-mice which destroy their broods and ravage their reserves of honey. The field-mouse can be kept down if there are only cats enough to catch them, and cats are the favorites of the frequent old maids of England. These lonely virgins keep pets who prevent the mice from despoiling and destroying the bees, so clover flourishes luxuriantly and the cattle wax fat to supply the soldiers of the king with their strengthening rations.

For another illustration of a remote cause having a most unexpected consequence, I am able to give chapter and verse. In Sir Martin Conway's brilliant discussion of the "Domain of Art" he tells us that the beautiful costumes of the Cavaliers of England, as we see them in Van Dyke's portraits, owe their chief embellishment to the hardy mariners who ventured into the stormy waters near Spitsbergen:

"An interesting example of the reaction of invention or discovery upon one of the arts of life came recently under my observation, and is perhaps worth a brief digression to record. In the process of conducting, in the Public Record Office, researches into the history of Spitsbergen and of the English and Dutch whaling industries on its coasts, I was struck by the numerous documents relating to soap

that I kept encountering. On looking more closely into the matter, it presently appeared that the chief use to which whale-oil was put was the manufacture of the better class of soap, such as was used in fine laundry work, commoner old-fashioned soap being made out of rapeseed. When it is borne in mind that, before the beginning of the English whale-fishery on the Spitsbergen coasts about 1600, there was practically no whale-oil brought into England, the relative dearth of good soap in Tudor days may be deduced. Improved laundry work followed the whale-fishery. Hence the relatively small ruffs that we see in Tudor portraits and the small amount of linen displayed. Jacobean portraits show more linen and lace. Portraits of the time of Charles I yet more."

As I transcribe this passage, due to Sir Martin's researches into the history of art and to his own exploration of Spitsbergen, I am reminded of a chat that we had one rainy afternoon a score of years ago in the spacious smoking-room built on the roof of the Athenæum in London. In the course of our wandering conversation we happened to touch on this topic—the unknown origin of things well known.

"Are you aware," he asked with a smile, "that the outflowering of Tudor architecture, which is one of the glories of England, must be ascribed to the cultivation of the turnip by the Dutch?"

I smiled in my turn and admitted my ignorance of this fact. "But I can tell you," I added, "how it is that Nelson's victory at Trafalgar brought about the popularity of British jams and marmalades in the United States. Are you aware of that?"

"No," he answered. "Let us expound our riddles to one another."

I besought him to begin the exposition.

"Well," he said, "England has a damp climate, as you may have noticed; and that makes it the best grazing country in the world—especially for sheep. But until the culture of root-crops was developed in Holland and transplanted to England, our farmers found it almost impossible to carry their sheep through the winter. This was made easy for them by the introduction of the turnip. Whereupon there was an immediate increase in

sheep-raising, which ultimately gave England the immensely profitable wool trade. And the enriched Tudor merchants, like true Englishmen, spent their gains freely on their houses. Now for Trafalgar and marmalade."

"Well," I said, "Nelson's defeat of the French and Spanish fleets gave England thereafter the undisputed command of the sea and cut the Continent off from the colonies. The chief of the importations from tropical countries was sugar, and the deprivation was so keenly felt that Napoleon offered a tempting reward for a method of making sugar independent of sugar-cane. This was the origin of the beet-sugar industry, which had at first to be fostered by bounties from the government. After Waterloo, half the countries of the Continent found themselves with thousands of acres of beet-fields which would go out of cultivation if cane-sugar should be allowed to compete. To protect the farmers, some countries, including Germany, put a high tariff on cane-sugar and paid an export bounty on beet-sugar. As England was soon to be a free-trade country, this German bounty-fed beet-sugar was dumped on the London market. It ruined the sugar-planters of Jamaica and Barbadoes, but it gave the British makers of preserves their chief raw material at a price which enabled them to import oranges from Spain to Dundee and even strawberries from France to London, and then to export wholesale to the United States their marmalades and jams."

"I see," said Conway, "and now I'd like to ask you whether you have ever traced the defeat of the Armada to Martin Luther? No? Then I will enlighten you as to that. When Henry VIII broke with the Pope, he followed Luther's example and did away with the frequent fast-days. This was a sad blow to the fisherfolk; but they regained a temporary prosperity under Mary, only to lose it again under Elizabeth. So it was that the experienced crews of the fishing-fleet were glad to volunteer to repel the naval attack of the Spanish sovereign, and they supplied an indisputable element to the flying squadrons of the British admirals."

Then it was my turn to put another question. "I'd like to ask whether you

have ever considered the influence of the Gulf Stream on the field-sports of England—cricket and lawn-tennis and football? If these sports are indulged in by a multitude of young men and maidens, part of the credit must go to the ample current of warm water which flows incessantly across the Atlantic in an invisible channel of its own. As the British Isles are as far north as is Labrador on our side of the Western ocean, they would be as desolate and as sparsely peopled as Labrador were it not for the softening effect of the Gulf Stream. Because it is nearer the Arctic, England has a longer day than France or the United States, and therefore the young men and maidens can do a day's work and still have two or three hours of daylight in which to play outdoor games. So you British had best beware, for if we Americans are ever aroused to wrath, and if we succeed in diverting the Gulf Stream, then Great Britain will speedily return to the sad condition of a sparsely inhabited island."

III

THE Gentle Reader is now in possession of the principles and the processes of a novel sport, and he can hunt down strange, unsuspected, and remote causes whenever he is sleepless at night or bookless on a train. The game can be played by any one, "all by his lone," as a solitaire; or a half-dozen may take part, sitting in a cosy semicircle about the wood-fire while the winter wind swirls the dry snow against the frosted windows. You may seek out the ulterior propulsion responsible for the arrival of an event which may be local or national or even international, since no man's eye can follow the ever-widening circle which any word or deed may set in motion.

Here are three sample inquiries likely to be puzzling to novices at the sport. The first is very easy: Explain how it is that the dikes of Holland were responsible for the prevalence of high-stoop residences in Chicago. The second is not quite so simple: Show how it is that the invention of the cotton-gin by Eli Whitney was a dominating factor in the adoption by the United States of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manu-

facture and sale of intoxicating liquors. And the third takes a wider range and demands a ramble over three continents: How was it that Cleveland's election was one of the reasons why the foreign legations in Peking had to withstand the attacks of the so-called Black Flags during the Boxer Rebellion?

By the aid of the dikes the Dutch have reclaimed a large part of their land from the sea, a reclamation which requires a system of canals to catch the surface water. In a flat country, having an intricate network of waterways, it is impossible to excavate dry cellars under the dwellings. So the Dutch raised the first floor of their houses that they might construct cellars above the water-level, and this forced them to put a flight of outside steps before the front door. When the sons of Holland settled on Manhattan Island and founded New Amsterdam, they cut a canal into what is now Broad Street, and in their house-building they followed the fashions of their native land. From New York the high stoop was borrowed by many cities in the West, although these towns had dry land for their cellars and although the high stoop is not an architectural device of inherent attractiveness.

At the end of the eighteenth century slavery was slowly disappearing in the United States. It had been abandoned in most of the Northern States, and in the South Washington and Jefferson expected its early extinction. But Whitney invented the cotton-gin, and there followed an immediate increase in the acreage in which cotton was under cultivation. The Southern planters decided that they could not do without slave labor, and the negro was emancipated only as an incident of the Civil War. After the Reconstruction period the black race multiplied, and on the weaker members of the race liquor exerted a dangerous influence. To remove the temptation with its baleful possibilities, the white men of the South, many of whom were not themselves abstemious, voted for Prohibition. Without the support of the solid South the constitutional amendment would have failed of ratification.

In Cleveland's second term he sent to Congress his Venezuela message, which

was a notification to all the world that the United States would not allow any European nation to enlarge the boundaries of its possessions in South America—a notification fatal to the intention of the German Emperor to acquire more or less of Brazil. Forced to look elsewhere, the Kaiser took advantage of the killing of several German missionaries to seize Kiau-Chau, a seizure which infuriated the Chinese, and which moved them to the Boxer Rebellion, culminating in an attack on the foreigners in Peking.

IV

PERHAPS this parlor game of unforeseen consequences may appear to the Gentle Reader not a little childish, and I may as well confess at once that it has been anticipated by one of the most primitive of nursery-tales, that which explains to us the manifold reasons why the Old Woman could not get home—because the Cat wouldn't eat the Rat, because the Rat wouldn't gnaw the Rope, because the Rope wouldn't hang the Butcher, because the Butcher wouldn't kill the Calf, because the Calf wouldn't drink the Water, because the Water wouldn't quench the Fire, because the Fire wouldn't burn the Stick, because the Stick wouldn't beat the Dog, because the Dog wouldn't bite the Pig, and because the Pig wouldn't go over the stile.

But it is not so puerile a sport as it may seem if we keep in mind always the necessary distinction between the exciting cause, which may be only a triviality, and the predisposing condition, which is always the dominant factor. What Austin Dobson called

"The little great, the infinite small thing,
That ruled the hour when Louis Quinze was king"

may be no more than the last ounce that weights down the scales of destiny on one side or the other. There is truth also in the same poet's assertion that the fan in the delicate fingers of Madame de Pompadour may have given the signal which resulted in the ruin of a realm.

"Ah, but things more than polite
Hung on this toy, *voyez-vous* !
Matters of state and of might,
Things that great ministers do;
Things that, maybe, overthrew
Those in whose brains they began;
Here was the sign and the cue,—
This was the Pompadour's fan !"

Yet it was not the flutter of a French fan which brought about the War of the Austrian Succession; it was the selfishness of a German king, as devoid of scruple as he was free from hypocrisy. Macaulay tells us that Frederick's own words were that "ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me carried the day; and I decided for war." And Macaulay passed the verdict of history, not to be reopened even by the eloquent special pleading of Carlyle: "On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war that raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. . . . In order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America."



The Return of the Middle Class

BY JOHN CORBIN

II—THE VALIANT WOMAN



ONE of the many interesting sequels of the equal-suffrage victory is a haunting sense that it is illusory. Somehow there has been a hitch. As to the completeness of the victory there can be no question. When the International Woman Suffrage Alliance drew up the "Woman's Charter," it was found that in the United States practically all of its objectives had already been achieved. Only minor inequalities remain, and only in certain States which are backward but doomed speedily to fall in line—inequalities as to jury service, the right to hold office, the property rights of married women. Yet in commenting on this triumph the wisest of suffrage leaders, Carrie Chapman Catt, seemed troubled. After all, what was equality? She fell back on a homely analogy. If one gave equal treatment to two pets, a cat and a rabbit, there would be trouble, "for rabbits do not take to porterhouse and cats do not eat much lettuce." Equality between the sexes, Mrs. Catt preferred to define as "an equal chance to express whatever either is capable of expressing." There is only one trouble with this. Opportunity for self-expression results in the utmost differences; it is the essential not of equality but of liberty. Is it possible that the thought of the suffrage leaders has been perplexed, their aim uncertain?

Very positive is the disillusionment of the brilliant militant leader, Alice Paul, expressed in the same interview. Asked if "the fight for the recognition of women" was "all over," she answered hotly: "It has just begun!" She added that sometimes it seemed there had not been even a beginning. "The ballot means nothing at all except as a means for the attainment of human rights, and the

status of women in most of the States is just about what it was before the amendment was passed. Women vote, to be sure, but can any one say that they are free?" That is a crucial question. Having the franchise, how are they to become enfranchised? "Sometimes I think our struggle was a case of getting the cart before the horse—so many women became eager for the vote without any special eagerness to accomplish anything in particular by means of it." In point of fact, many suffragists categorically renounced all other aims of feminism. Thus both the great leaders sniff at their diet of lettuce, and both have inward longings for the strong meat of freedom. But when Miss Paul was asked what woman's freedom consists in, and by what special and particular means it is to be achieved, she answered: "I don't know; I'm thinking." To that end she resigned her chairmanship of the National Woman's Party, and for the time being gave up political activity.

Miss Paul was not merely thinking; she had thought. State a problem clearly and it is half solved. The present subjection of women, she said in effect, consists in the lack of recognized jobs, which results in inferior earning power. The part which men take in the necessary life of the nation is definitely fixed, and is more or less justly paid. It is not so with women. To take the most salient instance, if the world is to progress, if it is even to continue on its present level, the best of our women must give up their prime to motherhood; but, far from receiving adequate pay, they receive nothing, while their expenses are increased in proportion to the number of their children. Normal self-expression is denied them, the greatest service rendered impossible. There has been much talk of a maternity pension. Miss Paul "hates the word," and well she may. Motherhood is a career of the noblest, and "the idea of a career and

a pension simply do not go together." The source of the difficulty is in a bit of history much cited of old, but with a different intention. "Woman's progress was steady from the dawn of history to the period of the French Revolution. The family, during that epoch, was the social unit. But just as woman had attained a certain security within that social organism, society began to organize in the modern state." The hard-won "security" vanished in a world of factories, railways, and department stores. The individualism of the age-old industrial household gave way to a vast organization by groups, in which women have slight economic standing, least of all as mothers. Miss Paul sees also that the remedy can come only through the continuance and development of the industrial state. Women will not be free "until motherhood can be recognized as at least as important as business, and until its social remuneration can be made equally great."

It thus appears that feminists have missed their true aim by some such matter as a century. Once the vote meant liberty—enfranchisement; but not since the Industrial Revolution came upon us has it been possible for women, or indeed for most men, to secure their liberties through the existing political institutions. Where, then, shall women find freedom? If by her "thinking" Miss Paul unriddles that, she will find when she reappears on the scene that, far more willingly than ever, true women—and true men—will follow her.

One word which Miss Paul used is peculiarly suggestive, though she left its significance undeveloped—"biological." We are finding that what used to be dismissed as the "accident of sex," has implications beyond the individual task of motherhood, beyond even the cause of woman as woman. In biologic evolution, sex is recognized as a prime factor. What if it were equally important in politics, economics, sociology—the entire development of civilization? What if the long mystery of historic cataclysms, the recurrent destruction of all mankind has achieved, found its deepest explanation in human biology—the bearing and bringing up of children? Questions of the freedom

of women in self-expression would take a deeper meaning.

Thought along these lines has been rapid of late. Until well within the present century the world remained under the spell of the generalization of Karl Marx, in many ways true as it is brilliant, that the basis of history is economic. A dozen years ago sociologists perceived that the idea is unduly materialistic—that economic forces become potent only as they work upon the national psyche or soul. So we learned that the real basis of history is psychologic. Anthropologists, meanwhile, were ascertaining that psychology itself is dominated by broader and deeper forces, the forces of race. If it can be shown that a continuance of Western civilization depends upon the vitality of the nations that created it, then indeed the science of life takes on a new import; a new epoch is opened to the self-expression of our women, to their quest of freedom.

Unfortunately, anthropology is the most backward of sciences. What we have is mainly hypothesis, deeply vitiated at times by national bias and race prejudice. One hypothesis especially has been a battle-ground: that throughout the world, as nation after nation has sprung up as if by magic only to decline in a manner equally mysterious, the vitalizing impulse has been given by people of a single stock; that the decline of each civilization has resulted from the decay of that stock. This theory, obviously, does not account for the civilization of ancient Egypt, nor for the amazing outbursts of Hebraic and Arabic genius. It does not account for China, or Japan. Even with such limitations, the "Aryan" theory of the early anthropologists is clearly a myth founded on the assumption that language and race are identical. Many so-called Aryan peoples have far less of Aryan speech than the American negro.

There remains, however, a fact of some moment. Only a more powerful people can impose its language. What we now call the Nordic race does exist, and is not only dominant to-day, but is of the stock that gave its speech, and presumably much beside, to Rome and Greece, to Persia and far-off India. One thing is certain. In both the ancient and the

modern world, wherever a high civilization has developed hand and hand with free institutions it has been at the touch of this strong race; only the Nordic has conceived of liberty as enmeshed in law, enshrined in stable institutions. And always the triumph of liberty has been brief.

What caused the speedy fall? Historians have adduced reasons mainly economic. Wealth was inequitably distributed; high taxation and a general discoördination of industry gripped alike the soberer aristocracy and the industrious farmer. Warfare especially sapped the national finances. Historians of to-day find a deeper cause in a failure of the primal stock. The greatest waste of warfare was in extinguishing the blood of the fathers. The greatest evil of the inequitable distribution of wealth was that among the favored few it eventuated in the debauchery of men and the sterile frivolity of women; among the aspiring middle classes in late marriage and small families. Domestic slaves and alien adventurers supplanted the elder stock; with their coming the racial impulse vanished and liberty was no more. Now again among nations in which the Nordic blood predominates we find much of the Athenian elevation of spirit, much of the Roman conception of law as inspired and guided by the divine love of liberty. And we too, it seems, are on the verge of a decline, threatened with the destruction of all we hold dear.

There is, however, this difference. Hitherto when great races have arisen they could not know the inner secret of their power or the danger that impended. We of to-day have the historic outlook, the scientific insight. If once more the race sinks into impotence it can only be for the reason that, knowing, we do not sufficiently care. Two problems chiefly confront us. As a result of the insurgence of the moron multitude in the modern industrial state, our liberties are threatened with the most degrading tyranny of ignorant, ill-born numbers. As a result of the world-wide extension and ever deepening interpenetration of commercial interests, there is an ever-present threat of war, a threat that can be met only by the steady and systematic co-operation of

freedom-loving nations to render justice and remove the causes of strife. If we are to escape this inward and this outer evil, the racial vigor and intelligence of civilized man must keep pace with the powerful and complex material fabric he has created, is creating. Never was there such need as to-day for a full realization of the truth of Ruskin's definition: the wealth of nations consists not primarily in material things but in "the possession of the Valuable by the Valiant." If civilization falls once more, the basic cause will not be economic oppression in industry nor yet political blundering in the matter of a League of Nations. It will be the lack of a generation intelligent and strong enough to work out of the present tangle of human relationships in industry, capable of working into a more manly candor and a steadier justice in administering the affairs of the world. That generation can only be the achievement of very valiant women.

Of the "Valuable" we have enough. Under intelligent farming our wheat-lands and corn-lands, our cotton-fields and sheep pastures, will feed and clothe a population many times that of to-day. Our forest lands, properly guarded, will meet all conceivable needs of timber. Our waterways, railways, and harbors are the marvels of the world. In coal and oil, iron and copper, in both the precious metals, we are by far the richest of nations. Only our agricultural possibilities were evident to de Tocqueville, yet he called our great central river region "the most magnificent dwelling-place prepared by God for man's abode." If such an inheritance fails to become a seat of advanced and stable civilization, it can only be by the lack of valiancy in its possessors.

Viewed from the point of view of race, our future is, at least potentially, no less bright. The dominant element, both in numbers and in actual power, is still of British origin—the largest single group of the so-called Anglo-Saxon people. The immigration of the nineteenth century was for the most part of northern peoples, who took on the spirit of our institutions even more readily than they learned our language. Never before in the history of the world has so magnificent a land been

possessed by a people so largely Nordic. In the immigration of the twentieth century, it is true, we have an infusion of backward races that has seriously lowered the level of industrial skill and of literacy. The danger to our citizenship is very great; in continuance, it may prove overwhelming. For if we fail in our task of sustaining Nordic liberties, such an opportunity can never come again. But in the new immigration laws we have taken effective measures which are vigorously supported by a popular sense of the need of a purer Americanism.

Yet upon this fair prospect of possessions and possessors there is already a blight. The present middle class, still mainly composed of the stock of the fathers—and thus mainly Nordic and very largely British in blood and traditions—is numerically stationary; in proportion to the uneducated and unskilled it is positively dwindling. That is only half the portent, perhaps the lesser half. Even though the lower ranges of our life held inexhaustible resources of valiancy, they would afford no permanent source of strength; for those who, by virtue of their vigor, intelligence, and sympathy with our institutions, rise into the middle class inevitably share its fate. In order that a biologic strain shall be checked and put in the way of ultimate extinction, it is only necessary that it shall encounter the economic conditions now prevailing among the well born and well bred. Democracy as we practise it is an instrument of amazing aptitude for the extinction of ability, of liberty.

This situation, far more than any abstract claim on the score of equality or even on the score of freedom, gives weight and dignity to the cause of women. Fundamentally the issue is biologic; its psychologic aspect is secondary and its economic aspect tertiary. The ultimate stake is the freedom not merely of our women, but of the nation. No tyranny of king or kaiser could be heavier than this power in the world of to-day which decrees that only the ill born, the uneducable, shall multiply and rule.

Though the problem is essentially biologic, however, the strategic point of attack upon it is economic. Something of this is perceived by those who advocate

a maternity pension; but there is an objection to such a remedy which lies deeper than that voiced by Miss Paul. A pension sufficient to the needs of a mother in the lower ranges of living would be a hollow mockery to the educated mother whose home is a shrine of the national tradition and whose children are presumably capable of culture and education—of taking up the torch and carrying it on. Inevitably an equal pension would increase the already preponderant power of the unskilled and thriftless. Yet, under the prevailing democratic theory, a pension is the only conceivable remedy.

Happily our actual institutions, as opposed to the prevailing theory, permit a large measure of such inequality as results from freedom. The fathers saw to that. Men and classes have the power to "make" as much as they earn—need only to exert that power. A compact and ably led Middle Class Union would measurably redress the balance. If industry and the professions continue to develop along the lines of compact groups—call them guilds if you wish—and continue to avoid the devastation of communism, managerial and professional skill should be increasingly rewarded. That also would help the middle-class man and his mate to regain their economic and thus their biologic standing. But more than both together is necessary to the freedom and valiancy of women.

In the modern world the life of women can no longer be held within the life of their menfolk as the less is included in the greater. Doubtless the institution of the family will remain. Doubtless also during the period of active maternity the wife will be bound to her husband economically as she is bound in heart and spirit. There is no degradation in that—rather the highest and noblest of partnerships. But that period is only a decade or two in a lifetime. For the rest, young women, wives and matrons, should not be, must not be, what they themselves call sex parasites. Precisely as the spirit and abilities of middle-class women require a field broader than the modern home, so the education of their children and the life of social citizenship require expenses beyond the present income of the brain-worker, even though that were consider-

ably advanced. As soon as children are in school and college the mother should have the duty and the privilege of productive labor rewarded by an economic standing. Only thus can women find full freedom in self-expression—the opportunity to render due service as enfranchised citizens.

Such a demand is less fantastic than is often realized. The present generation has seen the young woman of education enter many fields of industry, sees her steadily pressing forward. No girl of spirit to-day need be economically dependent upon her father. It is passing strange that we who have witnessed this change should not foresee the future of the wife and matron, for it is determined by precisely the same needs, the same opportunities. Only vaguely do we concede that the home-keeping individualism of the eighteenth century has developed into the group organization of the twentieth century; that the fact has far-reaching implications we resolutely ignore. In the march of civilization there are no back trails; the pressure is unceasingly, increasingly, forward. Even while women are bewailing economic dependence, the insistent forces of progress are beckoning them, driving them, to freedom.

These forces are already beginning to parallel a development of our industrial institutions, which is itself uncouth and distrusted: government by commission. That means no less than a basic change in our constitution, the addition of a new arm to government, the administrative tribunal. Under the individualist régime it was enough that there should be a legislature, an executive, a judiciary; administration was the function of local territorial units, the conditions in which were relatively simple and virtually identical throughout the land. Human welfare was adequately safeguarded in the household. But when industry and the professions become complicated, and at the same time integrated in great groups characteristically in opposition to one another, it was no longer enough that Congress should frame laws, the courts pass on them, and the executive supervise the machinery of government as a whole. The Interstate Commerce Commission was in effect a concession, tardily wrung

from the national government and even yet imperfectly comprehended, that authority is also necessary for specific, concrete, and detailed administration—the regulation and harmonizing of infinitely interwoven and conflicting interests. In recent decades both national and State commissions have multiplied amazingly and are reaching out into many and varied phases of our life. Roosevelt extended the administrative arm of government to the regulation of purity in food, drink, and medicines and would have gone much farther, if he had been able. Taft and Wilson carried the work forward. Harding especially is sympathetic to bringing the welfare of the citizen beneath this new arm. It is only a question of time when government by commission will encompass all human welfare—including the sphere of biology, once sequestered in the home.

In this development of commission government there is an opportunity for the educated, if also a danger to the state. Both in local and national administration there are endless fields of service for able women well trained. More and more it is becoming recognized that the future of the nation depends upon the vital welfare of its citizens, especially mothers and children. In an industrial society this can no longer be accomplished through the self-centred family. Women go out into shop and factory; manufactured products come back into the home. Both the worker and her product must be supervised. Cleanliness and sanitation themselves are primarily functions of civic administration. Immigration, once virtually unrestricted, has become selective, a matter of highly professional regulation. Outposts must be established in foreign ports so that we can judge of the immigrant not as a detached individual but with reference to his record in the place of his origin; agencies must be created here which shall conduct him to the region that has most need of him, induct him into the opportunities and the responsibilities of American citizenship. Art, learning, religion itself, now move and have their being in institutions of public service.

In all these new fields problems are constantly arising that can only be solved

by officials exercising functions "quasi-legislative, quasi-judicial, quasi-executive." The most salutary general law often clashes, in its application, with specific justice. Thus a proper sense of the welfare of the nation requires that women shall not be overworked or allowed to work at night, and especially in the period of child rearing. Factory labor shall not degrade the mothers of the nation. But certain industries—as canning in rural parts and dressmaking in the city—are highly seasonal; a considerable period of overtime work, if followed by a period of rest and recuperation, is not injurious. In point of fact, it enables women to earn pin-money for the entire year, contributing to their economic status without taking them permanently out of the home. When "welfare" laws are urged, not only employing canners and dressmakers but the employees themselves are up in arms. Many working-women find that, if they are to hold the fields they have won, they must be free to work, on special occasions, for long stretches—secretaries, stenographers, saleswomen, employees in bookbinderies and printing-shops. Certain night-work, such as running elevators and watching subway fare boxes, is said to be preferred to day-work, on the ground that it is not physically exhausting and enables women to devote more of their leisure to their families, sleeping while the children are at school. When a set of welfare bills was introduced in the legislature at Albany, in 1920, an earnest group of New York women formed a league to oppose them in the name of freedom—to the deep distress of other women, no less earnest, who had procured the bills. One side cried out against tyranny, the other against the debasement of womanhood. Conditions thus in conflict can be adequately controlled only by framing a code of laws embodying general principles and empowering a commission to give them reasonable enforcement, to judge of specific cases, and to make sure that its rulings are obeyed. Intelligence and training will find increased scope in public service; and, though such labor is as yet largely voluntary, it must eventually be well paid.

When commission government touches

the liberty of the individual, to be sure, it is repugnant in the extreme, running counter also to all our legal traditions, to the wisdom of the fathers as we are accustomed to read it in the Constitution. Confronted with welfare bills, publicists and politicians become eloquent in argument, crushing in invective. When the Kenyon Maternity bill was before Congress in 1921, its opponents made much of a speech by Senator Reed attacking the women who were behind the bill, and who would presumably be concerned in administering the law—some of them public servants of the highest character. "To carry out this plan there must be created a vast army of officials, spies, snoopers, tattle-talers, informers, and meddlers. The range of their activities will embrace everything from diapers to dietetics, from hygiene to hysteria. Before this band of devoted spinsters, who do not have babies, essayed the task of teaching women who do have babies how to raise babies, billions of babies were born and managed somehow to survive with no other help than the care of a loving mother and the attention of 'the old family doctor.' Ever since Eve first hugged Cain to her breast, women have known how to feed a baby, what to feed a baby, and when to feed a baby."

The backward-looking eye has seldom rolled in a finer frenzy, or glared down a perspective more extended. But, the fact remained that, thanks largely to the industrial system, the mortality of child-bearing women is a national scandal. It is actually more dangerous to be a mother than it was in the late war to be a soldier. The bill was passed by a large majority and is now law. There is a force in human needs that overrides national tradition and constitutional theory, abases the example of the Garden of Eden, even insults the majesty of the old family doctor. In vain we cry, "Back to the Constitution!" By the very fact that the provisions of the fathers are the instruments of our liberties, it is possible to fulfil them only by going forward.

This will not, however, blind the candid observer to the fact that the national distrust of "bureaucrats," the national abhorrence of spies and snoopers and tattle-talers, has a certain warrant in experience.

Our government does many things badly, but most observers will agree that it does personal administration worst. An expert in industrial management, lately returned from Russia, described to a party of American professional men and women the mad chaos of the system he had been called in to reorganize. His hearers punctuated the narrative with outcries and derisive laughter—until one of them happened to remember that every anecdote of cupidity, stupidity, red tape, and passing the buck could be duplicated by any one familiar with the operations of our War Risk Bureau.

Recent examples of the incompetence of personal administration are many and painful; one will suffice. In the summer of 1921 a Senate committee, investigating the care of disabled ex-soldiers, elicited the testimony that during the preceding year 400 veterans, worn out under the régime of neglect and stupidity, had committed suicide. The national government, having no department of welfare, had farmed out the care of invalids to the institutions of the several States, even to private institutions, which handled them on a profit-making basis with virtually no supervision. Five thousand men suffering from mental diseases and tuberculosis were in hospitals operated by private individuals "under contracts that ought to be cancelled to-morrow." Colonel Thomas W. Salmon, of the National Hospitalization Committee of the American Legion, testified that the State of New York was making a profit of over one dollar a day per man on the two dollars paid by the nation. Colonel Abel Davis of Chicago gave similar testimony as to conditions in the West. "The trouble is," said Colonel Davis, "that there is no single administrative official who knows the situation. There is no co-ordination and no co-operation"—in brief, no commission. The tragic death of the leader of the Lost Battalion is generally attributed to despair over the conditions of disabled veterans, to remedy which he had labored unceasingly, though himself a nervous casualty of the war.

In sardonic contrast with the story told by Doctor Salmon and Doctor Davis, it was announced on the very same day that General Pershing had decorated a brindle

Boston bull pup, Stubby by name, a veteran of the battle of Seicheprey, pinning a gold medal on his leather blanket, already covered with decorations. This was done at the instance of a society with a beautiful name, the Humane Education Society of Washington. Stubby is a good dog. Though he was rendered gun-shy by his first battle, in which he was wounded, and thereafter invariably went A. W. O. L. when trouble came, no one grudges him his bedizenments. Yet one may reflect that there are other labors of love and of the recognition of patriotic service to which a Humane Education Society may profitably address itself. One item more is needed to complete the record of that fateful 7th of July. Through the summer the zealots of the War Department kept publishing "slacker lists," few of which were without the names of gallant and faithful soldiers. On the day of 400 suicides and the decorated Stubby (good dog!) the list of deserters contained the names of four honored veterans, one of them a lieutenant-commander in the aviation service whose father is a captain of industry known through the world—except, perhaps, to bureaucrats.

Bureaucracy as we have known it is beyond question a sorry thing. Supervision of any kind is alien to the Anglo-Saxon tradition, repugnant to that spirit of individual liberty to which we owe so much of our progress and power. We are rather proud of the fact. Even while we acknowledge the tragic results of our muddling, there is a latent satisfaction in the thought that somehow we have always, as the English say of their similar experiences, "muddled through." But those who take time to know anything know that the free nations have of late come very near to the brink of chaos, mainly for the lack of organized service, and are still trembling on that brink. Is there any real ground for national pride in the modern results of our neglect of personal administration, honestly and ably organized? If those 401 could speak—the ghostly Lost Battalion and their leader—they might have something to say.

One service the cult of the Nordic idea has rendered us: it has given us a stand-

ard of racial measurement beside which the Anglo-Saxon tradition perceptibly dwindles. Two forces are needful to a well-balanced and forward-moving state—only one of which is this instinct of individual freedom. It was so in the ancient world. Over against stupendously intellectual, gloriously creative Athens was dour Sparta, which had but one touch of greatness—the spirit of organized service to the state. If the two spirits of Hellas could have united, twin stars of its genius—Sparta learning the divine joy and fecundity of freedom, while Athens learned that freedom is futile and vain without ordered living, the spirit of service to free institutions—then Hellas might have been something more than the tinder spark of civilization. England of to-day harks back to Athens; there are those who tell us that the nation of Shakespeare, Newton, and Darwin shows much the same blend of Nordic and Mediterranean stock that produced Sophocles, Plato, and Aristotle. The Prussian Junker sees his Nordic prototype in Sparta. These are vain fancies if you will, myths of the anthropologist who as yet has not established a science. The point is immaterial. It is no myth that the planet is whirled steadfast in its orbit by a force centrifugal balancing a force centripetal; it is no myth that civilization can be held in its steady, onward way only by the nicely balanced interplay of the spirits of freedom and of service. England and Germany may yet fight their Peloponnesian war—perhaps have already fought it, for the flower of both peoples is beneath the sod. If we of this securer, more fortunate Western world are to fulfil our destiny, perchance carry onward the torch of civilization, it can only be by learning what the Saxon has not learned, that without organized service there is no civilized and enduring freedom; what the Prussian never suspected, that the service is vain which suppresses the spirit of liberty. Freedom must be enmeshed in law. For in modern life it is only through law that freedom itself can reach any high development; it is only as members of a group (since citizens of a nation live for the collective welfare of all groups) that the individual can be truly enfranchised.

None but a great people can grasp that

idea, make it the blood of their veins, the breath of their living—a greater people than the world has yet known. If we are to climb to the heights of our opportunity, our women must lead the way. The modern care for the welfare of the nation will not stop with considerations of pure food, even with service to indigent women in the crisis of childbirth. Above the instinct of present compassion will rise the law of the future, austere yet no less tender. That requires that the material resources of the nation, and its infinitely more precious resources of the spirit, shall no longer be spent solely in palliating the miseries of the unfortunate. We have heard much of birth-control. It is a dubious and perplexing propaganda of which only one thing need here be said. Our primary and insistent need is not birth-control in the lower strata of life but birth-release in the higher. Or rather the two ideas must work as a harmonious whole if we are to augment while we transmit our heritage from the fathers.

In many phases government by commission is merely the modern development of woman's function in the ancient industrial household. Supervision of food and fabrics, helpful sympathy for the poor, and responsibility for the character and the education of the oncoming generation, wear a widely different aspect, enlarged many-fold; but they are still essentially the work of women. To perform them requires, as always, soundness and sweetness of character. This may be found in any walk of life. But it requires also faculties that are new to womanhood and as yet imperfectly esteemed—liberal knowledge and rigorous professional training. These are possible only to those of superior mentality—roughly speaking, the middle class. For many decades, as far as one can judge in the absence of full statistics, the class has been dwindling, and with it our power to combat the increasing stupidity and venality of democracy as we have known it. If free institutions are to justify themselves, it must be by a rehabilitation of the middle class, both in its vital fecundity and in its equipment for administering the increasingly complex and specialized fabric of civilization. There must be an ever-growing supply of citizens well born, well bred,

and well educated. To attain this, members of the middle class, especially its women, must win a fairer economic standing. They must have the new work and the sufficient pay without which political equality is a mockery. The homely, victorious battle-cry of "Votes for Women!" must give way to another quite as homely: "Jobs for Women!" which must in turn become victorious if women are to be truly enfranchised.

This can come only by a revolution not merely in the lives of women-folk, but in the life of the nation as a whole—or, rather, by the consummation of the Industrial Revolution which has already distracted us for the better part of a century. Above the doctrine of equality which has hitherto guided us must rise the spirit of liberty. The issue cannot be evaded. As Emile Faguet has pointed out, the principle of equality is democracy and the principle of freedom aristocracy. Political writers in Europe, ranging from Hilaire Belloc to Viscount Bryce, have adumbrated the fall of democracy and faced the sorry return of "monarchy" or "oligarchy." Such a reversion is not impossible; but if we are fortunate the world will move forward. The "aristocracy" which freedom brings—if it does bring it—will be something quite new, conformable to the realities of the present and the future.

Who, then, are "the best" who are to "rule" us? A world in which Christ was the son of a carpenter, Shakespeare of an unsuccessful burgher tradesman, and Lincoln of "poor whites," cannot afford to set store only by exalted lineage. The modern world has new tests of fitness. Anthropology is groping in the first faint gray of its dawn; biology, where it touches the human germ-plasm, is scarcely more advanced. That both combined will ever afford a sure foundation for eugenics is at best a hope. But this much we do know, that parents of a stock truly sound invariably produce sound children, and that thoroughly evil parents can only have thoroughly evil offspring. If the burden of our civilization is to be sustained, the time must come, and very soon, when what little knowledge we have shall be used to snuff out the demonstrably poisoned strains of our national life and

liberate those that have demonstrated fitness to cope with the problem of the future of civilization. If that means aristocracy, let the proletarian champion of democracy make the most of it.

At the worst it is aristocracy with a difference. The old aristocracy rested upon birth. In some far time it may have been inspired by the purpose of perpetuating the strain of strong leadership; but that purpose was vague and transitory. In the course of generations the old aristocracy became identified with the possession of property—looking backward to strength, indeed, but forward only to affluence. The new aristocracy must look forward in all things. It must rest, not upon property nor yet upon birth, but on a new badge of distinction, the privilege of giving birth. Only those who are without the clear stigmata of evil can be allowed to become parents of the future. Here is perhaps the widest field for the new administration—the soundness and the vitality of the nation.

It is often noted that women are instinctively aristocrats, jealous of seclusion, of distinction. How could it be otherwise with those whom nature has made guardians of its sacred flame? Yet it is noted also that they have the genius of loving-kindness, of abundant tenderness, overflowing the world. There will be need of both spirits if the new aristocracy is to prevail. The flame of life must be jealously guarded—and always tenderly nurtured. It can no longer be permitted either that children of the rich shall waste a nation's wealth in vanity and idleness or that children of the vicious and the imbecile shall swarm upon the public bounty. On each level of useful occupation life in the industrial republic must be commodious and fruitful; but only for those who belong there. In the national mansion the staircases from floor to floor must be kept open for those on the rising scale—and for those also whose trend is downward.

On the ladder of Jacob's dream angels were ascending and descending. He did not say just what they were about, but we of to-day may guess. They were leading those on the way upward toward the face of God, and leading also those others. Are there no such angels any more?

There should be. For they are the only means by which, as was promised, all the nations of the earth shall be blessed.

How, then, will it fare with democracy, with freedom? In the trilogy of the French Republic the ultimate and emphatic word is fraternity. Aristocratic liberty and democratic equality are deeply and essentially at strife; but under the rule of the genius of fraternity their very strife becomes fruitful. As M. Faguet has said, fraternity not merely reconciles liberty and equality but enhances them—makes them progenitors each of the other. In this new brotherhood of man, which cries out always for more health, more strength, more beauty, there will be infinitely more of real liberty, more of true equality, than has ever yet been possible. In the Spartan state citizens were *homoioi*—equals in the liability to serve. Modern citizenship has reached downward into the ranks of those who in Hellas were slaves. The new *homoioi* must include all who have the ability to serve in whatever capacity. They must be, as men have never been yet, equals in the opportunity to rise and free to rise to whatever distinction. Nothing can make this possible but an all-pervading ministry, as zealous as it is compassionate. But if ever such a society is achieved it will be no more "aristocratic" than "democratic." Both words are inaccurate, misleading—burdened with obsolete connotations. The state of the future will be at once the most fruitfully aristocratic and the most fruitfully democratic the world has ever known, and it will be that because it has become fraternal.

The ancients, who divined so many truths beautifully if vaguely, made the goddess of the home and of the race a vestal. To them a maiden was the purest and most sacred of women. We who know Christianity know that the only purity which is a power in life is that of the mind and heart. In so far as the upright have acquaintance with the fulness of living, they are by that much more pure. To matron or maid, what matters truly is knowledge and zeal. More than that, in the fraternal state not a few of

the guardians of the sacred fire will be men trained as physicians. Of all professions theirs is the most truly vestal—deny it as they may. Certainly, until women develop adequate ability as scientists and administrators, there will be need of men also to serve on commissions of welfare. But the inspiring genius will be that of women, as also the preponderance in administrative labor.

It will be, that is, if we are worthy of having it so. However desirable the vision, it is only a vision—a thing dearly desired and conceivable. It is not inevitable. It will not come unless it is passionately desired and bravely fought for—unless the middle class wins forward to its birthright, its indispensable, historic function.

In a world ominously destitute of religious impulse, lamentably lacking in such passions of the spirit as lead mankind upward, it would be fortunate if this service of the race and its future should some day blend and be reinforced by a still higher inspiration. The religion of Jehovah centred in the idea that his worshippers were the chosen people. Again a high truth incompletely divined. Yet we know to-day, what we have not known since Christianity turned away from the Mosaic law, that health and vitality are the foundations of godliness. If ever there is to be a worship that makes modern science at one with a credible theology, it must centre, quite in the spirit of those who first worshipped Jehovah, in the men and women whom life has marked as its chosen.

Statesmen who can see in administration by women only a plague of snooping and tattle-taling, who know no alternative for individual liberty but bureaucratic muddling and tyranny, will find this hope passing strange. Strange it undoubtedly is, but those who have minds only for the known and tried may well remember that the most familiar thing in history is an advanced civilization plunging headlong into chaos, top-heavy with its weight of material gains wasted in riot, vertiginous for the lack of clear and sound mentality.

Has the Westward Tide of Peoples Come to an End?

BY FREDERIC C. HOWE

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AMERICA has apparently come to a decision on the question of immigration. Congress has decreed that the invasion by other peoples must stop. Public opinion seem-

ingly supports Congress in this decision. The Southern States, that should want white labor, do not want the alien. The West and Northwest, that were settled largely by immigrants from the north of Europe, seem disposed to close the doors to south and central Europe. The Protestant Churches fear the Catholic majority from southern Europe, while that part of our population that is descended from Anglo-Saxon-Germanic stock does not take kindly to the idea of America becoming a non-Anglo-Saxon nation. Congress has the support of the country in the policy of exclusion. The press supports it. The Protestant Churches approve of it. Organized labor has long insisted that free trade in labor should cease. Manufacturers, contractors, and others interested in liberal immigration have been swamped by the changing sentiment of the country, reinforced temporarily by the present industrial depression.

The United States has aligned itself with Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, which countries are also closing their doors to immigration. From now on we may look for increasing vigilance on the part of immigration authorities and greater restrictions in the law. After three centuries of almost complete freedom on the part of the individual to come and go over the face of the earth his movements are being circumscribed. No matter what the industrial demand may be, no matter which party may be in power, the gates are likely to remain closed, with

such exceptions as may be made to travellers, expert artisans, professional men, and possibly women servants to relieve our domestic problems.

In some respects this is the most significant fact in our life to-day, as it is significant in the long history of the world. For this closing of our gates means many things to our industrial life, to our productive powers, to our ethnic make-up, and to the future development of our peoples. In a larger view it marks the end of a world-long movement of peoples from the Far East to the distant West; a movement that began long before the Christian era, that repeated itself in almost every century, and that has only come to an end by reason of the barrier of the Pacific Ocean and the enclosure of the public domain, which for three centuries absorbed the dispossessed and restless spirits not only of the Old World but of America as well.

Immigration is not a new thing. It is as old as the human race. Whole nations emigrated from India, Persia, and central Asia to Europe. Races, tribes, and families left their ancestral homes and made new nations about the Mediterranean. Rome was settled by emigrants from Greece. In later centuries Italy peopled central Europe. The Romans fought with the Gauls for France, with the Teutonic tribes for Germany, with the Angles for the British Isles. For centuries after the fall of Rome the Goths and Ostrogoths, the Huns and the Vandals, the Lombards and the tribes of central and eastern Europe overran the Roman Empire. They obliterated old cultures. They absorbed, or were absorbed, by other peoples; they finally divided into states and nations.

For six or seven centuries immigration came to an end. Population increased. The struggle for existence became more severe. The feudal system reduced the

worker and the farmer to serfdom. Wherever the conditions of life were most difficult there the desire to escape was the most insistent. With the opening up of America the westward movement began again. It started from England, not because of a desire for religious liberty so much as because England possessed ships, while conditions of life in England, following the enclosure of the common lands, made it necessary for people to escape. The same was true of Scotland as it was of Ireland in the nineteenth century.

For three centuries old Europe has been depopulating herself in response to the urge of greater economic opportunity in the new lands to the west. For two and a half centuries people came from the north and west of Europe. They came almost exclusively from races of Nordic stock. England, Scotland, and Ireland contributed most. Germany sent large contingents up to about 1880, as did the Scandinavian countries. About 1890 the tide turned toward the South. Italy, and especially southern Italy, Hungary, Poland, Russia, the Balkan States, and the Near East sent increasing contingents to our shores. By 1914 the predominant immigration was from these countries. In that year there were 683,000 admissions from central and southern Europe, and 220,000 from northern and western Europe. In the twenty-five years before the war the bulk of the immigration was from south and central Europe, so that of the 33,000,000 persons in this country of foreign birth, or with one or more parents of foreign birth, the majority are of Italian and Slavic stock.

Just as economic conditions in Europe crowded the population out, so economic conditions in America shaped our attitude toward immigration and our laws on the subject as well. We think of immigration in terms of races. We assume that the problem is an ethnic one. Our thoughts and our discussions run along human, religious, moral lines. The protest of the "old immigration" against the "new immigration" is based on the illiteracy of those that are coming now, on their lower standards of living, on their alien cultures, by many on their alleged different standards of morality. More recently there has been a general assumption that the "new immigration" was not

adapted to parliamentary government and American political institutions. The discussions in the press, in the books, and in Congress have been along these lines.

One of the most universal things in the world is a feeling of race superiority. Race superiority is close akin to race prejudice. In one form or other all peoples have it. We find it in the Orient as well as in the Occident. We find it in small countries as well as in large ones. Race psychology is one of the causes of war. And our present restrictive policy is partly born of the demand that America shall not become a non-Anglo-Saxon nation. Undoubtedly as immigration was running before the war we were in danger of being engulfed by people from south and central Europe. Not only were they coming in increasing numbers, but they were breeding rapidly. They had large families. They were willing to increase and multiply on a lower scale of living than the older immigrants would accept. Our larger cities are already overwhelmingly alien in their make-up. So are the mining-camps and the industrial towns. The percentage of persons of foreign birth or descended from parents of which one or both were of foreign birth is in excess of 70 per cent in New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, and St. Louis. Inasmuch as the great majority of those who have come since 1895 have come from south and central Europe, our cities have become, or are soon to become, predominantly peopled by persons of non-Anglo-Saxon heritage.

Despite the emphasis placed on the ethnic side of the question our immigration policies have been determined by economic rather than racial considerations. They have followed changes in our own economic life, just as emigration out of Europe followed changes in the economic conditions in the older countries. For emigration out of Europe has been shaped by the poverty of Europe. The alien has come from the countries where the struggle for existence was most severe. The filling in of America has been controlled by the poverty of Europe rather than by any policy of our own. At the same time our attitude toward immigration has been moulded by economic considerations in this country. It was largely, almost exclusively, moulded by the free lands of the

West. So long as there was land to be had for the asking there was no protest against immigration. Rather, every influence urged the freest possible admissions. Up to seventy years ago, and even later, people generally felt that the great West would never be filled in with people. It was hardly conceivable that the land would all be taken up. Land speculators preceded settlers. They took up land. They laid out towns. They owned or controlled the press. They influenced men in Congress. Western States cried aloud for settlers. They cared not whence they came. That was true up to about 1895. Then we began to appreciate that the land was fast filling in. As a matter of fact, there was but little free land as late as 1890.

About this time our industries began to take on enlarged form. Mines, mills, and factories grew with great rapidity. Our industrial development in the twenty years before the war was both rapid and in the direction of massing of capital into big units. Railroads were being built, cities and towns were growing with great rapidity. There was a need for workers of every kind, especially for artisans that we had not trained in this country, and for unskilled workers, that were not to be had. So the employers and the contractors urged that the gates be left open. They organized agencies to stimulate immigration. They joined with the steamship companies and sent runners to central and southern Europe to speed up the movement. For twenty years our immigration policy was shaped by contractors, employers, and the steamship companies. It was supported by public opinion, in the main eager for the industrial development of the country. During these years central and Southern Europe emptied itself of 15,000,000 people, of whom possibly one-third, or one fourth, returned to their native lands.

Then organized labor began to protest. It had no concern with ethnic questions. It was not moved by any race prejudice. Its first protest was against contract labor. It secured the absolute exclusion of persons who came here with a contract of employment in advance of their coming. Labor then demanded a restrictive law. Up to that time we had no restrictive legislation. Such laws as we had were

selective. They kept out persons who, for physical, mental, moral, or political reasons were considered unfit. Also persons who were likely to become a public charge. In 1914 the only limit to the incoming tide was the capacity of the steamship companies, and the aid rendered by immigrants in this country to their friends and countrymen abroad. For upward of 70 per cent of those who come have received their invitation, they have had their expenses paid by aliens in this country. In 1914 the total immigration amounted to 1,200,000. Of these only $1\frac{1}{3}$ per cent were rejected. They were rejected because they were feeble-minded, because they were paupers, or were likely to become a public charge, were afflicted by dangerous contagious diseases, were criminals, prostitutes, contract laborers, and persons whose tickets had been paid for by some foreign government. The great bulk of these were sent back because they were likely to become a public charge.

It was not until 1917 that America passed the first really restrictive legislation. That was the literacy test. It required that the alien should be able to read some language of his own choosing. This law was directed against southern and central Europe, where illiteracy runs as high as 50, 60, and even 70 per cent. The present percentage law, which limits the immigration from any country to 3 per cent of those already in this country from the country from which the alien comes, was a further effort to check immigration from southern and central Europe, and a limit to the total immigration from all countries. This law has recently been reaffirmed by Congress, and will probably be strengthened rather than weakened in the future. To-day there are no groups or agencies in this country that are urging a free, or even a liberal, immigration policy, save the organized Jewish agencies, and occasional but unorganized interests or groups that either believe in unrestricted immigration or in a sufficiently large inflow to take care of the demand for unskilled labor that is not adequately provided by our own population.

In all probability the age-long movement from the East toward the West has come to an end. America is no longer the hospitable mother of the restless, the dis-

contented, and the impoverished of other and older worlds.

This is a portentous fact. It is possibly the most portentous fact in our recent history.

First. It means that immigration has come to a positive end. The outgo is likely to equal the income. Before the war the number of persons who left this country, the "birds of passage," so-called, was about 30 per cent of those who came. The aliens who left the country numbered about 300,000 a year. Many of them went back for a visit. Many returned to their native lands to enjoy their accumulations. The number of admissible aliens under the 3 per cent law is 355,000. The immigrant departures in 1920 were 288,000, and in 1921 they were 247,718. Deducting those that came for professional and other reasons, there is likely to be diminution rather than an increase in the immigrant aliens who are destined to productive work and such employment as is usually assigned to the newer immigrants.

Second. We have definitely determined that America is to have an Anglo-Saxon-Germanic race. At least so far as admissions to the country control our racial quality. We cannot control the birth-rate. The older stock is undoubtedly less fertile than the newer races. It marries much later in life. It has fewer children. It does not increase as do the people from south and central Europe, and especially those that have a lower standard of living.

Third. In a few years' time we will be faced by a shortage of servants. It is only the recent immigrant and the negro that will accept menial work. The average working period of a servant is not to exceed seven years. Old age, marriage, industrial occupations, many causes call the servant from the kitchen, as they did during the war. Wages rose rapidly. They have continued high. This contributes to the exodus from the kitchen. It makes the servant less of a servant. It frees him from fear of loss of a job. Within a relatively short time there may be a famine of servants in America, a famine that cannot be corrected by opening our gates to women alone. For the women will not come if their men folks are to be left at home.

Fourth. There will be a vacuum in the labor field when industry revives. It will be especially noticeable in the unskilled trades. There will be a shortage of men in the iron and steel mills, in the mines, in the fields, in all those mass industries where mere physical power is needed.

Fifth. Growing out of this the production of wealth may diminish. Not because of the shortage of immigrant labor alone, but because nobody wants to be a manual worker if he can help it. The rapidity with which the aliens rise in the social scale is one of the miracles of the world. It matters little from what country they come, the change which takes place, and the rapidity with which it takes place, is one of the things that make men question if there is such a thing as race superiority, or is it merely a difference of opportunity. Men and women seem to want pretty much the same things. They want the things that those above them in the social scale have. And the universal desire of people is to get away from manual labor. No one wants to work with his hands if he can avoid it. As men rise from the unskilled trades to the skilled ones, they send their children to school or to college to rise still further. They want them to be stenographers, teachers, clerks, professional men. A very large percentage of the teachers in the public schools of any large city are children whose parents were born abroad. They are Jews, Bohemians, Poles, Germans. The same is true of stenographers, as it is of clerks and professional men and women.

A generation ago nearly every one was a producer. Fifty years ago almost everybody worked with his hands. There were very few people who did not contribute directly to the increase in the amount of wealth produced. Moreover, everybody worked to capacity. People were inspired by hope, by ambition, by the belief that they could, and would, rise by their own efforts. There was no such word as sabotage. To-day a large percentage of our people do no productive work, or work at secondary processes that contribute but little to the wealth of the world. And the instinct of almost everybody is to escape into a profession or a calling in which there is social caste, even though it be the caste of a clerk in a soda-water fountain.

Let us project our minds ten years into the future, a ten years in which there has been no immigration, in which many immigrants who stand well up in the economic scale have gone back home, a ten years which, added to the eight years since the outbreak of the war closed our gates to immigration, makes eighteen years in the age of a man. By 1932 many of those now working in the iron and steel mills, in the mines and on the railroads, in the building of roads and the work on the farm, will have grown old. They can no longer do hard manual work. In the factories girls whose parents were of foreign birth have married or been worn out. The shop-girl has not been recruited from the better-to-do immigrants. There will certainly be a loss of 3,000,000 workers, and possibly many millions more. Where are they to come from? During these years the oncoming generation will be crowding into the more spectacular professions. They will be rising in the social scale. There will be a great increase in the number of non-producers; a growing unrest among those who have been educated at the public schools and in the colleges.

A condition like this has never confronted the world before. It could not arise in any European country, because caste made it impossible for many men to rise, while economic conditions with a rapid birth-rate kept competition alive for the most menial positions. Europe has always had more men than jobs. In consequence she always had a propertyless, ambitionless population that crowded on the opportunities for living.

I am not discussing whether this is a good thing or a bad thing. It will undoubtedly raise the standard of living of the workers. It will increase wages. It will put a premium on unskilled labor, on the servant, on those who are willing to accept the loss of caste involved in doing the dirty work that has to be done. All wages will probably rise. Hours of labor will probably be shortened. There will be a material gain to millions of people as a result of the labor vacuum that will be created if our gates remain closed and prosperity returns, as undoubtedly it will.

This may stimulate the inventive skill of the country. We may devise ways and means for doing many things by machines

that are now being done by hand. That has been the history of high wages. Whenever it becomes cheaper to install machinery for the doing of man's work than to hire men to do it, the machine has been forthcoming. That happened in the iron and steel industry in the eighties and nineties, when the most marvellous changes and inventions revolutionized the industry. It will probably result in the harnessing of our water-power, in the electrification of many industries, in the elimination of much human waste. This will be a great gain. But there will still be a vacuum that cannot be filled in this way. As yet there are no machines to till the farm, care for the cattle, or provide the intelligence required in myriads of processes that require the hand and the brain of man.

The result of these conditions may be a reduction in the productive capacity of the nation. It will certainly reduce the number of persons occupied in manual pursuits, and especially in the elementary pursuits that are now manned by the raw material from Europe, which for a generation has been cheaper than the building of machines to do man's work.

Sixth. There is another change that is, of necessity, speculative. Yet it is the most interesting one of all. The movement of peoples pays little attention to racial considerations. It seems to be little influenced by political institutions. Several hundred thousand American farmers left our Western States and went to Canada before the war. They braved the hardships of a pioneer life. They faced the nearer Arctic winters. They accepted the chances of failure, the tedium of isolation. They gave up the comforts of a well-developed society in order to escape from tenancy, or the high cost of agricultural land. Like the pioneers who rushed to the homesteads of the West, when they were opened up by the government, the farmers of these older States trekked to Canada in response to the call of opportunity.

Now this seems to be the law of man. He seeks his food where it costs him the least effort. He is not moved by his mind, by his reason, by his patriotic emotions. He is moved by the instinct to satisfy his wants by the minimum of labor. This means finding fertile land rather

than land that is exhausted. It means finding cheap land rather than land that costs him a lifetime of labor. It means escaping from tenantry to ownership, from the farm-hand to the farm owner, from the coal-mine and the steel mill to home ownership. The same instinct leads men to the gold-fields, to Alaska, to an oil gusher, to the spot where human effort yields the largest return.

Immigration has always responded to these forces. Very few people have left Europe to enjoy religious or even political liberty. They came because of the call of the land, in recent years because of the call of high wages. From the beginning of time individuals, families, tribes, races, and nations have moved about the face of the earth in response to the call of economic opportunity, and usually in response to the call of free or cheap land.

Now the free land of America is all gone. It is all owned. There is land enough and to spare for hundreds of millions of people. But it is either held out of use at speculative prices or conditions do not promise a sufficient return to labor. Land in the central West rose to two, three, and even five hundred dollars an acre during the high prices that prevailed during the war. While the land of America is held at high prices, or in large estates, the land of central Europe is being broken up into small holdings. It is being offered to settlers on attractive terms. Whether in Russia or in Poland, Czechoslovakia or the Balkan States, the rule as to land is much the same. A man is permitted to own only so much land as he himself can work. The old feudal estates are being sold on long-time payments, or on no payments at all. Russia alone contains one-seventh of the total land area of the globe. There are inexhaustible resources in her mines and forests. There are similar opportunities in the other countries. There is land enough in central Europe to care for tens of millions of families, and if order returns it can be had on easy terms. In addition these countries have worked out credit agencies that make it possible for the worker and the farmer to finance his purchases and his farming on easy terms. They are backed by the states or by co-operative societies. Co-operation has grown with marvellous rapidity in these

countries since the war. It is becoming universal. Marketing is being organized, as is buying. In addition the dollar has swollen as a result of the depreciation of the currencies of these countries. It will convert the steel-worker into a capitalist. It will buy him a farm or an estate. It will change him to an employer. It will enable him to rise in the social scale. And we do not realize how greatly the alien in this country suffers from the low estate in which he is held. There is a resentment in the minds of many of them that they are treated as a lower type of human being.

There may or may not be an exodus from America when Europe settles down and the famines and pestilences and revolutions give place to order and security. Conditions may be so good in this country that men will prefer to stay. But central Europe may make a bid for men. The new countries may want their savings, they may want their experience, they may want the stability that they will give to the governments that are coming into being. They may offer them land. They may enlist them in industry. They may appeal to their patriotism. And if the history of man is any guide to us, men will go where conditions of life are easiest. They will follow the call of their stomach. They will adventure a new life as the farmers of the West ventured into Canada, as our forefathers ventured to America, and later to the prairies of the West. There may, in fact, be an exodus from this country within the next ten years. For there are 15,000,000 people in this country who were born in Europe. A very large percentage came from central and southern Europe. But few of them own their own homes. But few of them are attached to the soil. Most of them were peasants before they came. They have a hunger for land as have all continental Europeans, a hunger that has not been satisfied here and apparently cannot be satisfied here.

As to whether the age-long movement of peoples that broke on the Pacific Ocean will turn in its tracks and move backward to the rising sun is a matter for conjecture only. If men can satisfy their wants easier in Europe than they can in America, if they can escape from the status of workers and become owners, if they can

rise in the social scale, if they can solve the problem of life easier in some other country than they can here, they will surely do so. The history of all America testifies to this as does the history of the human race. For man has been an immigrant from the beginning of time. He has cared very little for the heat of the sun or the cold of the Arctic circle. He has cared but little whether he was governed by a Pope, by a King, or by himself. Given a chance to rise in the world and to keep what he produced, man has followed

that call, and the world is what it is to-day largely because of that fact. It may be that the raw material that America has received from Europe and raised to ambition and hope will return to the countries from which it came. It may be that one of our great contributions to the future of the world will be the men who go from our mills, our factories, our mines, and our cities to contribute their training and their abilities to the rebuilding of the countries that gave us so generously of their children in the past.

The Immigration Problem

A PRACTICAL AMERICAN SOLUTION

BY ROY L. GARIS

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ON February 20, 1922, the House of Representatives passed a joint resolution extending the operation of the Immigration Act of May 19, 1921, to and including June 30, 1923, by a vote of 281 to 36, with 112 not voting. This Act of May 19, 1921, provides that "the number of aliens of any nationality who may be admitted under the immigration laws to the United States in any fiscal year shall be limited to 3 per centum of the number of foreign-born persons of such nationality resident in the United States, as determined by the United States census of 1910."

The Immigration Act of May 19, 1921, was passed as a makeshift, temporary emergency measure to stem the tide of those unfortunates of Europe who desired to come into the "Land of Promise" in order to escape the misery and burdens which they inherited from the war. There was little or no time for an intelligent, historical, and scientific study of the question. In order to meet the emergency, we had to depart from our traditional policy of virtual unrestricted immigration, and we had to do so *at once*.

The measure adopted was drastic, yet it received the approval of public opinion

throughout the entire country. According to this Act, 355,825 immigrants are entitled to enter the United States prior to June 30 of this year. Had Congress accepted the 1920 census instead of that of 1910, as was advocated by some, the number to be admitted would have been 361,653. This is a heavy restriction when one compares the number it admits with the number of immigrants—805,000—which came in the year immediately preceding. Being a new policy, it was inevitable that it should create hardship in some cases, yet "a restrictive law is expected to restrict." Most of the hardships resulting from "this cruel and iniquitous law," as it was characterized by Representative Sabath, occurred during the early months of the fiscal year. The hardships pictured so pathetically by the opponents of this 3 per cent law were due to the activities of dishonest alien steamship companies who have tried to corrupt, debauch, and nullify the law for selfish purposes, and to the necessary readjustment of the nations to our new—aye, revolutionary—immigration policy. With all of its faults, Congress is not so inhumane as some would have us believe. On March 16 the House passed a resolution under which approximately 2,400 aliens admitted temporarily to the United States prior to March 7 in excess of the 3 per cent quotas would be

permitted to remain in this country permanently, thus granting relief in those cases which caused even our President to write, September 9, 1921: "I haven't any doubt in the world but the enforcement of the immigration laws is working many a hardship." But such is inevitable in any drastic transition from one policy to another.

To-day Ellis Island is more nearly a desert than it has been in twenty years. Steamship agents have learned to heed our warnings not to bring innocent immigrants to this country in excess of the quotas. The machinery for carrying out the law is working, and the weaknesses in the operation of the law are known. It has been estimated that by June 30 next the Act will have kept from the United States 1,750,000 to 2,000,000 immigrants, few of whom we would have been prepared to receive and care for in a year of unemployment and readjustment. The consensus of opinion seems to be that in inaugurating this new and untried policy after 135 years' experience under the Constitution, the only wonder is that this law has been as successfully administered as it has. Clearly, we are ready for something definite and permanent.

The question now before the country is: What is to be our permanent immigration policy? The joint resolution passed by the House and by the Senate April 15, with several amendments, was "offered so that the people of the United States may continue to have the benefit of that restriction." Later the conference committee reached an agreement giving one year longer for study and the formulation of a permanent immigration policy. But even such action as this means that Congress must pass another law at its short session, which ends automatically next March 4, unless by taking no action it should express its desire to return again to the former policy of immigration.

However, such a return to the old custom of free immigration is impractical and improbable, and I do not believe the people of the United States either wish or will permit it. The people of the United States want restriction—strict, severe restriction—and to this sort of task we must gird our loins.

In a letter of March 16, 1922, to Senator William J. Harris, President Samuel

Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, pleads for a law stricter than the 3 per cent Act, his plan being virtually equivalent to absolute restriction. He writes thus, in the name of the American Federation of Labor, to Senator Harris:

"Sir: In the name of the workers and the would-be workers now unemployed we protest against the adoption of H. J. Res. No. 268, as passed by the House of Representatives.

"At the hearings before the House committee the representatives of the American Federation of Labor urged that immigration be restricted, except for the dependent immediate relatives of aliens now here who have established themselves and are able to support such dependent relatives, on the ground that every effective immigrant admitted under present industrial conditions must result in throwing out of employment a worker now in our country. We repeat that assertion; we point to the millions of workers walking the streets of our cities and industrial towns or tramping the roads because they can find no employment. We hold that to admit more potential workers at this time is an injustice not only to those now here but to those aliens who might be admitted. . . .

"We ask, first, for restriction of immigration to the immediate dependent relatives of foreigners now here.

"Or, second, that the present 3 per cent limitation law shall be the law until further action of the Congress of the United States.

"Or, third, that the present limitation law shall continue in force until June 30, 1924, thus safeguarding the country from a flood of immigration, until Congress shall have opportunity to adopt permanent legislation dealing with this problem."

The late Mrs. Alexander P. Moore (Lillian Russell), returned not long ago from a special mission to Europe, commissioned by President Harding to investigate and report upon the immigration problem to the Department of Labor, proposed a five-year "immigration holiday" or "a system for selecting and sifting immigrants abroad."

Citing France and Italy as illustrations of countries where every able-bodied man is at work, Mrs. Moore declared that

"only those useless in the reconstruction of their countries are seeking to come to the United States." She said, also, that "our America has passed the transition stage. It is to-day a world-power. An intelligent, cohesive, loyal citizenship is its propulsive force. The melting-pot has been overcrowded. It has boiled too quickly and is running over. It were better to put out the fires under it and allow its contents to solidify before adding any more raw material. . . . If we don't put up the bars and make them higher and stronger, there no longer will be an America for Americans. . . . One particular fact is that no good immigration is turning our way. The good inhabitants of every foreign country are needed there, and can possibly be happier and more contented there than in America."

Neither President Gompers's plan nor Mrs. Moore's "immigration holiday" could be accepted as a permanent policy, for thereby we would indeed become a "hermit nation." Both propose to delay the solution to the problem for two or more years.

Mrs. Moore's other suggestion, "a system for selecting and sifting immigrants abroad," has found various advocates, both in and outside of Congress. She suggested that American consuls be given authority to put applicants through rigid mental tests, and that American physicians be employed abroad to make physical tests. Such a plan of inspection at foreign ports has been considered carefully by Congress and dropped, due not only to the "red tape" that would be involved, but also to informal objections against such legislation communicated through the Secretary of State from various foreign countries.

Two other suggestions have been made, first, a law to the effect that 50 per cent of what immigration we do receive shall come to us in American ships, and, second, a law to require the registration of all aliens, including newcomers and those now here. But these proposals are of minor significance as a solution to the problem.

What, then, should be our permanent immigration policy? A brief historical review will reveal to us a practical, Amer-

ican solution which would receive nationwide approval.

The arrival of passengers from abroad was first officially recorded in 1819, and since that date more or less accurate records have been kept of immigration. During the whole period from 1776 to 1820 the average annual immigration amounted to a little more than 7,700. Between 1820-1860 a total of 6,062,414 immigrants came into the United States. The British Islands contributed 54 per cent of the total and Germany sent the next largest number, amounting to nearly 30 per cent. The total immigration into the United States from 1861 to 1916 was 27,772,000, and of this number 17,398,000 have come since 1880, which indicates that immigration has been increasing in recent years. In fact, in the decade from 1901 to 1910 the total was 8,795,386, which is the largest for any ten years in our history. However, these are not the net gains, for many immigrants have no intention of staying here permanently, but are part of that floating population so characteristic of present migrations.

It has been pointed out that the general tendency of opinion is to favor more and more restrictions to check this great flood of aliens, for very few persons now maintain the doctrine that America should be kept open as the "haven for the oppressed of all nations." The causes are not hard to find, viz., "the fear that the competition of the newcomers reduces wages and lowers the American standard of living, and that it is impossible to absorb and Americanize foreigners as rapidly as they have been coming. Furthermore, it is argued that industrial advantages are not as great as formerly, that most of the desirable land is now claimed by settlers, that the lot of those who come can scarcely be better than that of menial laborers, and that existing opportunities should be more and more protected for the benefit of present inhabitants."

But the fundamental and vital reason is that the present stream of immigrants flows largely from portions of Europe where the institutions and people are so different from our own that great social damage would result without careful restriction. It is to the problem of the proper restriction of this type of aliens

that this article is directed. The author believes that if we can solve this difficulty the problem itself is largely solved and we shall have an effective permanent American policy, for, as President Lowell, of Harvard, says, "it is, indeed, largely a perception of the need of homogeneity, as a basis for popular government and the public opinion on which it rests, that justifies democracies in resisting the influx in great numbers of a widely different race."

The total number of immigrants into the United States from western Europe between 1871 and 1880 was 2,080,266, while the total from southern and eastern Europe was only 181,638. But between 1901 and 1910 the total from the former was 2,007,119, while the number from southern and eastern Europe increased to 6,128,897. Thus, while immigration from western Europe was almost the same for the two decades, that from southern and eastern Europe increased from 181,000 to over 6,000,000. During the former period immigration from the latter portion constituted only 9 per cent of the total from Europe, while in the period from 1901 to 1910 it was about 75 per cent. The following table will illustrate the point still further, showing the gradual decrease of the old and the rapid increase of the new—and undesirable—immigration:

EIGHT YEARS (1882-1889)

Old immigration.....	3,019,696
New immigration.....	708,357
	<u>3,728,053</u>

SEVEN YEARS (1890-1896)

Old immigration.....	1,652,797
New immigration.....	1,194,189
	<u>2,846,986</u>

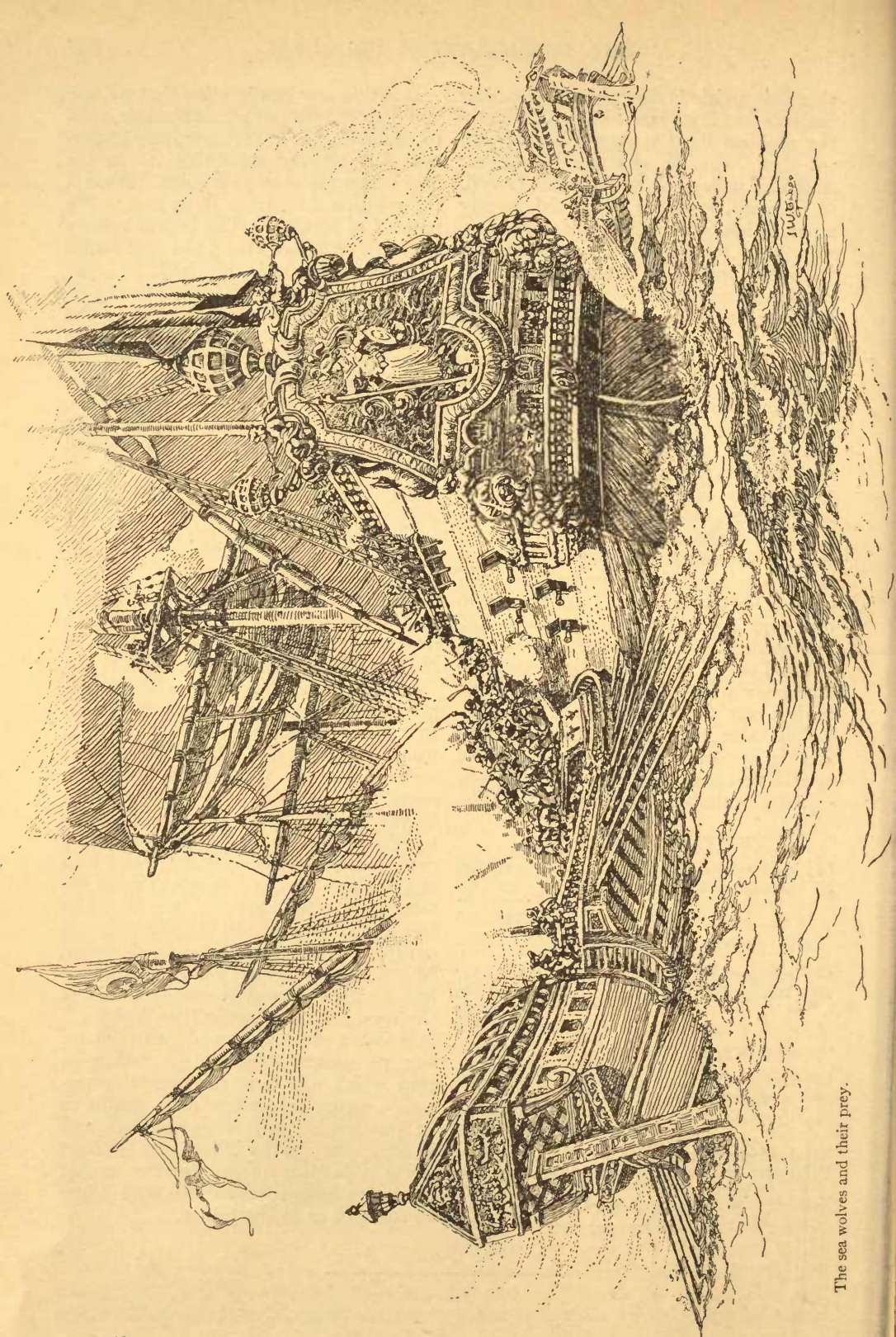
EIGHTEEN YEARS (1897-1914)

Old immigration.....	2,083,548
New immigration.....	10,957,576
	<u>13,041,124</u>

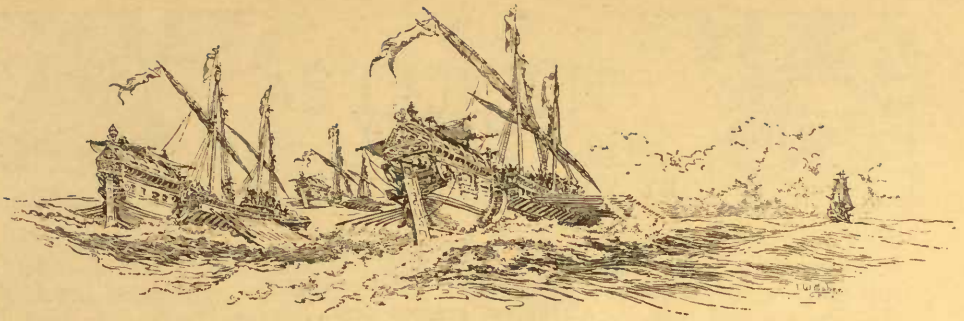
Total old immigration (1882-1914) ..	7,566,041
Total new immigration (1882-1914) ..	11,960,122
Total immigration from Europe, old and new (1882-1914).....	<u>19,526,163</u>

It is this new immigration that we fear and desire to restrict and, if possible, even to eliminate. It is this new immigration that has already exhausted its quotas long before the fiscal year is out. What is the solution acceptable to us and to the nations of Europe? The logical answer seems to be to keep the 3 per cent clause as a permanent ratio, but let it be 3 per cent of the number of foreign-born persons of each nationality resident in the United States as determined by the United States census of 1890 instead of 1910 or 1920. This is a simple yet a practical solution based on historical facts. The machinery is already in operation and the nations of Europe have expressed their willingness to co-operate with us when we make known our policy. On January 3, 1921, the Secretary of State notified the House Committee on Immigration that "the Italian Government has suspended the issuance of passports to subjects emigrating to the United States, and will refrain from issuing such passports until informed as to the classes of immigrants desired in this country."

Such a plan would reduce the immigrants from southern and eastern Europe to a few thousands each year, while it would admit virtually all of those from western Europe who might desire to come, yet the total from Europe would be very small. Provision could be made to admit students, just as exceptions are made in favor of such persons from China and Japan. Such a law would certainly meet with public approval, and would be free from practically all the objections to our former and present policies. It would be stricter restriction, yet short of absolute restriction, and it would eliminate the need for an "immigration holiday." It is a plan which we can adopt to-day for our permanent immigration policy—a plan which will meet the present emergency, secure our desired ends, enable us to Americanize those aliens now here, and to save America for Americans without doing injustice to or working undue hardships against those who may desire to come to us in the future.



The sea wolves and their prey.



Sea Wolves of the Seventeenth Century

DRAWINGS AND NOTES BY I. W. TABER

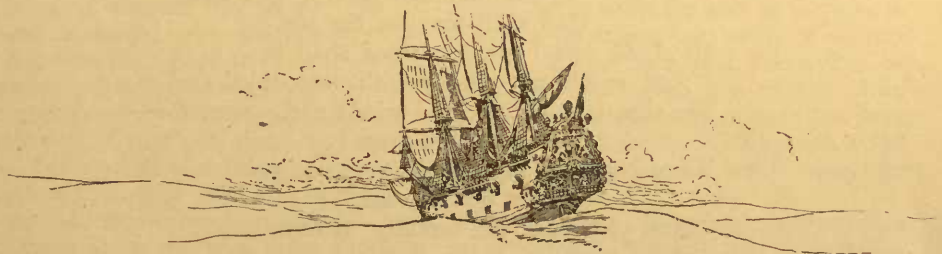


THE Barbary Pirates plied their nefarious trade throughout the Mediterranean, and later past Gibraltar and along the shores of the Atlantic.

Originally recruited from the Barbary States and Morocco, their main strength during the seventeenth century was supplied by renegades from all parts of Christendom. Feeling was high against the "Christian Dogs," and these Mahommedan sea wolves, with their swift deadly galleys and rascallion crews, played terrible havoc with the gold-laden caravels coming in from the West, innocent traders from the North, and Indiamen from the Far East.

Equipped with banks of powerful oars (manned by the wretched victims of some previous escapade), the galleys were not dependent upon wind for movement, and had, therefore, the advantage of approach, and would bear down in twos and threes upon some helpless, becalmed merchantman. Skilfully avoiding any possibility of a broadside from their prey, and using their own batteries (usually one twenty-four and two eight-pounders) they would make a rush alongside, grapple and board. There would be a desperate clash of scimitar and cutlass, a rattle of small arms, and another tragedy of the deep found its ending.

Those of the ship's crew who were unfortunate enough to escape the sword were sold as galley-slaves or held for ransom, with the prospect of an unhealthy death if the ransom money was not forthcoming. Galley-slaves were chained to their benches and urged on by overseers with raw-hide lashes.



Serenity

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

ROUND Lake Serenity

The shores are tapestry
Of velvet grasses sleek,
Always in-curving, like a woman's arm
Round a child sleeping, or the winding charm
Of my Love's hair, that rippled golden-warm
Once on her brow and cheek.
All that dear wealth is vanished long, I know,
But rippling so
The shore-lines range around Serenity.

It looks the home of peace
Where all loud rumors cease,
And nothing harshlier falls
Than ripe rose-flakes, or petals of blown snow;
There wood-duck broods in soundless phalanx go,
And winds and waters mute as moments flow,
And unknown woodland calls
Sudden out-shrilling, in their dying make
The hush they break
Deeper, as lightnings do but dark increase.

And clear, oh, crystal-clear
Did those chill pools appear
The last time I looked down
Into their heart, when round an empty boat
I found a drifting scarf, a flower afloat,
And no voice answered me but Echo's note;
And still those pebbles brown
Mind me of eyes that praise, but will not smile,
All the long while
They wait in glory, and I mourn them here.

I shall not tread again
Those haunted shores; but when
God shall unmake the sea,
My Love and I along a cloud shall lie
And watch, not wholly with untroubled eye,
The dim lake drown, and winds and waters die—
Shall view the tragedy
When Nature, long insensate to our pain,
Cries out in vain,
And yields her old serenity to men.



AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



SEPTEMBER is the month of academic beginnings, as June is filled with the reverberations of commencement oratory and the music of wedding-bells. When one reflects on the enormous amount of excellent advice released not only in baccalaureate sermons but by high-school seniors, one cannot help wondering why more of it is not translated into conduct. The boys and girls who "speak their pieces" to vast audiences in the assembly-halls invariably preach idealism—courage in public life, altruism in business, nobility in human relations, purity in heart. What a cold shock it would be if some pupil in school or college should, in his commencement oration, defend the average practice of humanity rather than the ideal. No: the boys and girls are all on the side of the angels. We expect to hear from their young lips only the highest sentiments, just as we expect another line of action in the world of business and politics. Yet these intensely earnest and sincere exhorters are to control business and politics in the next generation. At just what point, I wonder, does depreciation begin?

The boys and girls are undoubtedly right. They present the world, not as it is, but as it ought to be. And it is possible that this commencement leaven of idealism more and more permeates the mass—possibly a man of fifty, about to do something questionable, suddenly remembers the high words he wrote and spoke thirty years before, and is saved from moral disaster by his own youth. Preaching should never become obsolete, for if it does little good to the audience it certainly helps the speaker, and even the preacher's soul is worth saving. Since the sentiments of youth are right, and the behavior of most men and women wrong, it would seem doubly unwise to supplant a liberal education by a vocational one. Yet there are many who insist that the

universities ought to fit their pupils more directly for a business career—that they ought indeed to adopt business methods. We really need not less but more idealism—instead of trimming the ideal to suit human convenience, we ought to elevate conduct to conform somewhat more closely to the model. I suppose it is by some such process of reflection that Mr. Santayana says that the colleges should not grow more like the world, but that the world should become more like the colleges.

September is the month of mental awakening: the schools and universities reopen, the symphony orchestras are in active rehearsal, the more serious theatres are busy, the churches begin to fill. For my own part, I have never felt any vital connection between the temperature and my mind. I am just as religious in August as in January; I can listen to Beethoven and Wagner with the same eagerness in July as in December. I do not believe that the human intellect hibernates in heat. And it is pleasant to observe that the big cities of America furnish more opportunities for mental stimulation in the summer than was the case formerly. Wisdom is justified of her children. The experiment of giving classical concerts in New York during the hot weather, begun a few years ago, was and continues to be triumphantly successful. Summer schools are increasingly popular.

Just as mountain hotels in Switzerland and in the Adirondacks, which used to be closed in the cold, are now as popular in winter as in summer, so many of us may live to see the time when there shall be as much intellectual life in the cities during "the heated term" as in the days and nights of frost. The human mind should be like a good hotel—open the year round.

For the present, however, there remains an academic, a musical, and a theatrical

"season"; and those of us who love good books, good music, and good plays are wondering what the autumn of 1922 will bring forth. Since the year 1914 New York has been the musical capital of the world, and the appetite grows by what it feeds on. Never have there been so many symphony concerts, and never have they been more thickly attended, nor with more reason. If Beethoven were on the earth, he would love New York. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Company is the first in the world, and the only reason why it is not better is because the best singers to-day are not equal to those of the last decade of the last century. I am no exalter of the past. I know how easy it is to magnify what was at the expense of what is. But I am not more certain of anything than I am of the supreme excellence of the Metropolitan voices of the happy nineties. To hear a tuneful opera like "Faust" sung by Emma Eames, Lassalle, Jean and Edouard de Reszké, to hear the mighty works of Wagner sung gloriously and interpreted with uncanny intelligence by persons who actually satisfied the eye, was to be living in the golden age. We suffered from an excess of riches. It is a pity that Edouard de Reszké and Plançon should have been contemporaries; it is a pity that Emma Eames, Nordica, Calvé, Sembrich, Melba, Ternina, should have adorned the operatic stage at the same moment. As a tenor, Jean de Reszké indeed had the field all to himself; as Lohengrin, his appearance, manner, and voice were as perfect as the author's dream. Well, the new season will introduce some new voices, as did the season of 1921-1922. Fortunately we have returned to the practice of presenting operas in the original language of the libretto. Otto Kahn, whose judgment in art is as sound as his judgment in business, is wholly right in this matter. The chief reason why Continental operahouses do not follow our example is because they cannot afford to.

Why is it, when America has produced such a stunning array of women singers, her motherhood of singing men is so meagre? A teacher of long experience told me it was owing to our low valuation of art. Singing is not regarded as a man's job. Perhaps.

But if the opera is not so good as it used to be, the theatre (only in New York, alas!) is better. Every American interested in modern drama should buy, not borrow, Burns Mantle's yearly book on the plays of the past season. It is a complete and valuable record, by which it is immediately apparent what plays were produced, by whom acted, by whom written, and by what numbers attended. Not long ago I heard a cultivated gentleman, in an after-dinner speech, bemoan the present condition of the stage. To prove his point, he read a list of the dramatic offerings forty years ago, and compared them with flimsy stuff now on the boards. He mentioned Shakespeare, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, and others; but he did not mention the original contemporary English plays of that period, for the simple reason (I suppose) that they were not worth mentioning. The play is always more important than the actor; the play's the thing. I had rather any night hear a good play poorly interpreted than tinsel beautifully set forth. Indeed the better one produces trash the worse off we are; it is like trying to make vice respectable. Nor is it advisable to have the modern theatre depend upon the past, no, not even on Shakespeare. Original plays are the life of the stage. Forty years ago there were a few brilliant stars; but where were the playwrights? To-day we have the thrill of going to a first night of Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy, Ervine, O'Neill.

During the last three seasons in New York there were so many excellent new plays as to take away the last excuse for spending one's time and money on inanity, vulgarity, or filth, which we have always with us. The asylums cannot possibly hold all the idiots; furthermore, there are an extraordinary number of idiots who are not dangerous, and there is no reason why they should be confined. It is necessary, however, that they should be entertained; and musical comedy seems to have been skilfully arranged to meet their needs.

There has never been a great play written in the Western Hemisphere. I was much interested in an article, "The Significance of Recent American Drama," contributed to the July SCRIBNER's by

my friend Arthur Quinn, of the University of Pennsylvania. That an essay showing such familiarity with the contemporary stage should have been written by a college professor is itself significant. It excites no surprise to-day, for courses in modern drama are given in many universities; forty years ago it would have been an audacity. Mr. Quinn's article is like a skilful lawyer's plea; he is an advocate, and he argues with force and enthusiasm, presenting a large number of exhibits. The cold fact remains: there has never been a great play written in the Western Hemisphere. I am not thinking of Shakespeare, Goethe, or Molière; we have never produced a play equal to the best work of Barrie, Shaw, or Galsworthy. No American dramatist, however popular, has ever made an impression on the world's thought, as Ibsen, Björnson, Hauptmann, and Shaw have impressed it. But that our metropolitan stage is steadily growing in importance, and that universities are eagerly studying contemporary playwrights, and that theatre guilds and little theatres are multiplying, are perhaps necessary prerequisites. The American drama is worth studying, if only for an exploratory operation, to discover what is the matter with it.

Montrose J. Moses, whose services to students are numerous and valuable, has recently edited, in three tall volumes, "Representative Plays by American Dramatists." These imposing books contain thirty plays which adequately illustrate the history of American dramatic literature from 1765 to 1911. Many of these specimens have never before been printed. Others were inaccessible to the general public and all have been edited with scrupulous care. Portraits and biographies are given of the authors, original title-pages are reproduced; the circumstances accompanying the composition of each play and of its first performance are succinctly given. Homage to the publishers for this undertaking! The expense must have been huge, and it will be a long time before they get back the money invested. But the work is permanent, and it is to be hoped that in the course of a century or so the returns will have justified the experiment. It is a fine adventure and a patriotic service.

None except those who have done some honest editing can appreciate the toil represented in this collection. Mr. Moses must have worked night and day for years. He has been obliged to go through hundreds of manuscripts, dusty heaps of old letters, and conduct an extensive correspondence himself.

Here we behold the development of American drama. If we cannot share the fierce enthusiasm of Mr. Quinn for our contemporary plays, our opinion of them will rise if we read those of a hundred years ago. One thing may be said emphatically. The recent war, together with the large number of plays resulting from it, has given to these early pieces collected by Mr. Moses a peculiar value, quite unforeseen by him when he began his task. The comedies and tragedies of the Revolution, the effect of hostile sentiments between British and Americans, the attitude toward the Tories, show how history and human nature repeat themselves.

Does every one know that George L. Aiken prepared the most popular play in the history of America, I mean "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? Has every one read the two texts of "Rip Van Winkle," employed by Boucicault and Jefferson? Mr. Moses gives a comparative text of the dramatizations by Kerr and by Burke, so that we may follow the evolution of this favorite piece. The introduction shows how the conception of Rip developed, how Jefferson came to use it, and what he did with it. It is not always remembered that Jefferson's first night in this rôle, in 1865, took place in London, the New York performance coming a year later. As the drama is printed here, it is incredibly flat and dull, and I suspect the text used by Jefferson is not much better. It was never the story, but Jefferson himself, that lent to it such vogue on the stage. In spite of the fact that he gave so much pleasure to many thousands, I for one regret his unwillingness to take risks and appear in other parts. Jefferson was a character actor of remarkable charm; it would have been better for our theatre had he been willing to make experiments, instead of contenting himself year after year with a sure thing. His services to the American stage do not compare with those rendered

by Richard Mansfield, who made many sacrifices in order to present to American audiences the best plays in the world, old and new.

The third volume will naturally be the most interesting to the largest number, as it deals with the writers of our own time. If the playwrights fifty years hence can show as much improvement over the last ten pieces here printed as these show over the preceding twenty, no American will then have to apologize for American dramatists.

The all-important thing for the American stage is a resident repertory company in every city. The astonishing growth of the Little Theatre movement is encouraging; and there is no reason why the Theatre Guild of New York should not be imitated, however remotely, in many other places. It used to be said that the independent theatres often produced good plays, but if one wished to see good acting, one must go to the commercial houses. The New York Theatre Guild has changed all that. Every well-informed person now knows that if he desires excellent productions, the Theatre Guild will best satisfy him. Their presentation of "Liliom" was the finest thing in New York; and all we can say of their success with "Heartbreak House" and "Back to Methuselah" is to quote Kipling: "the Thing that Couldn't has occurred."

To change from new plays to new books: all lovers of Dickens and all who do not love him should read Mr. Santayana's essay in his 1922 volume, "Soliloquies in England." I mean of course that every one should read this essay, for with Dickens there is no *tertium quid*. Every one is either for Dickens or against him; Dickens has never left an indifferent reader. I thought I knew Santayana pretty well; but I was unprepared for his magnificent tribute to the great novelist. It is interesting to see one who has so little enthusiasm for life in love with one who loved life with such gusto. I think it is the best discussion of Dickens I have ever read, and I have read many good ones. It is acute, sympathetic, profound; and the style is Santayana at his best; there is in our time no better English prose than that. "I call his the perfection of morals, for two reasons: that he put the

distinction between good and evil in the right place, and that he felt this distinction intensely." How unlike Dickens is to many contemporary novelists who apparently do not know the difference between right and wrong! No one should insist that a novelist should share his particular view of religion and ethics, or that the novelist should be didactic; but an inability to distinguish good from evil seems to me as fatal to a novelist's interpretation of life as color-blindness would be to the work of a painter.

For linked sweetness long drawn out, for wit, humor, and charm maintained through hundreds of pages with no slackening, few books of the year are better than Arnold Bennett's "Mr. Prohack." Is it not possible that this shrewd author, observing that so many modern novels represent marriage as an intolerable boredom—a boredom even greater to readers than it could have been to the characters—and knowing by actual observation that there were some happy and successful marriages, determined to write about one, for novelty if for nothing else? At all events, my thanks to Mr. Bennett for this change in the weather. To read "Mr. Prohack" after attempting to read this and that is like feeling a fresh, invigorating breeze at the close of a sultry afternoon.

I see that the English critics are puzzled by the continued popularity of "If Winter Comes," and are trying perplexedly to account for it. The book has awakened a like response from both British and American readers. I wish some other problems were as easy as this. The failure of such a novel would have been the real enigma. A book with one great character, abounding in humor and tragedy, filled with the spirit of life—why should it not be popular? It will be interesting to see if "This Freedom" attains a similar success. It is written with an even sharper intensity of emotion; it deals with a question discussed to-day in every home; there are single passages which can never be forgotten; but as a whole, will it come up to everybody's expectation? Whatever the result, no one but a genuine artist could have written it, and no artist could have written it unless his lips had been touched with a live coal from the altar.



THE POINT OF VIEW

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE'S Rectorial Address, "Courage," delivered at St. Andrews University, Scotland, in May, has attracted many readers by its un-failing charm and sincerity, with flashes of humor and touches of pathos, such as his allusion to the tragedy and the courage of Captain Scott, the explorer of the Antarctic.

Sonnets by
Barrie's
Adopted Son

There is another very poignant allusion to one who was very dear to Barrie (although his name is not mentioned)—one who is "the lad that will never be old." Of him Barrie says: "He often gaily forgets, and thinks he has slain his foe by daring him, like him who, dreading water, was always the first to leap into it. One can see him serene, astride a Scotch cliff, singing to the sun the farewell thanks of a boy." And then he reproduces an anonymous sonnet. This was one of two written by Michael Llewelyn Davies, who was the adopted son of Sir James Barrie and the grandson of Du Maurier, the author of "Trilby." He was an undergraduate, drowned, at the age of twenty, two years ago at Oxford while bathing. He had been the editor of the *Eton College Chronicle* in 1918, and that paper published both of the sonnets, which he wrote at Eilean Chona, an island on the west coast of Scotland, in August, 1920. They are here reproduced, as originally printed, for the enjoyment of our readers:

EILEAN CHONA

I

Thronged on a cliff serene Man saw the sun hold a red torch above the farthest seas, and the fierce island pinnacles put on in his defence their sombre panoplies; Foremost the white mists eddied, trailed and spun like seekers, emulous to clasp his knees, till all the duty of the scene seemed one, led by the secret whispers of the breeze.

The sun's torch suddenly flashed upon his face and died; and he sat content in subject night and dreamed of an old dead foe that had sought and found him; a beast stirred boldly in his resting-place; and the cold came; Man rose to his master-height, shivered and turned away; but the mists were round him.

II

Island of sleep, where wreathed Time delays, haven of things remote, indulgent, free, Thou whose encircling mists in autumn days veiled the intruder on thy secrecy; he there beheld bright flowers in a dream join with tall trees to cheat the Cyprian, and heard in murmurs of a woodland stream Arcadian measures of resurgent Pan;

Yet will not tread again thy perfumed shore and mount the coloured slope beneath the trees, or there release his senses ever more to tread the footprints of old deities, so thou do not send echoes to remind of those sweet pipes, and charm him from his kind.

CONSISTENCY is said to be the law of little minds and the law which great minds most delight in breaking. However that may be, consistency is truly a most cold, narrow, uninteresting affair. To be safe and tiresome, be consistent; and perhaps it does not always insure safety, not at least from boredom. Wildly and thrillingly to inherit all dangers and all high rewards, the receipt seems to be inconsistency. To be heroic, be consistent; for does not one become a hero by deliberately and joyously disregarding all the laws of self-preservation? It may even be said that to be natural one is obliged to be inconsistent.

The Charms of
Inconsistency

This startling statement is made advisedly and after due consideration. No observer of nature has failed to discover in her behavior an inconsistency which is positively feminine and as positively fetching. She is just as whimsical as she has to be, and as perhaps she wants to be. If she were consistent, she would be wooden, dead. A few examples of the verity of this claim should establish its truth.

A year ago I observed the mating of a robin with a brown thrasher. This *affaire d'amour*, you will admit, was the height of inconsistency. Yet it was as deeply diverting as it was attended with complete success. The little robins or thrashers hatched duly, and both parents showed the customary devotion to their brood. Again, I had a pair of pigeons which brought forth with the ultra monotony of consistency two squabs. One of these died. Knowing of the nest of

a wild dove in a nearby orchard, I brought a little dove to the pigeon's nest. Straightway she adopted it; but so great was the love that she acquired for the stranger that she gave it all her attention, permitting her own child to die! The little wild dove in the tame nest waxed fat and mighty. This was very inconsistent of nature. Not a week later I observed the mating of a wild dove with a tame pigeon; and I now have a doveon as proof of this strange union.

Such matters are impellers to the thoughtful mind to consider inconsistency in the light of its eerie charms. One of these undoubtedly is the fact that as intelligence increases, consistency decreases. All *amœbas*, I suppose—though admitting a tenuous acquaintance with them—behave just alike. *Rhizopods* can be pigeonholed. In the lower orders of life there is little variation; consequently there is little character. All is orderly, logical, monotonous. But as we consider the higher orders, ending in man, we discover variability, whimsicality, and an endless and pleasingly bewildering array of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles." Perhaps, far more than we know, these account for that felicitous quality which we call personality. We appear to be attracted to people in proportion as they are different from other people. For this reason all fashions are foolish; all types are tiresome; and such expressions as "a Yale man," "a Princeton man," "a Harvard man,"—supposedly descriptive of mutually exclusive types, are futile and fatuous. Charm seems to be a quality of individuality. For example, a ballet of a thousand nymphs, all arrayed with equal diaphanousness, is less engaging than a single child running after its first butterfly. Variety is the spice of life because it is the life-blood of the most vital and interesting thing in human experience, Personality.

A high regard for consistency is both tedious and absurd, for it robs one of the use of his resourcefulness. When the genuinely alert mind is startled by danger, it acts, not from habit and not by rule, but from motives relative to its immediate interest, even though such behavior was never tried before. One draws on the deep sources of his latent powers. What I mean can be simply illustrated. A friend of mine of the most sedentary habits was persuaded to accompany me into a wild valley famous for its brook trout and for rattlesnakes. My

friend's terror of snakes was such that he could readily believe Medusa to be Satan. It happened that we were fishing on opposite sides of a stream whose banks were heavily brushed. Neither was aware of the immediate presence of the other. Suddenly I began pulling out my line, and the quiet snarl of my reel was no mean imitation of a rattler's sinister song. In a moment I was amazed to see my friend jumping logs, high bushes, and formidable windbreaks as if he were a deer, airily floating over these obstructions. That he jumped nearly six feet is certain; he was positively dynamic. All this proved to me that it is only when one is most inconsistent that one is most alive.

Finally, when we consider that surprise is the child of inconsistency we shall the more readily understand the latter's charms; for there is perhaps no keen delight, no joy akin to rapture which does not have in it the wild tang of surprise. The bread of astonishment is by no means always sour, as the poets would have us believe; its flavor is often ambrosial. Many experiences have this charm of surprise which is almost inseparable from that peculiar pleasure which unanticipated glamour confers: a sudden star beaming benignly through the ragged racks of storm-clouds; the savage strike of a brook-trout after an angler has angled idly for an hour; a far valley view dawning from a turn in the high mountain-road; the refusal of a kiss from one's sweetheart; or the offer of a kiss from one's wife.

THE problem of the unmarried woman seems to be one with which the entire world, or at least the English-speaking portion of it, is unduly concerned. She is sharply criticized because she has not married, pitied because she could not marry, and viewed with alarm in either case. The alarm becomes the greater when, as sometimes happens, she is goaded into a spirited resentment of the misguided pity bestowed upon her, and seeks to justify herself; but the real injustice done her lies in the fact that the alarmists think it necessary to consider her an exceptional member of society.

Being incurably Irish, I instinctively take the opposite side of an argument as long as I have any sort of a leg to stand on, and in this case it strikes me that I have at least a crutch. It is true that any number of women may be unhappily unmarried.

The Sum
of Living

Many of them admit it. It is impossible, and unnecessary, to describe the aching emptiness, the hopeless sense of futility, that must come to any one whose life is incomplete. But even such a life need not be of one dimension only. It may have breadth and depth as well as length.

I sat in my room one afternoon, trying not to listen to Margaret practising her music lesson, and wondering why her parents require her to study music at all. She is most unmusical and she simply loathes practising; consequently she was working against time, and the air was rent with the protests of a persecuted piano. You could hear every note she left out, and by the same token you wished she would leave them all out and be done with it. Finally her mother, in desperation, attempted to help her a little. Margaret declared emphatically that she was playing her lesson as it was written, and when her mother insisted on showing her she exclaimed indignantly:

"Mother, you don't know anything about it. Notes are different than they were when you were young."

Ridiculous, isn't it? But, in a way, Margaret is right. Times have changed, if notes have not. The ancient and honorable profession of motherhood has become so complicated that it requires the wisdom and the skill of a specialist. The mere physical fact of having entered the profession is hardly the beginning, as modern mothers are coming to recognize. That many of them need help is clearly pictured in the earnest, sometimes anxious, faces one sees at Mothers' Clubs and Councils. It is the business of the school-teacher, for instance, to supplement the work of the mother who is not quite up to the mark in efficiency.

On the first day of September a certain mother took her small son by the hand and led him into the first-grade room, to start him out on his educational career. In giving the child's birth-date, residence, and other necessary information, she managed to become so involved in the family history it appeared likely that Son might remain where he stood until he took root. But Son was a lad who had lived to learn, and he was equal to this occasion. Stamping his foot, he glared at his mother and fairly yelled:

"Mamma, shut up! You're talking too much."

The mother subsided in meek submission to male assumption of authority, however immature; and Teacher, swallowing her chuckles, led Son to his seat, resolving that along with the three historic R's he should be initiated into the rudiments of a fourth—respect for his elders.

I like children—most of them; not only the dainty fairy of a child who shows me a tiny pair of soft white hands at morning inspection, but also the grubby little urchin who sticks out a pair of grimy fists and exclaims: "Oh, gosh! I forgot all about them finger-nails." As if he had ever done anything else! I like children, and, almost invariably, they like me; but I have no sentimental illusions about them. There is no doubt in my mind that if I have missed much joy in having had none of my own, I have also been spared much responsibility and pain, and even the deepest sorrow.

Sometimes when I cannot endure the four dingy walls of a boarding-house room for another week I crank up my courage, and start out to find some new surroundings. If I find an available room in the home of a good, wholesome, common-place family, where there are children, I move in. My professional acquaintances are very apt to shrug their shoulders and lift their eyebrows at such a proceeding, but I persist, even though I know I am very likely to wish I hadn't for a while. I take my own time in establishing friendly relations, and usually they are so successful that I stay for several months, or even a year. It does me heaps of good, too. For one thing, I get rid of a finicky dislike for racket—like Yellow Dog Dingo, I have to! At this very moment, there is a little child close beside me, more contented to sit here and watch me write than to go outdoors to play with her jacks and ball. I play with her and her sisters, tell them stories and all manner of games, and on occasion I help them with their baths and tuck them into bed. And when I don't want them I hang out the busy sign, and that is all there is to it. It gives me a delightful sense of freedom, for their poor mother is on the job all the year round!

Seriously, though, life is like a great university. There are many courses, and matrimony is one of them. One cannot take everything. If circumstances, economical or otherwise, have required one to take some other course in life, why not accept the responsibility of it willingly, and stride off with

it as one's own, instead of treating it as an imposition and a burden. Unmarried women are not the only people, perhaps, who would have a different sort of life if they had the arranging of it. Baffled hopes and cruel disappointment are the handicap of many a man and woman who are gamely making the best of it. The mother of a family holds no sinecure, and neither does she have in her possession *all* the possibilities for happiness and helpfulness.

IT is the habit of ghosts, when faced fairly and with determination, to vanish into thin air, where they belong. They haunt the sort of person who glances hastily at the thing he fears, and flees in dismay.

The matrimonial misfortunate who, because the world has always agreed that a bad marriage is less lonely than none, accepts the popular notion

at its face value, stands in a like situation. With a bit of resolution and constructive imagination, he might instead so manage to snub and neglect his pet spook that it would die of disuse. This becomes especially true when the person in question is *Herself*, for never since the world began has there been a more fortunate time for the spinster to be alive.

The panicky fear of being lonely keeps many unmarried women unhappy. As a matter of fact, the human soul is essentially lonely, as inevitably so as the heights of the mountain or the depths of the sea. Loneliness in some degree, more or less, is the common lot. One sees it lurking fearfully in the eyes of people everywhere, and they chase madly about in search of amusement to get away from themselves. They never really succeed. The only possible solution is to make terms with life in some way, and that is what every individual must do for himself. Women must learn, as men have learned, to stand on their own feet and work out their own salvation, whether they think they are going to like it or not.

There are many things that can help, and first of all, of course, are books. For myself, when facing the peril of self-pity, I haunt the public library for books on Africa. After I have spent some weeks, or months, jaunting about the veldt, and through the jungles with Steward Edward White, Theo-

dore Roosevelt, and others of the big game hunters, I find that I have left that danger far behind me, for the present at least. And Jane Barlow. Any one who reads "At the Back of the Beyond" will find that he has forgotten self in a glow of sympathy and admiration for the quaint characters pictured there.

Friends are a help, too, though it is a wise woman who has learned not to depend upon them altogether. It is a very rare and beautiful friendship that can stand the strain! Then, to the woman who is struggling with her own half-formed philosophy of life, the cheerful attitude of other people toward her problem is an aggravation. In a book by William J. Locke (I have forgotten which one, and I can't even quote it exactly) the woman cries out in exasperation:

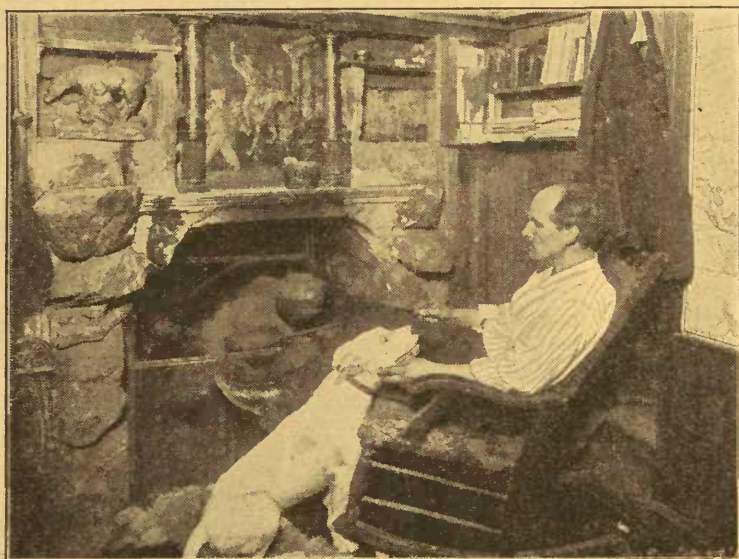
"Friends! What have I to do with friendship? You might as well say to a starving man, 'I can't offer you bread, but I'll give you a nice round polished stone!'"

Probably every lonely, rebellious woman has felt that at some time, but happily most of us recover before we have alienated our friends forever. Any woman demanding too much, in friendship or otherwise, is likely to go far and fare comfortless.

It takes courage to face life alone, but no more than to face death alone, and that is what every individual must do. Though why any woman with parents or relatives need consider herself alone in the world is more than I can see. Why not mother the elderly parents a bit? I mean really mother them, and not merely "boss" them, as it is so easy to do. It is more fun, sometimes, to play with the older people than it is to play with children, and they do appreciate it so. They may be hiding an aching loneliness themselves.

Whatever makeshifts she may use in bolstering up her courage, I do insist that until the unmarried woman realizes that she is a human being first and a woman afterwards, that she must stand on her own feet and make her own terms with life, she will not go far in laying the black ghost that stalks at her side.

After all, it is as white as it is black. Taken either way or any way, life has its streaks of gray, and also its flashes of rose color and gold.



Solon Hannibal Borglum in his Connecticut studio with "Mike."

In Recognition of an American Sculptor

BY LOUISE EBERLE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE WORKS OF SOLON H. BORGLUM

IN the ever-growing group of American sculptors whose art is not an importation nor even an adaptation, the name of Solon Hannibal Borglum occupies a place by itself. For he was the special prophet of the West, the first, perhaps, to produce sculpture that was both truly Western and truly art.

One must add to this the admission that Mr. Borglum's art was wider than a locality. Yet it is true that the instant one approaches his cowboy, animal, and Indian pieces one is sensible of a special quality that is rare even in the best art. And one who studies his life is drawn to the conclusion that this special thing was the fruit of about twenty-five years of young life eagerly lived on plain and ranch, knowing nothing else,

yet with the unusual faculty of being as newly alive to what he saw as if he had known it but yesterday. And it is this union of complete habitude toward, yet conscious and delighted perception of, his West that gives his Western work its great authority, its depths of human sympathy, and that makes clear the fact that his years there were, actually, a definite preparation for his work as a sculptor. For he saw the human form in action each day of his life, all those years, as the veiled, chained thing is not seen in cities. He saw and lived in such close touch with horses that his relation to them was almost that of a centaur to his horse-body. Plastic form, motion, action—those were the things he was feeding on even while he seemed only to be learning ranching.

Though depicting the life of the cowboy as moment-by-moment alertness, the pitting of mind and body against obstacles, with penalties of death or disaster on a lapse of keenness, he never slipped into sensationism or sentimentality. He did, however, take a deeply sympathetic point of view, and it is this sympathy that makes many of his pieces verge on what the very modern sculptor is disposed to forbid entirely, that is, the telling of a story. He perceived not only plastic masses but such things as the plainsman's eager answer to life, his relationship to his horse, and the relationship of both to the plains, which he felt as an intimately shaping if vastly impersonal background.

Look at "Snow-drift," the wild horse and her foal in a blizzard. It is a beautiful expression of the plastic art, a fine piece of workmanship, of composition. But it goes on from that to the tenderly felt story of the mother-horse's love for, and desire to protect, her offspring, and the colt's trust, and the helplessness of both, while the snow sweeps down upon them in the indifferent palm of the plain's vast hand.

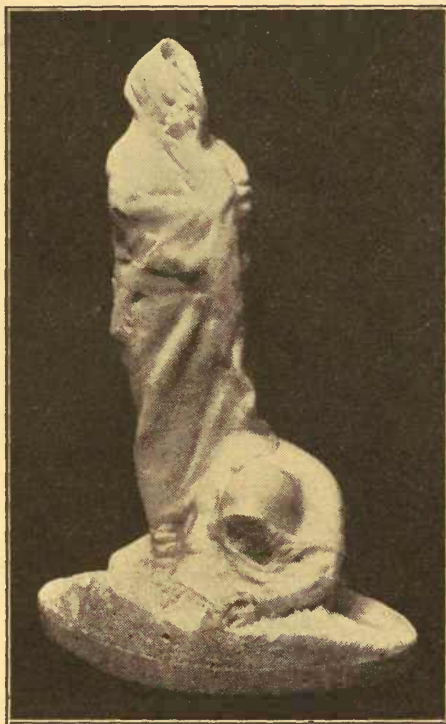
And plain and snow, yes, and darkness, are magically suggested in other of his small bronzes and marbles, quite unforgetably in "Blizzard"—the man and horse recumbent, the former receiving warmth from the latter, but sharing with him, in return, the shelter of his poncho. And all this in a small bronze, modelled simply, in simple masses.

"A pure art," says one of our greatest sculptors, and adds: "I feel so inherently in his work the quality of the thing itself—not merely that he has looked at his subject,

recognized its interest and sculptural quality and made a statue of it. He got something into those animal things that very few people ever get into animal pieces, a quality of understanding the animal such as only a man accustomed to living days and nights on the plains, with no companion but his horse, could get."

This American was of Danish parentage. He was born in Utah in 1868, but spent much of his boyhood in Nebraska and California, beginning work as a cowboy before he was sixteen. About two years later there came what were probably his youth's most formative years, when, in charge of a new ranch purchased by his father, he broke land, put up buildings, made fences, invented farm machinery, fought blizzards for his horses and cattle, and worked with his men instead of overseeing them.

There is one amusing, yet not trivial, bit to tell of his beginning in art. His brother, Gutzon Borglum, who had even then started



The Burial on the Plain.

Marble of Indian women lamenting on the grave of a chief.

his own notable career in art, came to the ranch and saw some of the drawings which Solon was constantly making. In talking to the boy about his talent for art, he used the word "perspective." Solon looked it up afterward in the dictionary, and having found its meaning, he set about mastering it in drawing just as he would go after a stray horse—no let-up till it was corralled. After this he spent a few months with Gutzon, but soon was back at cowboy work again with a man who had sufficient discernment to permit him time for his drawing and painting. When this ranch changed hands, Solon, then twenty-four years old, took the hint of cir-

cumstance and cast his net definitely on the side of art. It was painting alone that he had in mind at this time, but whether this was because he had not yet seen sculpture is conjectural.

But he began, characteristically, not by yearning toward Paris or even New York. With his blanket and oil-stove he went to Sant' Anna, set up a studio, and put out a sign to the effect that lessons in painting might be had there on Saturday, and Saturday only. He got a pupil or two, earned a dollar and a half each week, and spent the six free days painting on the plains, nourishing himself for his active outdoor life on oatmeal and crackers, which came within the dollar and a half's scope. He wanted to paint and he painted—sheep, horses, Mexicans, landscapes, cowboys, and paid the price in hardship without a question.

After some months Mr. Borglum ventured an exhibition, at which several of his canvases sold, netting all of sixty-five dollars. And when a brother gave him a railroad pass he asked nothing more of fate, but started for Cincinnati. Discovering that there were day and evening classes at the Cincinnati Art School, he enrolled for both. But the plainsman who could toil so endlessly found that he could not endure city dwelling, and would have had to give it up but for the happy discovery of some government stables, where there were horses galore, and where he got permission to paint from four until seven o'clock each morning. And he even managed to squeeze in a few terms at a veterinary school.

It was these researches that turned him to his true line. He wanted to make as complete a study of horse anatomy as possible, and his sculptor nature showed in the instinct that made him wish to get the thing tangibly under his fingers, for a sculptor sees by touch as well as with his eyes. So he began modelling a statuette of a horse. And when, at the end of the year, he exhibited his paintings, including the statuette, it was the latter that brought him a prize of fifty dollars and free tuition for several terms.

The next year he won a prize of one hundred dollars and another scholarship. And as the Cincinnati Art School agreed to let him use the sum the scholarship represented in Paris, instead of at the school, it seemed easy to him now to go there. There were other small aids, and, once in Paris, Bela Pratt gave him a shed for a studio, and Saint-Gaudens and MacMonnies were among those who helped him with criticism and encouragement, and in the many ways in which those temperamental and jealous peo-



Snowdrift. Marble.

ple, the artists, constantly help to bear each other's burdens.

It would be difficult to say at exactly what moment Mr. Borglum consciously decided for sculpture and against painting. Certainly the scholarships he had received were for painting, and it seems that he started for Paris with the intention of carrying on this study. Regarding this an old friend of his—one of the first to take a solid interest in his work—has a bit of information.

"I do not know what Borglum's intentions were when he left New York," he said, "but he wrote me from Paris that he never touched brush again after reaching there."

In Paris Mr. Borglum entered the Atelier Julien, but remained only six months, for he could not fit himself into the frame of conventional academic work. Criticism he welcomed, but suspected that a ready-made art would be thrust at him in a school. It was this tendency that kept him from ever

having a cast in his studio, though he loved and revered the great classics of art. One must not conclude, however, that he was not a thorough student. All his life he kept

some way, manage to keep his connection with his West, and, once again, it was horses that made things possible for him. He was made free of some stables, and immediately

began modelling two groups, one of which was "Lassoing Wild Horses." Both were accepted for the Spring Salon of 1890, splendidly placed, and adored by the Parisians. And the next year his "Stampede of Wild Horses" and "Lame Horse" brought him an honorable mention.

And here is a bit quite unorthodox but deliciously human. The art-loving public of Paris could appreciate the conception and workmanship of this foreign art. But they might have been a bit bewildered as to its meaning but for an unexpected and

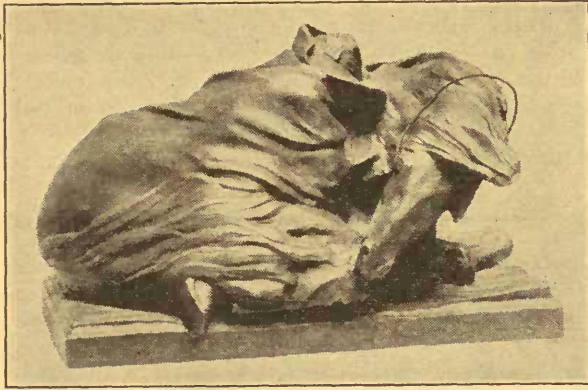
unintentional interpreter—Buffalo Bill! Yes, Buffalo Bill, who had twice brought his show to Paris, where he and his cowboys had not only completely captivated the French capital but had furnished the key to a comprehension of this purely American art.

During these days in Paris Mr. Borglum met Mademoiselle Emma Vignal, who became his wife. And it was quite a part of his faith in his West that he imagined it would be the place of places to his bride that it was to him. So he took her there not long after their marriage, and one of the thrills he

to the standard of study with which he began when he drew, painted, modelled, and dissected horses in Cincinnati. But he seems always to have outlined his own paths. While he might have gained, by a different course, a technical mastery that would have kept all his work at the level of his best pieces, one is inclined to be glad that he followed his own bent, for otherwise he would almost certainly have lost some of the wholesome vigor, the charm, and the point of view of the man of the plains which made his work unique. One might indeed say that he carried into art the spirit of the plainsman, to whom his own brand on his cattle, and none other, is man's inviolable right.

Frémiet, who was the great man for all young sculptors then in Paris, was his good genius. To this fine sculptor he owed most of what came to him through teaching, and one wonders whether Frémiet did not feel like the traditional hen hatching a duckling when he saw the pioneer West coming into vigorous life-in-art in that French atmosphere.

In Paris the same thing happened that had happened in Cincinnati. He must, in



The Blizzard. Bronze.



On the Border of the White Man's Land.
Bronze in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

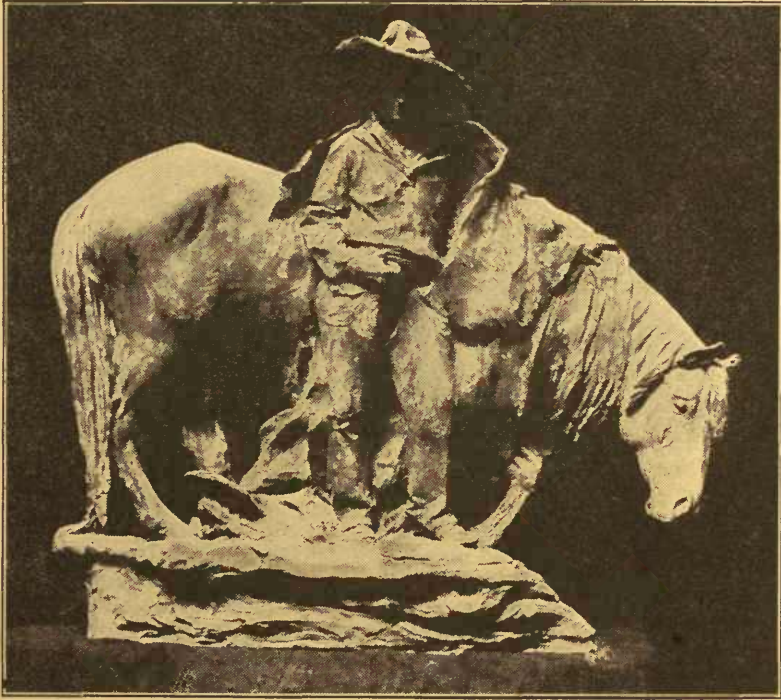
provided for the French girl was a two weeks' trek over the prairie to a great Indian celebration.

"They gave me the oat-bag for a pillow," said Mrs. Borglum. "And it is not such a bad pillow. But when the horse eat the oat, then at last there is no more pillow."

Mr. Borglum never again lived in the West. He had become a definite factor in

1901, and the gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904. During these years he executed many memorials to Civil War heroes, including five colossal busts which are in Vicksburg National Park, and equestrian statues, most famous among which is the General Gordon memorial in Atlanta.

Solon Borglum was fifty years old when the war broke out. One might say that all



Evening. Bronze.

the art world. And though New York City failed to hold him just as Paris had, he had to keep in touch with it, since it is our art centre. He did this by buying a little country place in Connecticut, turning its barn into a studio, and making a real home where he lived with his wife and children and worked busily for eighteen years.

Work and study seem to have been his entire conscious formula for attainment.

"I have no time for inspiration," he said. "I am too busy working. If I waited for inspiration I would not get much done."

That he was both busy and inspired, however, is attested by the fact that he was awarded silver medals at the Paris Exposition of 1900 and the Buffalo Exposition of

his life, he had been riding across plains as the crow flies to express the spirit in him—that vigorous and generous American spirit—and the pursuit of that direct course took him straight into the war. He did canteen work with the Foyer du Soldat; not safe canteen work, but the kind that took him on all-night tramps over shell-torn roads in search of supplies to serve to his men in the trenches. And after knowing the horrors of being gassed once, he incurred them again by removing his mask during an attack because it impeded his work of taking the last messages of the dying and giving water to the wounded. And his friends believe that he might have recovered from his last illness but for that second experience.




Lassoing Wild Horses.
Bronze, exhibited at the Paris Salon.

He went back into the work, however, and it was only when the armistice was signed that he began doing the sort of thing one might have thought a man of his age and attainments reasonably called on to do—opening schools for the soldiers up in the mountains of Luxemburg. Later, he became head of the department of sculpture with the A. E. F. in the fine and applied arts section of its educational work. And what he did in France was attested by France herself, for she gave him her Croix de Guerre.

On his return Mr. Borglum established the School of American Sculpture, still continued in his name. One could scarcely imagine him not doing that, for so deep a

believer in his country's destiny in art, and so right-minded a pioneer therein, would naturally labor to pass on his faith to a succeeding generation. And it is one of the regrets of his passing that he had only two years at this work, for its methods were based on the three foundation-stones on which he had climbed—belief in sheer hard labor in a given direction, belief that every individual should start for himself at bed-rock, and belief in a true art heritage for America.

How hard he worked, and with what an understanding heart and dedication of purpose, is shown by those pieces of his sculpture of which it may truly be said: "Here is American art."



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Problems of the Hour in Europe

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

PROBABLY every one would agree that there has been a certain reiteration in the news set forth day after day, this summer season, in the newspaper unfolded at the breakfast-table or on the

summer porch. Three questions invariably occupied the foreground: the latest move of the White House to end the mine and railway strikes; the latest deadlock between financial experts at The Hague and the Russian delegates; and the latest formula presented by Germany regarding modification of reparations payments. Other news bearing on finance and politics was not lacking, but it was altogether obscured by the shifting phases of the three governmental negotiations; public interest in which was not at all diminished by the fact that the daily news regarding them appeared to report nothing but a series of futile efforts at settlement.

The conferences in our own labor dispute served at least to indicate the nature of the situation. The conferences with Russia made it plain what the Russian situation actually is, but threw no light on what is to result from it. The conferences over the German reparations left the public mind more in the dark than before, in regard both to the merits of the controversy and the probable next turn of events. Except for the now absolute certainty that the Soviet will get into its hands no outside money, public or private, the Russian situation is exactly what it was when the first of the conferences was called. It is not, however, what it was a year ago. The huge gold reserve which the Bolsheviki seized in 1917 from the old Russian state bank has been nearly used up. A great part of it was sent to Scandinavia to buy food and merchandise; Scandinavia, having

minted it into non-distinguishable bullion, shipped it along, in the ordinary course of trade, to the United States, where more than \$100,000,000 of it now lies in the vaults of our Federal Reserve.

SOME of the Russian gold, sent to Omsk by the Bolsheviki, was seized by the insurgent Kolchak, who delivered \$40,000,000 in exchange for war materials to British and American bankers, before the rest was recaptured by the Soviet troops. How much was used for "propaganda" in other countries, how much was lost or stolen in the hazardous railway transportation of the gold, probably even the Soviet does not know. But the Soviet's knowledge of the approaching exhaustion of the confiscated treasure has been plainly indicated, first by the government's recent stripping of gifts and ornaments of precious metal from the Russian churches, and still more by the Soviet's urgent offer of Russia for exploitation by foreign capital, if only foreign money could be got in exchange for it.

What effect the emptying of the treasure-chest will have on the Moscow government's position is a matter of pure guesswork, as, indeed, is any prediction of the course of events in Russia. It was with this gold that the Soviet paid for such necessary supplies as it bought from foreign countries; it will now not only lose that means of payment but even its export trade in Russian products, small as it was a year ago, is now officially reported to have decreased to only half the quantity of 1921. Payment in food has largely served to maintain the army, the working men under state control, and the mass of direct governmental employees; but lately, except for the American relief, food also has failed.

**Exhaustion
of the
Soviet's
Gold
Holdings**

ANYWHERE but in Russia a government which, through consistent application of principles to which it still professed adherence, had completely ruined in succession its country's commerce, manu-

Russia's
Political
Future

facture, transportation, and agriculture, whose devastating influence on its people's material welfare had gone so rapidly from bad to worse that it culminated in the death by starvation of whole communities, would have been overturned by a desperate and general uprising. But there is not the least indication of any such result in Russia. In the complete lack of evidence as to any political trend or tendency in the Russian people, the men most familiar with the country are the least willing to venture into prophecy. Some of them suggest alternative possibilities as wide apart as those of a well-known French writer on the Russian situation, who named as equally conceivable results a lapse into Asiatic anarchy; the following of a foreign chief by the masses, imploring discipline and food; seizure of autocratic power by a Bonaparte from the ranks of the Soviet itself, or, finally, "overthrow even of the people's minds by a despairing mysticism," resulting in a "procession of flagellants on the march for a new ideal, beyond all calculations of the economists and politicians."

Of the country's economic problem the one reasonably safe guess is that, if political conditions do not change, a system of barter between Russian producers and the outside world will gradually be extended on an unprecedented scale, along with equally gradual surrender to foreign speculators and exploiters of such natural resources as the mines, the oil-fields, the timber-lands. Possibly neither the economic nor the political enigma will be solved at all until the dominant personalities who at least possess the prestige of having achieved the Bolshevik revolution shall have passed from the scene.

DURING a good part of the summer, even the Russian controversy was superseded in public interest by the precipitous fall in value of the German currency and the events to which it led. The mark, which before the war ex-

changed for 23 $\frac{7}{8}$ cents in American money, sold on the New York exchange market at the end of July for 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ one-hundredths of a cent. It had fallen 50 per cent in value within a month and 25 per cent within a week.

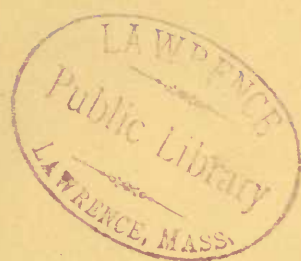
The Fall
in the
German
Mark

In foreign banks and foreign ministries, this action of the market was described as foreshadowing Germany's economic ruin, but, as usual, without defining what "economic ruin" meant.

The productive and commercial power of Germany is still so great that our own Congress has been anxiously debating the fancied need for special tariff barriers against German exports. Her financial resources are intrinsically so large that foreign bankers have seriously discussed an international loan of a billion dollars to the German Government. Her territory was not, like Belgium, invaded during the war; her farms, mines, and manufacturing had not been devastated and wrecked, like those of northern France. As one French writer has put it, "not a German window-pane was shattered" by the enemy. Her people were taxed vastly less in war-time than the people of England, France, or Italy. Since the war the constant talk on the German markets has been of the huge fortunes heaped up by the captains of German industry.

HOW, then, is this abnormally rapid and progressive depreciation of the currency, this prediction of economic ruin, as a consequence, to be explained, when the paper currencies of France, Italy, and Belgium have appreciated 50 to 70 per cent since 1920? A familiar answer is that the immense compulsory payments by Germany to her antagonists of the war, in requital of the German army's wanton destruction of her enemy's property in the war, have made that depreciation unavoidable. We are told that the government has had to purchase foreign currencies in order to meet recurring instalments on the reparations; that there was no way to make such purchase except through selling German paper marks, either to foreign countries or to German merchants

Exchange
Rate and
Reparations
Payments





From a drawing by George Wharton Edwards.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Plate I.

—"London," page 401.

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Across the Syrian Deserts by Airplane

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

Formerly of the French General Staff; Author of "Foch: The Winner of the War" and "General Joffre and His Battles"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS



WAS the guest of my old friend, General Gouraud, High Commissioner from the French Republic to Syria, in his magnificent Villa des Pins at Beirut. The general is one of the most picturesque figures in the army. After an exceptionally brilliant career in the colonies—at twenty-two he captured the African king, Samory, in a particularly audacious desert raid—he was wounded at the beginning of the Great War while commanding a division in the Argonne. A few months later, in the Dardenelles, a Turkish shell blew him fifteen or twenty feet in the air, taking off an arm and wounding him seriously in the leg and pelvis. Any one else would have died of the injuries, but his astonishing vitality pulled him through. I went to see him not long afterward in the hospital, where they had just operated on him, and as he lay there, all bandaged up and unable to move, he said to me quietly: "Your next visit to me will be at headquarters, for I shall take over the command of my army again in a few weeks." At the time I thought he was out of his head, but the curious thing is that his prophecy came true in every particular. . . .

While we studied the maps spread out before us and smoked our Turkish cigarettes, the general busied himself making out an itinerary across the interior of Syria as far as Mesopotamia, for me. As he finished he said: "For this long desert

journey you have the choice of two modes of travel—the airplane and the camel. Which do you prefer?"

"My choice is quickly made," I replied. "I prefer the airplane."

As a matter of fact, whatever the advantages of a trip by caravan (I have made several in the Sahara Desert), in spite of the novelty and the local color of it, the slowness and monotony of a camel's gait soon become absolutely insupportable to a European. In order to accustom one's self to the rhythmic motion, one must have the mentality of a Bedouin for whom time does not exist. Unfortunately this sort of mentality is not acquired all in a minute—as by the stroke of a magic wand. . . .

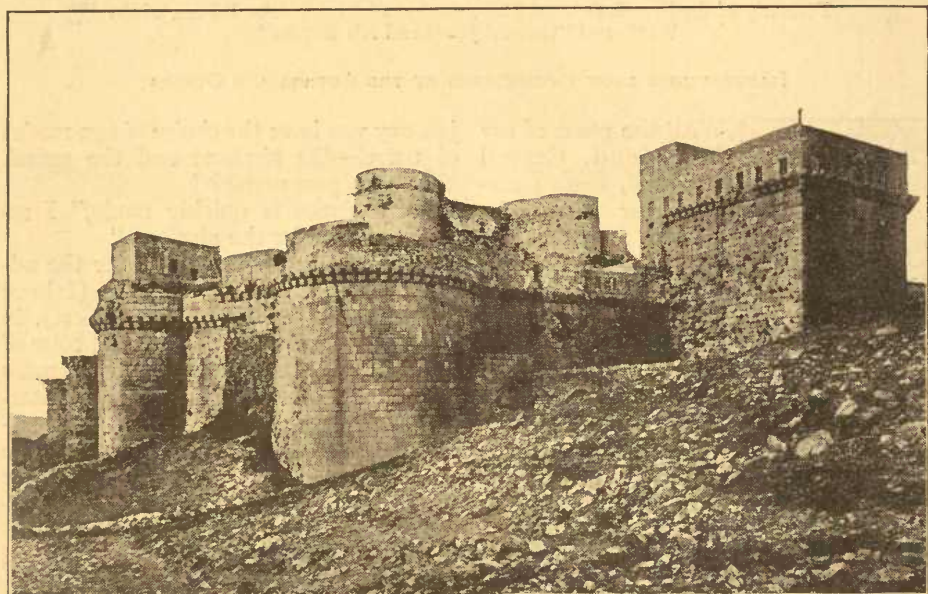
I left Beirut on the next day but one. After a stop with the patriarch of the Maronites in one of the most picturesque corners of Lebanon, we proceeded by way of Tripoli, Homs, and Hama to Aleppo, the great merchant city, the vast emporium of occidental Asia.

One of the most interesting things about Syria—that battle-field of many peoples and races; where dynasty has succeeded dynasty; where Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Crusaders, Tatars, and Mongols, one after the other, have deployed their armies—is the variety of the monuments and the landmarks which most of the conquerors have left behind them.

Between Tripoli and Homs, not far from the valley of the Orontes, there is to be seen a stupendous fortress, one of the most amazing monuments in the whole world—the stronghold of the Crusaders,

known as the "Kalaat-el-Hoesn," or the "Krak des Chevaliers." The most formidable European fortresses of the Middle Ages, Coucy-le-Château in France and the "burgs" of the Rhine valley, seem like child's toys in comparison. Thanks to this fortress and to others of the same sort, the hardy knights who built them, those adventurous crusaders from France and Flanders, could, with a handful of

colossal size and all exactly as they were when invented by Arabian engineers ten centuries ago, draw up water from the Orontes to the aqueducts and conduits. The insistent whine of the creaking, groaning wheels mingles with the other noises of the city, penetrating and dominating all. The ceaseless drone seems, in fact, to be the pulse, the very heart-throb, of this strange city.



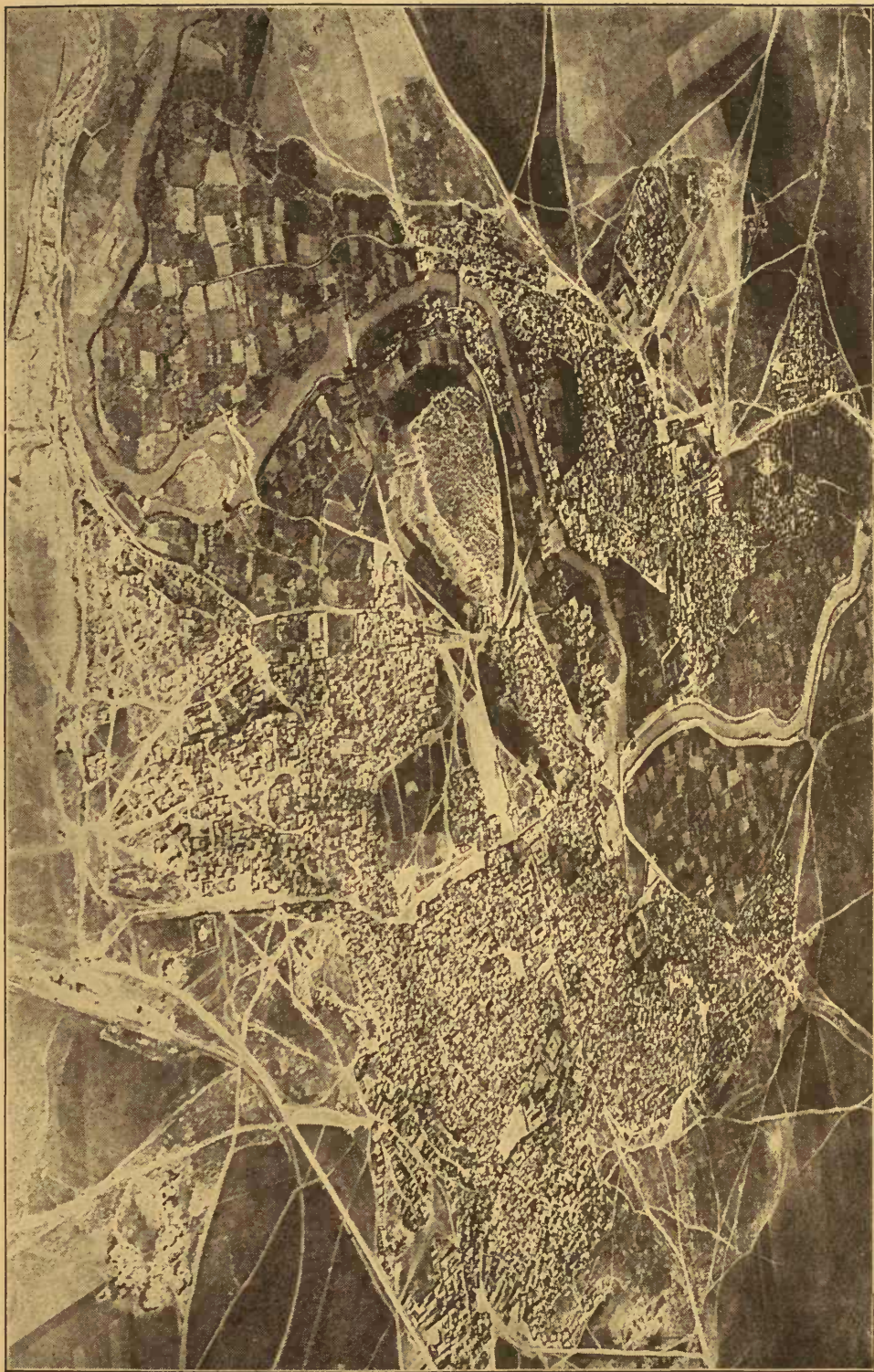
Between Tripoli and Homs . . . there is to be seen a stupendous fortress, one of the most amazing monuments in the whole world—the stronghold of the Crusaders, . . . the "Krak des Chevaliers."

men, maintain their foothold in those far-off countries, even against desperate odds, and successfully withstand all assaults of Islam.

On leaving this European fortress one reaches by evening the purely Arabian city of Hama, whose charm and "difference" amaze one. Hama is, in fact, one of the marvels, one of the jewels of Mohammedan art and civilization. Crowded into a bend of the Orontes, her bridges spanning the river whose waters lave the very foundations of her houses and palaces, Hama impresses one as jealously, fiercely self-sufficient, existing of and for herself, utterly unconcerned with time and the outside world. Day and night the great water-wheels, some of them of

After Hama we reach Aleppo, the great mercantile city, the rendezvous of all the caravans which, by endless routes across the desert, gather here from all parts of Asia, Anatolia, the Caucasus, Persia, Kurdistan, Irak, and Arabia. It is the city of traffickers and money-changers with its immense "soukhs" and its numberless "khans"—inns—crowded with merchandise and camels.

In Aleppo one is impressed with the briskness, the intensity, of trading interests, which stamps not only its own people but Syrians in general, as virtuosi in all matters of barter and money exchange. The gold piece has almost entirely disappeared from Europe and even from a part of Asia. It is only to be found now



Hama is . . . one of the marvels, one of the jewels of Mohammedan art and civilization. —Page 388.

hidden away in some peasant's woollen stocking or in the vaults of national banks or in museums. But in Aleppo and everywhere in Bedouin countries gold reigns supreme. The farther one penetrates into the desert, the more firmly one finds gold to be established as the standard. The wandering tribes along the shores of the Euphrates know no other money. That is certainly one result of the war

a biplane of the Bréguet type, belonging to one of the numerous escadrilles of our Syrian forces of occupation, piloted by an excellent sergeant aviator.

Our plane had scarcely taken the air when we saw on our right a big stretch of water—Lake Sabkha. Shortly afterward the eye distinguishes far off on the horizon a narrow winding ribbon, a zigzag trail of verdure, across the arid sands. It is the



Day and night the great water-wheels (at Hama) . . . all exactly as they were when invented by Arabian engineers ten centuries ago, draw up water from the Orontes.—Page 388.

which the most knowing of economists could not have foreseen.

I left the Aleppo aviation field, which is not far from the Bagdad Railway, in an airplane. One of the inconvenient things about these air trips is that one is obliged to get up very early in the morning. One must be on one's way by five o'clock in order to reach one's destination by eight or nine—before the desert wind, very dangerous for the traveller by air, begins to blow.

The first halt of our aerial circuit was to be Deir-ez-Zor on the Euphrates, almost half-way between Mosul and Bagdad. The caravans take from nine to ten days to make the journey, which we were scheduled to accomplish in three or four hours. I left in a military "avion,"

Euphrates. The plane, going at a terrific rate of speed, heads straight for the river and is quickly flying over it, swooping above its muddy waters in long detours.

A few scraggly herbs, water-plants, and rushes are all that grow on the banks of this great river, unnavigated, abandoned. No centres of humanity, no villages, no habitations are to be seen for hundreds of kilometres. For this reason the aviator dares not deviate from the route. As a precaution, in case of accident and a forced landing, the avion is always supplied with a couple of rifles, two days' rations, and water for the pilot and passenger. And should the plane not arrive at its destination on time, the nearest post will immediately send another avion to its aid.



Aleppo, the great mercantile city, the rendezvous of all the caravans which, by endless routes across the desert, gather here.—Page 388.

All civilization—we can even go so far as to say all life—has disappeared from these regions once fertile, flourishing, and populated, if one may judge by the very numerous and important ruins that one sees. One comes upon them first, on reaching the Euphrates, at Meskéneh, the ancient Barbalissos. At this point it is said Alexander the Great, following up his stupendous conquests, crossed the river with his legions. Then, on the right, is Resafeh, the Sergiopolis of ancient days; the two dismantled strongholds of Alibieh and Zenobieh, built by Zenobia, the splendid queen of Palmyra, dominate both banks of the river. In other places ruins sometimes retain the semblance of life; but here, in the midst of the desert, crossed now and then only by some infrequent caravan, some wandering tribe of Bedouins, the very ruins seem dead.

These capricious deflections of civilization, not unlike the vagaries of a stream

which suddenly leaves its bed and flows in a different direction, constitute one of the strangest phenomena of Asia.

The military avion in which we are making our flight over the Syrian deserts is scarcely to be recommended to squeamish persons or those fond of taking their ease. Its inventor didn't bother himself for an instant about the comfort of the passenger. To be exact, it wasn't constructed to carry a passenger. It was simply intended to provide room, after a fashion, for an observer detailed either to throw bombs or to take photographs. One has difficulty in stowing one's self and a small valise away in the narrow space behind the pilot's seat, where, by the way, one is well fanned by the wind from the propeller, and as it is almost impossible to make a movement, one ends by getting terribly cramped. Moreover, in order that the photographer may train his camera downward to get views, three quarters of the flooring has to be removed,

so that one's feet dangle in space—not the most agreeable sensation in the world. But all inconveniences are forgotten in the tremendous interest of the trip.

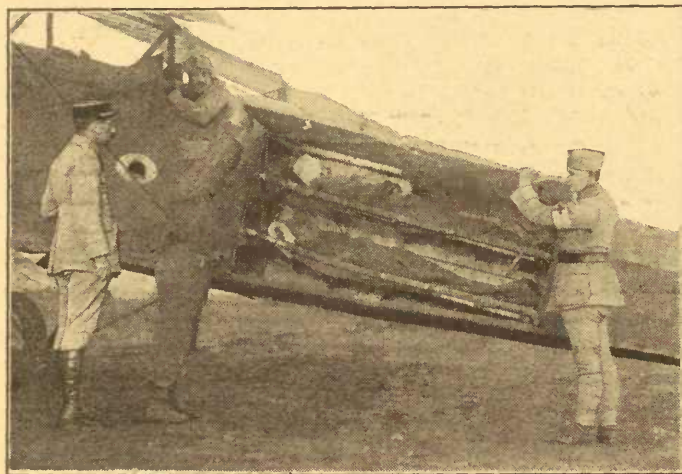
These avions have been used in a way as novel as practical—for the transportation of wounded soldiers following the slight outbreak of hostilities at Deir-ez-Zor in October, 1921. The "tail" of the

place which had taken them a hard fifteen days' march to get to.

The pilot, turning his head enveloped in casquette and goggles toward me, pointed a finger first at a great square of houses from which rose several minarets; then at an island lying between two arms of the river—a big splash of green; and then at the bridge which crosses the Eu-

phrates in a line straight as a swallow's flight. It is Deir-ez-Zor. One is simply astounded to come upon a city of such importance lying lost in the desert.

At the rate of speed we are flying it will be the easiest thing in the world to reach Bagdad by evening, in time for dinner with the English aviators. That is what the chief of the French Air Service also proposes to do in the next few days. From Bagdad in three laps—by Bassorah on the



The military avions have been used in a way as novel as practical—for the transportation of wounded soldiers.

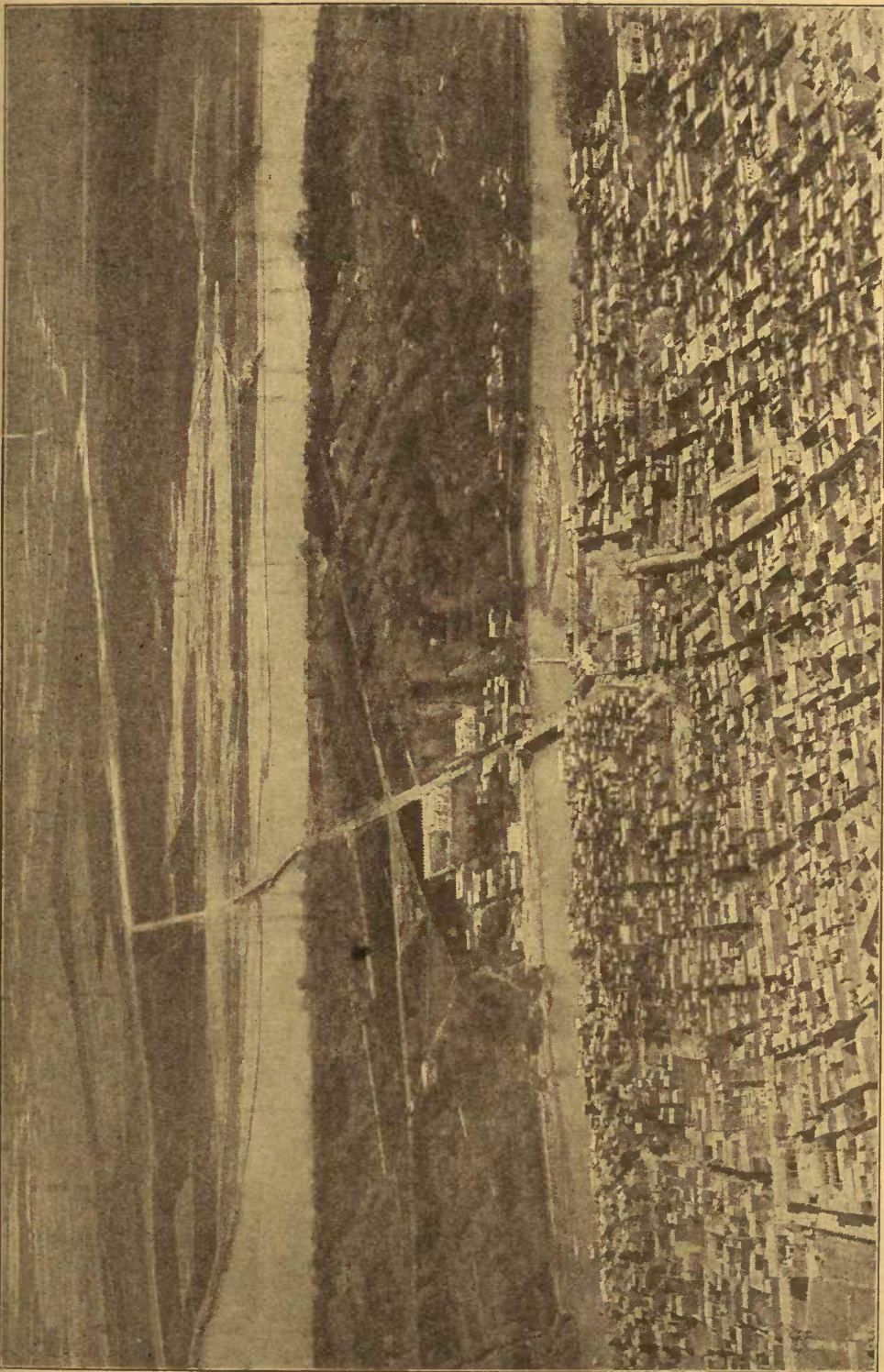
airplane was ingeniously arranged so as to allow for two wounded men, stretched out at full length on litters, to be placed in it, one above the other, as in a sleeping-car. The opening in the tail of the plane was then closed upon the men, comfortably installed and securely fastened in, and it took the air, transporting them in a few hours and without painful jarring—great care was taken to land as gently as possible—to the hospitals of Aleppo, four hundred kilometers away.

This use of the airplane in a country without military service stations, or even roads, has been of the greatest benefit. By means of them men have been saved, who, moved in any other way in the torrid heat, would probably have died. The Senegalese sharpshooters, unfamiliar with this mode of locomotion, yelled with terror at sight of the avions. The afternoon of the same day, finding themselves in bed in a hospital at Aleppo, they demanded to know by what miracle they had been able to return so quickly from a

Persian Gulf, Bender-Abbas, Karachi, and Bombay—one can reach India. Thus are space and distance annihilated!

We descend by volplaning over the mud huts and the few stone houses which form the town of Deir-ez-Zor. The aviation-field is just at the gate of the city—at the last houses. The commandant, chief of the French post, who was expecting me, came for me at once in his automobile.

Scarcely had I landed and removed the wadded "combination" I had worn for the flight when a terrific, suffocating heat struck me. After the fresh, invigorating upper air I felt as though I had been suddenly plunged into a furnace, a *hammad*. The cushions of the motor were as hot as though they had been in an oven. Only the middle of spring and already the heat seemed to me to be almost unbearable! According to the inhabitants, Deir-ez-Zor is one of the hottest places in Mesopotamia and probably in the world. I take refuge in the commandant's quarters, which are comparatively cool, with their



The pilot . . . pointed a finger . . . at an island lying between two arms of the river . . . and at the great bridge which crosses the Euphrates.
It is Deir-ez-Zor. — Page 392.

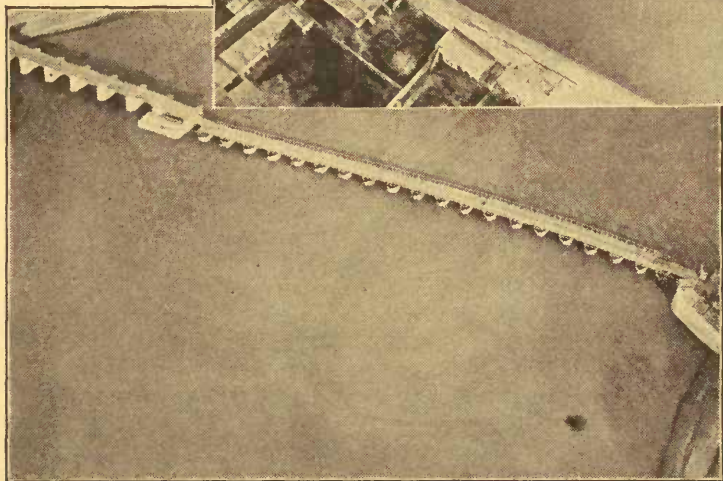
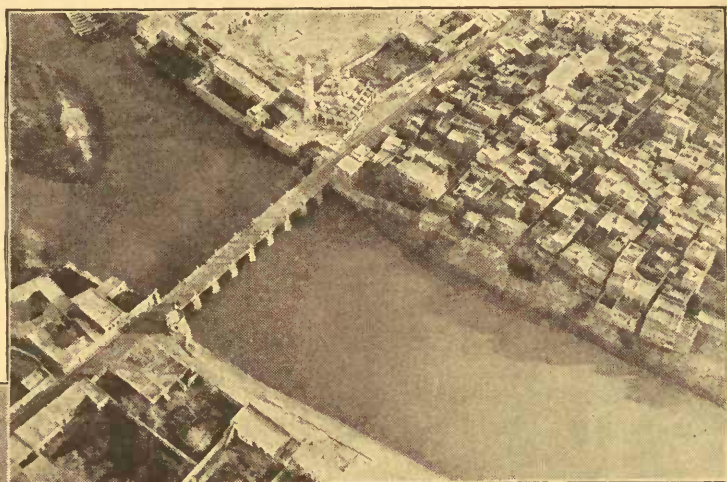
darkened rooms and hermetically closed shutters.

Deir-ez-Zor seems to be first and foremost an administrative centre. The Turks made it the seat of government for an important territory and maintained troops there to hold in check the power-

Homs, Palmyra, and Damascus—all meet here.

The principal Bedouin tribes, of which the Chamar and the Anézé are the two most important, lay in fresh supplies of food here. These tribes, the radius of whose wanderings extends over hundreds,

He spirals over the little town (of Deir-ez-Zor) and I look down for the last time on the square of houses . . . the age-old bridge which, in all probability, I shall never see again.
—Page 398.



Deir-ez-Zor has no other means of existence, no other *raison d'être*, than its great bridge across the Euphrates.

ful tribes of nomadic Bedouins who roam over this whole section of country.

The town has no other means of existence, no other *raison d'être*, than its great bridge across the Euphrates. From Djerablous, quite a distance up the river, where the Bagdad Railway crosses—and at the present moment even that bridge is down—to Bagdad there is no other bridge. All the caravans and convoys are therefore obliged to pass by way of Deir. It is the rendezvous of the merchants and the nomads; the “rond-point” of the desert. All roads—from Mardine and Diarbekir, from Mosul, from Aleppo, from

often over thousands, of kilometers, regulate their movements according to the season and especially according to the condition of the pasture-land for their cattle. The order in which these changes are made is prescribed by traditions handed down meticulously from generation to generation. The material and moral life of these wanderers has not altered to any appreciable extent since the time of Mahomet. The centuries have rolled over their heads without bringing to them any change, any development. They follow to the letter the precept of the Koran: “Scatter yourselves throughout the des-

ert and profit by its blessings which will surely be provided for you." The larger part of these "blessings" are the result, not so much of the raising of cattle, camels, and sheep, as of brigandage and the looting of the passing caravan!

Last year, when General Gouraud realized that in order to establish public safety in these regions it was absolutely indispensable to occupy the important position of Deir-ez-Zor, he sent only a small number of troops at first. As a result of the foolhardiness of one of the commanding chiefs and especially because of the disaffection of several bodies of native soldiers composed of Assyro-Chaldeans, one of our columns in action on the Euphrates suffered a slight reverse as a result of which it was compelled to fall back. Emboldened by this success the Bedouins attacked the aviation-camp of Deir-ez-Zor during the night and succeeded in burning two or three avions. Punishment was swift. A column of two or three battalions quickly set out from Aleppo, and in a very short time had saved the situation. By a clever and rapid manœuvre they surrounded the larger part of the revolting tribes in a bend of the Euphrates and the aviators bombed

them. The chiefs of the robbers fled to the other side of the Euphrates, crossing the river on the ancient equivalent for "water wings"—inflated goatskins—just as they did in the time of Cyrus and Artaxerxes. The rest implored "aman" (pardon). They were fined several thousand Turkish pounds, which were put aside for repairs on the bridge.

Ever since this affair perfect tranquility has prevailed. Caravans are no longer attacked. A French officer, accompanied only by his orderly, recently travelled over the whole country without any misadventures. Profiting by the success of what has been accomplished in the Sahara, a native police force has been organized consisting of two platoons of "méharistes," native riders on specially picked mounts—camels that are to the ordinary camel what the thoroughbred is to the horse—capable of going tremendous distances at a stretch across the desert. Commanded by French officers, this native light infantry goes hot-foot in pursuit of the bandits and nearly always succeeds in capturing them.

Because Deir-ez-Zor is the gateway through which all must pass, it is a splendid post of observation, a centre of the



One is amazed at the width and volume of the Euphrates. . . . This great river rushes along precipitately as though anxious to leave these desolate shores.—Page 307.

most interesting information. It is a window opening upon the whole Orient, from which one gets glimpses of what is happening in Anatolia, in Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, Arabia, and even Persia.

The day before I arrived at Deir by airplane an English officer, Captain Savory, arrived by the overland route. This officer belongs to a regiment of Indian Sikhs in garrison at Bagdad. He was off for London on a long leave of absence and, after consulting the maps, decided that it was not only unnecessary but foolishly extravagant to make the long detour by way of Bassura, the Persian Gulf, Bombay, the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, and the Suez Canal, when Bagdad seemed to be such a short distance by land from Aleppo and Beirut, where he could get an excellent passenger steamer that would take him to Marseilles in five days. They assured him at Bagdad that the road was bound to be perfectly safe as the British Government gives yearly an enormous sum of money, forty thousand Turkish pounds—about two millions of francs or two hundred thousand dollars in American money—to the chief of the principal Bedouin tribe to police all that country and insure the safety of travellers.

Money is the trump card of the British political game in the Orient. The number of petty kings, native chieftains, and religious dignitaries whom His Majesty's government pensions off with as much liberality as assiduity, is almost incredible. The English, who are very practical and excellent mathematicians, have discovered by a very simple calculation that it costs infinitely less to pay a native chieftain to attend to their affairs for them than to import into the country their public servants or their soldiers for that purpose. The trouble is that these native chiefs, marionettes manipulated by the English agents, are most often without any sort of real power or authority. Those who are supposed to obey them do not obey them the least in the world. Some new leader is forever cropping up, trying to recruit a band of followers and pushing himself to the front so that he too may be subsidized by the British Government. This system, which undeniably has been greatly abused by England, has not worked at all well. In almost every case the govern-

mental policy that depended upon it is meeting with failure, as, for example, in Mesopotamia with the Emir Fayçal, in Transjordan with the Emir Abdallah, in Arabia with Ibn-Seoud, and in Kurdistan.

Captain Savory left Bagdad for Mosul, which is occupied by British troops, and there made a bargain with an Armenian, the proud owner of two Ford cars, who agreed to take him, together with five or six other travellers—an Assyrian bishop, two Christian merchants, and several Arabs—from Mosul to Aleppo by way of Deir-ez-Zor for thirty Turkish pounds gold.

They left one fine morning and had hardly gone a hundred kilometers into the desert, following the caravan route, when, almost at the very gates of Mosul, in the heart of British territory, they were held up by a band of Bedouins mounted on fine Arabian steeds, who trained their excellent repeating rifles on the travellers, obliging them to dismount and each one to give up ten pounds gold. It was in vain that the merchants tried to bargain with them. All discussion was useless. The levelled rifles constituted an unanswerable argument. Captain Savory showed his British officer's passport and called attention to his uniform, but apparently the Bedouins did not attach the slightest importance to either. He complained bitterly of the treatment he was receiving and reminded them of the forty thousand Turkish pounds his government presented yearly to their chief, to which they replied: "Our chief puts all that money in his pockets and keeps it there carefully for himself; he doesn't yield up any of it to us. That's why we are obliged to follow his example and get what is coming to us from you traveller."

A few hours later the same thing happened all over again. They were held up in the same way by more Bedouin brigands and again they had to "come across" with ten Turkish pounds.

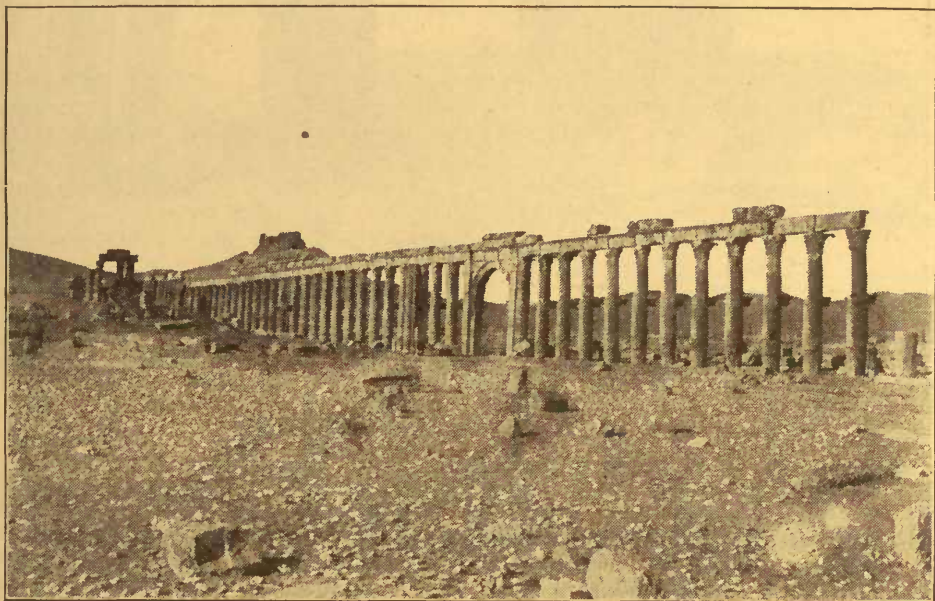
They were held up twice more the following day and always with the same ceremonial and the same contribution. Captain Savory began to regret that he had not gone by way of the Persian Gulf, as a rapid calculation proved to him that this overland trip would cost him consider-

ably more than the one by water. He arrived at Deir-ez-Zor highly indignant and convinced that the policy of transforming brigands into rural police wasn't such a brilliant idea as it seemed.

To take his mind off his troubles we went together, in the cool of the evening, to see the little town whose streets,

ly, as though anxious to leave these desolate shores. Its mighty power is unused save now and then by some creaking old hydraulic wheel which draws up enough water to keep green some little garden, some parched field.

The light here is wonderful. A beautiful yellow tint, a radiance like powdered



The long line of columns throws a shadow athwart the yellow sands.—Page 398.

sleepy and deserted earlier in the day, were now beginning to wake up. Houses and streets become alive once more. The little shops are full of buyers. Innumerable narghile smokers are seated in front of the cafés. A long caravan, arriving from Mosul, has just crossed the bridge. Led by a little donkey, the hundred camels, strung together in single file, advance with stately gait and soundless footfall, their legs, much longer and more shaggy than those of the African camel, coquettishly adorned with gay, variegated woollen bands and pompons.

We reach the river-bank and cross by the primitive bridge made of joists more or less well fastened together and resting on pontoons. One is amazed at the width and volume of the Euphrates, and the little island up-stream, which divides the current, makes it appear still wider. This great river rushes along precipitate-

gold, is over everything. It has the same limpid clarity, the same tempered serenity, as in Egypt. And suddenly night envelops us, with no warning twilight, and we return. In the gardens of the little island and lying opposite the commandant's quarters the nightingales have begun to sing, nor will they cease until the morning breaks.

The next day, at the first crack of dawn, the orderly knocks on my door. I am to leave shortly by airplane for the oasis of Palmyra. Half an hour later the commandant and I are on our way to the aviation-field in his automobile. The sun has scarcely risen beyond the Euphrates when the whole town is up and about, in order to enjoy the "exquisite hour" of sunrise, to feel the cool freshness and tang of the morning air.

A new airplane, driven by a new pilot from the escadrille of Deir-ez-Zor, carries



It was not until toward four o'clock, when the sun began to sink, . . . that I could go over the ruins (of Palmyra) in company with the officers of the post.—Page 399.

me off toward Palmyra. Before ascending to the upper air courses, he spirals over the little town and I look down for the last time on the square of houses, the green isle, the age-old bridge which, in all probability, I shall never see again. Then the avion heads straight across the desert.

The emptiness and desolation of this sea of sand and rocks over which we fly for three long hours, are without parallel. Yesterday, during our flight, we followed the course of the Euphrates, which at least made a trail of verdure and a semblance of life. But to-day there is nothing, absolutely nothing, but the narrow track, like an endlessly unwinding ribbon, over which hovers the tiny shadow of our moving plane. If anything happens and we have to land, and should the neighboring post not send us aid, there would be nothing for it but to die of hunger and thirst in this desert.

The monotony of the landscape and the regular whirl of the propeller finish by putting me to sleep. A cry awakens me. It is the pilot who is pointing out to me the landscape lying almost directly beneath us, where are seen huge stones and colonnades of a beauty, a regularity, a vastness,

that are as amazing as unexpected. The long line of columns throws a shadow athwart the yellow sands, clear-cut as a geometrical figure. On one side are the porticos, constituting the central part of the edifice and surrounded with monumental doors and capitals; at the other end is a high hill on the top of which is an old fort. Such is the appearance of the ruins of Palmyra when first seen from an airplane. I know of no more extraordinary, no more moving, spectacle.

We land about two kilometers from the little village that lies almost entirely within the Temple of the Sun. Palmyra is almost as hot as Deir, which is saying a good deal! The aviation officers wish to extend to me the hospitality of their quarters but the temperature of their tent makes me prefer the stone roof of the sheik Abdallah. The sheik, who has just welcomed me, is an old man who still preserves a handsome appearance in spite of his advanced age. He has innumerable children and grandchildren. His line is not likely to become extinct, for two of his wives, so he tells me, are about to present him with new heirs. He is celebrated throughout the region for a famous ad-

venture which he had, thirty years ago, with a rich European woman who, in the course of her travels in the desert, met and became fascinated with him.

In spite of the intense heat, curiosity, that demon of the traveller, impelled me to go out at once, before breakfast, for a sight of the ruins. But I had scarcely taken a hundred steps when my strength failed me. The glare of the sun on the sand and stones was blinding, and I was obliged to take refuge once more under Abdallah's stone roof. In this country the European, conquered by the intensity of the sun's rays, is condemned to a forced rest and siesta during the hottest part of the day, whether he likes it or not.

It was not until toward four o'clock, when the sun began to sink and the light became still more yellow, that I could go over the ruins in company with the officers of the post. What astounds me is the magnitude and the fine state of preservation of these ruins. One wonders how men could ever have conceived the idea or have had the wealth and power to erect such a monument upon this abandoned spot in the very heart of the desert.

What seems still more astonishing is that the entire place, with its colonnades, its capitals, its porticos, and its temples, gives one the vivid impression of having all been built at one time. Who were the builders? Very little is known about them. They flashed across the pages of history like meteors, leaving almost no trace. One of their sovereigns, the magnificent Zenobia, has immortalized her name in these splendid monuments. We only know that she arrayed her armies against the Romans, was conquered by them, and taken prisoner to Rome to adorn one of their triumphal processions.

The prosperity, the wealth of Palmyra

accrued entirely from her commerce, that is to say, her caravan trade, as is the case everywhere in Syria. One of the great streams of commerce must have flowed past the oasis of Palmyra for a time; then, when it was deflected to other routes, opulence turned to misery. One sees everywhere in the Orient examples of these sudden changes from riches to poverty, from grandeur to nothingness.



The Tekkyé at Damascus.

All in all, the ruins of Palmyra form one of the most impressive sights imaginable. For centuries and centuries their very existence was unsuspected. They had literally disappeared from history. One can therefore conceive of the surprise and admiration of the European merchants of Aleppo when they discovered them a little more than two hundred years ago.

From the top of the massive walls of the temple we watched the sun disappear behind the tawny hills which bounded the horizon. It was the close of a magnificent day. Troops of goats pressed about the principal gate; a procession of women returned from the fountain carrying on their shoulders stone water-jars as in old Biblical days. Beasts and human beings hastened to cover for the night.

Scarcely had the sun set when a stiff wind suddenly began to blow. The aviation officers with whom I dined told me that if the wind should continue there would be no chance of leaving the follow-

ing morning. The air traveller finds himself in somewhat the same fix as the old sailing master—his plans depend entirely on the wind. However, the prospect of spending one more day at Palmyra was far from disagreeable to me.

Toward midnight I got up, opened the door, and ventured a little way into the court. The wind had died down completely. At half after four, according to instructions, an orderly came to awaken me. At five o'clock the automobile was waiting to take me to the aviation-field. Just as I was about to fly the commandant of the escadrille insisted on my partaking of a generous breakfast, and I accepted with joy, for nothing whets the appetite like an air trip. It was a great mistake, though, and I quickly had reason to regret the delay, for had we not lost that good half-hour at breakfast we might perhaps have escaped the storm into which we ran. Hardly had we left Palmyra when the desert, the narrow track across the sands, the eternal desolation, recommenced.

When we had flown about two-thirds of the distance to Damascus, suddenly, without warning, we were caught in a violent wind-storm, in the midst of which the avion began to pitch and roll in a most distressing way. My bag, which the mechanic had fastened in after a fashion, broke loose and I had the greatest difficulty in keeping it from bumping against the steering-gear.

From a height of two thousand meters, at which we had been flying, we dropped in a few seconds to hardly more than fifty above the ground. The pilot looked about for a landing-place, but finding close to earth a quieter zone of air, decided to keep on flying.

The end of the trip was terrible. As we approached the rocky mountains of the Anti-Lebanon it was again necessary to ascend and quit the lower air lanes. The wind was now blowing very hard. We should have made the trip in less than three hours and we had already been more than four hours on our way and Damascus not yet in sight! We were now among the barren mountains of the Anti-Lebanon. On all sides nothing was to be seen but chalky rocks, crevasses, and ravines through which zigzagged the narrow trail. I told myself that if we had

to land there, the landing would be decidedly rough!

The avion, however, began to ascend, and, after a bit, in the distance was to be seen an enormous agglomeration of buildings—a very sea of houses and minarets engulfed in an immense oasis. It is Damascus and we fly high over it in every direction.

Arriving at the city limits the avion volplanes downward rapidly. The hangars of the aviation-field come into view, and I confess to experiencing a distinct feeling of relief at sight of them! But we were not yet at the end of our troubles.

Just at the moment that the plane began to taxi across the ground the pilot, worn out by his exertions during the latter part of our rough trip, made a false move. He did not land with the wind dead ahead and he slowed down too quickly. Instantly the wind, tilting the tail of our plane upward, made the avion heel half-way over, so that her nose was buried in the sand and she came within an inch of turning completely over on us.

At least fifty military mechanicians swarmed from the hangars to our assistance. They dragged the pilot and myself out of the plane. We were absolutely unhurt, but the avion was a total wreck.

An hour later, just time enough for a "tub" and change, I was in the magnificent home of Colonel Catroux, representative of the French High Commissioner to the native government at Damascus. His home is situated at the upper end of the city, at the foot of the hills overlooking Damascus. The view from the terrace of his place is one of the most beautiful to be seen anywhere in the Orient. Imagine a great city of towers and minarets lying at the foot of the snowy mountain peaks; on all sides are gardens kept cool and green with running water; beyond, the tawny desert stretching away to the horizon.

It is a landscape of marvellous beauty—a vision of the Orient such as we have all seen in dreams. Its varied elements are each wonderful and all harmonize so perfectly that together they make of Damascus one of the most enchanting cities of the Orient, comparable with those beautiful ones celebrated in song and story—those pearls of Islam, Fez, Cairo, and Delhi.



Plate I . . . Trafalgar Square and the Monument from the steps of the National Gallery.

Plate II . . . Buckingham Palace, the residence of the King and Queen of England. Perhaps the most magnificently furnished palace in the world.

Plate III . . . Chantry of Henry V, Westminster, with the tomb of Henry of Monmouth, the hero of Agincourt.

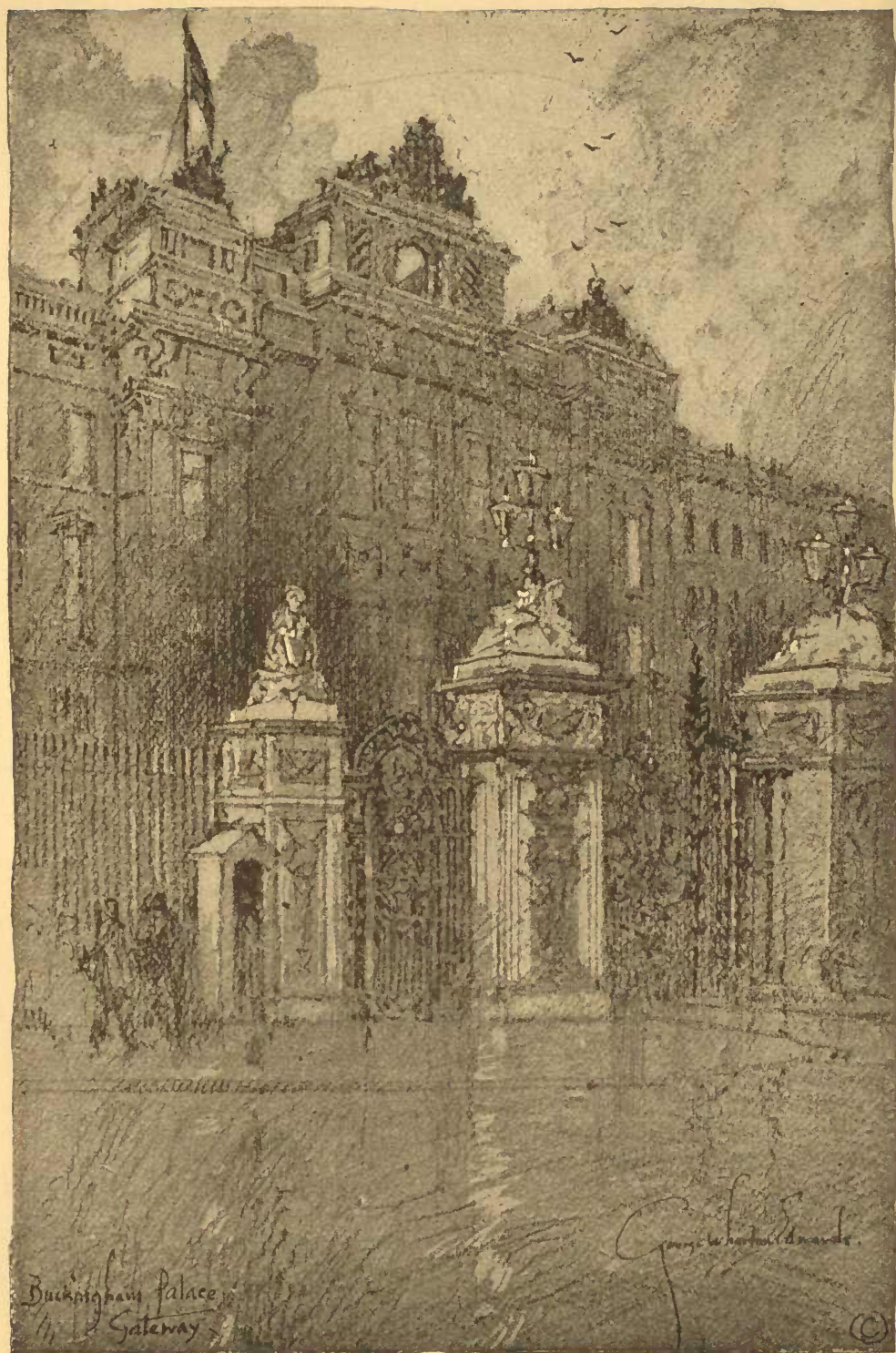
Plate IV . . . The Thames Embankment, showing Somerset House, the Egyptian Obelisk, and the Bridge.

Plate V . . . Piccadilly Circus, which derives its name from the favorite turn-down collars worn by King James I in 1617.

Plate VI . . . The great Banqueting Hall of the Temple. Ben Jonson calls the Temples "The noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the Kingdom."

Plate VII . . . The entrance to the Temple with the ancient house fronts. Quoth Charles Lamb: "I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple."

Plate VIII . . . The Tower of London. Every British sovereign down to Charles II occupied the Tower at intervals.



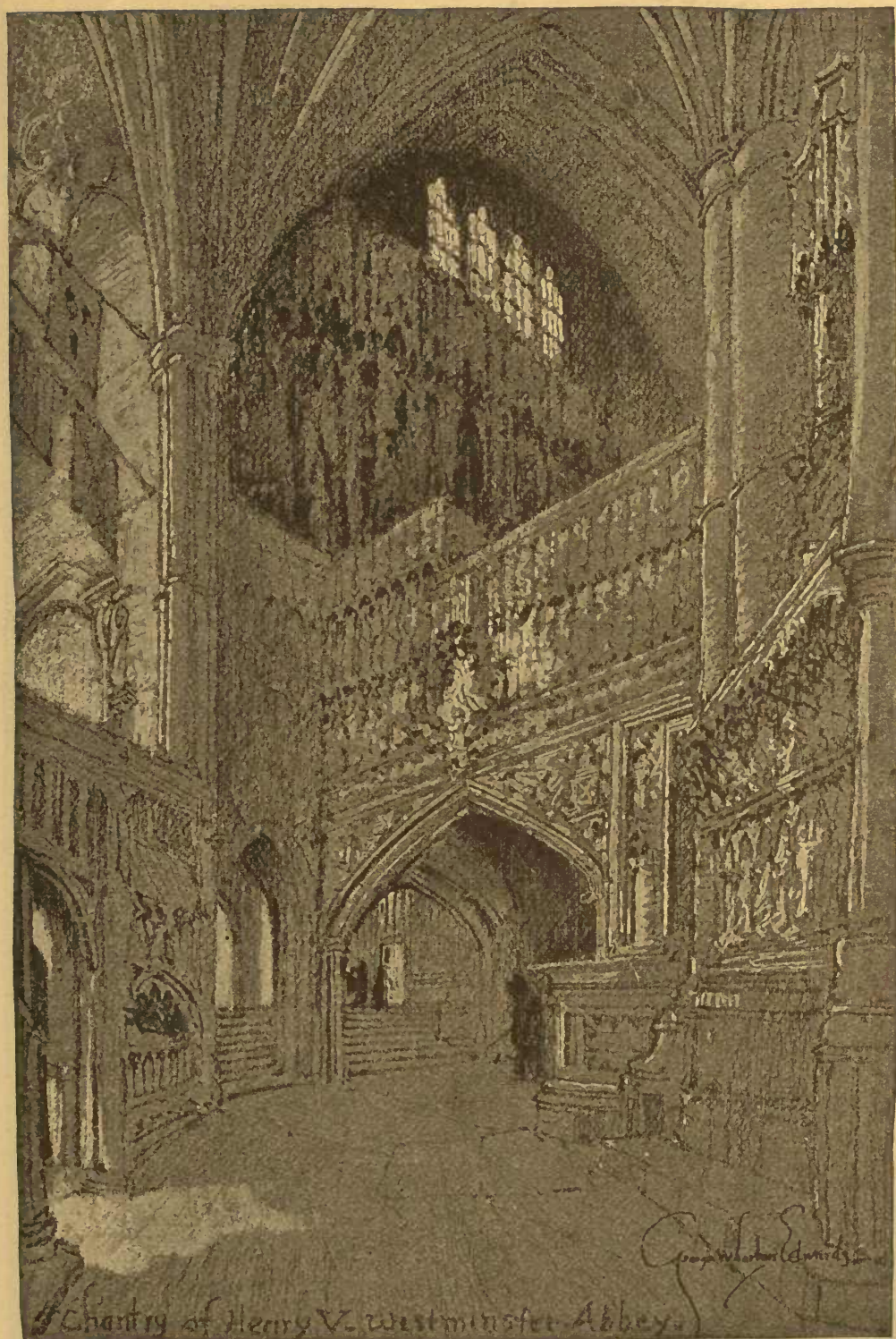
Buckingham Palace
Gateway

George Hartwell Edwards.

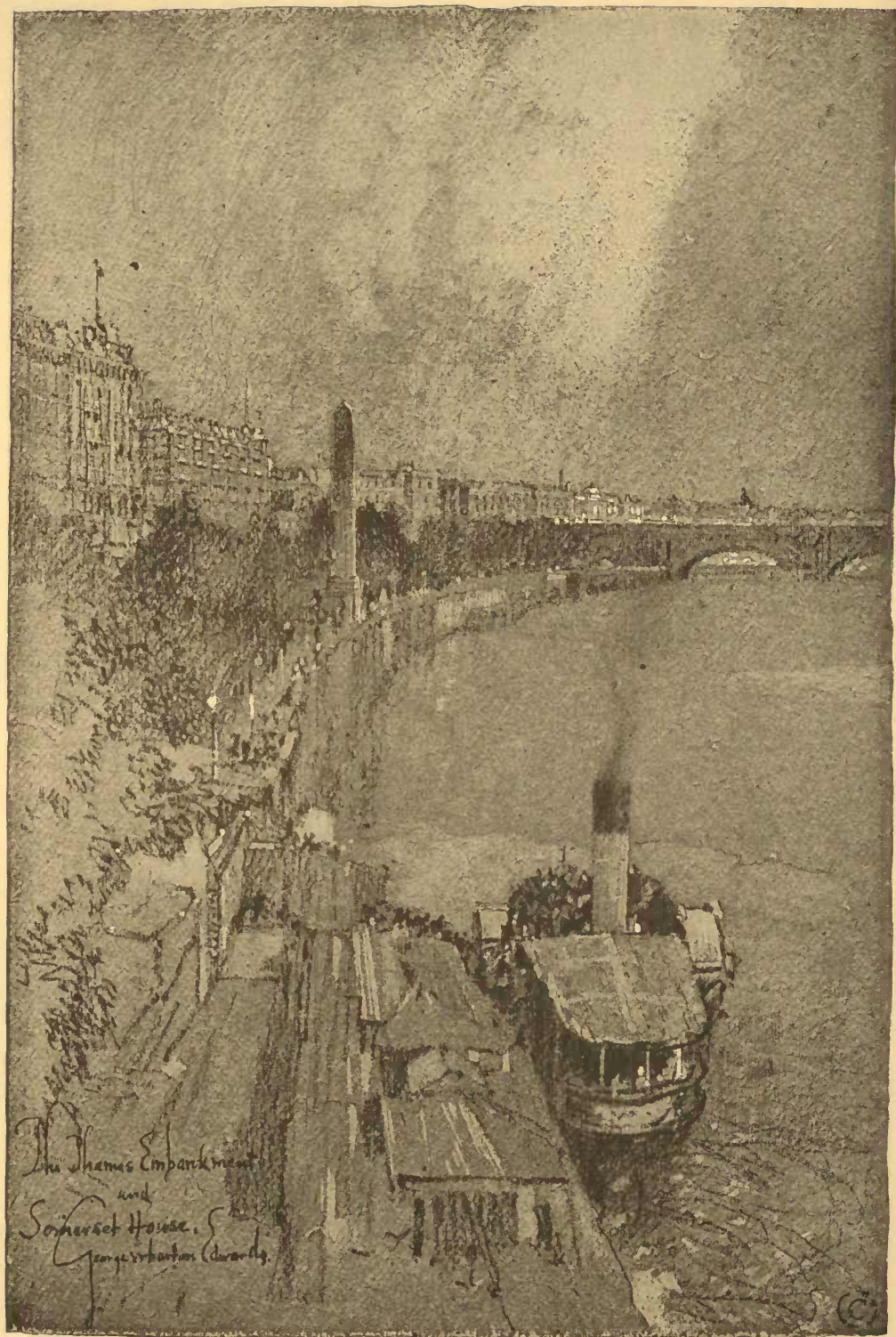


Plate II.

Gateway; Buckingham Palace.



Westminster Abbey; chantry of Henry V.



The Thames Embankment and Somerset House.

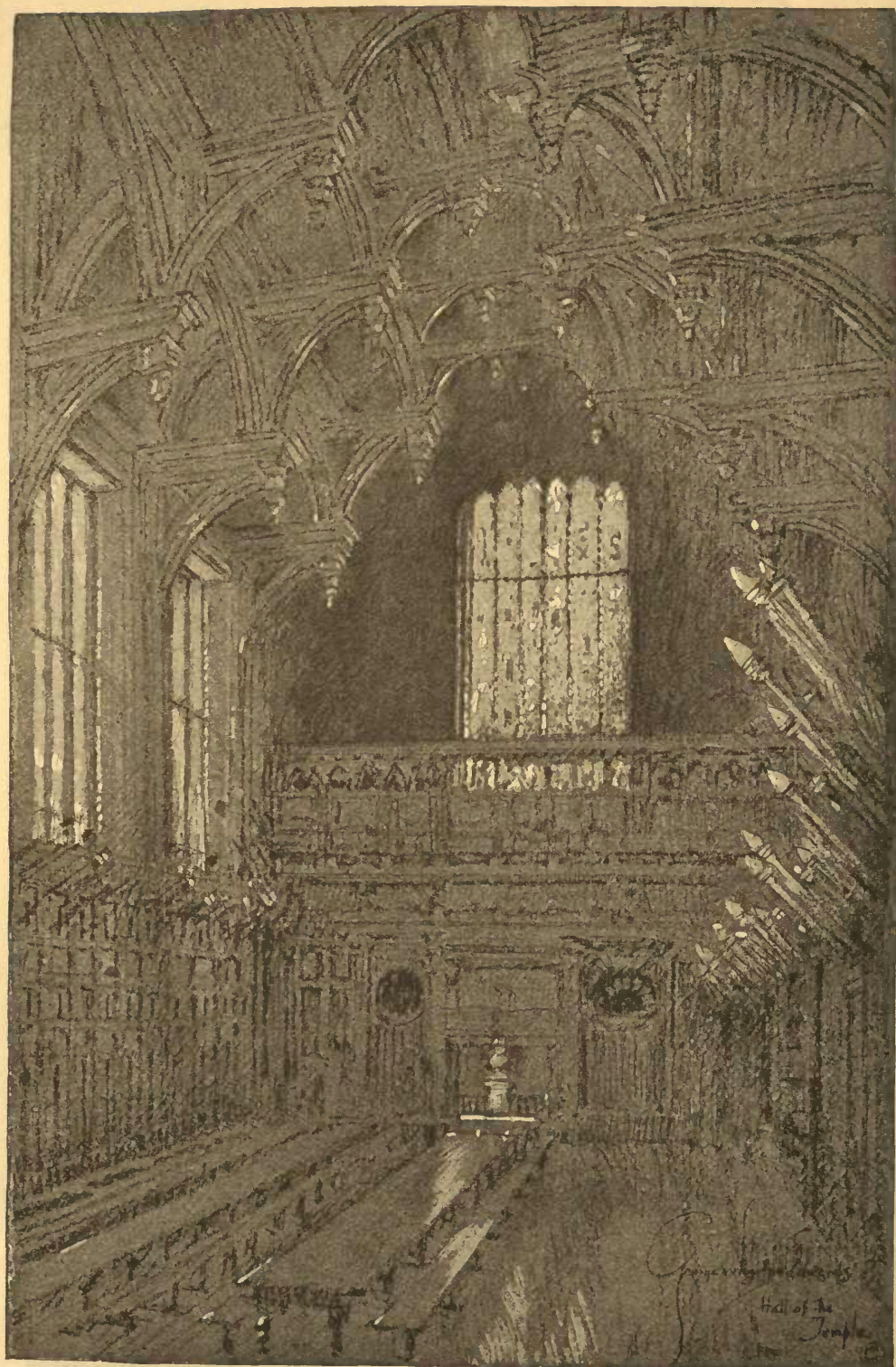
Plate IV.



Piccadilly Circus

Piccadilly Circus.

Plate V.



The Hall of the Temple.

Plate VI.



Entrance to the Tower of London.

Plate VIII.

From Immigrant to Inventor

By MICHAEL PUPIN.

Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

II.—THE HARDSHIPS OF A GREENHORN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



MY first night under the Stars and Stripes was spent in Castle Garden. It was a glorious night, I thought; no howling of the gales, no crashing of the waves, and no tumbling motion of the world beneath my feet, such as I experienced on the immigrant ship. The feeling of being on *terra firma* sank deep into my consciousness and I slept the sound sleep of a healthy youth, although my bed was a bare floor. The very early morning saw me at my breakfast, enjoying a huge bowl of hot coffee and a big chunk of bread with some butter, supplied by the Castle Garden authorities at Uncle Sam's expense. Then I started out, eager to catch a glimpse of great New York, feeling, in the words of the psalmist, "as a strong man ready to run a race." An old lady sat near the gate of Castle Garden offering cakes and candies for sale. A piece of prune pie caught my eye, and no true Serb can resist the allurements of prunes. It is a national sweetmeat. I bought it, paying five cents for it, the only money I had, and then I made a bee-line across the Battery Park, at the same time attending to my pie. My first bargain in America proved a failure. The prune pie was a deception; it was a prune pie filled with prune pits, and I thought of the words of my fellow passenger on the immigrant ship who said that "no matter who you are or what you know or what you have you will be a greenhorn when you land in America." The prune-pie transaction whispered into my ear, "Michael, you are a greenhorn; this is the first experience in your life as a greenhorn. Cheer up! Get ready to serve your apprenticeship as a greenhorn before you can establish your claim to any recognition," repeating the

words of my prophetic fellow passenger who had served his apprenticeship in America. No prophet ever uttered a truer word.

The old Stevens Hotel, a white building with green window-shutters, stood at the corner of Broadway and Bowling Green. When I reached this spot and saw the busy beehive called Broadway, with thousands of telegraph-wires stretching across it like a cobweb between huge buildings, I was overawed and wondered what it all meant. Neither Budapest, nor Prague, nor Hamburg looked anything like it. My puzzled and panicky expression and the red fez on my head must have attracted considerable attention, because suddenly I saw myself surrounded by a small crowd of boys of all sizes, jeering and laughing and pointing at my fez. They were newsboys and bootblacks, who appeared to be anxious to have some fun at my expense. I was embarrassed and much provoked, but controlled my Serbian temper. Presently one of the bigger fellows walked up to me and knocked the fez off my head. I punched him on the nose and then we clinched. My wrestling experiences on the pasturelands of Idvor came to my rescue. The bully was down in a jiffy, and his chums gave a loud cheer of ringing laughter. I thought it was a signal for general attack, but they did not touch me or interfere in any way. They acted like impartial spectators, anxious to see that the best man wins. Suddenly I felt a powerful hand pulling me up by the collar, and when I looked up I saw a big official with a club in his hand and a fierce expression in his eye. He looked decidedly unfriendly, but after listening to the appeals of the newsboys and bootblacks who witnessed the fight he softened and handed me my fez. The boys who a little while ago had jeered and tried to

guy me, evidently appealed in my behalf when the policeman interfered. They had actually become my friends. When I walked away toward Castle Garden with my red fez proudly cocked up on my head the boys cheered. I thought to myself that the unpleasant incident was worth my while, because it taught me that I was in a country where even among the street urchins there was a strong sentiment in favor of fair play even to a Serbian greenhorn. America was different from Austria-Hungary. I never forgot the lesson and never had a single reason to change my opinion.

A gentleman who witnessed the fight joined me on my return trip to Castle Garden, and when we reached the employment bureau he offered me a job. When I learned that one of my daily duties would be to milk a cow, I refused. According to Serb traditions, milking a cow is decidedly a feminine job. Another gentleman, a Swiss foreman on a Delaware farm, offered me another job, which was to drive a team of mules and help in the work of hauling things to the field preparatory for spring planting. I accepted gladly, feeling confident that I knew all about driving animals, although I had never even seen a mule in all my experiences in Idvor. We left for Philadelphia that forenoon and caught there the early afternoon boat for Delaware City, where we arrived late in the afternoon.

As we passed through Philadelphia I asked the Swiss foreman whether that was the place where a hundred years ago famous Benjamin Franklin flew his kite, and he answered that he had never heard of the gentleman, and that I must have meant William Penn. "No," said I, "because I never heard of this gentleman." "You have still to learn a thing or two about American history," said the Swiss foreman with a superior air. "Yes, indeed," I said, "and I intend to do it as soon as I have learned a thing or two about the English language"; and I wondered whether the Swiss foreman who had never heard of Benjamin Franklin and his kite had really learned a thing or two in American history, although he had lived some fifteen years in the United States.

There were quite a number of farmers on the Delaware boat, every one of them wearing a long goatee but no mustache;

such was the fashion at that time. Every one of them had the brim of his slouch hat turned down, covering his eyes completely. As they conversed they looked like wooden images; they made no gestures and I could not catch the expression of their hidden eyes; without these powerful aids to the understanding of the spoken word I could not make out a single syllable in their speech. The English language sounded to me like an inarticulate mode of speech, just as inarticulate as the joints of those imperturbable Delaware farmers. I wondered whether I should ever succeed in learning a thing or two in this most peculiar tongue. I thought of the peasants at the neighborhood gatherings in Idvor and of their winged words, each of which found its way straight into my soul. There also appeared before my mental vision the image of Baba Batikin with fire in his eye and a vibratory movement in his hand accompanying his stirring tales of Prince Marko. How different and how superior those peasants of Idvor appeared to me when I compared them with the farmers on that Delaware boat! "Impossible," said I, "that a Serb peasant should be so much superior to the American peasant!" Something wrong with my judgment, thought I, and I charged it to my being a greenhorn and unable to size up an American farmer.

At the boat-landing in Delaware City a farm-wagon was awaiting us, and we reached the farm at supper-time. The farm-buildings were fully a mile outside of the town and standing all by themselves; there was no village and there were no neighbors, and the place looked to me like a camp. There was no village life among American farmers, I was told, and I understood then why those farmers on the Delaware boat were so devoid of all animation. The farm-hands were all young fellows but considerably older than myself, and when the foreman introduced me to them, by my Christian name, I found that most of them spoke German with a Swiss accent, the same which the foreman had who brought me from New York. One of them asked me how long I had been in the country, and when I told him that I was about twenty-four hours in the country, he smiled and said that he thought so, evidently on account of the unmistakable signs of a greenhorn which he saw all over me.

The first impression of an American farm was dismal. In the messroom, however, where supper was served, everything was neat and lovely, and the supper looked to me like a holiday feast. I became more reconciled to the American farm. The farm-hands ate much and spoke very little, and when they finished they left the dining-room without any ceremony. I was left alone and moved my chair close to a warm stove and waited for somebody to tell me what to do next. Presently two women came in and proceeded to clear the supper-table; they spoke English and seemed to pay no attention to me. They probably thought that I was homesick and avoided disturbing me. Presently I saw a young girl, somewhat younger than myself. She pretended to be helping the women, but I soon discovered that she had another mission. Her appearance reminded me of a young vila, a Serbian fairy, who in the old Serbian ballads plays a most wonderful part. No hero ever perished through misfortune who had the good fortune to win the friendship of a vila. Supernatural both in intelligence and in physical skill, the vila could always find a way out of every difficulty. I felt certain that if there ever was a vila this young girl was one. Her luminous blue eyes, her finely chiselled features, and her graceful movements made a strange impression upon me. I imagined that she could hear the faintest sound, that she could see in the darkest night, and that, like a real vila, she could feel not only the faintest breezes but even the thoughts of people near her. She certainly felt my thoughts. Pointing to a table in a corner of the dining-room, she directed my attention to writing-paper and ink, placed there for the convenience of farm-hands. I understood her meaning, although I did not understand her words. I spent the evening writing a letter to my mother. This was my wish, and the vila must have read it in my face.

One of the farm-hands, a Swiss, came in after a while in order to remind me that it was bedtime and to inform me that early in the morning he would wake me up and take me to the barn, where my job would be assigned to me. He kept his word, and with lantern in hand he took me long before sunrise to the barn and introduced me to two mules which he put in

my charge. I cleaned them and fed them while he watched and directed; after breakfast he showed me how to harness and hitch them up. I took my turn in the line of teams hauling manure to the fields. He warned me not to apply myself too zealously to the work of loading and unloading, until I became gradually broken in, otherwise I should be laid up stiff as a rod. The next day I was laid up, stiffer than a rod. He was much provoked and called me the worst "greenhorn" that he ever saw. But, thanks to the skilled and tender care of the ladies on the farm, I was at my job again two days later. My being a greenhorn appealed to their sympathy; they seemed to have the same kind of soul which I first observed in my American friends who paid my fare from Vienna to Prague.

One of my mules gave me much trouble, and the more he worried me the more amusement he seemed to furnish to the other farm-hands, rough immigrants of foreign birth. He did not bite, nor did he kick, as some of the mules did, but he protested violently against my putting the bridle on his head. The other farm-hands had no advice to offer; they seemed to enjoy my perplexity. I soon discovered that the troublesome mule could not stand anybody touching his ears. That was his ticklish spot. I finally got around it; I never took his bridle off on working-days, but only removed the bit, so that he could eat. On Sunday mornings, however, when I had all the time I wanted, I took his bridle off, cleaned it and put it on, and did not remove it again for another week. The foreman and the superintendent discovered my trick and approved of it, and so the farm-hands lost the amusement which they had at my expense every morning at the harnessing hour. I noticed that they were impressed by my trick and did not address me by the name of greenhorn quite as often. They were also surprised to hear me make successful attempts to speak English. Nothing counts so much in the immigrant's bid for promotion to a grade above that of a greenhorn as the knowledge of the English language. In these efforts I received a most unexpected assistance, and for that I was much indebted to my red fez.

On every trip from the barnyard to the fields, my mules and I passed by the su-

perintendent's quarters, and there behind the wall of neatly piled-up cord-wood I observed every now and then the golden curls of my American vila. She cautiously watched there just like a Serbian vila at the edge of a forest. My red fez perched up on a high seat behind the mules obviously attracted and amused her. Whenever I caught her eye I saluted in regular Balkan fashion, and it was a salute such as she had never seen before in the State of Delaware. Her curiosity seemed to grow from day to day and so did mine.

One evening I sat alone near the warm stove in the messroom and she came in and said: "Good evening!" I answered by repeating her greeting, but pronounced it badly. She corrected me, and when I repeated her greeting the second time, I did much better and she applauded my genuine effort. Then she proceeded to teach me English words for everything in the dining-room, and before that first lesson was over I knew some twenty English words and pronounced them to her satisfaction. The next day I repeated these words aloud over and over again during my trips to the fields until I thought that even the mules knew them by heart. At the second lesson on the following evening I scored a high mark from my teacher and added twenty more words to my English vocabulary. As time went on, my vocabulary increased at a rapid rate, and my young teacher was most enthusiastic. She called me "smart," and I never forgot the word. One evening she brought in her mother, who two weeks prior to that time was taking care of me when I was laid up from overzealous loading. At that time she could not make me understand a single word she said. This time, however, I had no difficulty, and she was greatly surprised and pleased. My first examination in English was a complete success.

At the end of the first month on the Delaware farm my confidence in the use of the English language had grown strong. During the second month I grew bold enough to join in lengthy conversations. The superintendent's wife invited me often to spend the evening with the family. My tales of Idvor, Panchevo, Budapest, Prague, Hamburg, and the immigrant ship interested them much, they

said. My pronunciation and grammar amused them even more than they were willing to show. They were too polite to indulge in unrestrained laughter over my Serbian idioms. During these conversations the vila sat still and seemed to be all attention. She was all eyes and ears, and I knew that she was making mental notes of every mistake in my grammar and pronunciation. At the next lesson she would correct every one of these mistakes, and then watched at the next family gathering to see whether I would repeat them. But I did not; my highest ambition was to show myself worthy of the title "smart" which she had given me.

One evening I was relating to the superintendent's family how I refused the first offer of a job at Castle Garden, because I did not care to accept the daily duty of milking a cow, which, according to my Serbian notions, was a purely feminine job. I admitted that Serbian and American notions were entirely different in this particular respect, because although over a hundred cows were milked daily on the farm, I never saw a woman in any one of the many barns, nor in the huge creamery. I also confessed that both the vila and her mother would be entirely out of place not only in the cow-barns but even in the scrupulously clean creamery, adding that if the vila had been obliged to attend to the cows and to the creamery, she would not have found the time to teach me English, and, therefore, I preferred the American custom. Vila's mother was highly pleased with this remark and said: "Michael, my boy, you are beginning to understand our American ways, and the sooner you drop your Serbian notions the sooner you will become an American."

She also explained to me the position of the American woman as that of the educator and spiritual guide of the coming generation, emphasizing the fact that the vast majority of teachers in American primary schools were women. This information astonished and pleased me, because I knew that my mother was a better teacher than my schoolmaster, an old man with a funny nasal twang. Her suggestion, however, that I should drop my Serbian notions and become an American as soon as possible disturbed me. But I said nothing; I was a greenhorn only and did not desire to express an opinion which might

clash with hers. I thought it strange, however, that she took it for granted that I wished to become an American.

The next day was Sunday, and I walked to church, which was in Delaware City. The singing of hymns did not impress me much, and the sermon impressed me even less. Delaware City was much bigger than my native Idvor, and yet the religious service in Idvor was more elaborate. There was no choral singing in the church of Delaware City, and there were no ceremonies with a lot of burning candles and the sweet perfume of burning incense and there was no ringing of harmonious church-bells. I was disappointed, and wondered why Vila's mother expected me to drop my Serbian notions and embrace America's ways, which, as far as public worship was concerned, appeared to me as less attractive than the Serbian ways. Vila's family met me in front of the church and asked me to ride home with them. A farm-hand riding in a fine carriage with his employer struck me as extraordinary, and I wished to be excused, but they insisted. No rich peasant in Idvor would have done that. In this respect Delaware farmers with their American ways appealed to me more. Another surprise was in store for me: Vila's mother insisted that I share with the family their Sunday dinner, just as I shared with them the divine service. I saw in it an effort on her part to show an appreciation of my religious habit and to encourage it, thus proving in practice what she preached to me about the spiritual influence of the American woman. During the dinner I described the Sundays of Idvor, dwelling particularly upon the custom among the Serbian boys and girls of kolo dancing on the village green in front of the church on Sunday afternoons. Vila approved of the custom enthusiastically, but her mother thought that a walk through the peach-orchards, which were then in full bloom, was at least as good. Vila and I walked together that Sunday afternoon. My attendance at church gained for me this favor also.

He who has never seen the Delaware peach-orchards of those days in full bloom, when in the month of May the ground is a deep velvety green, and when the Southern sky seen through the golden atmosphere of a sunny May day reminds

one of those mysterious landscapes which form the background in some of Raphael's Madonna pictures—he who has never seen that glorious sight does not know the heavenly beauty of this little earth. No painter would dare attempt to put on canvas the cloth of flaming gold which on that balmy Sunday afternoon covered the ripples of the sun-kissed Delaware River. Vila asked me whether I had ever seen anything more beautiful in Idvor, and I said no, but added that nothing is as lovely and as sweet as one's native village. When I informed her that some day I expected to return to it, enriched by my experiences in America, she looked surprised and said:

"Then you do not intend to become an American?"

"No," said I; and after some hesitation I added: "I ran away from the military frontier because the rulers of the land wanted to transform me into a Hungarian; I ran away from Prague because I objected to Austrian Teutonism; I shall run away from Delaware City also if, as your good mother suggested, I am expected to drop my Serbian notions and become an American. My mother, my native village, my Serbian orthodox faith, my Serbian language and the people who speak it are my Serbian notions, and one might as well expect me to give up the breath of my life as to give up my Serbian notions."

"You misunderstood my mother, Michael," said the vila; "she only referred to your notions about woman's work, and you know that European women are expected to do the hard work for which men only are strong enough."

"Very true," said I; "the strongest and ablest men in Europe spend the best part of their lives on battle-fields or training for the battle-fields; this is particularly true of the Serbian people. This forces our Serbian women to do some of the hard work which men should do." This gave me a fitting opportunity to say a few things in favor of the spiritual influence of the Serbian women by describing the position of the Serbian woman as she is represented in the Serbian ballads—of Chouchouk Stana, the wife of Haydouk Velyko, who urged her hero husband to sacrifice his life rather than surrender the eastern frontier of Serbia, which, during

the Serbian revolution, he was defending against vastly superior Turkish forces; of the maid of Kossovo, who at the risk of her life and liberty visited the battle-field of Kossovo in order to administer the last spiritual aid to the fallen and dying heroes; of Yevrosima, mother of Prince Marko, the national hero of the Serbian race, whose counsel and advice were the only guiding star to Marko throughout his stormy life. I also told her that I would not be a witness to that heavenly scene on the banks of the Delaware that Sunday afternoon if it had not been for my mother, who urged me to go into the world and learn new things, which I could not learn in my native peasant village. Young Vila was much impressed by my Serbian tales, and by my pleading in behalf of the Serbian women, and then she asked me whether I ever heard of Martha Washington, the wife of George Washington, the national hero of America. I confessed complete ignorance. Pointing to the golden ripples of sun-kissed Delaware River, she said that it did not always look as bright and peaceful, and then described its appearance when in the middle of winter its surface is covered with broken ice, which, tossed by the waves of the angry river, makes a passage across it next to impossible. But in January, 1777, George Washington, the commander of the retreating American armies, crossed it, and on the other side of the river, near Trenton, surprised the advancing victorious British armies and defeated them, turning American defeat into American victory. "Washington," she said, "just like Haydouk Velyko, was ready to sacrifice his life while crossing the treacherous ice-fields of the angry Delaware in order to strike a timely blow for the safety of his country." And she was inclined to believe, she said, that Martha Washington acted at that critical moment just as Chouchouk Stana did. From that day on Washington was to me the Haydouk Velyko of America, and the name of the Delaware River inspired me always with thoughts of deep veneration. Vila showed me that America, like Serbia, was also a land of heroes. The rest of that glorious Sunday afternoon was spent in Vila's answering my numerous questions concerning George Washington and the war of the American Revolution. It was the

most inspiring afternoon which I ever experienced in America, up to that time, and I felt that, after all, there might be many things in America which are just as great as those great things of which the Serbian gouslar sings in the national ballads of Serbia. Vila succeeded in welding the first link between my Serbian traditions and the traditions of America. I apologized to her for misunderstanding her mother's suggestion that I become an American as soon as possible, and confessed that I was much less anxious than I thought I was a few moments ago to run away from the shores of the historic Delaware.

After Vila discovered my lively interest in American history, she continued her English lessons to me by telling me stories relating to early American history, which I repeated to her. Jamestown, South St. Mary, in southern Maryland, and Virginia figured big in these tales. When I first heard of the *Mayflower*, a year or so later, and its landing at Plymouth Rock, I wondered why Vila never mentioned that great historical event. She never mentioned Lincoln, and changed conversation when I once called him the American Prince Marko. America north of the Delaware River was very little in her mind, and even Philadelphia was mentioned only on account of the Liberty Bell and the Declaration of Independence.

One evening Vila's mother asked me about my mother and her hopes for my future. Remembering her remarks concerning the spiritual influence of the American women upon the coming generation, I gave her a glowing account of my mother, and wound up by saying that she did not expect me to become an American farmer, and that I came to America to learn what I could not learn in a peasant country like that of my native village. She was much touched, and then in simple and solemn language she revealed to me a new truth which I never forgot and which I found confirmed by all my experiences in this great land, the truth, namely, that this is a country of opportunities which are open equally to all; that each individual must seek these opportunities and must be prepared to make good use of them when he finds them. She commended me warmly for making good use of all the opportunities which I found on

the farm, and advised me strongly to go in search of new opportunities. Vila agreed with her, and I prepared to leave the hospitable shores of Delaware.

I made my return trip to Philadelphia

prior to that time. Every time I caught sight of my carpetbag with the good things which Vila's mother had put in, I felt that I was still near the vila and her honey-hearted mother. They were my



Olympiada Pupin, mother of Michael Pupin.

From a photograph taken in 1880.

on the same boat which brought me to Delaware City. Things looked different from what they did on my first trip. The farmers of Delaware, my fellow passengers on the boat, did not look like wooden images, and their speech was not inarticulate. I understood their language, and its meaning found a sympathetic response in me. The trip reminded me much of the trip on the Danube some eighteen months

American mother and sister. One of my fellow passengers pointed out Trenton to me and assured me that the boat was passing over the spot where Washington crossed the Delaware, and I remembered then the first view of the Cathedral of Karlovatz, the seat of the Serbian Patriarch, which was pointed out to me from the Danube boat by the theological students. I felt the same thrill in each case,

and I knew that America was getting a hold upon my Serbian heart-strings. My appearance attracted no attention, neither on the boat nor at Philadelphia after we landed. My hat and clothes were American, but my heavy top-boots, so useful on the farm, were somewhat too heavy for the warm June days in Philadelphia.

The Swiss foreman directed me to a Swiss acquaintance of his who had a small hotel in Philadelphia. He was very eager to have me take all my meals at the hotel, but my total capital of ten dollars made me cautious; besides, my days from early morning till late at night were spent in the heart of the city. No human being ever saw so much of Philadelphia during a stay of five days as I did, hunting for a job, searching new opportunities, as Vila's mother expressed it. But I searched in vain. I gained new information about William Penn and Benjamin Franklin and saw many buildings the history of which is attached to these two great names, and I wondered why Benjamin Franklin ever deserted Boston to search new opportunities in a place like Philadelphia. But he did it and succeeded. I was sure that neither he nor any other human being could walk more nor chase after a job more diligently than I did, but then he was an American boy and he had a trade, and I was a Serbian greenhorn who did not know anything in particular, except to drive a pair of mules. Besides, thought I, Philadelphia might have lost its wealth of opportunities since Franklin's days. Such was my consolation while resting on a bench in Fairmount Park, near the grounds which were being prepared for the Centennial Exposition of 1876. I was lunching on a chunk of bread and thinking what would happen when the last three dollars, the remnant of my ten dollars which I brought from the Delaware farm, disappeared. A husky farmer approached me and addressed me in English, asking whether I wanted a job. "I do," said I; "I have been chasing after one nearly a week, and I can't chase much longer, because I see that my weary farm-boots are showing many signs of distress in their long daily struggles against these hot Philadelphia pavements."

A day later found me in South St. Mary, in southern Maryland. I expected

great things here, having heard so much of its early history from Vila. I was engaged to drive a pair of mules, dragging cultivators through corn and tobacco fields. As far as skill and physical exertion were concerned, the job was easy. But the climate was deadly, and social life was even more so. The only interesting people whom I found there were those buried in the old cemetery, some two hundred years prior to that time, when South St. Mary was quite an important place, and when the original settlers brought many fine things from England, and even bricks with which they built their houses. The only diversion I found was to read the legends on the tombstones in the old cemetery near the village church. Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River and the many inlets of the bay bordered by luxuriant vegetation gave the country a most picturesque appearance. The flourishing corn and tobacco fields suggested prosperity, but the only people who stirred and showed any activity were darkies, whose language I could not understand. I felt that as far as human speech was concerned, I was in a valley of silence, although the air was full of incessant sounds from all kinds of insects and water-animals. Mosquitoes, gnats, and flies, and the most oppressive, almost tropical, heat of the sun made work in the fields unbearable. Many a time while driving the phlegmatic mules through the broiling atmosphere of the tobacco-fields I thought of the icy blasts of the North Atlantic which I experienced on the immigrant ship less than three months prior to that time, and I prayed that one of those icy breaths of the polar regions might wander astray and reach the flatlands of Chesapeake Bay. My prayer was not heard, and I was happy to be still alive at the end of the month, and then I took my wages of fifteen dollars and made a bee-line for the north. I hoped that in New York I might be able to catch some of the cold North Atlantic breezes and, after cooling off, pick up one of the many opportunities in the metropolis, which on the day when the immigrant ship landed me at Hoboken seemed to be seething with life and activity and brimful of all kinds of opportunities.

The Chesapeake boat landed me at Baltimore in the early hours of a Sunday

morning, and the sound of beautifully tuned church-bells greeted me. I was told that Baltimore was a Catholic city and that the bells belonged to a Catholic cathedral. They almost persuaded me to stay in Baltimore and become a Roman Catholic, so sweet and soothing was their effect upon my soul. It recalled to my memory the lovely harmony of the church-bells of my native Idvor, and with that memory there appeared in my imagination the vision of my strongly orthodox mother and of St. Sava. This vision reminded me that I must say good-by to Roman Catholic Baltimore.

Forty-two years later I met Cardinal Gibbons in Baltimore during a visit to that city, when Johns Hopkins University conferred upon me the honorary LL.D. degree. I told him of the incident just referred to; he was in a jocular mood and said: "Too bad that you did not yield to the first effect of the Baltimore church-bells; you might be to-day the archbishop of this diocese, and perhaps even a cardinal." "But, in that case, I would not have to-day the honorary LL.D. degree of Johns Hopkins; I would not exchange that for any other honor," said I, returning jest for jest and watching the merry twinkle in the cardinal's fluorescent eyes. Some months later President Butler, of Columbia University, and I happened to be descending in the same lift at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington. Presently Cardinal Gibbons entered, and President Butler introduced me to his Eminence, who, recalling our former meeting in Baltimore, said, "I know Professor Pupin, and it is a great honor, indeed, to ride in the same lift with two eminent men who carry so many distinguished academic honors," and as he looked at me with a genial smile which was brimful of Irish humor, I knew that he wished to remind me in a good-natured way of my high rating of an honorary Johns Hopkins degree in comparison with the honors attached to the titles of archbishop and cardinal.

The Pennsylvania train from Baltimore to New York delivered me to a ferry-boat, which landed me on West Street, where I found a small hotel kept by a German, a native of Friesland. He was a rugged old fellow who loved his low-

German dialect, which I did not understand. He spoke in English to me, which, according to his son Christian, was much worse than mine, although he had been in America some twenty years. Christian was a yellow-haired and freckle-faced lad, of about my age, and we hit it off very well, forming a cross-matched team. He would have given anything, he said, to have my black hair and dark-red complexion. His almost white eyebrows and eyelashes and mischievous gray eyes and yellow freckles fascinated me. He was born in Hoboken and understood his father's low-German dialect, but whenever addressed in it, by his father or by the Friesland sailors who frequented his father's inn, he always answered in English, or, as he called it, "United States."

Christian managed somehow to get away every now and then from the little hotel and to accompany me on my many long errands in search of a job. His familiarity with the town helped me much to master the geography of New York, and to find out what's what and who's who in the great metropolis. He seemed to be the only opportunity which New York offered to me, and it was a great one. Every other opportunity which appeared in newspaper advertisements had hundreds of applicants, and they were lined up at the place of the promised opportunity, no matter how early Christian and I reached the place. I was quite sure that those opportunity-chasers lined up soon after the first issue of the morning papers. I was told that several years prior to that time (in 1873) occurred the Black Friday panic, and New York had not yet recovered from it. There were thousands of unemployed, although it was summer. One morning Christian told me that he had found a fine job for me, and he took me to a tug anchored quite near his father's hotel. There were quite a number of husky laborers on the tug, which took us to the German docks in Hoboken. We were to stay there and help in the loading of ships, replacing the longshoremen who were on strike. The job assigned to me was to assist the sailors who were painting the ship and things on the ship. We never left the docks until the strike was over, which lasted about three weeks. At its termination I was paid and the tug de-

livered me to the little hotel on West Street, where Christian received me with open arms. I had thirty dollars in my pocket, and Christian told me that I looked as rich as Commodore Vanderbilt, whom Christian considered to be the richest man in New York. Christian took me to Chatham Square to buy a new suit of clothes and other wearing apparel, and I thought that the Jewish clothing dealers would cause a riot fighting for my patronage. The next day when I appeared at the breakfast-table in my new togs, Christian's father could hardly recognize me, but when he did he slapped me on the back and exclaimed: "Who would ever think that you are a Serbian greenhorn?" "Nobody," said Christian, resenting his father's remark, and then he added with some hesitation: "But who would ever think that you are not a German greenhorn?" Christian's father rebuked him and assured me that he meant no offense when he jokingly called me a Serbian greenhorn.

Christian was anxious to have me replenish my fortune, which was considerably reduced by my purchases in Chatham Square. He called my attention that morning to a big German who was drinking beer at the hotel bar after delivering several baskets filled with bread, rolls, and pies, and said that he was a rich and stingy baker, whose wagon, standing in front of the hotel, needed painting badly. I saw that the lettering needed speedy restoration. I assured my chum that my experience as assistant to the sailor painters on the Hoboken docks, in addition to my natural skill in free-hand drawing, qualified me for the job of restoring the lettering; Christian chuckled and made a bee-line for the stingy German baker. I got the contract to restore the lettering for five dollars and my meals, he to pay for the paints and the brushes, which were to remain my property. Christian formulated the contract and specified its terms very clearly; he was my business manager, and he enjoyed it hugely. The next day I lunched with the baker's family, according to the terms of the contract, and after luncheon, as soon as the wagon had returned from its daily route, I started the work, interrupted by the supper only, and at nine o'clock in the evening the job was finished to the full

satisfaction of the party of the first part. That evening found me richer by five dollars, several paint pots and brushes, a huge home-made apple pie, and a new and encouraging experience. Christian, for some reason unknown to me at that time, seemed to look upon the whole affair as a joke, but nevertheless he paid many compliments to my success as an artist. The next day we left bright and early for his father's house in Hoboken, where in accordance with a plan conceived by Christian we were to spend some time in painting and papering several of the rooms. Profiting by the instructions which we received in sundry places, and after making several unsuccessful attempts, we managed to master the art and to finish the rooms to the full satisfaction of Christian's father, who confessed that no Hoboken expert could have done better. "This painting is much better than that which you did on the baker's wagon," he said, "because you added some dryer to the paint." "Right you are," said Christian, "but I am to blame, because I purposely avoided telling Michael to use some dryer on the baker's wagon. I wanted to make two jobs out of one." "There will be several jobs, I am afraid," said Christian's father, "because on the day after the lettering was done the baker's wagon was caught in a shower and all the fresh paint has been washed off, and the wagon looks like a show." Christian roared with laughter, but seeing that I looked worried he whispered in my ear: "Don't worry, it serves him right; he wanted a twenty-dollar job done for five dollars, because he took you for a greenhorn." Christian made a new arrangement for the relettering of the wagon and I earned another five dollars, but no home-made apple pie. The German baker in Goerck Street was neither as cordial nor as hospitable as he was before.

Christian encouraged me in the belief that I was a painter and paper-hanger, and I felt that I had a trade; that feeling gave me much confidence. Christian's mental attitude was a revelation to me. He actually believed that a boy can learn anything quickly and well enough to earn a living, if he will only try. He certainly could do anything, I thought, as I watched him in his little carpenter-shop in Hoboken. He also had a lathe and was

quite expert in wood and metal turning, although he never served apprenticeship, as they do in Europe, in order to learn these things. When I told Christian that, according to my information on the immigrant ship, I was doomed to serve in America my apprenticeship as a greenhorn, he said that a European greenhorn must have told me that, and added, in an off-hand manner, that I would be a greenhorn as long only as I thought that I was one. My description of a European apprenticeship amused him much, and he called it worse than the slavery which was abolished here by the Civil War a few years only prior to that date. When I asked him where he got all those strange notions, he told me that these notions were not strange but genuine American notions, and that he first got them from his mother, who was a native American. His father and his father's German friends, he admitted, had the same notions as that greenhorn on the immigrant ship. Christian certainly looked like a Friesland German, but his thoughts, his words, and his manner of doing things were entirely different from anything I ever saw in Europe. He was my first glimpse of an American boy, just as the vila on the Delaware farm was my first vision of an American girl, and her mother my first ideal of a noble American woman. They were the first to raise that mysterious curtain which prevents the foreign-born from seeing the soul of America, and when I caught a glimpse of it I loved it. It reminded me of the soul of my good people in Idvor, and I felt much more at home. The idea of being a greenhorn lost many of its horrifying features.

Christian left New York during that autumn to go into a shop in Cleveland. Without him, West Street had no attractions for me. I moved to the East Side of New York, so as to be near Cooper Union and its hospitable library. I spent many hours in it after my days of labor, or after my numerous unsuccessful daily trips in search of employment. It was my spiritual refuge when things looked black and hopeless. As winter approached, jobs grew alarmingly scarce, and my money was rapidly approaching the zero level. My hall-room in Norfolk Street was cheerless and cold, worse even than my little attic in Prague. Neither the room nor its

neighborhood attracted me in daytime; I preferred to walk along the endless avenues. This exercise kept me warm and gave me a chance to make frequent inquiries for a job at painters' and paperhangers' shops. When the prospects for work of this kind appeared hopeless, I struck a new idea. Instead of walking more or less aimlessly, in order to keep myself warm and familiarize myself with the ways of the great city, I followed coal-carts, and when they dropped the coal on the sidewalk I rang the bell and offered my services to transfer the coal from sidewalk to cellar. I often got the job, which sometimes was a stepping-stone to other less humble and more remunerative employment. After placing the coal in the cellar and getting my pay, I would often suggest to the owner that his cellar and basement needed painting badly; most cellars and basements do. The owner on being informed that I was a painter out of work, a victim of the economic crisis, often yielded. The idea of a young and ambitious painter being compelled to carry coal from sidewalk to cellar at fifty cents a ton made a strong plea, stronger than any eloquence could make. The scheme worked well; it did not lead to affluence, but my room-rent was always paid on time, and I never starved. Often and often, however, I had to keep my appetite in check. I always had enough to buy my bowl of hot coffee and a brace of crullers for breakfast in a restaurant on wheels, stationed near Cooper Union, where Third Avenue car-drivers took their coffee on cold winter mornings.

During periods of financial stringency my lunches were a bowl of bean soup and a chunk of brown bread, which the Bowery Mission supplied for five cents. It was a splendid meal on those cold winter days. But the Bowery Mission supplied a prayer-meeting with red-hot speeches as dessert; some of these addresses I really enjoyed; there were speakers, however, who offended me, because they confessed that they were reformed drunkards and godless men, and they assured their hearers, victims of the economic crisis just like myself, that they would prosper if they would only sign the pledge and vow to return to Jesus. I neither drank nor did I ever desert Jesus; the reformed drunkard's views of human life depressed me and

drove me away from the Bowery Mission and from the Bowery.

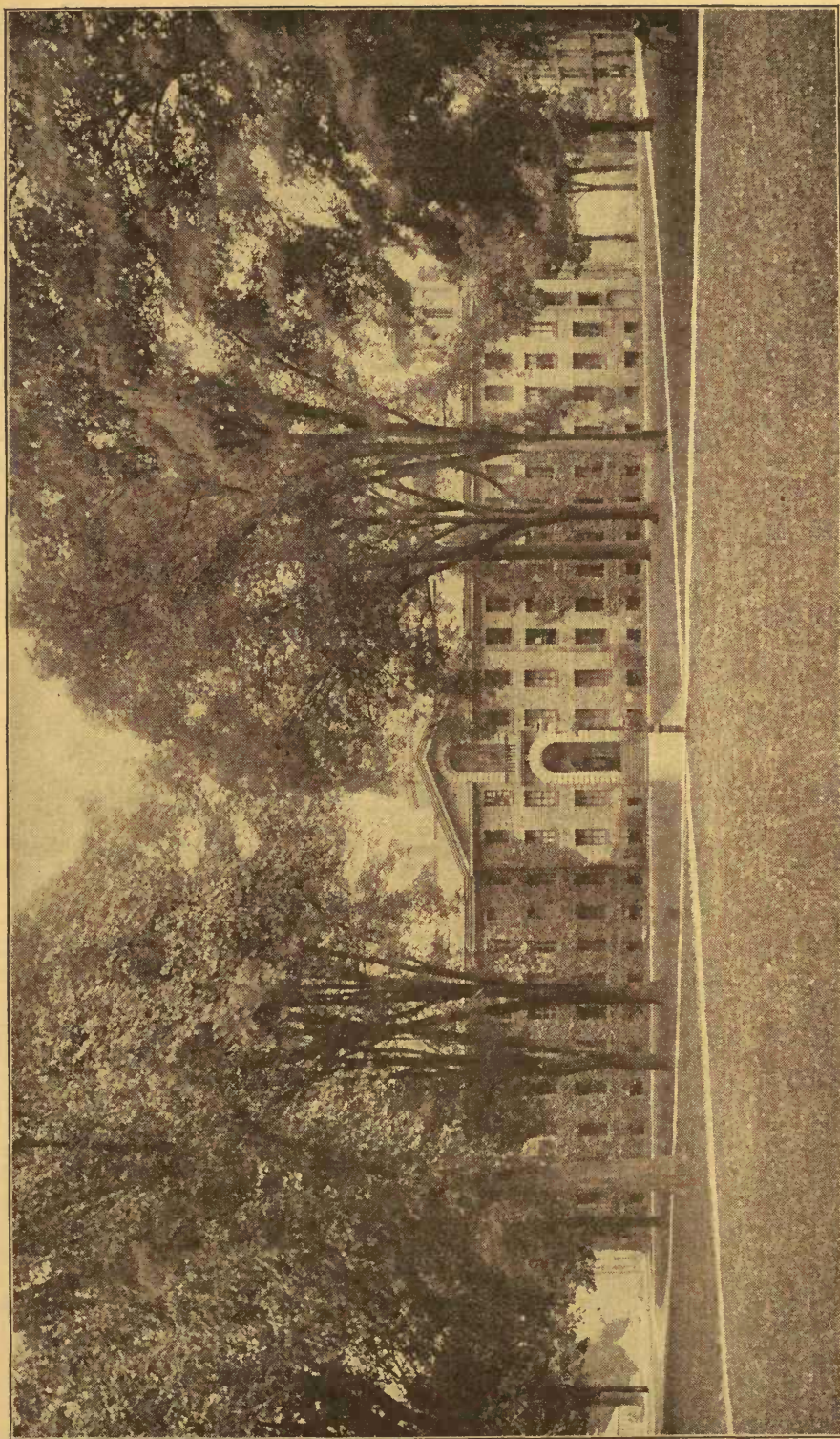
Carrying coal from sidewalks to cellars and shovelling snow from sidewalks during that memorable winter were healthful jobs and cheerful enough, but not very remunerative; painting cellars and basements on Lexington Avenue was more remunerative, but fearfully depressing. To spend one's time day after day in dark cellars and basements and pass the night in a cheerless hall-room in Norfolk Street, surrounded by neighbors who were mostly foreign-born of the most unattractive type, was too much for a Serbian youth who knew the beautiful world as one sees it from the pasturelands of his native village and from the banks of golden Delaware. The reading-room of the Cooper Union library relieved somewhat my mental depression, although it was packed with sad-looking victims of the economic crisis, who found their way from the Bowery to the reading-room in order to keep warm. I longed to see God's world of the country again.

The opportunity came, and about the middle of April of that year, 1875, I was on a farm in Dayton, New Jersey. My employer's family consisted of his wife and an elderly daughter, and I was the only farm-hand on the place. They were apparently pleased with my work, and the ladies took much interest in my personal welfare. But the farmer, call him Mr. Brown, took it into his head that a youth who had lived one whole winter in Norfolk Street, New York, near the ungodly Bowery, needed spiritual regeneration. He was a very pious Baptist, and I soon discovered that in his everlasting professions of omissions and commissions he was even worse than that reformed drunkard whose sermons drove me away from the Bowery Mission and its vigorous bean soup. Every Sunday his family took me to church twice and made me sit between the female members of the family. I felt that the congregation imagined that Mr. Brown and his family were trying their best to convert a godless foreign youth and make a good Baptist out of him. Mr. Brown seemed to be in a great hurry about it, because every evening he made me listen for an hour at least to his reading of the Bible, and before we parted for the night he would offer a loud and fer-

vent prayer that the Lord might kindle his light in the souls of those who had been wandering in darkness. I know now that he had in mind the words of St. Luke, "To give light to them that sit in darkness," but at that time I fancied that he referred to my painting operations in the cellars and basements of Lexington Avenue, and interpreted his prayers as having a special reference to me.

The joy of life which during the day I inhaled in the fresh fields of the early spring was smothered in the evening by Mr. Brown's views of religion, which were views of a decrepid old man who thought of heaven only because he had no terrestrial problems to solve. He did his best to strip religion of every vestige of its poetic beauty, and of its soul-stirring spiritual force, and to make it appear like a mummy of a long-departed Egyptian corpse. A Serbian youth who looks to St. Sava, the educator, and to the Serbian national ballads for an interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, could not be expected to warm up for a religion which farmer Brown preached. I thought of Vila and her mother on the banks of the golden Delaware, and of the glorious opportunities which they pointed out ahead of me, and I wondered whether farmer Brown was one of these opportunities; if so, then there were some opportunities in America from which I wished to run away.

One Sunday evening, after the church service, farmer Brown introduced me to some of his friends, informing them that I was a Serbian youth who had not enjoyed all the opportunities of American religious training, but that I was making wonderful progress, and that some day I might even become an active member of their congregation. The vision of my orthodox mother, of the little church in Idvor, of the Patriarch in Karlovac, and of St. Sava, shot before my eyes like a flash, and I vowed to furnish a speedy proof that farmer Brown was wrong. The next day I was up long before sunrise, having spent a restless night formulating a definite plan of deliverance from the intolerable boredom inflicted upon me by a hopeless religious crank. The eastern sky was like a veil of gold and it promised the arrival of a glorious April day. The fields, the birds, the distant woods, and the friendly country road all seemed to



Nassau Hall, Princeton University.

I pointed out the elm in front of Nassau Hall where I breakfasted some forty years prior.—Page 422.

join in a melodious hymn of praise to the beauties of the wanderer's freedom. I bade good-by to the hospitable home of farmer Brown and made a bee-line for the distant woods. There the merry birds, the awakening buds on the blushing twigs, and the little wild flowers of the early spring seemed to long for the appearance of the glorious sun in the eastern sky. I did not, because I was anxious to put as much distance as possible between farmer Brown and myself before he knew that I had departed. When the sun was high in the heavens I made a halt and rested at the edge of woods on the side of a hill. A meadow was at my feet, and I, recalling the words of poet Nyegoush, watched for "the bright-eyed dewdrops to glide along the sunbeams to the heavens above." The distant view as seen from the elevation of my resting-place disclosed, near the horizon, the silhouette of a town with towers and high roofs looking like roofs of churches. After some three additional hours of wandering, I crossed a bridge over a canal and found the distant town. There seemed to be one street only where business was done; the rest of the town appeared to me like so many beautiful convents. The tramp of many miles through woods and meadows without any breakfast made me ravenously hungry and somewhat tired. The peaceful aspect of the monastic-looking town invited me to sit down and rest and enjoy some food. I bought a shining loaf of bread and, selecting a seat under an elm near a building which looked like the residence of the Archbishop of Prague, I started my breakfast. It consisted of bread only, and I enjoyed it as I never enjoyed breakfast before. Many boys, looking like students, passed by on their way to the ecclesiastical-looking building; one of them watched my appetite as if he envied it, and inquired whether I would like some Italian cheese with my bread. He evidently thought that I was an Italian, being misled by my ruddy cheeks and dark-brown hair. I answered that Serbian cheese would suit me better. He laughed and said that Serbia and Serbian cheese were unknown at Princeton. I answered that some day perhaps Princeton might hear from Serbia. It is a curious fact that, in 1914, I was the first man who was invited to Princeton to give an address on

the subject of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia. The late Moses Taylor Pyne was my host, and I pointed out to him the elm in front of Nassau Hall where I breakfasted some forty years prior to that time. The students received my address very enthusiastically; Dernburg addressed them two weeks later, and their heckling broke up the meeting.

After finishing the loaf I basked in the warm rays of the mellow April sun, and fell asleep and dreamed that in the building where the students went there was a large assembly of people who had gathered there for the purpose of conferring some academic honor upon me. When I woke up, I thought of the letter which I had written to my mother from Hamburg, a year prior to that time, promising that I would soon return rich in learning and in distinguished honors. The dream reminded me that my promise was carefully recorded in the mechanism which controls my consciousness.

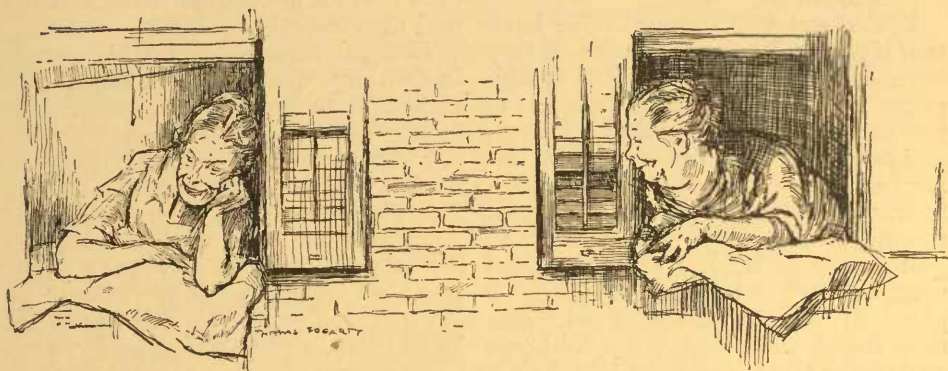
Princeton was unlike anything that I had ever seen up to that time. I had read about Hilendar, the famous monastery on Mount Athos, on the Ægean Sea, founded by St. Sava in the twelfth century. I saw pictures of its buildings, where monks lived the life of solitude and study. Princeton, with its many monastic-looking buildings, I imagined was such a place, where young men were given every opportunity to study and become learned men so as to be able to devote their lives effectively to such work as St. Sava did. As I walked slowly and thoughtfully toward the railroad-station, a student met me and engaged me in conversation. He was a little older than myself; kindness and intelligence beamed from every feature of his handsome face. He knew a great deal about Serbia, and even about the Serbs of Austria-Hungary, and when I told him that I had come to America in search of knowledge, he expressed the hope that he might some day see me enrolled as a student in Princeton. A student at Princeton! With fellow students and friends like this divinely handsome and gentle youth who accompanied me to the station! Impossible! thought I, as I looked through the car-window and saw the academic halls of Princeton gradually disappear in the distance and realized at the same time that the train was taking

me back to the Bowery. Eight years later I read the letter which I wrote to my mother describing Princeton and, in order to encourage her, I expressed a strong hope that some day I might write to her and sign myself a student at Princeton.

I may add here that my good friend

Henry Fairfield Osborn, the distinguished scientist, was a sophomore at Princeton during that year. He might have looked just like that gentle youth who showed me the way to the railroad-station. President Wilson entered Princeton in the autumn of that year.

(To be continued.)



"An' where are they goin' now, I wonder? This ain't campaign time."—Page 430.

Hey, Toolan's Marchin'!

BY HENRY H. CURRAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY



HE Van Tassels of Park Avenue and the Toolans of First Avenue were two old New York families that had seen very little of each other in recent years. In fact,

they could hardly be said to have met at all, since that day away back in the nineties when the elder Van Tassel had taken the wrong train home on the elevated. That had been a bad day in "The Street," such as often came in those years, and Van Tassel had left his bankers and boarded the train at Hanover Square, completely lost in his anxieties. When the smoky little engine went puffing off to the right at Chatham Square, and led its clattering cars up Second Avenue, instead of Third, Van

Tassel still took no notice. At Thirty-fourth Street he got off, according to habit, walked north two blocks, and then most unaccountably turned to the east. It was not until he was brought up with a sharp jerk, by an insurmountable barrier, that he realized what had happened.

"Look out, mister—yer might hurt yerself." The dumpy little man with the red hair was leaning against a table on the sidewalk, on top of which rested a pile of chairs.

"My conscience!" exclaimed Van Tassel. Back of the table was a bed, turned on end and supported by a dilapidated bureau. A mattress, a bird-cage whose occupant had long since departed, a picture of a bunch of purple grapes, and a miscellaneous mess of clothes and cheap bric-à-brac helped make up the household pile that covered most of the sidewalk.

A woman and three children sat dejectedly among the débris. It was beginning to rain.

"Good heavens!" again exclaimed Van Tassel, as he took in the family picture. "What are you doing out here? Don't you see it's raining?"

"No place to go," responded the red head, in a tone of gloomy finality.

"Why don't you go inside?"

"Dispossessed."

Van Tassel was stumped. He knew that if people did not pay their rent they were dispossessed—in fact, that it happened all the time. But he was not in the real-estate business, thank Heaven, and he did not have to wrestle with this form of misfortune. It was bad enough when a dividend was passed, but then it just stopped, and there were no harassing post-mortems. He had often wondered what a family did when they were dispossessed; it was a hard thing to imagine from the point of view of the old house on Murray Hill where he had lived since he was a boy.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Dunno."

"But, good Lord, man, you've got to do something—don't you see it's raining?" He bethought himself of the universal panacea. He had felt very poor when the bears had gotten through with his securities an hour or two ago, but this looked really worse.

"Have you got any money?"

The man laughed uneasily. "Why would I be here?"

The children began to giggle sympathetically at this unusual sound from their father, but the woman looked up suspiciously. Van Tassel became impatient.

"Oh, I say, come on now, we've got to do something about it—what's your name?"

"Toolan. Matthew Toolan."

"Where do you live?"

"That's where we used to live." He jerked his head toward the tenement that towered over them. "Fifth floor. Rear, west."

"How much will it take to get back there?"

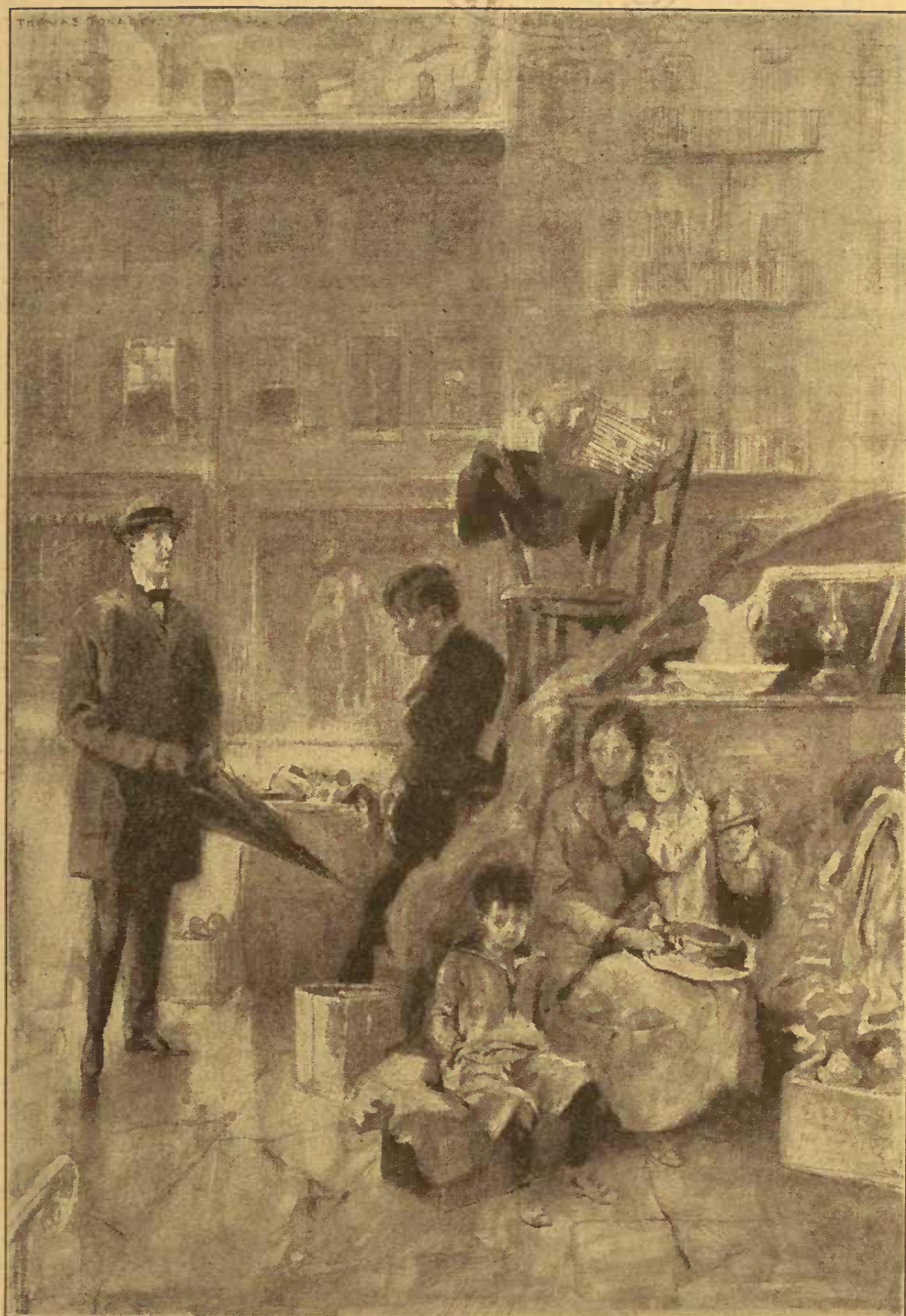
"Eighteen bucks."

"And what then?"

Van Tassel continued his questioning in much the same way that he cross-examined his bankers when they offered him new securities, but there was a kindly banter in his voice that drew answers from the red head and eventually disarmed even the suspicions of the red head's wife. The result of the inquisition was the rehabilitation of the Toolan family, bird-cage and all, with enough cash besides to stock up a larder that had dwindled to nothing.

That the beneficiaries of this turn of fortune were doubtful of its reality goes without saying. It was not until the enfolding walls of Fifth Rear West had actually closed about them again that the Toolan incredulity was finally dissolved. But the sidewalks of New York breed strange adventures, and there is a fatalism attending the ups and downs of the poor that is sufficient unto all things.

Van Tassel took it less calmly. When he had left behind the last of the landlords, tenants, city marshals, and dubious neighbors who had crowded his horizon for an hour and a half, he turned toward home with a feeling of sudden weariness. It had been a very distressing experience. Such things ought not to be allowed—in any event they should not be shoved right under one's nose. He fell to wondering what would have happened if he had not been led into the very vortex of the Toolan crisis; or if he had turned away from it without further ado. Why had he stopped and joined hands with it at all? It was no responsibility of his. The more he thought about it the more amazed he became. When he told his wife about it at dinner he did so with a feeling that perhaps he was recounting a dream, after all. He felt sure of at least a quip or two about his absent-mindedness, for that was an established topic of connubial raillery. Instead of that, Mrs. Van Tassel listened quietly, and then asked the address of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Toolan. She said nothing to her husband until the next evening, but in the meantime there had been an unexpected visit to the Toolan apartments, and the small Toolans had acquired some unbelievably new breeches and dresses, while a doctor had even been to see Mrs. Toolan about that throat.



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"Good heavens! . . . What are you doing out here? Don't you see it's raining?"—Page 424.

Then Van Tassel went his wife one better and got Toolan a job. He was all the way in now, and anything was permissible. But he was more amazed than ever.

Ever since that rainy day Park Avenue had taken a kindly glance at First Avenue from year to year, with a special look at Christmas time. But that was long ago, and one by one the elders had gone, all but Mrs. Van Tassel. In both homes the chicks had grown up and had begun to leave the coop to fly for themselves. Matty Toolan, Junior, had even become prosperous in his way, for he was now the undisputed proprietor of Toolan's Rest, where the First Avenue wayfarer could slake his thirst over a real bar, from a real schooner, of deep-sea size. In the house on Murray Hill, Mrs. Van Tassel kept pretty much to her chair in these days, but, with a mind as good as ever, she took a lively interest in the doings of Jimmy, her youngest son, who was still far from finding himself. He lived in the old house with his mother, and was equally well acquainted with his club on Fifth Avenue. Theatres and restaurants were not unknown to him. All of which, taken with certain graces of fortune and a cheery straightforwardness of character, had provided Mr. James Van Tassel with a satisfactory world of friends and frolic that kept him steadily occupied in the doing of nothing at all. This was not for lack of suggestion from a remembered father, who had been a good sport himself in his day.

"My boy, I hope you will go in for government," the elder Van Tassel had said to him a few days before his death. "You will have ample means, and you can go into banking if you want to, and lose a good deal without getting hurt. More likely you'll increase what you have. But we're living in a different day from those I grew up in, and now we need our best men in government, not in business. We've done it all, in business. Why, look at our country—leading the whole world. But not in government. And we won't be safe until our young men, who can lead, go into government, and come to lead there too. We must have leadership, the kind that carries intelligence and vision, that can be trusted by every one, rich or

poor, ignorant or intelligent—but we won't get it until the best men go in for it, by choice. If they don't go in pretty soon, they'll be forced in by the calamities that come from the wrong kind of leadership, that we see all around us every day. There's your chance, my boy, and your duty. I don't know how to tell you to go about it—I never knew much about politics—but I know we're mighty hard up for a few real leaders. Think it over."

Jimmy had thought it over, with excellent intentions, for nearly a year. It had been hard to begin; he did not know where to go. Now he was thinking it over again as he sat in his club window on Fifth Avenue. But in a very different mood. For at last he was under way. As the newly chosen chairman of the Society for the Promotion of Proportional Representation, he had just come from an examination of the poster, on the door of the United Civics Building, that advertised the mass-meeting which his society proposed to hold that very evening. "Mighty well done," he murmured in praise of the printer, as he recalled the line in red letters that read: "Chairman, Mr. James Van Tassel."

"Well, well—what's well done?" inquired Andy Nichols, as he sank lazily into the cushioned chair opposite.

"Oh, just a piece of printing I've been looking at—I didn't know I was talking to myself."

"Something about that new-fangled society of yours, I suppose," ventured Andy.

"Yes, it was, to tell you the truth," laughed Van Tassel. "Announcement of a meeting."

"Thought so. Going to make a speech?"

"No, just preside."

"Well, I suppose you'll tell me I ought to go. You certainly have got the political fever. But I don't see where you get with it all."

"I don't know where I do get, Andy, but an old friend of father's asked me to take hold of this, and I believe in it. You know, if we don't have proper minority representation, in the real ratio of strength, we——"

"Oh, dear," Andy yawned. "Jimmy, let me off, will you? You've told me



"Why don't you give a thousand families a scuttle of coal apiece?"

that already, you know." He laughed good-naturedly. "Why don't you give a thousand families a scuttle of coal apiece the next time a cold snap comes? They might elect you alderman—they'd see that you got minority representation, when the votes were counted, anyhow."

Van Tassel looked distressed.

"Oh, well, I was on'y joking," continued Andy, hastily. "That was what the elevator man said at the office to-day, when I asked him about your going into politics. He says one good turn deserves another; said he'd never heard of your proportional business."

They drifted into other talk.

In front of the United Civics Building a short, thick-set man with red hair was studying a poster on the bulletin-board. "It must be the boy," he said. "Same name, but—" The red head bent closer, then recoiled from the succession of long words. "But what kind of a thing is that?" muttered the proprietor of Toolan's Rest, as he walked thoughtfully toward First Avenue.

There was little to lead the casual passer-by toward the Toolan emporium on First Avenue. The street is broad and bleak there. A stone's throw to the east the river frets to and fro with the tide, and the stretch between the two is a dreary

waste of lumber-yards and coal-pockets. Here and there a brick factory shoulders into the wind that sweeps across this no man's land. An occasional truck rumbles by. It is not a place that people come to by choice. Toolan's Rest called its guests with a lure of its own. There was something about the little frame building, with its huddled gables crowded between the swaying piles of lumber-yard planks, that suggested an inn rather than a saloon. The faded green clapboards looked old and comfortable. There were white curtains in the windows up-stairs, and the front was free of the conventional waistband of gilded brewery advertising. Even the door was different. It opened inward with a knob, and did not swing.

As Toolan entered and carefully closed the door behind him, he glanced at the bar and then at the round tables that lined the opposite wall. They were old tables, clamped to the wooden floor, and there were only three of them. A gas-light hung from the low ceiling and threw its faint glow on the faded pictures of stationary race-horses that looked down from the walls. A portrayal of the epic encounter of Messrs. Heenan and Sayres cast a fistic benediction over the bar. There were no mirrors, no mosaic underfoot; and there was no cash-register.

The barkeep was silent and observant, a graven image of black pompadour, red cheeks, and white jacket. The free lunch engendered thoughts of the stone age. Disposing of the two or three "Hello, Matty's," that came from the tables, with a nod of the head, Toolan pushed his hat back and picked up the telephone-receiver that flanked the far end of the bar.

"Beckman two three hundred. That's right. Commissioner's office. Yeah. Baker there? Yeah. This you, Bill? This is Matty. Yeah. Can yer come up? Right now. All right."

He cast an appraising eye over the tables.

"Slim!"

That individual detached his spindle-like form from its affectionate hold on a half-consumed schooner of beer, and reported for duty.

"I wantcha ter look up an' down the street a little. See Finnerty and Hogan—an' pick up Fred's gang over on Second Avenue. Tell 'im I may want some marchin' to-night—ter be ready if I send out the call. Then come back. I've got another job for yer."

Slim's eyes brightened. When Toolan marched it meant free beer all around for the marchers, to the extent of three or even four kegs. When he marched to a political rally the Toolan clan's numbers and enthusiasm insured the success of the rally, and success was well worth the price of a few kegs to those who managed the affair. There was no mystery about the transaction. Enthusiasm is the one essential of an effective political meeting, and the noisier it is the better. Sometimes it is deplorably absent, and then the district is blighted by the "frost" that undoes the work of a dozen successful gatherings. Better no meetings at all than one frost! So runs the rule. Toolan provided insurance against frost in the shape of a hundred noisy attendants at any near-by meeting. The premium, paid in terms of Toolan's beer, was dispensed to the attendants by Toolan himself—when they had earned it, and not before. At the call of the clan they would cheerfully march to the field of oratorical battle, and carry off the victory with the strength of their thirsty enthusiasm. Then they would withdraw in good order

to the security of Toolan's Rest, and receive their just reward. Could any uprising of the populace be more natural or delightful? Here was a game, so contrived by the joyful wit of Toolan that everybody was sure to win. It was not difficult to spread the news, when Toolan marched—the populace rose!

Slim carefully unloaded his schooner of the rest of her cargo, and went out the door.

Presently a tall figure, with grizzled hair and gray eyes under a slouch hat, bent as it opened the door and betook itself to where Toolan presided, at the far end of the bar.

"What's up, Matty?"

"I gotta find out sump'n quick. There's a meetin' to-night in that buildin' on Thirty-eighth Street—Civics, or sump'n like that—you know—near Lexington. Yes, I know—it's a dead one—never got a crowd there yet—an' it's a small place, at that. But that ain't the point. What I wantcha ter do is take a look at the dodger that's on the front o' the buildin' an' pick up this name—James—Van—Tassel—in red letters. Yer can't miss it. Then find out if he lives in a big house at Park Avenue an' Thirty-seventh Street—I forget the number. An' tell me if it's the same one. That's all. An' come back an' lemme know soon, see? An' look out for that name, Bill—be sure yer got it right."

"A'right, Matty."

Big Bill was accustomed to strange errands for Toolan, and, while he could make nothing of this one, he was content to go on his way unenlightened. As a messenger in the employ of the government of a great city, he had learned to figure out his whys and wherefores en route instead of at the start, and his up-town discipline was as good as the down-town brand. Bill turned in his report on this mission, on time and to the letter, according to standard.

In the auditorium of the United Civics Building a select audience had assembled to hear the address of Professor Pecan, of Olympia College, on the subject of "Proportional Representation; Its Genesis and Its Necessity." There were several lecturers on political science, a generous sprinkling of women, and a consider-

able number of students with note-books. In addition there were various Van Tassel relations, and a few of Jimmy's friends from the club, who had prepared to sacrifice a perfectly good evening on the altar of loyalty to Jimmy. In one corner a reporter from a school of journalism was ready, with pencil poised, to get it all; and toward the rear of the room a group of hungry-looking young men, with long hair and keen faces, had taken up a position on the aisle. A tall, lean form was slouched in a seat near them, alone. But there were row on row of empty seats, and the room had a cold look that made Van Tassel shiver inwardly as he looked out over it from the platform. He smiled weakly at Nichols, who was sitting at the end of the second row, then motioned to him to come up.

"Guess I might as well go ahead, Andy; will you take a look outside and see if any more are coming?"

"Just looked, Jimmy; it's as empty as midnight." Nichols hesitated. "You'll never get them out for this sort of thing, Jimmy," he added. "It isn't real. I don't want to throw cold water around, but why don't you join a political club in your district, or something like that? This is no good."

"Well, you may be right, but I'm going to see it through," said Van Tassel, and he thumped with his gavel and unwound the introductory remarks that he had prepared with such care.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," he concluded, "it gives me great pleasure to introduce Professor Pecan, of Olympia College, who has made a life study of the subject that brings us here to-night—Professor Pecan."

As the professor arose, adjusted his glasses, and drew his manuscript from his pocket to the accompaniment of a mild round of polite handclapping, Van Tassel noticed that the thin man who sat alone rose unobtrusively and left the room. "Good Lord, they're going already," he thought. He did not know that the telephone in Toolan's Rest was at that moment jingling energetically at the call of the departed one.

"That right, Slim? As bad as that? Yer don't say so. Well, come over, quick."

Matty hung up the receiver, turned toward the well-filled barroom, and called for silence.

"We're goin' ter march, boys," he announced. There was a pleased shuffle about the tables, and three feet slipped off the rail at the foot of the bar. A small man who was pecking furtively with a fork among the free-lunch items stopped suddenly, then carefully resumed.

"Come, lay off that lunch fer a minute, Smoke—I wantcha ter listen to me."

Toolan gave his orders, despatched his messengers, and threw out a parting injunction: "In ten minutes, now—we gotta be quick—getta move on yer!" He turned to Big Bill, who was standing by in somewhat the position of an adjutant.

"Bill, we better have the busbies," he said, "an' the red fire! Get 'em up from down-stairs, will yer? We might pick up a few scouts on the way. Then drop in at the station-house an' tip off the lieutenant. Better see the man on post, too. We ain't got no permit for a parade, an' he might be one o' them new rookies they just put in. I'll meet yer at the door. Yeah, at the buildin'. Whose meetin' is it? Oh, never mind about that. An' don't talk to nobody at the hall, see? Don't put 'em wise. Oh, I'll look out fer the kegs—leave it ter me, Bill—I know what I'm doin'. Now, get busy, will yer, an' don't ask me no more questions!"

A few minutes later thirty or forty men, of all sizes, sorts, and descriptions, were marching west from Toolan's Rest. They formed some sort of column, and were led by Toolan himself, as a mute guaranty to recruits that the usual reward was impending. Behind Toolan marched the elect who wore the busbies, a dozen or more who looked very fierce indeed as the great bearskin helmets bobbed along above the heads of the rest. Down the column an occasional stick of red fire sputtered its fitful glow about the marchers, and in the rear and on the flanks a multitude of excited children scampered and leaped, and begged for red fire as they ran. As the word went around and the recruits fell in, the column gradually lengthened. When Fred's gang fell in at Second Avenue, thirty strong, it began to look like a parade.

"Hey, Toolan's marchin'!" cried an excited youngster, as he estimated the situation from the curb, and then ran headlong to spread the news in his own bailiwick.

"Toolan's marchin'!" came the echo, from half the small boys in the block.

Overhead the women of the window-sill watch exchanged knowing comments from one window to another.

"It's Toolan, all right," said Mrs. McGinnis, as she shifted her arms on the sill and thrust her head slightly forward.

"Sure, it's Toolan," corroborated Mrs. McGann, from the east. "I can see the busbies."

"An' where are they goin' now, I wonder? This ain't campaign time."

"Fred Garland is with 'em. It must be a big one."

"An' I see Hogan. The ol' man'll be late to-night."

As the red fire and the marchers departed toward the west the chatter of the window-sills went with them along the walls of the tall tenements that flank the narrow street below like the sides of a canyon. When the column reached the United Civics Building, there were nearly a hundred men in line. Toolan stopped them a few yards away.

"All right, Bill?"

"O K," replied the big man.

"All right—in yer go!" shouted Toolan to the column. "Now, remember what I told yer—go in quiet like, a few at a time—an' don't talk or go ter sleep—this ain't no political meetin'—it's a bunch o' highbrows we're up against! Give'm a clap once in a while—quiet like. Keep yer eye on Big Bill. He'll be on the aisle, an' yer'll get the tip from him. An' do what he tells yer, or there won't be nuthin' doin' later on—I'll be there watchin'—go ahead, now! Oh, an' come out the same way yer go in," he added, "when it's over—not before! We ain't goin' ter march home."

They started in, in threes and fours.

"Here, gimme them busbies!" exclaimed Toolan suddenly as the bearskin marchers passed him. "That'd never do," he muttered, as he gathered them up, and handed them over to two of the marchers to carry back. "An' douse them red lights back there!" he com-

manded. Then he followed the rest in, and slipped into a seat near the door, where he could see everything that went on.

Professor Pecan was well into his subject when the marchers began to file in, and he looked up once with annoyance as the threes and fours continued to shuffle into the empty seats. It mattered little to him whether the audience was small or large; the idea was the thing. But to Van Tassel it mattered a great deal. He looked pleased when the first few drifted in, then surprised as they kept coming; and, finally, when the room was nearly filled, he felt the glow of the success that follows failure, and he looked triumphantly at Nichols. That friend at all costs, who had several times looked over his shoulder with growing curiosity and was still puzzled by this outpouring of the people, returned a congratulatory look that said, as plain as words: "I don't know what it is, Jimmy, but you're going strong."

As the professor glanced up over his glasses a few minutes later, he said, with an air of satisfied accomplishment: "And that brings the history of our movement down through the year nineteen hundred and five." The students made careful note of this in their note-books, and the Van Tassel relations preserved a family fortitude that proved what dead game sports they were. Jimmy's friends bore up well. Then, down the aisle, some feet away, a big man suddenly clapped his hands with enthusiasm, and in a moment, as the marchers recognized the heroism of the professor's statement, a storm of handclapping swept over the rear half of the room. The professor looked startled, and a few in the front rows turned around in alarm, but the big man suddenly stopped clapping, and the applause was followed by a thick silence. Somewhere in the rear of the room a husky voice affirmed audibly: "Toolan's all right."

"Shut up!" hissed Big Bill in a hoarse whisper. "Hey, Smoke, cut that out!" he added severely, as he recognized the well-meaning offender.

There were two or three other bursts of applause, and each time they came as the professor came to a halt at the end of a long paragraph.



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"Hey, Toolan's marchin'!"—Page 430.

"Wot's it all about?" Van Tassel heard a voice saying, as one of the gusts died away. But that was to be expected, and it was a good thing that the professor was there to explain.

Things became more serious when one of the long-haired young men, who had been in the room from the beginning, stood up in the middle of a sentence from the professor and pointed a long, thin finger at him.

"How can you claim any worth for your plan," he called in a shrill voice, "when on every hand we see stolen wealth parading——"

"Aw, siddown," came a voice from behind.

In front, heads were turning around. Van Tassel reached nervously forward and grasped his gavel. But the professor was in his element. He stopped and removed his glasses.

"Let him go on," he cried. "I welcome questions. Let us discuss the matter."

The discussion never took place. Big Bill was leaning toward the interrupter.

"Siddown, yer big bum," he said quietly, with a look that meant business. The young man paused as he half turned and caught Bill's eye. "Siddown, I tell yer—'fore I knock yer block off—d'yer hear me?" Bill's fist came into view. "Yer rotten egg," he added. The young man suddenly and silently sat down. "Now, keep yer mouth shut, or I'll throw yer through that winder," put in Bill for good measure. There was no more heckling.

When the meeting was over the students crowded up to the platform to ask questions of the professor, and the Van Tassels to congratulate the chairman. "Perfectly fine. Splendid cause. You presided wonderfully. You just gave him one look, and he didn't dare finish his question. Good work, Jimmy." As the loyal Van Tassels came and went Jimmy felt more and more pleased with the success of the meeting. He felt particularly good when Nichols shook his hand warmly and said: "Well, Jimmy, I don't know where your audience came from, but they're the people, all right. There must be something in that proportional business of yours, although I can't figure it out myself. Coming up to the club?"

"Thanks, Andy—yes, I'll be right with you." And it was late when the celebration broke up and they parted on the club steps. Jimmy called for a taxi. "Andy, I don't quite get it yet," he repeated for the tenth time, as he stood with one foot on the running-board. "They all came in together; and they were different from the rest."

"Well, I give it up," said Andy. "I spoke to one man, and he said something about Toolan's, on First Avenue somewhere. That's all I could get."

"Toolan's," mused Jimmy. "That's funny. Where have I heard that name? Guess I'll look it up. Well, good night!" He sank into the leather seat of the taxi. "Park Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street," he said.

Over on First Avenue a different form of celebration was coming to its close. Toolan had left the meeting just before the end and hurried away to get things ready. "They'll be over soon enough," he said to himself. "No danger o' their losin' their way." Then, as he rounded the First Avenue corner: "That's the lad, all right—looks jus' like his father looked twenty years ago." Toolan chuckled as he put on his apron and got ready for business.

"Come, gimme a hand with them kegs here," he called to the strays at the tables. "Come on, now—lively—we got a big gang comin'."

When the bar had been lined and re-lined with the thirst on legs that comes from marching, and the tables had groaned under their recurring burden, and Smoke had forked and fingered into his anatomy the last dripping pickle, the last crumb of old cracker, and the last cube of permanent cheese, Toolan leaned back against the counter that harbored the "hard stuff" and looked out over the bar. The fourth keg had come and gone, and Toolan's Rest was a smoky haze of happy humanity and half-emptied schooners. Toolan's face broke into a tired grin. Two or three had asked him how he had happened into that kind of a meeting, but he had stood them off with a laugh, and he chuckled at the recollection.

"That wasn't one o' Donovan's meet-ins," Slim had ventured.

"Well, who said it was?" Toolan had responded. "G'wan now—don't bother me."

"Matty's all right," asseverated the man next to Slim emphatically.

"An' the beer's all right, ain't it?" added Toolan aggressively.

"S'all right, Matty," acquiesced Slim.

"Well——?"

And that ended the inquiry.

When they had all gone, on the stroke of one—for Toolan's Rest closed on the minute—Big Bill left Toolan at the door.

"Matty, yer know yer own business, and it ain't fer me ter be buttin' in," said Bill reflectively, "but if ever I see a queer one, it's this here racket yer run off to-night, on yer own. An' four kegs!"

Toolan grinned again. "Aw, lemme 'alone, Bill—I didn't do no harm, did I?"

"No harm—nò." Bill was puzzled. He looked at Toolan again. "An' I never see yer feelin' so good," he said, "not since the little boy come." He glanced toward the ceiling. "What's it all about?"

"Oh, nuthin'," said Toolan, looking down. Then he looked up again quickly. "They say one good turn deserves another," he said, as he looked straight at Big Bill. There was a queer brightness in Toolan's eyes, and they were winking very hard. But there was a broad smile on his face. And Bill left, more puzzled than ever.

The Success of Judge Jewett

BY VICTOR MURDOCK

Federal Trade Commissioner and author of "Folks"

REAL PEOPLE WHO ARE REAL SUCCESSES—FIRST PAPER



HIS is my story of the success of Judge Jewett. It is not his; it is not the community's. It is mine. I employ emphasis because, while his character, unfolding as the story

proceeds, will speak for itself, the conclusion upon his career, which also will appear, is my own.

That conclusion, for which I assume and assert responsibility, is this: more often than is commonly supposed, a man's predilections prevail in life—even against his own efforts, that is to say, the subtle, latent desires of a man's mind direct a man to a definite destination. In the outward activities by which a man expresses himself to his fellows, an individual may seemingly defeat his inward desire. He may divert that inward desire by all manner of design, device, dalliance

through the major portion of a lifetime, and yet in the end, the inward desire will be found to have charted his course throughout.

In summary this story records Judge Jewett's career over a period of fifty years. The time of the story is from the year 1870 to the year 1920, the place is south central Kansas. The reader will be quicker on the uptake, in the narrative, if he remembers that south central Kansas in 1870 was part of a vast vacant green prairie, as innocent of industry as the vast vacant blue sky which echoed its amplitude, and further, that by the year 1920 it had been cantoned out by civilization to a distinct district, characterized by pastoral plenty and urban excess.

In the earlier period, young Jewett, in stature short, with a big head dominated by very open eyes, given to flashes of fleeting scrutiny followed by long periods

of drooping rumination, came West and contemplated the particular spot which he had chosen for the practice of the law. This was the town of Wichita.

Jewett came from Lincoln's section of Illinois. Lincoln, so humble that the sorrow of generations lay shadowed in his eyes, so high that his voice came compelling from the mountain top, had been a lawyer, and his example, of the lowly in exalted service, burned a preference for his profession into the imaginations of thousands of young men. Perhaps, it was so with Jewett. Perhaps, it overslaughed a natural inclination in Jewett for a business career.

In any event Jewett, having chosen the law, found himself face to face with a field of activity. Wichita did not overwhelm him with its invitation. No frontier town is likely to appear inviting to a young lawyer of philosophic bent. A young lawyer of that kind is rather disposed to concern himself with the difference between ethics and jurisprudence, and to worry over the occasional perfectly legal appearance of the unethical, and the appealingly ethical appearance of the illegal. If Jewett troubled over this, Wichita must have confused him further in the matter of the practice and practices of the law. For Wichita at that time was not concerned with casuistries.

Wichita had set out to be a city, and had received its first impetus in the form of the cattle-trade from the Rio Grande. Great herds of long-horn cattle bellowed their way across the vast vacant prairie to Wichita, the rail-end, personally conducted by numerous cowboys who received and spent their wage at the journey's end in riotous resentment of the rigors of the trail. The gambling-hall and the dance-hall, both saloon accessories in fact, imparted to and maintained in the place a hectic atmosphere. This was heightened to a degree by an infiltration of Indian and Mexican influences. The Cheyenne and the Arapahoe in their bright blankets, braided hair, and moccasined feet, and the cowboy with his pride in small feet tilted on high heels, his sombrero-like hat and flaming neckerchief, colored the stream of life. Their presence showed in the common speech which the

community adopted. The ornate saddle, and this was a day of saddles, added to social intercourse such words as *latigo*, *sudadero*, and *cinch*. To "cinch a job" was to have it beyond question. The cowboys left on the door-step of this Kansas town a Spanish orphan, "hackamore" (the rope used in breaking broncos), and also a waif of unknown nationality, "jinglebob," an earmark. The Aztec "coyote" retained its primitive pronunciation as a trisyllable. The Indian's greeting "How" superseded the usual salutations. The gaming-table with its sinister adaptability to colloquial metaphor further enriched conversation. "To keep cases on a man" meant to keep him under surveillance, a figure from the faro layout. Wichita was possibly the point of philological infection where the United States of America caught "square deal" and "something up his sleeve" and "stacked against him."

Basically the town was a thriving American community with a vaulting ambition, a deep sense of civic decencies, and a profound respect for law and order. It tolerated its curious visitors for a time and finally rose in revolt against them. For at length the cowboys took advantage of the latitude allowed them, and there was a crisis in which young Jewett "took a hand." The crisis came later, however. Now as Jewett, the young lawyer, surveyed the field, it did not appeal to him. Here was great opportunity for a young man who had selected business as a career. But he remembered, with a sigh, that he had made choice of the law and held to it.

He departed from Wichita and selected for the plunge another town, a Kansas town, smaller than Wichita, less hectic, by name Cottonwood Falls. He had no sooner located in this town than a terrible thing befell him.

When it happened, he was standing in a little hotel watching a prairie thunderstorm. On a vast vacant prairie under a vast vacant sky, a thunderstorm preserves a striking identity. It has definite outlines. It looms in the distance, a seething mass of lathered basalt, with a turquoise field above and a lashed and laboring landscape beneath. It rolls forward at a conquering pace, engulfs the observer, and passes away in diminishing

peals of homicidal anger. The observer has a feeling of personal assault in which curiously he cannot participate except by fear of injury or hope of escape. If the lightning, which seems to be searching for him personally, finds him, usually he is barred from knowing which emotion, fear or hope, was justified.

A bolt of lightning struck young Jewett down while he watched. The little circle in the lobby, recovering from the shock, gathered about his fallen body, awe-stricken. A tall Virginian, a cattleman, broke through the circle with a bucket of water and drenched the prostrate form. The Virginian knew the prairies, the thunder-storm, and the ways of lightning, and he was credited with saving Jewett's life.

The young man was cruelly burned from head to foot and was long an invalid. During these dragging days of torture, he lived on his father's farm, adjoining a little town, Park City. Here he struggled for life and slowly, through seas of agony, headed back to health.

This might have proved a turning-point in his career. He might have dropped the law here. He might have taken up business. He identified that desire.

But during the days of his convalescence, he drifted into the office of an attorney who was also a magistrate, and his course was again pointed toward the law. Little occurred to confirm him in his choice.

Living in the town was an English-woman, Mrs. Grimthorpe. Her husband died. The local magistrate was moved mightily by the suspicion, grounded on nothing in particular except magisterial tedium, that there had been foul play. He determined upon an inquest and invited Jewett and several other citizens to accompany him.

Evidently Mrs. Grimthorpe had heard of the proposed visit, and when the little group of solemn citizens appeared at the gate, she emerged from the front door with a shotgun in one arm and an enormous book in the other, and said:

"Listen. Coke says at page 162, 'A man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium*,' and the first man who steps inside that gate I'll blow to kingdom come."

No one moved. She was of heroic mould, was Mrs. Grimthorpe. She had a burning, rolling eye that kindled at the sun. She had given, as well, a particularly acid accent to the Latin.

No one spoke. Finally, to relieve the embarrassment, Jewett explained to her that it was the kindly custom of the neighborhood to call, in response to impulses of friendship, and view, in earnest of deepest sympathy, the body of any citizen who had died suddenly. This he explained was the purpose of the call.

Thereupon the group silently and sheepishly filed into the house, viewed the corpse, and as silently and sheepishly filed out, Mrs. Grimthorpe balancing the shotgun in one hand, and Coke handily in the other, the while.

The majesty of the law had shivered, bent, buckled, and collapsed, not at the gun, not at the tome, but before the impact of that eagle eye.

This and other incidents of frontier life helped Jewett to forget his pain, and in time he recovered sufficiently to visit Wichita again. While in the matter of the practice of the law it proved as discouraging as before, a citizen of political prominence, who was consulted, suggested that young Jewett run for office. Office was a prospect Jewett had not contemplated. He now identified his leanings distinctly as a preference for a business career. He had, however, chosen the law, and here was a proposition that he go into politics. He didn't fancy it, but he had to do something, and this candidacy seemed to be open. It was proposed that he become a candidate on the Republican ticket for justice of the peace. The nominating convention and the election were distant. The immediate problem was bed and board until the aspiration could be put to the test.

Young Jewett called upon the pioneer owner of a frontier hotel to propose to him that he should eat and sleep at his hostelry until he could be elected and accumulate money to pay the arrears.

"Good morning, Mr. Dungan," said young Jewett with whatever assurance he could command.

"How," replied mine host cordially enough, and with a spasmodic hitch of his right shoulder which was peculiar to him.

Young Jewett explained the purpose of his visit.

"Well, I don't know about that," Dungan said. "Seems like building your fire and heating your irons before you have a cow-brute to brand. What makes you think you can corral the nomination?"

Jewett told him of certain assurances from certain men of influence.

Dungan, again hitching his shoulder, said: "It may be a cinch and it may not. Do you buck the tiger?"

Jewett assured him that he did not gamble.

Dungan said: "I'll deal you a hand. I'll try it out."

He hitched his right shoulder, stroked his beard, and added: "And I'll keep cases on you."

From which it will appear that young Jewett had certain prepossessing qualities. He had. One of the most striking qualities he possessed was an assurance with which an innate integrity had endowed him. He had now entered, unconsciously, on a long chapter in his career—a political career in a pioneer country, generous with its blows in political contests, heated in its partisanship, perfervid in its personal antagonisms. In this important portion of his career, the dominant characteristic of Jewett's life marked and sustained him. This was his integrity. It gave him courage, equipoise, and it won for him in increasing ratio public esteem. His bitterest enemy vouchsafed him honesty and truthfulness.

Young Jewett was elected, served with what distinction is possible in such a post, and eventually became police judge. The cowboys had gained, meantime, in riotous velocity. The mad joy which found its expression in shooting up the town, or wrecking a dance-hall, or tapping a saloonkeeper into insensibility with his own bung-starter, whirled into higher and yet higher revolutions of cowboy abandon. The mayor of the town, who brought his blushing bride from New York City, was rather inflamed when, the morning of his return from New York, a cowboy jumped from his horse, kissed the bride, who was walking at her husband's side, and rode away for Mexico. There was humor to that, and while the mayor was indignant, the bride smiled through her blushes and

the community laughed with her. He was a handsome boy, her beauty was provocative, and there was tribute in his impetuosity.

But the cowboys were not only playful. Some became vicious. Judge Jewett applied the law with rigor. And for all men to see, he demonstrated that the law gains mightily in vividness and vitality against a background of aroused public opinion. Outraged by their excesses and tolerant no longer, the community acted with despatch. Jewett pronounced a blanket verdict of vagrancy. The citizens gathered on the main street, armed to the teeth, organized in posse comitatus, and attacked the embattled cowboys. These precipitately and incontinently fled. It was rather a bloodless conflict, considering its lavish dramatic setting, but for half a century a favorite tale in the cow-camps from Deadwood to Corpus Christi was the citizens' onslaught upon the cowboys at Wichita.

In time the cattle-trade passed to other places. Wichita grew apace along other lines, and Jewett found himself running for probate judge in a populous county. The contest proved close. The weight of a hair, one way or the other, it seemed, would throw the election. Jewett's opponent was the proprietor of a queensware store. The morning of the election the walls of this store collapsed and jumbled the whole stock into a tragic heap in the centre of the ruin. By all the rules of frontier politics, this should have provoked such a torrent of popular sympathy for the merchant that he would easily have beaten Jewett. If he had done so Jewett might have turned to his first desire, business, and dropped politics altogether. He believed now that he had always preferred a business career. He had permitted the law to divert him. He had taken the easy road which leads from the law to politics and he was now in politics and it seemed, as he gazed on the fragments of his opponent's physical assets, that here at last Chance had intervened to drive him back to his first desire. But nothing of the kind transpired. The flood of popular sympathy did not materialize and Jewett was elected.

I do not remember how long Jewett remained probate judge. It is in particular

a place of responsibility in relation to the affairs of widows and orphans. Through contact with estates in the dry dock where death occasionally leaves them, Jewett came into intimate views of the anatomy of the good ship, business—the hope of profit which drives and the fear of loss which checks, the framework of rent, insurance, wage, waste, interest on borrowed money, the cargo of supply balanced against demand. He confessed frankly to himself that he would like to captain such a craft. There was a joy in putting risk to the test of judgment, in manipulating turnover, in translating progress into concrete terms of profit. He liked business tremendously. There was no doubt of that.

But he had chosen the law; he had drifted into politics and he was now an office-holder. Moreover, he faced contests. In that day and in that place, no red-blooded American retired before a contest.

While he was serving as probate judge, certain rival politicians coveted his place. In default of other argument they charged him with being a "politician."

Judge Jewett always bitterly resented the characterization. Most men in politics do. Of all the words in common use, "politician" remains the most aggravatingly nebulous. It may be a disparaging description of a petty intriguer, or it may define a man so near to statesmanship that the community is forced to save the better meaning of the word by distinguishing between a politician and a "mere" politician.

It is my belief that the indignation that Judge Jewett felt over this classification was due, in large part, to his leaning to a business career and a belief in his own business capacity.

He met his contestants in a fair field of battle. He overcame them. In time he became postmaster of the town. He was an excellent postmaster. The business of this colossal national unit, the postal system, once he was in it and part of it, fascinated him. Wichita had now become a city. The booted cowboys and feathered Indians long before had merged into the past's mirage where, as myths of an ancient and unbelievable day, they lingered solely to outfit drama and romance. The

post-office was a busy place of large revenue and large expenditure, a cog in the marvellous mechanism which provides celerity, certainty, and safety in a nation's intercommunications. Though they often chasten it with copious criticism, the people of the country love the postal system. It is theirs. Jewett made the postmastership his business. The receipt and despatch of the mail, its infinite routing and infinite distribution, the income and outgo of money, the close contact with the business life of the nation which the instrumentalities of intercommunication comprehend, revived in Jewett all the old desire for a business career.

But while most of the activity of his life had touched upon business, he had not been, after all, in business, except as a third party representing the public interest. In those periods when he was not in public service, he continued in the practice of the law.

Occasionally the old charge that he was a "politician" drifted to him and inflamed him. He never let it inflame him to the point that he neglected his duties as a citizen. He was not the kind to wake to the public interest on election day only. He attended with regularity the far more vital caucus. He did not shirk the face-to-face contests in which in those days the major questions were settled. He was no wastrel to give away the fruits of his victory, if he won; he was no weakling to refrain from trying to work a compromise out of his opponents, if he lost.

In the midst of it all, through the years, Judge Jewett displayed a marked faculty in the judgment of men. He was keen, quick in his survey of them.

Eventually the postmastership passed from him with a change of administration and, shortly thereafter, he became warden of the Kansas penitentiary. He proved a notable warden. Here was a large institution containing within its walls many units of industry, mining, and manufacturing. Here, too, was the problem of men in durance. This supervision of industry, this function of discipline, unbending but human, and demanding that the man who has been made to answer by punishment to justice shall be punished

with justice, engrossed Jewett. He made adjustments which removed unnecessary and irritating hardships. He tightened real and essential discipline. The great industries of the place filled him again with the old desire for a business career.

His hair was thinning now; his body, rounding out with the years, seemed shorter, but he kept still the habit of keen, quick survey of men and things.

He watched from a fortified tower a sad line of numbered prisoners shuffle, in monotonous rhythm, its way across the worn pavement of the prison. A young convict as he passed hitched his right shoulder. Jewett caught the convict's number. There was no mistake—again the prisoner spasmodically lifted his right shoulder.

Jewett sent for the convict and asked his name.

"Tatell," answered the convict.

"You're in for horse-stealing?"

"Yes."

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Dungan," said the prisoner.

"Your grandfather Dungan kept the hotel at Wichita in the old pioneer days?"

"Yes."

Jewett dismissed the convict and searched out his record for behavior. It was good. He took the next train to the state capital. He told the story of the inherited hitch in the shoulder to the board of pardons and the governor. In return for the old favor, he wanted that boy pardoned. The board and the governor demurred. Jewett was altogether too sentimental. But Jewett was obdurate. He kept the record of good behavior waving before them. They gave in at last, and Jewett carried back to the prison that night a pardon that the young man has long since vindicated.

When his days of warden were over, Judge Jewett came back to Wichita. The former vast and vacant prairies had become the bread-basket of the nation—producer of the world's surplus wheat. At Wichita, sky-scrapers under construc-

tion shot their spindling skeletons of steel into the sky.

Among a multitude of new enterprises, a life-insurance company was fostered and flourished. Judge Jewett became an officer of this company. He has devoted his time, thought, and experience to it. It has prospered. Judge Jewett has prospered. He is in business. He has succeeded in it.

He is surrounded by a population which, for the most part, does not know that he ever held office. It has been years since any one spoke of him as a politician, in any sense.

Part of the prairie West, growing up in it, growing up with it, developing as it developed, he is one of the real characters of that West. In a way, the title by which he is addressed by its citizens discloses their attitude to him. He is not addressed as Mr. Jewett, or by his first Christian name, Edward. To everybody he is "Judge Jewett." The distinction is not idle. His counsel in public affairs, in business, in the more intimate domestic problems of his friends is often sought. Because his counsel is known to be wise, his expressions take on the color of judgments. The tenacity of the title "Judge" must be tribute to this talent. The public has thus fixed the personality of the man, in its own mind, and, as the public does, established its ownership in him. This is interesting, but it is not more interesting than the fact that, whatever the public's ownership in a man's life, the thread of his private desire persists through the fabric. It has been so with Judge Jewett.

His own efforts turned him throughout his life to many ports of call; his real desire fixed inflexibly the port of destination. That port was business.

He has lived to see his real desire fulfilled. If success, as the world accounts it, is to be measured at all, it must be measured by the fulfilment of a man's real desire. It is my thought that this happens more often than the world imagines.

*. Since this article was put in type, Judge Jewett died at his home in Wichita on May 10, in his seventy-fifth year. One of the local papers said of him: "Prominent in nearly every activity of the city, his death was as great a civic blow as the passing of any Wichita citizen in recent years."



A Daughter of Barbary

BY COMTESSE DE CHAMBRUN

Doctor of the University of Paris; Author of "Giovanni Florio," "Little Archie," etc.

DECORATIONS BY T. NADEJEN



HIS is no story of mine; it happened long before destiny led my steps to Morocco, and has been told beside the pastoral camp-fire of the plains and on the

tented slopes of the Atlas.

It is one of the violent incidents of love and war, peculiar to this country, where strife and what the old-fashioned romancer called "the softer passion" are characterized by much the same ferocity.

The teller, Commandant le Glay,* has lived among the unsubmitive tribes and recounts at first hand many such events as this story of Badda; for he knows, like

* Commandant Maurice le Glay, formerly of the French Information Service, is now Contrôleur Civil des Abdas at Safi, Morocco.

a native, the strange hidden things in the hearts of this mysterious people.

The tiny column had been marching some five hours in that devil's own country about Tafoudeit. The track lay over a waste marked only by the footprints of the first horses marching in Indian file, gray barbs streaked with sweat and clay. They were ridden by two Zaian warriors from Oulmès, draped in dirty woollen djelabas, their heads wound about with stringy cotton turbans. Each cavalier carried across-saddle a loaded musket.

After this advance-guard came the officer commanding the neighboring frontier post; he was followed by his aide—this latter, green in the service, having come through from Casablanca only a few days before. Behind the two French of-

ficers rode four more Zaian cavaliers, who, though quite as ferocious-looking as the first pair, must have been considered some atoms more trustworthy, or they would not have been in the rear with the backs of two superiors not five yards distant from their gun muzzles!

But, after all, apparent confidence, the utmost assurance of voice and gesture, are indispensable requisites for a chief in this country. If such a one cannot treat the possibility of assassination with sublime contempt, he may as well cease trying to deal with the untutored savage. Now, this captain had learned his business thoroughly, conscious of ever-present danger; his face never betrayed anything but the most complete serenity, consequently his prestige with native troops was often worth a battalion. Before prestige of this kind resistance crumples up like burnt rubber, and the dissident takes to his mountain fastnesses discouraged, while about the advancing column the inhabitants of the region collect and multiply, squatting at the chief's feet, recounting their small affairs and misadventures, stupid and tragical, with a childlike faith in two things: the roumi's* innate sense of justice, and his will to see it carried out. For justice and energy are the European's best assets in this country, and the sojourner in Morocco soon acquires one thing more, in spite of orthodox Christianity: the belief that, in the end, nothing happens that has not been written.

On that particular day the column was in perfect security, for, although the guides were wild men of the mountain, the four other natives were Mokazenis, or native volunteers, from the post. Brothers or cousins to the first ones, they differed from them in three important points. They carried rifles of the French Government, boasted ninety francs a month pay, and wore the blue-gray burnoose which shows that they have taken service with the roumi. These things have the magic faculty of transforming the worst outlaws and cutthroats into faithful and devoted servants of France. Doubtless, this also "is written," otherwise it would be inexplicable.

* Roumi—Christian in general, and in Morocco a Frenchman in particular.

For the case of a blue burnoose that has not fought to the end beside his chief is rare.

Sometimes the little group of white and blue pushed its way through high wild grass; sometimes it skirted precipitous hill flanks where the ground crumbled in landslides under the horses' hoofs; sometimes it followed narrow gullies, spotted here and there with tufts of verdure toward which the tired mounts stretched their noses longingly. At length the way led over a high ridge of rock, and the natives in front wheeled to the right, giving place for the captain and lieutenant to ride forward between them and survey the country, which lay saucer-like beneath: a flat valley with steeply shelving sides, a veritable tangle of brush, trees, and brambles growing among square blocks of granite. In the centre, almost invisible against the dark tones of the landscape, was a small gathering of tents.

"Ride forward," commanded the captain to one of the Zaian guides; "tell the people of the douar that we shall dismount bringing peace and confidence, and that if any one runs away you will be held responsible."

Descending more slowly behind the scout, it was easy to observe that nobody had fled from the low tents of goatskin; nevertheless, on reaching the douar—as such an agglomeration is called—no sign of life was visible, but there arose from the centre of the encampment a thick odor of warm wool and close-packed donkeys and cattle.

"These are the marauders for whom we have been looking," said the captain; "they have been terrorizing all this region and have sworn on ten guns laid on the ground in a square, never to submit to the Sultan's rule. There will be no resistance to-day, I think, but the incident is not closed."

"But there is no one to resist," remarked the lieutenant naïvely; "the place is quite deserted."

The captain smiled. "On the contrary, within a stone's throw there are fifty or more human beings, old and young, with perhaps four times as many head of live stock. At the first hint of our approach, signalled doubtless long before we came

into sight, they spirited themselves away with their animals. Every douar in this banditti country has its subterranean refuge, which we will now proceed to investigate. It cannot be very difficult to discover with such a solid clew as this smell to follow!"

Indeed, the refuge lay not far off. The yawning entrance was blocked with a mass of thorns and brambles through which twenty or more lances protruded.

The captain caused the tents to be laid flat on the ground and passed over them on horseback in sign of dominion; then, grouping his small force round him, seated himself on a huge boulder facing the mouth of the cave. There was a long pause, then several old men of the strange redoubt cautiously pushed aside the brambles and hesitatingly came forth.

"What wouldst thou?" said they, in Berber dialect.

The officer answered in Arabic, which the Mokazeni interpreter rendered intelligible to the ancients:

"I would first know why you are hiding! Have you done something of which you are ashamed, and which cuts you off from the people? Is there blood between you and your brothers? If so I can wash it away as easily as I can prevent your children from catching smallpox. Will you have it so? Answer!"

"We don't know how to answer," responded the spokesman. "We are very rough folk and aren't much good at talking. Besides, we are frightened, which prevents us from understanding your remarks."

Now, this answer was more threatening to those versed in native ways than it reads in print, and the captain was wise enough not to insist on prosecuting his moral lecture in the face of his guide's anxious looks and the furtive hostility of the ancients. He spoke, however, with utmost calm.

"It is excellent to reflect. I also shall now retire and meditate upon my future course toward you. But I must say just this, immediately. To-morrow you will deliver up one of your brethren to work in my camp, and serve as hostage for your future good conduct. Unless you do this I shall return in three days with my people and rid the country of you. The

choice is yours and must be made before high noon."

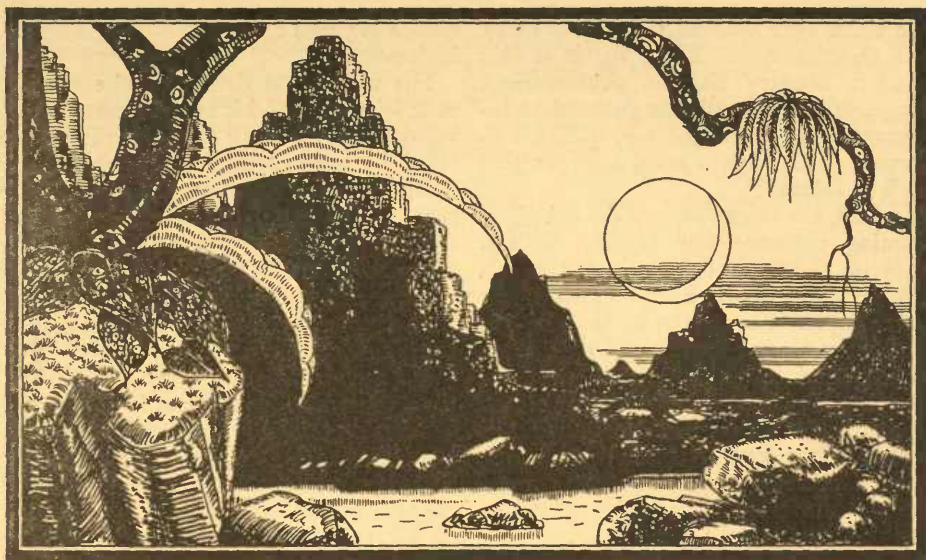
His ultimatum delivered, the captain rode leisurely off, his small escort following deliberately until they had placed the brush between themselves and the douar. Then they lost no time in gaining their post. It seemed not bad to have settled their differences then and there, but the advantages of the ground lay with the enemy, and there may have been more than a score of young fighting men behind the elders.

No sooner was the officer out of sight than the whole douar was in a turmoil. Women screamed in retrospective terror, tore out handfuls of hair to prove their sincerity, and shook their children until the poor babies squealed louder than ever. As for the men, they wisely decided to postpone the public assembly just convened, until next morning. They might then discuss their future policy without the women and in greater serenity.

At the meeting a simple remedy was proposed: to lie in wait for the French officer, and kill him at the first opportunity. To all but one this seemed an excellent idea. This was a middle-aged man who had travelled farther than his brethren and had seen rather impressive doings. He spoke with the scornful contempt of a voyager addressing stay-at-homes.

"I am so weary of your craziness and stupidity that soon I shall ask for a blue burnoose myself! If you kill that officer another will come, and after him another, . . . and so on till we, not they, are finished. What do we want, after all? Just to stay quietly in our small corner and transact our business among ourselves. This captain demands a hostage. Give him a damsel in place of a man; she will protect us from his wrath, for it is known that he that has a woman there leaves his tent with regret to go a-strolling after adventure!"

The orator was greeted with a perfect storm of derision, and the assembly broke up without coming to any conclusion. To take a male hostage meant a fight; the chosen one would have to be subdued and dragged forcibly from the douar, and the selection itself would mean internal warfare among the families. After pondering for a few hours the old Berber's



proposition seemed to have more sense in it than his brethren had first observed.

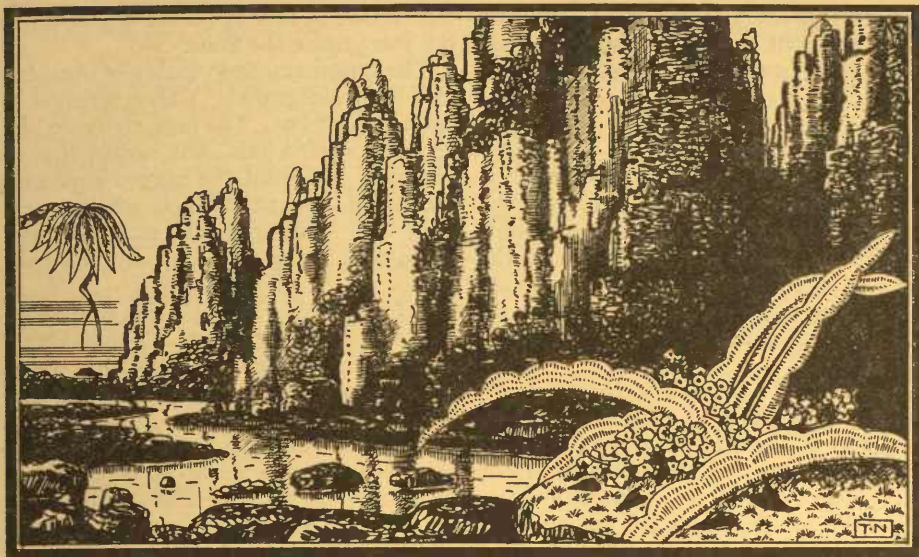
As long as it was decided to take a girl, there could be no hesitation as to which one to select.

Badda was of purest white Berber origin, exquisite in shape and movement as a young gazelle; her wrists and ankles, hands and feet were enough to set a sculptor dreaming, and her delicate, finely featured face was unspoiled by tattooing. Just one thin line of blue, with feathery points, marked the separation of her eyebrows, like a swallow's beak between deployed wings. The effect was singular, becoming as the black patch of some eighteenth-century marquise. It lent a strange look of intensity and concentration to the clear, deep eyes below. The girl did not belong to the tribe of this special douar. Her tent was beyond the Oued Beht in the deep ravine called Ikkel and her tribal appellation was Igerrouane. She had been carried off into captivity the year before, after a bloody skirmish, and her presence soon became an embarrassment on account of her violent character and the strange power of her eyes. They manacled her feet so that she could not take a free step, and gave her in marriage to a young shepherd, hoping that he might tame her, but the girl had neither hesitation nor very much difficulty in strangling her would-be spouse and, what

was worse, she soon had all the women in the douar as her strong partisans. She knew much more than they did, spoke Arabic, and could recite the Mohammedan creed—which is impressive and embarrassing in a young girl—all this, upon second deliberation, decided the assembly to send her as a hostage instead of selecting a son of their own tribe.

The outpost of civilization established by the captain was situated at a point where nature and the population seemed almost equally inaccessible. The stronghold stood surrounded with a crenelated palisade, armed with cannon and machine-guns. Beside this was a smaller and less-imposing enclosure given over to the Information Service. The two authorities work together, side by side, representing, on the one part, permanent menace, on the other, perpetual conciliation. The organ of peaceful penetration naturally assumes a welcoming aspect. The house of justice opens smilingly to those who have forgotten her sword and scales, for it is evident that if the native had to crawl through barbed wire, or face a sentinel's gun, he would scarcely decide to seek either justice, trade, or the doctor.

The region came unready to heel and the captain had a hard time at first. The camp was often fired upon from the bush,



two companies armed with machine-guns were detailed every evening to protect the drinking-pool below the fort, and in spite of this precaution, an occasional mule or artillery horse was picked off by a specialist, a sentry would be silently poniarded in the back, or a rifle-ball, fired from Lord knows where, would pick off a soldier peacefully sleeping in his tent. In fact, the limits of the military cemetery grew with more relative rapidity than the commanding officer's sphere of influence. The people round about came, however, willingly enough to see the doctor, sell forage for the horses or wood for the bakery; and the same man who fired from the bush in the morning might bring his children some hours later to be vaccinated against the smallpox. Although such things might trouble a mind unused to paradox, like that of the military agent, his political associate was always ready to explain that one must expect to find cordial relations mixed with gunshots during the first stage of all peaceful penetration in advanced Berber country.

Especially one must be prepared to see quantities of old women about; for, as everybody knows, woman, who is "nothing" in this country, rejoices in considerable influence over the community. As she grows old her dominion becomes almost absolute over her sons and through them predominant in public policy. She

passes, by general consent, in battle, immune from interference; for, unlike certain Aryan tribes that inhabit central Europe, those of Barbary consider that to kill women in warfare is an uncivilized proceeding. In fact, the first agent to appear after an advance is always an old woman; she is also the second and the third. Her rôle is to go everywhere, see all she can, count the guns, talk to the native soldiers, sell chickens, eggs, and honey, ask for quinine, and carry belligerent correspondence. It is she who will eventually conduct before the French commanding officer the first man of her douar who consents to parley, and soon, thanks to her efforts, another dissident tribe swells the list of submissions to the august authority of the Sultan, and is added to the number of those who ardently desire to be officially administered by the government of the protectorate. This is the first stage of "political penetration"; the second usually follows some weeks later, when, with the old woman as precursor, the post may expect a massed attack from the newly submissive ones, for the Berber is a simple soul—he attributes to weakness and to fear any humanitarian or pacific dealings with him, and demands as an essential to be well beaten before he obeys.

All this explains why it put the commanding officer in such a bad humor to

observe numbers of Berber grannies sneaking about the camp and graciously offering service of the most equivocal kind.

The bugle had sounded the call for officers' mess, "*C'est le gras qui mange le mieux, nom de Dieu!*" when one of the Mokazenis appeared before the captain's quarters with a bundle of rags at the end of a rope. It was large and seemed to contain something human, for, although no face was visible, it held itself upright.

"What is it? Leave it there; I am going to lunch now!" exclaimed the officer, and off he went, followed by Tim the great sheep-dog, a gentleman from Auvergne. After a few moments' hesitation the Mokazeni let fall the package in one of the inner compartments, and turned the key in the door.

The rules prescribe that the "house of the commanding officer shall be constructed according to taste and the habits of the region, with earth, sun-baked bricks, or mud-smeared canes." The captain had put up a large tented entrance leading to a small cabin built in two sections with fragrant cedar planks: one section served as sleeping apartment, the other as dressing-room. From his tent, which served as office, the chief, seated at his work-table, could talk to the men outside. From the inner room windows, which were heavily shuttered at night, he commanded, in the daytime, a view on the camp. Thus the master's eye could survey all the varied activities of the little garrison. The furniture consisted of thick native carpets, cushions, tables, and the "Morris" armchair so dear to all Morocco. Above the divan, which served as bed, hung a crescent-shaped Marakesch dagger in a silver sheath.

The captain returned with clouded brow. He had been bothering about the delay of the unfriendly douar in delivering up their hostage and he had, for the time, forgotten the bundle.

Surprised to find the key turned in the inner door, he hastened to enter, noticed that something obstructed the hinges, and had just time to catch Tim by the collar to prevent the dog from precipitat-

ing himself in fury upon the object which lay inert upon the floor.

The captain cursed volubly—"Another meddling old granny"; then stooped to get a closer view. The face, concealed by an embroidered haik, was turned toward the wall, but from the ragged garments protruded two small feet, which, were they not disfigured by scratches and blood-stains, appeared shapely and very white.

"Hey, mother! kindly go sleep elsewhere!" Nothing stirred. The feet were manacled and attached to a rope which passed about the middle, the arms pinioned by a leather belt.

This then was the hostage, a woman! He was scarcely a person to be caught in such an obvious trap. The girl should be sent back to her parents as soon as he had attended to her hurts.

The captain opened his little pharmacy chest and sat down beside the patient, who, at his near approach, made a movement of recoil. With caution and gentleness he loosed her bonds, washed and bandaged the cuts, and began his interrogatory in Arabic.

"Who are you?"

"What does that matter to you?"

"Enough that it does matter. Speak!"

She responded sullenly: "They call me Badda."

"You are not afraid?"

"Certainly not of you!"

"Of what, then?"

"I am afraid of the dog."

Tim had in fact come forward bristling with indignation at such an intrusion as this; a low growl was buzzing in his throat.

The captain talked to the dog, reasoned, explained the situation in so far as he understood it, and Tim, convinced, lay down with nose against the woman's knee.

"He will not hurt you," said Tim's master.

Then Badda remembered having heard among other peculiar things concerning these singular roumis, that they possess dogs that obey, and neither bite their masters nor howl all night long like those of the douar. Reassured, she placed her hand on Tim's head. The hand being small and light, Tim rather liked it, and

he saw at once, though his master did not, that Badda had come to stay.

One day a brother officer thought well to remonstrate with the captain in the name of prudence, if not of morality. He found Badda quietly seated on the divan with Tim's nose on her lap, and was so astonished by her strange and remarkable beauty that his eloquence slipped away from him. The girl's serene impassibility was most disturbing. She carried her head proudly, but the look of her eyes was prouder yet—limpid, far-seeing, dominant. She wore silver bracelets and anklets, and on her breast a great hand of fate, in filigree. From an embroidered band on the wall above her head the native poniard shone like a crescent moon. The captain, from the doorway, chin on hand, was contemplating the picture. It was easy to see what was the matter with him.

"I speak only in your interest," said the conscientious objector. "No good can come of keeping this girl here! It isn't on account of adverse criticism; these people don't understand why a man should live alone if he can help it. It is the woman's personality that disquiets me; she isn't like the ones we meet, and should she turn out to be, as she may, the daughter of some caid or notable family in search of an escapade, you will bring down a hornets' nest about our ears."

"She has no relatives in this region, but was taken a captive by the Zaian tribe that sent her."

"You should explain to her, then, that she is now free to return to the tents of her own people."

"Try to explain it yourself; you talk better than I do!"

The wise friend was, in fact, rather verbose. Thus encouraged, he set before Badda, in painstaking Arabic, the charms of freedom, the delight of returning to one's tent, and the facilities which he offered for her departure.

She listened quite impassive, simply remarking:

"Of course, when I wish to return, I shall surely go."

"What the devil do you expect to do with this stupid girl?" cried the friend, losing patience.

"That all depends on whether she will have me or not," responded Badda's new master.

Of course the captain was fully aware that the civilized fashion of his wooing would be quite incomprehensible to this wild nature. No woman could be expected to understand these things otherwise than as her people, since time immemorial, had done. That a woman should voluntarily give herself away! Repugnant and impossible thought! That a woman should be won otherwise than by violence is inconceivable to the Berber mind; and yet none of the "Information" which it was the captain's business to centralize and disseminate stood him here in any stead. His poor man's heart, returning to the customs of *his* tribe, sought a response from the unknown heart, beating only in fatalistic contemplation of the captive's destiny.

In the meantime the business of the post was going well; all day the captain scoured the country, parleyed with dissidents, and made topographical plans. On returning at night he found Badda tricked out in her best with the dutiful welcome of the women of the mountain to the chief of the tent. She kissed his shoulder and served supper upon the low table as he sat cross-legged among the cushions.

The captain knew this ritual like his alphabet: the chosen servant should stand at meals behind the master, and it would be a grave discourtesy and indiscretion for such a one to watch him eat! Nevertheless, moved by the natural desire of a man in love to see the girl he cares for at his side rather than at his back, he one day drew Badda down beside him and asked her to share his meal.

She was on her feet in a flash, pale, moved, eloquent in her indignant protest.

"Why, Sidi, do you thus call down shame upon me? Is it not my right to serve you? Have I done anything to merit such treatment that you should oblige me to quit my service to sit beside you?"

"It is because I love you, Badda! Too much. It makes me forget sometimes what is your due! Can you not understand and love me a little also?"

But the girl had already slipped away,

and was eating her own supper beside the tent door. Insurmountable barrier of custom and of blood, pride of race was stronger in her than any other sentiment. That evening the captain felt very lonely and far from home.

His love was like a possession, dominant, uncanny, and had begun to make him suffer beyond the limits of his will and reason. The necessity of comprehending the girl's sentiments toward him had become imperative. It was intolerable to think that she should merely accept his love like that of some savage master of these barbarous hordes, because he was the "hakem" or chief. In fact, the disease of supercivilization was upon him, and in these regions it is a redoubtable malady.

Did the girl love him? What was her idea of love?

To make her talk, reveal herself, draw her from her dutiful silence, became an obsession. He displayed every ingenuity in trying to extract from the girl some details of her former existence, some picture of her tribal life, to get her to repeat the stories, songs, or poems of love and war, such as alone please the tent-dwellers.

After many vain efforts Badda spoke, indeed. What she said showed perhaps a finer intuition than her lover's of the essential differences between them.

"Better let me remain silent, Sidi. The language we speak is neither yours nor mine! Nor do we think of the same things. What I say with good-will to please, might seem to you displeasing."

But the captain was obstinate. "Even if what you say offends me, I wish to hear your voice; tell me a story of your own people."

"Listen, then, and I will tell you the story of Moha. Moha was a strong man, feared by all, enriched by killing and robbing. His wife, Itto, had youth and beauty, and each time that Moha returned from a raid he brought her silver and jewels and sugar. Itto was happy, for every one feared her husband. But one day Moha brought home with him a woman and said: 'Here is thy sister Haddoum, whom I have taken captive. She shall aid thee in thy service.' Itto rose and served supper to the master, and while he was eating drove a knife into his

back. Then rose Haddoum, took the knife and pierced his heart. Then the women embraced each other like sisters and together faced the tribe, saying: 'Moha returned wounded and died of his hurts. We have wound him in his shroud; bury him, brothers.' My people have made a verse upon these events, which is sung in chorus at the haidouz:

" 'Moha was struck by hate from the front,
From the back by jealousy.
For Hate and Jealousy are twin sisters.' "

"But see how my story has made your face sad! Let us speak no more of my people, Sidi, for words cannot reveal the heart nor measure its longings."

It seemed very singular to the captain, who was well read, to hear this girl expressing in Arabic the thought set down fifty years ago by one of the most finished of France's tragic writers:

"The fulness of the heart often overflows in vapid metaphor, since no man has ever by words given true measure of his needs, his dreams, or his sorrows; for human speech is but the cracked caldron on which we vainly beat out tunes that are hardly fit to set bears dancing, when we would move to compassion the implacable stars."

And yet the girl's words had served to measure the gulf between them. The primitive violence of her uncivilized people had been revealed in this brief narrative as volumes of folk-lore would have failed to do. The scene evoked rose vividly before the auditor: the tribal assembly convoked for the cult of some far-off ancestor in the sacred dance of the haidouz. He could see the men and women shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip, a living multicolored ring, supple, oscillating to the rhythmic beat of the tom-toms, the monotonous chant of the refrain—the refrain which summed up the story of Itto and pointed its crude moral, a moral well within the comprehension of these savage hearers, and containing for them no more terror nor emotion than might fit into their every-day existence.

The captain felt himself filled with sympathy for the wild life of which Badda was the image; the savage landscape of the hills which had thrown upon the girl a ray of its strong colors suddenly took on new



Drawn by T. Nadejen.

Above her head the native poniard shone like a crescent moon.—Page 445.

attraction—redolent of aromatic scents, pungent thyme, and spicy asphodels.

The post, which was almost as anxious to know what the girl's feelings toward the "hakem" were as the chief himself had been, was soon to be definitely informed upon that mysterious point. The anxious curiosity of the brother officers concerned security rather than sentiment. The girl's influence was too strong not to cause suspicion; even her power over the dog had something uncanny in it. As for the master, what more likely than that this female outlaw, delivered in chains from the hands of the enemy, was here for little good?

Standing under the open tent-flap and looking out across the waste land, the girl had watched her lover disappear around the mountain slope; the long day weighed upon her. Toward evening, from the huts in the Mokazenis' enclosure, there arose a woman's voice crying in a queer sing-song "*Der bou chi fal*," and the fortune-teller squatted down alluringly before the entrance.

"The benediction of our Lord Mohammed be upon you," she said. To which greeting the girl responded according to formula, "And may the accursed Satan be stoned as he deserves," adding, "With what medium does your art deal, mother?—sand, water, or henna? that I may fetch you what is needful."

"With none," replied the sorceress. "My art deals with dreams; shall I speak of one which concerns you?"

"Be blessed for it, if what you speak be truth," answered Badda, and the old crone began to chant her soothsay like a litany, without pause or vocal inflection.

"The man loves madly, he is rich, powerful, and strong, but the tribes hereabout are jealous. I saw the trees swaying in the wind, a dog scratching before your door with crimson feet, and over the valley of the Aggenour a great flight of crows. Happiness makes men imprudent. Therefore, beware of my dream!"

Badda threw a silver bracelet to the fortune-teller and sunk down on the ground, while Tim, the sheep-dog, surveyed her with wrinkled, frowning forehead.

She was in a state of violent agitation that night. The old woman from the

camp, who brought her supper on a round brass tray and left it in the tent, thought well to peer back through a slit in the canvas to see what the girl was doing. Badda had broken the great earthen jar and was sharpening the curved dagger on the edge of the shard. Now and then she spoke in Berber to the dog, who leaped excitedly against the door, until the old woman, terrified at this scene, over which she felt sure that Satan presided in the person of Tim, fled away to the huts. She was astonished that Badda had not already been devoured by so ferocious a djinn. For to all the native part of the camp, Tim, the dog, was an object of superstitious terror.

At moonrise some of the captain's comrades came to ask the whereabouts of the master, and whether, before going, he had made known the direction of his ride.

"God knows, not I," replied Badda, haughty as a queen; they evidently anticipated some misfortune and suspected the Berber girl's complicity.

A relief expedition was rapidly got on foot, and the leader, wishing doubtless to judge what countenance the girl put on the matter, paused before the tent where Badda was standing, her hand upon Tim's collar. Without other preface, he announced quietly: "The Sidi is dead." If he had expected to elicit an emotional flash of self-revelation from the girl he was mistaken. Without changing her attitude she murmured the phrase "*Ma cha Allah*"—"The will of God," which, in this country, is appropriate for almost anything.

The French column was guided by a native scouting party, some of whom declared that, in the blue dawn that precedes sunrise, they had seen flitting before them two shapes, running, leaping over high brambles, or dodging behind immense boulders. The girl, once returned to her habitual haunts, was no less swift and agile than the dog. For three hours they kept their distance before the scouts until these latter reached the deep ravine where the Aggenour flows between great basaltic columns, silver-gray like the organ-pipes of some Western cathedral.

There, after the soldiers had made the valley secure by placing strong patrols

upon its slopes, they found the Berber girl sitting beside the captain's body, while Tim howled over it. Five Mokzenis of his escort lay dead around their chief from whose corpse the uniform had been stripped, the head severed and carried away—

"Ma cha Allah." The ordinary risks of the profession, likely to occur to the most experienced. Zeal, over-confidence, and high courage will some day drive an officer into imprudence. It was evident that the captain had scented the presence of dissident banditti and, wishing to take stock of their strength, had fallen upon an ambush of greatly superior force.

The worst of the affair was the disappearance of the head, for every one knows in Morocco with what savage joy and hideous triumph these lugubrious trophies are carried from tent to tent, village to village, and that such triumph is more disintegrating for the prestige of an army than the loss of many battles. It is the worst sort of political defeat.

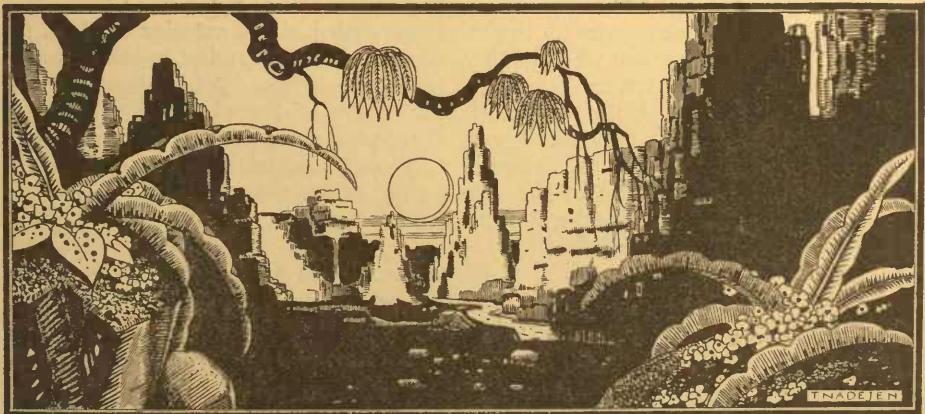
No one in the rescue party thought again of Badda; they were all too much overcome by this calamity. In melancholy silence they bore the chief's mutilated body back to the post, and delivered over those of his escort to their screaming kinsfolk.

All the officers met that night in the captain's tent, where he lay beneath the tricolor. The balmy temperature of an African night had caused them to leave the canvas open. Beyond the smoky flare of the hanging oil-lamp spread the black heavens, starred with innumerable points of light, for the moon had not yet arisen. Suddenly the view without was barred by a strange apparition. Ragged, blood-stained, her face twisted like a tragic mask with grief or pain, Badda stood an instant silhouetted against the night sky. In her right hand she held the Marakesch poniard, on her left arm an object wrapped in native stuff.

"Here is the head of your brother," said she in Arabic, and before the doctor had finished ejaculating "The girl is dying," she had fallen across the bed.

Thus was the mystery of Badda's heart revealed, and the honor of the post saved from stain. Through what deadly, almost superhuman struggle the girl had passed to rescue her Sidi's head from his enemies, Tim the dog alone knew, and poor Tim was never seen again.

The officers of the post did not require his testimony, but buried the daughter of Barbary in the soldiers' cemetery, among the sons of France and beside her captain.



The Human Touch and the Librarian

BY ELEANOR E. LEDBETTER



STARTED to walk to work this morning, but it looked so much like rain that about half-way I took the car. This brought me to the library early enough to look at a magazine or two before opening time, and I read "Life and the Librarian,"* and all day subconsciously I kept saying to myself: "Life and the Librarian—well, I'll say so!"

When I signalled the car the motor-man gave me a nod and an expression of feature which said: "Aha, you think you can get along without us, but you see you can't." The conductor was the one who asked me last year if the library had any books on the principles of renting property. He owned some dwelling-houses and wanted to learn whether there were any recognized principles as to the amount of income to be spent for repairs and improvements, what allowance to make for depreciation, and what constitutes a reasonable return on such an investment. He had an idea of lowering the rent and putting all repairs up to the tenant, and wished to know whether this had worked out for others. We had no such books in the branch library, but I sent his order in to the main, and was even so self-denying as to have the books sent, not to my branch, but to the one nearest his home. They did give him exactly the sort of information that he desired, so of course we are the best of friends ever since. He thought I was wise to ride, because the rain was drawing very near.

As I alighted from the car my grocer was arranging the fascinating fresh vegetables of the day in front of the store, and I paused to tell him that we have a new book on big-game hunting which will interest him. He does most of his hunting

vicariously since the year when they paid all those enormous fees for big-game licenses in Canada and did not get a single moose nor bear, but had a perfectly horrid time in rain and cold, which developed his asthma to a degree from which he will probably never completely recover. But he is interested in the new book and I agree to put it aside until he can call later in the day. The traffic officer turns the signal for my benefit—he is studying "Police Practice and Procedure" from the library—the street-car inspector, who is boss of this busy transfer point, gives me a cheerful "Good morning!" George, inside the candy-store, sees me and gives me a military salute. I wonder don't Greeks have last names? All I know seem to be just George or John. This George I know very well. I have been in the *sanctum sanctorum* behind the shop and have seen him making the Easter rabbits that are so entrancing when covered with chocolate and trimmed with white. George is my link with the Greek church; he keeps me informed what is going on there, the progress of the new building which has stood during these hard times with just the exterior finished, and the interior the crudest possible temporary construction. A round oak heater in the centre of the church with miles of stove-pipe going across to the chimney, temporary electric lights with the wires strung across the rafters in plain view, a temporary floor, bare brick walls without a particle of interior finish—they worshipped here first three years ago on Easter, before the roof was on, and since then they have been able to do little more. Now George tells me the treasurer of the church, a down-town confectioner who is in appearance just an ordinary "wop," is going to advance without interest and for an indefinite period the thirty thousand dollars necessary to complete the church. I wonder how many native sons of America ever did a thing like this?

But this morning George and I salute

* See "Life and the Librarian," by Elizabeth T. Kirkwood, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, June, 1922.

from a distance. The Syrian standing in the door of the restaurant gives me his usual sad smile. Poor fellow! He wants to go home and get him a wife, but he can't because he must have his "second papers" in order to be able to return, and the officials in Washington can't find the necessary evidence on which to give him his "certificate of arrival"; he has sent three times, waiting from four to six months each time for a reply; the first time they had his name inverted; the second time they looked in the wrong year; the third is still to be heard from. I have discussed the marriage question with him; he says it is better for people to marry within their own race and religion; that thus they understand each other, and they get along together better. It sounds reasonable; and there are no suitable brides in this country. When he finds he can go he must grow a mustache; over there a man without one is a freak. He thinks that the reason American men do not wear mustaches is because their wives will not kiss them if they do. He knows, because he has heard them say so. In his country people never kiss on the mouth until they are married.

Somehow I love this corner. One night a courteous gentleman from New York insisted on escorting me home from an entertainment in another part of town. I like an escort all right, but I could not feel that the pleasure of my company on the way out was going to pay him for the boredom of the long ride back alone, so when we were transferring here I said to him in all sincerity: "Really, Mr. A., it is not at all necessary for you to take me any further. Let me excuse you here. I am perfectly at home the rest of the way. Why, I own this corner!" So I feel this morning. It is really such a friendly corner. We all like each other so well here. I am happy to begin a new day's work.

Of course the janitor has his usual tale of woe. I wonder, do all janitors? This time it is only that the windows were not properly fastened, and two of them blew open in the night. I can stand anything except to be told that some one had spit on the floor. If a boy does that, I kill him and throw his dead body into the street. That is, I produce this psycholog-

ical effect. Discipline is all a matter of psychology, I find; I have all the feelings that go with this action; the boy knows that I have, and he doesn't spit!

Now, I have read "Life and the Librarian," looked for the author in the A. L. A. Handbook—not here. Is she lacking in professional spirit? or perhaps writing under a pseudonym? It is nine o'clock; my assistants have opened the desk, counted into the cash drawer the two dollars and fifty cents with which we begin the day's business, counted yesterday's cash, and added up the cash book—oh joy! they come out alike the first time—and we open the doors to the Saturday morning throng of children who have been gathering on the steps for the last hour or more. "No crowding! Stop running! Get in line!" and we are off on the day's work. The little square Slav faces indicate intentness on the business in hand; they fall in line around the receiving-desk, each in his turn presents his books open at the dating slip; if the book is overdue he keeps the fine money clasped tight in the little hand until the assistant says: "Did you bring the four cents?" Perhaps they think it is not good form to make an ostentatious display of the money; perhaps they think the assistant will not notice that the books are overdue and they may be able to keep the money. But they have it. With books returned, the crowd distributes itself into the various rooms. Most of the children go, of course, into the children's room; but a few come to me in the adult room with notes or verbal requests. There are always the specific requests for "two good books for a young lady twenty-three years of age"; "a book for a married lady"; "a sea-story for my pa"; "a book for my big brother." I ask the little girl with the last request how big her brother is, meaning to learn whether he is fourteen or twenty-four, but I am rebuked for my slovenly English when she answers in good faith: "He is five foot nine." As I look along the shelves for books to supply these needs, it seems to me that every shelf has associations with readers I have served. "T. Tembarom" always makes me think of the man who wanted to find a story he had seen long ago about two brothers who were separated in child-

hood, and one was brought up in the noble station to which his birth entitled him, while the other, having been kidnapped, was brought up in mean and humble circumstances. I could not meet his plot exactly, but I gave him "T. Tembarom" as "something along that line." He was perfectly delighted with it, and when he brought it back he said he would always have me choose his books for him. I did two or three times; then one evening he was in when I was very much occupied with some one else, and I failed to recognize him; it was only after it was too late that my mental camera developed the expression of disappointment on his face. I do not know whether he stopped coming, or if I really forgot how he looked; but I never see "T. Tembarom" without feeling a little sorry about this man who liked it so much. "The Iron Woman" always makes me think of the little girl who said: "My mother wants a good book—not 'The Iron Woman.'" It seems we had given it to the child three times, always serenely satisfied that we were giving her a good book, and the mother naturally wanted more variety. "The Debtor" is always an object-lesson in the difficulties of English pronunciation, for I was never more puzzled than the first time I was asked for "The Deb-tor," with the *b* fully sounded. Nothing disguises a word more completely, I find, than to sound a silent letter. I have a European friend who always sounds the *p* in psychic and similar words; while on the other hand a man who had learned to pronounce knob, knot, knife, etc., and who thought that *k* was always silent, produced a humorous effect when he spoke about "a 'itten." A woman once asked me if psychology is not a good word; she was doubtful because she said it was not in the dictionary. I inquired delicately, and found that she had looked under *s* and under *c*, and it wasn't in either place!

Psychology is a game when one is giving out books. Nothing is more entertaining than to see what one can do merely by the turn of a phrase. To the girl who asks me for "Ishmael," I say disparagingly, "That is such an old book that we don't have it. You know almost every one wants up-to-date things"; and a little

later I chuckle internally when I answer to one who questions "Jane Eyre": "Yes, it is an old book, but it is one that is always good." Never was there a book in the library which I despised as I did "Miss Billy"; so when it is asked for now I say: "We did have it, but all our copies wore out, and you know we never have enough money for all we want; so it seemed better to get some of the newer books instead." Inflection and tone turn the trick every time.

A girl whom I take to be about seventeen asks me for a book on health; this proves to mean, as it usually does, sex hygiene. We go to the case where the books on this topic are kept secluded, and I find that all the books for girls are out. Perhaps something psychic passes between us. I say: "You are not married?" and she answers: "No, but I am engaged, and I thought I might as well learn something," so I give her "Husband and Wife." I believe that increase of healthy information on sex matters is one of the most wholesome signs of the times.

The naïve egotism of our readers I find frequent occasion to construe as a tribute to our success with the "personal touch." A man comes directly to one of my assistants and says: "Did my book come?" She spurs for recollection with "Just what day was it that you ordered it?" He says Monday; there were only about one thousand five hundred people in on Monday! But he thinks she remembers him individually, and he will never know that she doesn't. She is a diplomat, and she will work around to a clue without giving herself away. This is one of our favorite indoor sports.

Now for the morning's mail. An overdue notice comes back with three cents due, having followed the borrower to Buenos Aires, and been returned from there. A member of the Natural History Museum writes me that he is greatly interested in caves, and would like to get some information about the cave of Adelsberg in Jugoslavia. I call up the pastor of the Slovenian church, and we make the full European exchange of inquiries regarding each other's health and happiness before I ask him if there are not among his congregation some who know this cave. "Adelsberg? Adels-

berg?" he says. "I don't know anything about it." I say: "Oh yes, I am sure you do, but probably you know it by the Slav name. It is in Carniola, about twenty miles or so from Laibach—Ljubljana, you know." He evidently talks with some one in the room, then says: "Oh, I get you now. You mean that cave; we call it Postojina. Yes, many of my people came from that very place." So we arrange that he will inquire out those who know the cave the best and bring them down some evening next week to meet the gentleman from the museum. This is to my mind the finest kind of Americanization work, since it will bring these foreign-born men into contact with a representative fine American on the basis of a common interest; and it pleases me most that they are to be the ones to inform him. It is seldom they get this chance, although they have plenty to tell that the native American could well afford to learn.

But here comes my Serbian friend. He and I are the liaison corps, connecting the Serbs of our city with the rest of the world. He explains their difficulties to me; I provide the connection which can solve the difficulty—if I can. It looks as though our duties would soon include the whole State, for his errand this morning is in regard to a church down the State whose members have written him for help. An insurgent faction in the church had employed the methods of the American ward politician under the leadership of the "rich saloon-keeper," and had put over temporarily the election of a priest whom they had chosen to advance their own purposes. The congregation as a whole had repudiated this action of the minority, which really had no claim to legality, as the meeting had not been properly called nor a quorum present, and they had elected for another term the priest who has been their pastor for their whole history. The Bolshevik faction took it to the courts, and the judge, who may have been misled, or who may be under obligations to the rich saloon-keeper, had tried to emulate Solomon by deciding that the two priests should have the use of the church alternate Sundays. But the second priest, realizing the untenability of his position, has voluntarily withdrawn; yet the court order stands, so

that Father B. can officiate only alternate Sundays, and the church—their own church which they built in this land of religious liberty—has to stand idle all the rest of the time. The situation is urgent, because this is the great church season, with Ascension Day, Pentecost, and other great days coming on, and it is a dreadful thing to these religious people not to be able to have church on those days. Where I come in is here: This judge has been assigned to duty in this city for the next two weeks. Can I get in touch with him and get the ban lifted? I have to consider this. Judges have as yet no place in my life, but judges are only men and can surely be met like other men. There is always a way, if one is only ingenious enough to find it. I canvas the whole city in my mind, and the solution comes to me. I have served on committees with Judge F——, he must know who I am, and he has a reputation for helpfulness and kindness. I will ask him to locate this visiting judge and make an engagement for me. The telephone again, and Judge F—— says at once: "I will get hold of him and arrange it for you." So that is easily taken care of.

Time for luncheon, and I go down to the staff-room to eat. My Polish assistant is eating, and she asks if I noticed the girl who was talking with her so long. She was a girl who came to this country only about six months ago, but is already very American in her appearance, and their conversation was long because she was asking Miss C——'s advice about marriage. I ask: "Why does she need advice?" "The man she is thinking of marrying is of Czech parentage, and she wanted to know whether I thought they would be happy together." I ask with curiosity: "What did you advise?" She says: "I told her that I would decide on the man's character and disposition, rather than on his nationality. Except, of course, if he were a German. I would never marry a German. But among any of the Slav family of nations I think there is enough affinity for a happy marriage." But the girl, it seems, is thinking about how she will wish her children to know the Polish language, and will they do it if they have a Czech for a father? I suggest: "Let them learn all three lan-

guages." But the man scarcely knows Czech; he is all American. I suggest that probably the girl will be too by the time her children are old enough to go to school, and that anyway she is worrying awfully far ahead, but my frivolous view does not quite meet Miss C——'s approval. She sees it, as the girl does, as a serious problem.

But I cannot even finish my hour. A messenger tells me that two Sisters are waiting to see me up-stairs. So I swallow my cake, and go up to find two Polish nuns, teachers in one of the parochial schools of our district. I am very glad to see them, first because I like them, and then because I shall now be able to satisfy a long-suppressed curiosity. They have not been in for a long time, doing all their library business through their school-children. Last fall they asked me to get them a teacher to give them some advanced instruction in English, and I did so. Some time ago they called me on the telephone one day and said: "You will think it funny what we are going to ask you, but we want you to find out something for us." I said: "If I can, I will," but I nearly dropped the telephone when they asked me to find out if their teacher, Mr. M—— is married! The incongruity of these Polish nuns, so remote from life, so foreign, with a habit which makes them all look so old, even thinking whether a man is married or not, certainly has an unavoidable element of humor. I said that I would find out, and it had to be done at once, as they wished to know before their next lesson. This made it necessary for me to approach the matter directly instead of through any diplomatic avenues, but anything they want to know that I can find out for them they shall certainly have. I endured some contumely in the process, but I did not mind in a good cause and I reported back to them at the time requested. Now at last I will find out why they wanted to know. Had he perhaps in discussing some literary theme committed some indelicacy? If so, this would reflect on me as I had chosen him for them. Immediately after our greetings they refer to the matter and thank me for having informed them, and I ask why they wanted to know. The explanation is very simple,

they wanted to give him an Easter gift, and Sister Superior says: "You know, in making a present to a gentleman it makes such a difference if he is married." And I wonder how many gentlemen they have ever given presents to! They are going on with their studies this summer and the purpose of the present visit is to inquire how much of the necessary collateral reading we will be able to furnish them. I promise to come to the closing exercises of the school, they take a few books for their course now, in order to get an early start on their work, and I am free to talk with the college student who wishes to discuss library work as a vocation.

She had intended to go into social work, but has had a vision of library work as social work, and has been sent to me to discuss it on that ground. I assure her that certainly it is the finest kind of social work, since it is constructive, and it has for the worker a wholesomeness which does not exist in those types of social work which deal always with the abnormal and frequently with the pathological. In the library one meets the normal, the sane, the intelligent, and the progressive and one helps them on the up-grade. What can be more truly social work? I resent very much the attitude of the visiting nurse whom I met one day when I went out, for the sake of my own education, on a round of visits with the district physician. She did not know me, and said she never thought of my being a librarian, but supposed I was a "social worker." I said: "Certainly I am a social worker. Who establishes more social contacts than I do? Why am I not a social worker just as truly as you who do only remedial work?" My work deals with the mind, hers is only with the body. Why should recreation be called social work when it is found in playgrounds and hikes, and not when it is provided in reading-rooms and in material for recreation at the home fireside? This is the interpretation for which my student had been groping, and she goes away satisfied.

While I have been talking with her—thank goodness!—Mr. S—— has made his regular Saturday visit and gone. He really is a nice man, and I like him all right, but he is one of those unfortunate people who know of no way to express in-

terest except by finding fault. He is a Czech, and loves best to read his native language. During the war he always refused to believe that we could not get more books, and every week we had to hear his regular grumble on the terrible condition of our collection. Now, preposterous as it seems, he wants to know what we have done with the old dirty books which were so much better than these new clean ones! He never can understand either why the book that he wants isn't in, and he believes in going to the head instead of dealing with subordinates. Fate was kind to me for once.

The assistant at the registration-desk tells me about a boy who came running in and inquired breathlessly: "Who is number 1156?" While she was looking it up, he caught his breath sufficiently to

explain that a girl carrying books charged to that number had been knocked down by an automobile, and no one knows who she is. So he looked at her books and told the cop that he would run to the "liberry" and get her name and address. That boy has a future.

As if this were not excitement enough for one day, an officer comes in from the police-station across the street carrying a lost baby who is wild with fright and terror. He says apologetically that he thought perhaps we could calm her high-sterics. One of the girls takes her down to the staff-room, bathes the poor, hot little face and hands, sits down with her in a rocking-chair, and croons a nursery song until she falls asleep.

"Life and the Librarian"—well, I'll say so!

Cold Light

BY E. NEWTON HARVEY

Professor of Physiology, Princeton University; Author of "The Nature of Animal Light"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DIAGRAMS



OT LIGHT" is almost tautological; "cold light" is surely paradoxical. So closely associated are light and heat in all our experience that the two would seem inseparable. The sun is not only the brightest but also the hottest object in our immediate neighborhood. I use the words "immediate neighborhood" advisedly, for the sun is only ninety-three million miles away and its light and heat come to us in about eight minutes. Alpha centauri, the nearest star, is so many billion miles away that it takes over four years for its light and heat to reach us.

Practically every illuminant in use today is patterned after the sun and stars. The attempt is made to heat an incandescent filament to the highest temperature possible. We cannot attain the tem-

perature of the sun, five thousand degrees, but we do attain two-fifths the temperature of the sun and a brightness sufficient to convert our principal thoroughfares into great white ways. No artificial lamp is known but that gives off ample heat to be felt by the hand. It is all "hot light." The heat is not only a drawback; it is an actual waste, a waste so great that it represents about ninety-eight per cent of the total energy. We use a fifty horsepower engine to run the dynamo that lights a few bulbs, when one horse-power might do the same thing if we knew the secret of the process.

Quality was the ideal of the artisan, quantity is the by-word of the factory, and efficiency the slogan of the moment. Modern incandescent bulbs are already many times more efficient than those first constructed, but we are apparently approaching the limit. How can we improve the efficiency of our light-producing proc-

esses still further? Perhaps the solution lies in a wholly different direction. Perhaps if we study the organic rather than the inorganic world, success may crown our efforts. The firefly has eliminated heat from its lighting process, although we do not eliminate the idea of heat from its name. In this part of the country we are inclined to use the term *firefly* rather than *lightning-bug*, although the latter is a more correct if less elegant name.

It is an often overlooked fact that many

so successfully that the exhaustion of the great beds of Chile nitrate need give no concern. Many more processes of tiny cells have been used by man and the limit has not yet been reached. If we could copy the firefly successfully a revolution in lighting might come about.

Although every one is familiar with the firefly and most of us have observed the phosphorescence of the sea or the glowing of damp wood in forests, but few realize the great number and diversity of ani-

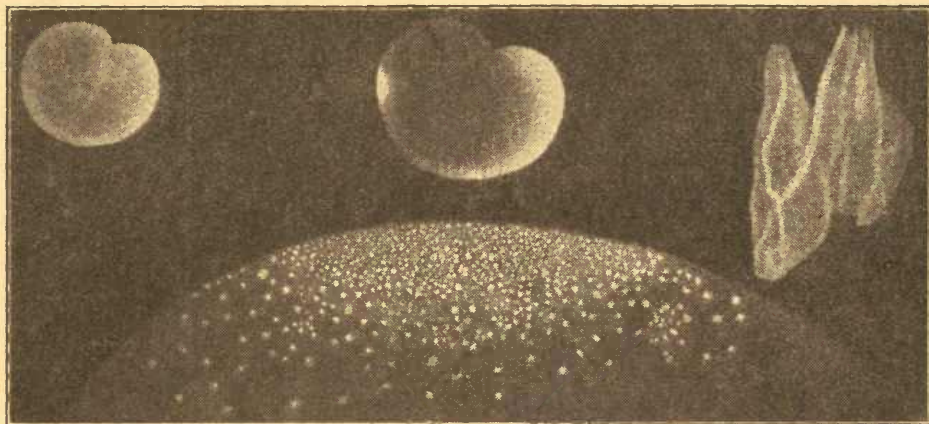


Figure 1. *Noctiluca*, one of the small organisms responsible for the phosphorescence of the sea. Upper left and middle figures show the animal, magnified, as it appears while luminescent at night; the upper right figure is a fragment of the animal, and lower figure a very highly magnified portion to show how the light appears as minute points or dots. Sometimes the sea is so filled with these forms that it appears pink or red by day and shines like a sheet of fire by night. (After Quatrefages, from "The Nature of Animal Light," courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Co.)

of the most fundamental discoveries as well as the most far-reaching generalizations of physics and chemistry have developed from experiments on animals and plants. Our knowledge of current electricity goes back to Galvani's observations (1786) on the muscles and nerves of frogs, while our present theory of electrolytic dissociation started from the experiments of Pfeffer and deVries on plant cells.

On the chemical side, animals and plants have been our laboratories for centuries. Bacteria are known which take nitrogen from the air and convert it into useful compounds. We have just recently employed this process on a commercial scale. Bacteria are also known which convert ammonia to nitrites and nitrates. We can now copy this reaction

in animals which emit light. Nearly forty different great groups or orders of animals are known to be luminescent, with thousands of different luminous species. These are scattered in a most haphazard manner throughout the animal kingdom. They are found among the very lowest forms, the bacteria and protozoa, as well as among the fishes of the highest group, the vertebrates. The microscopic and simplest forms, the unicellular organisms, glow in minute points of light scattered over the surface of the cell, as illustrated in Figure 1. It is to these that we owe much of the phosphorescence of the sea. Phosphorescent wood is due to the minute strands or mycelium of a luminous fungus (Figure 2) growing in the wood, and phosphorescent meat or dead fish to glowing bacterial colonies (Figure 3)

which use the flesh as culture medium. These phenomena have nothing whatever to do with phosphorus, as is very commonly believed.

Many animals produce a diffuse glow from irregular areas (Figure 4) or from the whole surface of the body, and some pour out a luminous substance leaving a trail of light behind them as they swim, while others have the light-producing cells concentrated into a definite organ (Figure 5). In some cases this light organ is provided with reflectors for directing and a lens for concentrating the beam, as well as opaque screens to protect the tissues of the animal from its own light and a mechanism for turning the light off and on (Figure 6). In a few forms are color screens for regulating the quality of the light. A veritable lantern is formed which we may suppose to be of some important use to its possessor. This whole field of structure and use of luminous organs forms an interesting chapter of animal light which has been ably described in this country by Dahlgren. As I wish to discuss the physical nature of the light and the chemical processes underlying its production, an inquiry into the structure and uses of luminous organs must be omitted.

It should be clearly understood at the start that animal light—cold light—is no different in its physical make-up from any other kind of light. Animal light can be reflected and refracted and polarized, will affect a photographic plate, and is stopped by materials capable of stopping similar wave-lengths from any other source. As every one knows, ordinary light is merely a wave propagation of a particular set of wave-lengths which are capable of affecting our retina. These wave-lengths, which may be seen in the visible spectrum, vary in length from 0.76 micron,* appearing red, to 0.40 micron, appearing violet. The other colors, orange, yellow, green, blue, come between these two extremes.

Most of the types of artificial illuminants, a candle or an incandescent bulb, emit not only waves affecting our retina, but also longer and shorter waves. The longer waves, the infra-red, cannot be seen, and the shorter waves, the ultra-violet, are also invisible, but all may be

detected in some way—by the photographic plate, by heating effect, or by other means. All these waves, of widely different wave-length, constitute radiant energy and any substance whatsoever will give off more radiant energy the higher

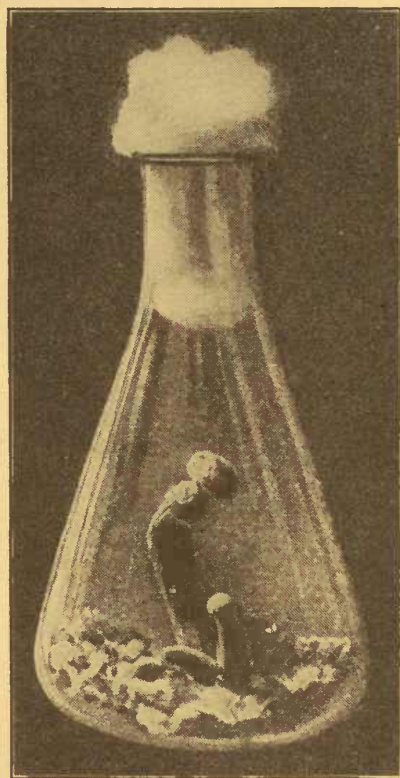


Figure 2. A luminous mushroom, growing in a flask. Fine strands from this fungus penetrate damp decaying wood in forests, making the wood glow with a greenish light. (After Molish, courtesy of Gustav Fischer, Jena.)

the temperature; also, and this is the important law for the illuminating engineer, more in proportion of the visible waves as compared with the total radiant energy, the higher the temperature.

In a candle flame at a comparatively low temperature only a small proportion of the total radiant energy is visible light, for most of it is in the infra-red. In an electric bulb more of the waves, proportionately, are of wave-length to be called radiant light, and in the sun, at a much higher temperature, even more, as indicated in Figure 7. This kind of light pro-

* One micron = one twenty-five thousandth inch.

duction, hot light, we call incandescence, and advance in perfection of the electric lamp has consisted in finding more and

At the higher temperature more visible radiation is produced proportionally in accordance with the previous statements, and consequently the higher is the radiant efficiency. It is never possible, however, to get rid of these long and short wave "intruders" which represent so large an amount of the radiant energy gone to waste. That is the reason lighting by incandescence is a wasteful process.

In the incandescent lamp electrical energy is converted into radiant energy through the heating effect of the current. There is no combustion involved in the electric lamp. In the candle combustion is involved. This generates heat which makes the particles of carbon in the candle flame incandescent. The carbon particles then emit light which we can see, but, as the temperature is lower, a much smaller proportion of light than in the electric lamp. In the candle chemical energy of combustion of the tallow is converted into radiant energy, but the candle is a most inefficient source of light. In either case it is really heat which produces the light.

On the other hand, light which is produced without much rise in temperature is spoken of as luminescence to distinguish it from incandescence. Light of this sort, cold light, may be generated in a number of different ways: by an electric current, as in a vacuum tube; by the conversion of invisible radiation into visible radiation, as in luminous paints; by mechanical means, as when lumps of sugar are rubbed together; or during crystallization of various substances. Luminescence also accompanies slow chemical reactions, as in the faint glowing of phosphorus. We call these luminescences by different names to indicate the kind, as electro-, radio-, tribo-, crystallo-, or chemi-luminescence. The method used by luminous animals has been called bioluminescence.

Luminescence is light without heat only in the sense that very little heat appears as compared with the great amount from incandescence. "Cold light," therefore, is somewhat of a misnomer. Light it surely is, and hot it surely is not, but after all our temperature sense is not very delicate, and our light sense is extremely

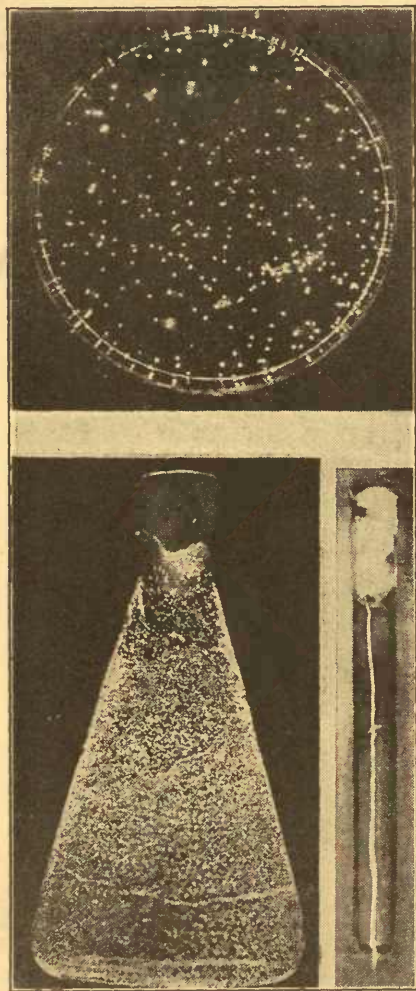


Figure 3. Cultures of luminous bacteria, photographed with their own light. The white dots represent many millions of bacteria as the light from a single one would be invisible. They are growing on a layer of gelatin coating the flask, test-tube, and dish. Luminous bacteria are responsible for the luminescence of dead meat or fish when kept on ice for any length of time. Their light was observed and recorded by Aristotle. (After Molish, courtesy of Gustav Fischer, Jena.)

more refractory material for the filament. Obviously this may then be raised to a higher temperature by the current without volatilization of filament material and resultant darkening of the glass bulb.

delicate. For this reason we can see what we cannot feel, but if our temperature sense were as delicate as our retina we should probably have no difficulty in recognizing the warmth of cold light. It seems almost imperative that some small rise in temperature must accompany the appearance of light. The reason is that some kind of energy is converted into light energy and in the transformation of energy some energy always appears as heat.

In 1890 Langley and Very in this country published a paper entitled, "On the Cheapest Form of Light." This was a study of the physical nature of the firefly light and demonstrated that in the firefly only visible radiation was produced and nothing else. What the title means is simply the cheapest form of light so far as the radiant energy produced is concerned. This energy lies wholly within the visible region, with no waste in invisible wave-lengths, and is thus practically one hundred per cent efficient. A photograph of the firefly spectrum is shown in Figure 8. As Langley's study gives us no insight into the economy of the chemical processes involved in producing the light, we must turn to them for a fuller understanding of animal light.

Experimental investigation of luminous animals is not all of recent origin. Although Aristotle mentions the light of dead fish and flesh, and both Aristotle and Pliny that of damp wood, Robert Boyle is really the pioneer.

Knowledge of the chemistry of the process has advanced in four important steps and Boyle's discovery was the first of these. Boyle, using the air-pump which he had just invented, showed the dependence of luminescence on a supply of air. Writing in the Proceedings of the

Royal Society of London of October 29, 1667, he says:

"Exp. I: Having procured a Piece of *Shining Wood*, about the bigness of a groat or less, that gave a vivid Light, (for rotten wood) we put it into a middle sized *Receiver*, so as it was kept from

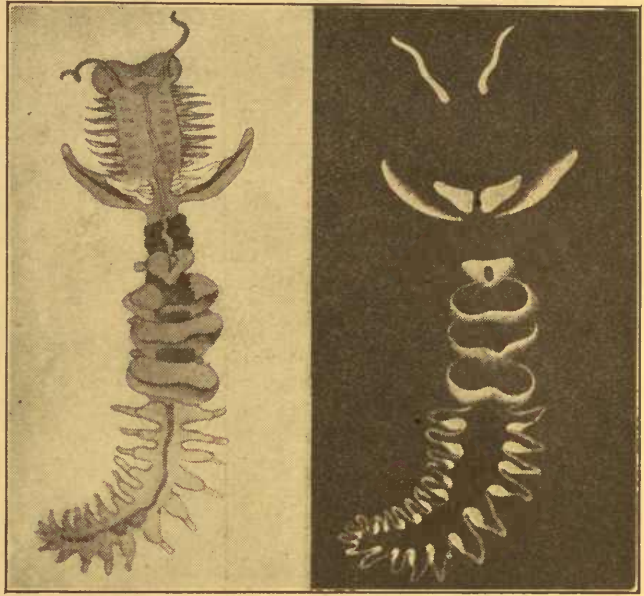


Figure 4. *Chaetopterus*, a luminescent worm about natural size; on the left, viewed by daylight; on the right, as seen by night. The animal lives in a parchment tube in the mud and gives off a luminescent slime, whenever disturbed.

touching the Cement; and the Pump being set a-work, we observed not during the 5 or 6 first Exsuctions of the Air, that the splendor of the included Wood was manifestly lessened (though it was never at all increased;) but about the 7th Suck, it seemed to glow a little more dim, and afterwards answered our Expectation, by losing of its Light more and more, as the Air was still farther pumped out; till at length about the 10th Exsuction, (though by removal of the Candles out of the Room, and by black Cloaths and Hats we made the place as dark as we could, yet) we could not perceive any light at all to proceed from the *Wood*.

"Exp. II: Wherefore we let in the outward air by Degrees and had the pleasure to see the seemingly extinguished Light revive so fast and perfectly that it looked

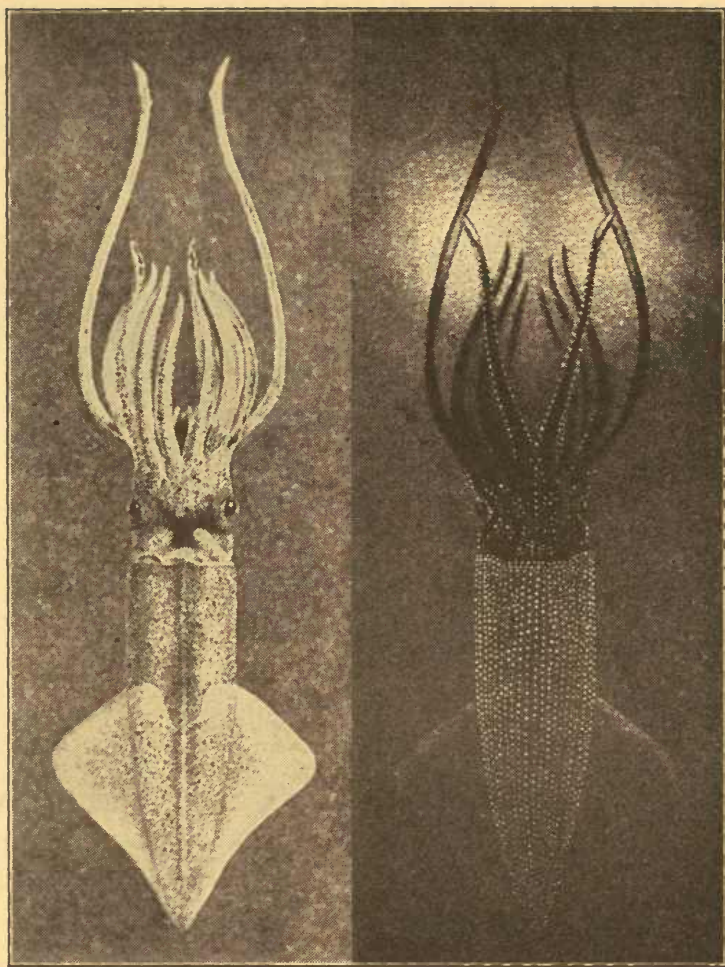


Figure 5. *Watasenia*, a luminous squid from Japan, about natural size; on the left, viewed by daylight; on the right, as seen at night. The white dots over the surface of the body are luminous organs. There are five more on the eyeball which are not well shown, and two very brilliant ones on the end of one pair of tentacles. (After Sasaki.)

to us almost like a little flash of Lightning, and the Splendor of the Wood seemed rather greater than at all less than before it was put into the Receiver."

Of course, Boyle did not know it was the oxygen of the air which was responsible for the light, and the ideas of combustion of his time were vague and fantastic. Nevertheless Boyle drew a comparison between phosphorescent or "shining" wood, and a glowing coal, pointing out their similarity, and we may justly credit him with the discovery that oxygen is necessary for luminescence.

The second step in our knowledge of animal luminescence is due to an Italian, Spallanzani, in 1794. He demonstrated that one could take almost any luminous animal and by drying it quickly could preserve the power to luminesce, so that if at some future time the material is moistened light will again appear. This simple experiment shows two things. First, that water is necessary for luminescence, as the dry material is perfectly dark, and, second, that light production depends upon no such unstable substances or delicate structures as many vital proc-

esses do. A nerve will no longer conduct an impulse if it be dried and again wet, nor is a dried muscle capable of contraction when again moistened, but many luminous animals retain their power to luminesce although preserved for years in the dry state. This gives us a very convenient means of preserving luminous animals for future use, and greatly sim-

time were regarded as rather mysterious substances which only accompanied the actions of living cells. In yeast they produced fermentation of sugar, in bacteria they caused souring of milk, and in our own stomach and intestines, as pepsin and trypsin, caused the digestion of food. Even as late as 1897 it was supposed that the fermentation principle of yeast could

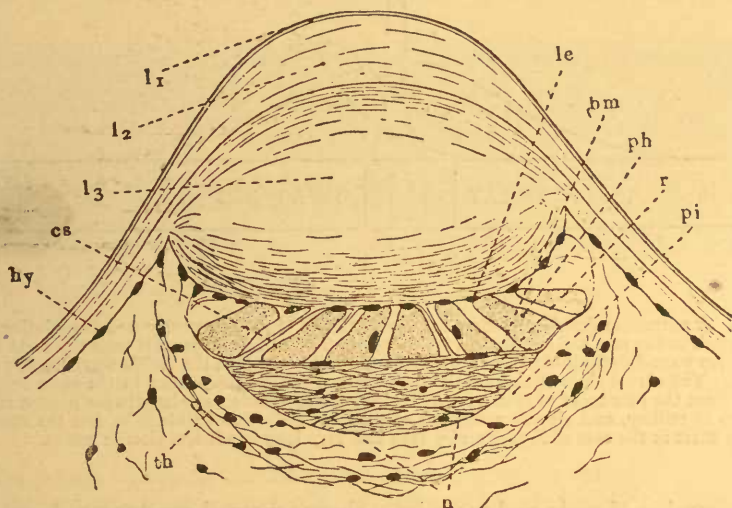


Figure 6. A section of a luminous organ of a shrimp, showing the lantern-like structure. l_1, l_2, l_3 , layers forming the lens; ph , the photogenic cells which produce the light; r , the reflector layer; pi , a pigment layer to protect the tissues of the body from the animal's light. (After Terao, from "The Nature of Animal Light," courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Co.)

plifies the chemical problem. If a fairly stable compound in the animal is oxidized with production of light, it should not be so difficult to isolate this substance and finally to make it artificially.

In reality, we find two bodies concerned in this oxidation. This discovery marks the third step in our knowledge of bioluminescence and the credit belongs to a Frenchman, Dubois. In 1887 he found that the light of a kind of clam, *Pholas* (Figure 9), which bores in rocks, comes from the interaction of two substances. One, called *luciferin*, is an oxidizable body which burns; the second, called *luciferase*, is an enzyme* which accelerates the oxidation. Enzymes at one

not be separated from the living yeast cell and it was called for this reason an "organized ferment." Others, the unorganized ferments, or enzymes, were obtained free from living cells or cell fragments. We now know that the difference between organized and unorganized ferments is merely one of ease of extraction from the cell, and, further, that these enzymes or ferments are nothing more than organic catalysts. Now a catalyst is a substance which takes no permanent part in a chemical reaction, but by its mere presence causes the reaction to proceed. It has been called a "good mixer" or a "chemical parson," because it causes substances to become acquainted and unite. Its effect has been compared to that of oil on a rusty machine, and cata-

* *Luciferase* presents certain unusual enzyme characteristics which cannot be entered into here.

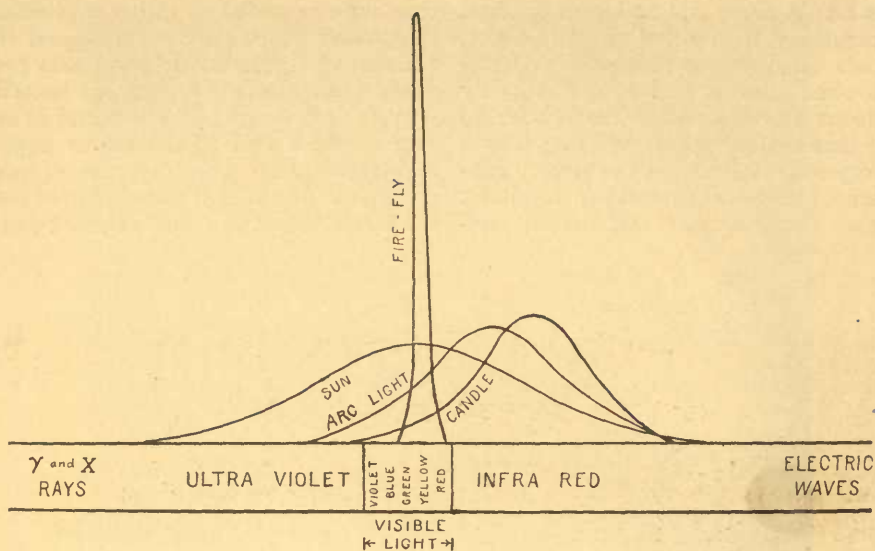


Figure 7. A schematic drawing to show the various kinds of radiant energy and the relative amount of the various kinds in the sun, arc, candle, and firefly light. The horizontal parallel lines represent the radiant energy of various wave-lengths broken up into a great spectrum; of which the visible wave-lengths occupy the middle region. The curves show the proportion of various wave-lengths present in the same amount of radiant energy from the four types of illuminants. Note that only visible wave-lengths are present in the firefly. X-rays, γ -rays of radium, and electric waves are of the same nature as visible light, but the wave-length is different, very short in the case of X-rays and γ -rays and very long in wireless electric waves.

lysts are becoming of more and more importance in the chemical industries. It is by means of inorganic catalysts that we now fix the nitrogen of the air, thus copying the process carried out by the nitrogen-fixing bacteria.

Some animals produce luciferin and luciferase within a single cell, and the light shines through the cell itself. Then we speak of intracellular luminescence. Other forms eject the two substances outside of the cell. They are secreted over the surface of the body or into the sea-water in which the animals live, and oxidation there proceeds. This is extracellular luminescence, and such animals produce luciferin much more abundantly than forms with intracellular luminescence.

Success in biological work often, and sometimes only, depends upon the happy discovery of an especially favorable animal for the research. For the isolation of luciferin the animal producing the greatest quantity must be secured. Much time was spent in the examination of many luminous forms before I tested by

chance a small crustacean, known as *Cypridina*, about one-eighth inch long, or smaller, a shrimplike animal enclosed in a transparent hinged shell, with just enough room for the swimming legs to protrude and propel the creature through the sea-water (Figure 10). A supply of these animals has been made available by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, through its Director of Marine Biology, the late Doctor A. G. Mayor. Too much credit cannot be given to the splendid work this institution has done in advancing the borders of science.

If disturbed, *Cypridina* secretes the luciferin and luciferase into the sea-water from a gland near the mouth, probably from different regions of the gland. When the two come in contact a beautiful bluish luminescence results.

It is possible to work with luciferin and luciferase chemically, just as with any other material. They can be precipitated by various reagents and the precipitate filtered off, dissolved in various solvents, and so separated from contaminating materials. Many of their chemical properties

are known, and they can be prepared in a fairly pure state by the ordinary methods of chemical procedure.

Of course the aim of the biochemist is to produce these substances artificially, and the history of biochemistry is filled with conquests of synthetic production. One need mention only rubber, camphor, various perfumes and drugs. Even sugars yield to the chemist's magic touch and appear in flask or test-tube, although we

veniently situated upon the tail of the insect and the white lights on the head, so that it is known in South America as the "automobile bug." But these red lights, mind you, are not red because they are covered with a red glass or a red material of any kind. They emit a red light directly, and animals are known which emit green or yellow or blue lights directly. They must manufacture luciferin or luciferases of slightly different chemical com-

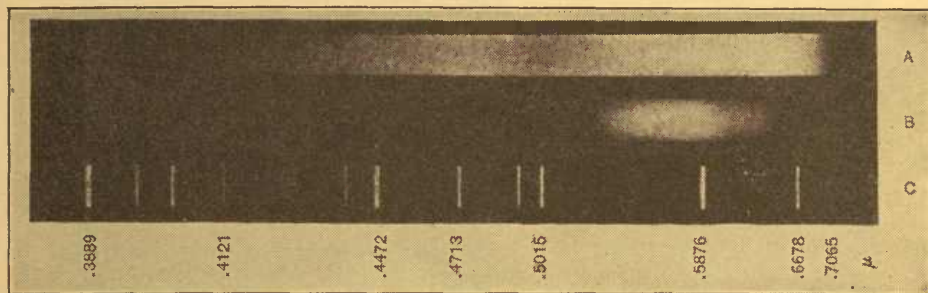


Figure 8. Photograph of the spectrum of an electric lamp (A) and a firefly (B) as compared with that of helium vacuum tube (C), which is used to provide a scale for measuring the length of the spectra. (After Ives and Coblentz, from "The Nature of Animal Light," courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Co.)

still find it cheaper to allow the cane and corn to manufacture our foodstuffs in their own tiny laboratories. Fifteen years ago adrenalin was the constituent principle of a ductless gland; to-day it is a drug made from tar. Not only is it made as animals make it, but also produced in slightly different forms, each one of which has a definite and special action on our tissues.

The romance of aniline colors is known to all. A new shade is no longer a chance discovery; it is very nearly a prediction. I think this fact has a special significance for the student of animal light. The color of a substance is due to the fact that the substance either reflects or transmits light of a particular wave length. Red paper is red because it reflects, and red glass is red because it transmits, red light of a wave length about .75 micron, and absorbs all the other wave-lengths. We commonly make a red signal lamp by enclosing a white light (emitting all visible wave-lengths) in red glass. There is a beetle in South America which has not only white lights but also red ones, and these red lights, so it is said, are very con-

position, which might be comparable to adrenalins of slightly different composition, or to the aniline dyes, which may be essentially alike and yet whose hue may be changed by the introduction of one new insignificant atom. Perhaps the light of the future may be manufactured to meet the particular whim of the house-owner, as a lady's dress is ordered of the particular color which fashion demands.

There still remains the question of what happens to the luciferin after it has been oxidized or burned. For many years those who thought at all about luminous animals supposed that the luciferin oxidized with formation of carbon dioxide and water, the same products as appear when a candle burns. This is not the case, and in this fact lies the secret of the small energy change occurring during its oxidation. Luciferin does not oxidize to CO_2 and H_2O , but to a substance I have called oxyluciferin. The heat of oxidation (from a very rough calculation) is less than one calorie per gram of luciferin, while the heat of combustion of a tallow candle is about nine thousand three hundred calories per gram, enough heat to

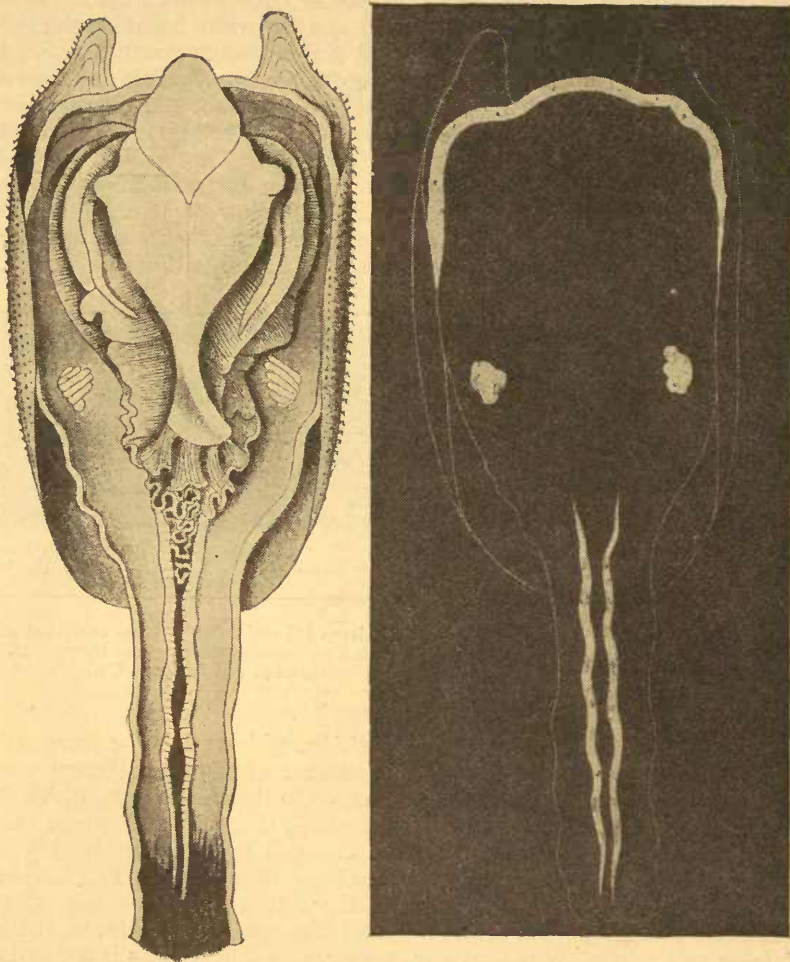
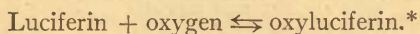


Figure 9. *Pholas*, the boring clam, used by Dubois to demonstrate the existence of luciferin and luciferase. On the left, viewed by daylight; on the right, as seen at night. (After Panzeri.)

raise over nine kilograms (twenty pounds) of water one degree Centigrade.

We might represent what happens as:



Such a reaction as this, involving a small energy change, should be reversed easily; *i. e.*, we should be able to remove the oxygen (*i. e.*, reduce the oxyluciferin) and obtain the luciferin again, as indicated by the double arrows.

* This representation of the equation, while not quite correct, is more simple than that indicated by the actual facts.

The fact that this can be accomplished is now certain, and constitutes the fourth step in our knowledge of the luminescence. I first observed the reduction which had been brought about by bacteria growing accidentally in my extracts of luminous animals. All bacteriologists know the reducing power of many bacteria. Biologists are told to "study nature, not books." I think chemists might be told to "study bacteria, not test-tubes." Bacteria often give us a clew to what is possible, and were no other luminous organisms known except the lumi-

nous bacteria, this fact alone would be immensely significant. They are not only our deadliest enemies but our closest friends. They are friends that tell what can be done, but it is not so often that we actually use the bacteria themselves to accomplish the result. We merely copy their process.

There are other methods of reducing oxyluciferin besides the use of bacteria,

This would be comparable to burning a candle, and then by some means recombining the oxidation products of the candle, the water and carbon dioxide, to tallow again. Our present way to reform a tallow candle is to let sunlight fall upon the leaves of the green plants, when CO_2 and H_2O will be recombined with absorption of the energy of sunlight, and starch, a compound rich in energy, will be built



Figure 10. *Cypridina*, slightly larger than natural size, a minute shrimp-like crustacean enclosed in a shell, which squirts out a luminous secretion into the sea-water as it swims.

and the one which presents most interest is that involving a reducing catalyst. Again we rely on the activities of a catalyst, but this time an inorganic one. Certain finely divided metals have very strong reducing action, without themselves being changed in the process. They are capable of converting oxyluciferin to luciferin. The luciferin can then be oxidized to oxyluciferin with further production of light.

We have then an oxidizing catalyst which causes the luciferin reaction to proceed in one direction, with production of light, and a reducing catalyst which reforms the luciferin again from its oxidation product. Why not allow the two reactions to proceed side by side in the same vessel and obtain a continuous light? Reduce the luciferin as fast as it is oxidized, and use it over and over again.

up. Then some animal must eat the starchy food and convert it into tallow, which is again in a position to be burned with liberation of energy, some of which goes into the light of the candle. The reaction, $\text{fat} + \text{oxygen} \rightarrow \text{water} + \text{carbon dioxide}$, is a reaction which can be reversed only with the greatest difficulty. This is because just as much energy must be supplied to make it go to the left as is given off when it goes to the right.

What is impossible in the case of the tallow is quite possible in the case of luciferin. By simultaneous reduction of oxyluciferin and oxidation of luciferin, a continuous light can be produced—not a very bright light, to be sure, but one which demonstrates the principle, and the principle is the important thing.

It must be very decidedly emphasized that this is not a case of perpetual motion.

With the aid of some equations I could very easily show by analogy what happens, and, also, that the light would not go on forever if we sealed the containing vessel, but would come to an equilibrium and the light would cease. If perpetual motion were involved, the light would go on forever in what the physicist calls a "closed system." The reason perpetual motion is impossible is because of a very unfortunate and troublesome (from our point of view) law, the second law of thermo-dynamics. This says that in every transformation of energy some is converted into an unavailable form. It is not lost, but it cannot be used. As Doctor Slosson has so aptly pointed out in his "Fall of Energy and the Rise of Man," this law is essentially stated by the old nursery rhyme:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Could not put Humpty Dumpty together again."

Practical science is largely concerned with easing the fall of Humpty Dumpty, with preventing to as great an extent as possible the increase of unavailable energy. Experience always teaches that the transformation of energy is never perfect, and, consequently, there is no perpetual motion. We have yet to discover in nature the production of something for nothing, although most of us are familiar with man-made schemes for accomplishing this object.

I think it is now possible to revise our ideas regarding luminous animals themselves, especially as regards those forms with intracellular luminescence. I have always myself tacitly assumed that the firefly manufactured luciferin continuously and burnt it up during flashes to some waste product that was continu-

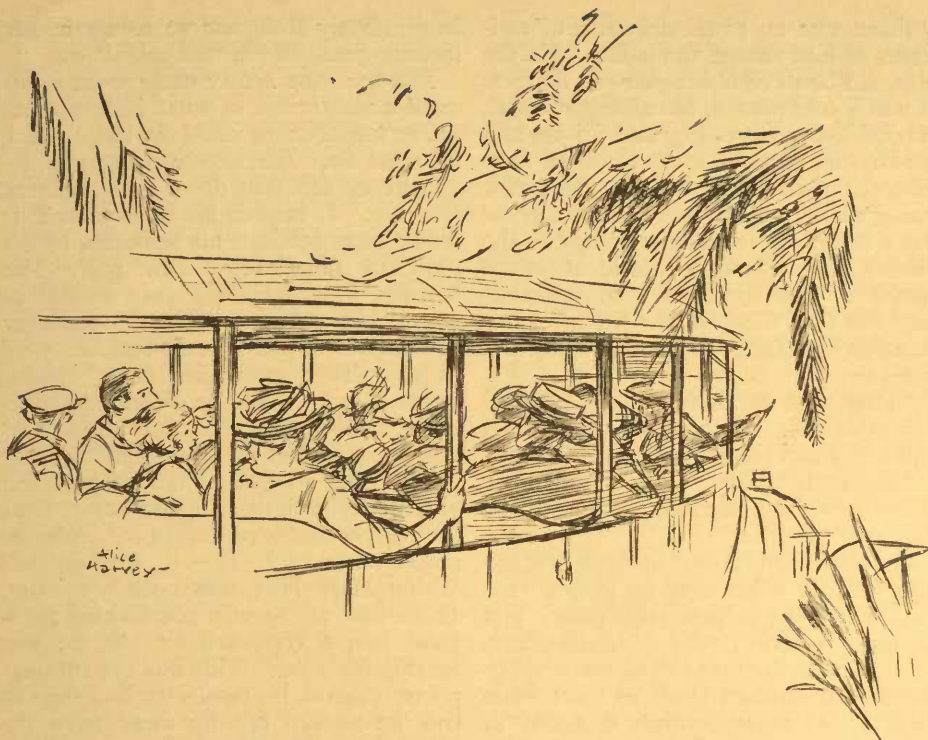
ously removed. It would seem, rather, that the firefly has a store of luciferin on hand, which it burns during the flash and "unburns," if we may use the expression, between the flashes. It functions by successive oxidation and reduction.

Some forms, like bacteria, produce a steady, continuous glow day and night. It is customary to suppose that the bacteria are continuously burning up their luciferin and forming new supplies of luciferin from some simpler products. In the light of what I have said above it would be quite possible for bacteria to burn luciferin in one part of their cell and "unburn" it in another. They function by simultaneous oxidation and reduction.

And what an economical process this is! Here you have an animal that makes its fuel and burns it and produces light, practically pure light, for it is not contaminated with those unbidden rays we cannot see; and then it takes the combustion product and reconverts it into fuel again, and the fuel is ready to be burned a second time. It seems as if living things had almost solved the old riddle of unscrambling eggs. At least they have been able to unburn their candle. And all this by a process which is in no sense a mystery. The chemist calls it a reversible reaction, and if you should ask him whether this is not a rather rare thing, he would probably reply: "All chemical reactions are reversible."

The application of an old principle in a new way has solved many a problem. It is perhaps too soon to predict what may be the commercial future of cold light, but it is worthy of emphasis that such a development would be a very decided step in the right direction, a step toward the conservation of that energy which physicists tell us is continually being converted into an unavailable form.





A man on the front seat told all about the city's marvellous growth.—Page 469.

Lot 101

A BALLYHOO BUS STORY

BY BENJAMIN BROOKS

Author of "The Moulders," "The Power Planters," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE HARVEY



ALLIE HART HITT was, in terms of theosophy, a very young soul, a very young soul indeed. Embodying the usual inconsistencies of the half-baked, he excited some discussion at the South Shore Hotel in Chicago, where he lived. The rich old duffers who pre-empted the chairs in the smoking-room (still wearing the cattle-yard boots under their trouser-legs) voted him a clever pup perhaps, but useless.

On the other hand, the head of the advertising firm of E—— & W—— paid him one hundred dollars a week just to write things. It was Wallie who invented the "thousand-and-oneth" way of telling how a certain automobile ate up distance by simply suggesting to the art department to picture the car in the foreground with twenty miles of kinky, ribbon-like road meandering over the mountains behind it. It was he also that hit upon advertising table-salt without telling a thing about it by simply picturing a can of it in a snow-drift—emblem of purity.

There was an equal disparity of estimates of him among the ladies. To the wise, old-blasé eighteen-year-old flappers he was a cold potato, too absent-minded, too diffident, too awed by taxi-drivers and cloak-room despots to amount to anything as a cavalier; but to the merry young widow—aged forty-something—he was a delight, a *scandalous* delight in the opinion of some less-vivid residents of the hostelry. She surprised him considerably the first time he saw her after her vacation by kissing him right soundly and sincerely.

"They were wonderful letters, Wallie," she explained. "I long to leave town again so I can receive more of them."

"That's it, darn it," said Wallie to himself, "it isn't my looks, it's my copy that gets 'em!"

But there came a time in those first sad days of 1921 when copy no longer "got 'em," when the inconsiderate public just naturally wouldn't read advertisements, nor buy what the world's champion copy-writers admonished them to buy; when hard-headed manufacturers decided "*It* wasn't in the woods, and no use gunning for it." So Wallie Hart Hitt lost his job. This of itself was nothing. It was his inability to get another good job in Chicago that annoyed him. Well, then, he might as well call it a vacation and go to California.

In Los Angeles he lunched with the great men who so methodically and thoroughly put the prune and the walnut all over this broad land of ours. He even met the wonderful, picturesque person with the incomparable whiskers who made Los Angeles the most vociferous city in the world; but he found, as in Chicago, that the good jobs were all more than occupied.

Then he turned to the classified want ads. A number of these described how a real live man, full of punch, pep, persimmons, and other explosives, could make twenty-five thousand dollars a year by hard work. Following these to their sources he discovered the usual opportunities to peddle furniture-polish or Christmas calendars from door to door. From these he turned in disgust. It seemed he would rather starve than pull a strange woman's door-bell and bring

her furiously from her wash-tub, or her looking-glass, as the case might be.

But the time finally came when it became a matter not of what he wanted to do, or would do, or could do, but of what he *must* do. His slowly deepening despondency focussed down to a real fear one day. It rained; his shoes leaked; it would have strained his resources to the limit to purchase a new pair. The benches in the little Plaza, usually so warm and crowded with the advisory committee on politics and religion, were empty. The erstwhile dusty palms dripped sadly down on them. Even in Los Angeles the nights *could* be too cold and damp for outdoor sleeping. His fear became rage—anger at himself for being afraid. What if real life was sterner than the copy-writer's version of it? Was he afraid to live it? D— it, *no!!* not he! Wallie Hart Hitt was nobody's baby. From now on he was not looking for a good job, a copy-writer's job, he was looking for *a job*. This was the turning-point. Before his resolution had time to cool he walked rapidly away from the Plaza down Hill Street, and turned in at the first imposing office he came to. Its heavy columns of ornately carved red-wood, its barbaric blue-and-gold chandeliers indicated money to spend. The gold letters on the windows indicated that the firm was selling agent for Halcyon Half Acres. The doorman handed him an illustrated pamphlet locating and describing the tract. Stepping to the girl at the information-desk, he inquired: "Is this outfit advertising for salesmen?"

"No, indeed," said the young lady quite promptly. "We are not putting on any."

"Good!" exclaimed Wallie. "In that case I want to see the sales-manager a minute."

The sales-manager appeared—a ruddy, round, Santa Claus sort of man, minus the whiskers, who used his arms and his legs with equal energy in walking.

"My name is Hitt," said Wallie to the brisk individual. "I hear you are not advertising for salesmen, and that's a good sign. The people who advertise for salesmen usually want a peddler. Those who have opportunities for real salesmen don't have to advertise. Now I'm used

to selling things by the car-load and the acre. My experience with the Chitterden Organization of Chicago ought to make me valuable to you."

He stopped. His audacity in capitalizing his limited, his *very* limited, experience with the great Chitterden Organization quite appalled him; but his desperate desire for the job kept his usually roving eye focussed intently on the manager's own optics. So much depended on what the manager would say that he absorbed him like a page of good copy. The manager on his side was forming his own estimates.

"Boy understands the value of a silence after making his point," he thought. "Most of my men talk too much. Old shoes, old clothes neatly kept; needs the money, probably work like Hercules with a pitchfork."

"All right," said he. "Straight five per cent commission. Put you to work right now. Are you ready?"

"Ready!" answered Wallie with a beaming smile.

"Come and I'll introduce you to our Sixth Street man," and he led the way back to the little park where Wallie had taken his resolution. Meanwhile the sun had peeped out, the palms ceased dripping, the warm earth steamed, the committee on politics and religion had foregathered. Los Angeles was itself again. As they passed along the sidewalk bordering the park a horde of loud-voiced individuals extended free excursion tickets to them with invitations to go on sight-seeing trips. Behind them at the curb stood a continuous line of enormous motor-busses, decorated like a side-show with barbaric banners picturing spouting oil-wells, diving Venuses, wiggly mountains of an outrageous blue, and orange-groves with yellow pumpkins growing on the trees. Yesterday Wallie might have envied these pestiferous persons. They at least had a job; but to-day he passed them by with scornful oblivion. Mere barkers they were. *He* was a real-estate salesman, going, no doubt, to take charge of the Sixth Street office. What a difference a job made! His feet were still wet from the early shower, but his heart was warm again. He had a job!!

About midway in the block the Santa

Claus manager stopped. Two of the vociferous ticket-givers stopped their solicitations and nodded respectfully.

"Ed," said the manager, "and Bill, this is Mr. Hitt; new man. Show him how we fill up the bus," and with that he turned on his heel and was gone.

"Pleased to meet you," said Ed.

"Watch us, you'll soon learn," said Bill, and without more ceremony the two turned again toward the passing crowd.

Fortunately neither one observed the expressions of astonishment, chagrin, indignation, and dismay that chased one another across the sensitive countenance of Wallie Hart Hitt. So! It had come to this. He, most promising young copy-writer in Chicago on corsets, autos, and table-salt, was down and out, ballyhooing on the sidewalks of Los Angeles for a free boob's boss! For a long time he crouched behind Ed and Bill lest any acquaintance should see him, but only strangers passed. After a while his humor came to his rescue. After all, it was a kind of salesmanship. If he could address a million people at once through a popular magazine, why not singly, on the street? They were the same people. They wouldn't bite him. Finally, in a sheepish sort of way, he took his place in line with Ed and Bill. He opened his mouth to say, "Forty-mile sightseeing tour," but no sound came. He had scarcely begun to thaw out when the busses all along the block began a mighty and simultaneous sputtering of motors, the barbaric banners were furred, Ed and Bill motioned him to climb aboard, and away they went. A man on the front seat told all about the city's marvellous growth, through a megaphone. After a long run past thinning habitations and vegetable-gardens the bus turned into a newly harrowed tract, with new gravelly streets, and new cement walks, and infantile shade-trees, and here and there a crisp new bungalow. A gigantic sign announced "Halcyon Half Acres." The bus stopped at a big tent and the people piled out.

"A free hot ranch dinner will be served in the big tent," announced the megaphone man, and the crowd forthwith surged into the tent.

"Come on," said Ed, "get your tray. Cook-house over here."

A glance at the cook-house told Wallie the awful truth. The salesmen for one of the oldest and most dignified real-estate establishments in Los Angeles were acting as waiters for its patrons. Furthermore, the "high-powered closers," who had ridden out in their own cars, were actually in the kitchen with aprons on over their store clothes, dealing out potatoes and stew! This ridiculously incongruous appearance saved the day for Wallie. He had to laugh. Well, if this was salesmanship, salesman would he be.

The crowd was fed silently and expeditiously. Never was food served with more brains. The dishes were whisked away and everybody was invited to sit up front and hear a lecture. It was a good lecture, beginning with the wonderful natural resources of an undeveloped region contiguous to the city which held the world's record for hilarious enthusiasm for its own lusty self, and ended with a quotation from the inimitable Riley about garden-gates and hollyhocks.

As the applause ceased the salesmen, having discarded their aprons and drawn numbers out of the manager's hat, circulated among the audience, picked out their victims whose bus-number badges corresponded with the numbers they had drawn, and began to establish cordial relations. They were marvels. In five minutes twenty little groups were laughing and talking with twenty erstwhile waiters, looking over the wonderful maps they opened, moving unconsciously toward the row of waiting motor-cars, and as unconsciously preparing to buy Halcyon Half Acres.

Having got nobody on the bus, and having no right, therefore to draw from the hat, Wallie had time to stand near the little tent where the deals were finally closed and listen. The old trick of taking rabbits out of a hat was nothing to this magic. Like every other copy-man, Wallie knew that a sale consisted of at least four things: getting the buyer's attention, arousing his curiosity, creating a desire, and finally getting him to act upon it; but never had he imagined such an elaborate system to accomplish this greatly desired result. He saw it now. He and Ed and Bill on the sidewalk—they were the attention-getters; and the bus

with its banners—that was the curiosity stimulator; and the lecture—who could hear it without desire in his heart for Halcyon Half Acres! And now these salesmen, so suave yet so alert, so polite yet so determined—people were acting and deciding under their magic influence who never had had courage or minds of their own before to act on anything. In one tent there came a sudden and ominous pause. Wallie could feel the electricity. Then a woman said, "Well, I really didn't intend to buy, but if you will excuse me"—Wallie heard her rise from her chair and put her foot on it. He heard her garter snap. The "high-power" man said: "Thank you; that will do for a deposit until you can communicate with your bank; and here is your receipt, madam, and my congratulations."

In the next tent there was a noise as of some one hopping about on one foot. The gentleman from Iowa was evidently removing his boot. From each tent a man presently appeared, made a megaphone of his hands, and shouted the number of a lot. The sales-manager marked it up on a blackboard. A score of them were sold that afternoon in two hours.

Next morning Wallie said "Good morning" to Ed and Bill with genuine enthusiasm. He found his voice. He also said good morning to an active, blackbird sort of person, a girl who was helping to fill up the next bus with the spouting oil-derricks. Very like a little bird she was—the saucy tilt of her head, the quickness of her movements, the alertness of her round, smiling face, the penetration of her black eyes. Incidentally she was the means of getting Wallie's first "prospects" on the bus. Bill had virtually held up two somewhat bewildered and undecided women when the little blackbird hopped into the group.

"Here," she chirped smiling, "these are my friends. I met them this morning early; they are going out to 'Plungers Paradise.'"

"Git out o' here," roared Bill. "Go work your own bus!" He followed his invitation to "git out" with a shove that nearly upset the little bird. The masculine representatives of "Plungers Paradise" bus trooped to her rescue. At the same moment a large plain-clothes cop



Alice
Harvey-

It had come to this. He was down and out, ballyhooing on the sidewalks of Los Angeles for a free boob's boss!—Page 469.

stepped across the walk and arrested the ungallant Bill forthwith. A little knot of people gathered. Wallie addressed them earnestly: "Lovely home sites in Halcyon Half Acres; free trip, free hot ranch dinner, no obligations; step right in." Five of them did.

Elated by this, Wallie approached the little bird.

"Hurt you any?" he inquired.

"No, not he," she said. "I'll say you Hicks Half Acres fellows are rough, though! But listen, Mr. New Boy, don't take it so seriously. Only the first twenty-five years in the real-estate game are hard. Smile at 'em; look 'em in the eye. Pick on those russet-brown looking hicks with the sun wrinkles; they're your game."

"Thanks for the tip, but I haven't your lovely smile."

"Thanks for the compliment, and I'll lend it to you. They say it's catching."

"Most contagious smile on Ballyhoo Boulevard," said he, resuming his station.

Five minutes afterward a brown, sun-wrinkled man paused at the bus. Wallie eagerly pinned a Halcyon Half Acres badge on him, but the man protested he didn't need it. He then climbed into the driver's seat. If Wallie didn't know his own bus-driver yet by sight, everybody else on Barkers' Boulevard did, and the general laugh that followed proved that laughs were as catching as smiles. He had to laugh himself. Writing phrases to a million people at once was one thing, but learning to pick your prospective buyers singly out of the million was "something else again."

In about three days of close-up work with the great American public as it appeared in Pershing Square, Wallie Hart Hitt learned more about his audience than some copy-men ever will know. It was on the third day also that he schemed a scheme to turn the tables on Barkers' Boulevard. It was a slow day. He had drawn a blank—that is, one of those garrulous old women who ride all the busses and eat all the free lunches, but never buy anything. The big yellow bus was parked drowsily under the eucalyptus-trees. The driver was half asleep. Wallie climbed into the bus and woke him.

"Say," he began, "I don't want you to

think I was being theatrical with you the other morning. Honest, I didn't know you drove the bus. I'm a new man."

"Sure, that's all right."

"I suppose you know more about this tract than I ever will. Where is your lot?" Here he opened a map.

"Ain't got no lot," answered the driver scornfully. "I just drive the bus."

"Too bad! I was broke too when I joined this outfit. How long have you been broke?"

"Broke? I ain't broke. I got a thousand dollars in the Security Savings!"

"Oh, pardon me," said Wallie, quietly producing a blank check and writing "Security Savings Bank" on it.

"I supposed you must be up against it; otherwise, with all the opportunities you have for first-hand information and inside dope, I presumed, of course, you'd done yourself the justice to profit by it. These 'hicks,' as you call them, have to take a good deal the lecturer tells 'em on faith. You *know* it's true. You know from your experience as a driver that this dirt road the old bus is standing on has got to be a paved boulevard within a year. They only think so, but you've seen things happen so fast here that you *know* it. You also have the good sense to know that this lot here pegged out beside us will be twice as valuable when that occurs—don't you?"

"You may be right at that, but——"

"But still you haven't used as much consideration for yourself as these people you call 'hicks.'"

"Perhaps some day——"

"No, you don't! You can't kid me the way you do yourself. This 'perhaps some day' business lands people on the park benches in their old age. I know that if you don't do it now with me to boost you you'll never do it—never give yourself a square deal. Now, if you will just come out of your trance and use the common sense of the average hick, and take this pen and this check which is made out on your own bank, and use my back for a writing-desk, I'll break into one of these high-powered closers for you, and get you the lot before the price goes up."

The driver had the check and the pen before he was thoroughly awake to the



He had drawn a blank—one of those garrulous women who ride all the busses and eat all the free lunches, but never buy anything.—Page 472.

situation. The smooth back of Wallie Hart Hitt stooped invitingly before him.

"Well," he repeated, "you may be right at that."

Wallie took the signed check and ran with it to the blackboard. No, the lot was not yet marked up. The signed check on a local bank gave him the right to announce it without recourse to the closers. Picking up the manager's megaphone and controlling his voice as best he could, he shouted: "Lot 507 sold!"

"To whom, for Pete's sake?" exclaimed the manager. "Not that old bus-riding pelican, I hope. Her check's no good."

"No," said Wallie calmly, "to a personal prospect of my own. Found him asleep in the bus."

Now a sale is a very solemn and ticklish thing, as long as the buyer is looking. The manager showed wonderful control until Wallie and the bus-driver were safely out of sight in the closing tent. Then he began to heave and weep with laughter. The salesmen, for most part idle now, gathered around him, thinking he was strangling. He managed to motion them to silence and led the way over

behind the cook-house. Here he exploded: "Oh, my Gawd! you fellers—boo ho ho!—you fellers are so far in the forest you can't see the trees. This new man Hitt—oh, Lord—what a horse on all of you! While you have been running the county over for prospects he sold Lot 507 to our *own* bus-driver! Boo hoo hoo!—my handkerchief—my glasses! Oh, Lord."

The mirthful roar that rose from behind the cook-tent, together with the merry guffaws of the returning salesmen, made a certain prim lady from Nebraska very suspicious. You never could tell where these blind pigs might be. Personally, she was glad she had decided not to buy until further investigation.

Next morning there was a general commotion on Barkers' Boulevard when Wallie and the bus-driver shook hands. The little blackbird girl fairly beamed. "Listen, Mr. New Boy," she said, "if it is true you actually sold a ballyhoo bus-driver on his own tract, I've got to know you better. Come out with me Sunday and get better acquainted. What'll it be, seashore, mountains, or boarding-house parlor?"

"Mountains," said Wallie.

At an incredibly early hour Sunday they descended from the Hollywood car at the old Spanish Road that still runs to the Presidio, and after following its pepper-tree-shaded walks for a short distance, they branched off through a flock of little bungalows and thus into a narrow crooked canyon in the dry desert hills.

"This is the last place to drink," she cautioned, leading to a little spring under a clump of eucalyptus. "Fifteen years ago there wasn't a house for a mile. I lived here ever so long in a beautiful camp and splashed in the shower-bath my daddy made me out of a tin can. This same water they sell now for four bits a bottle. And he sat under an awning like Robert Louis Stevenson in the Islands, writing scenarios about wild men and Indians; but finally the public got fed up on Indians and took to vamps. Poor dad knew even less about vamps than about Indians, so I went in for real estate. But gee! it was tough to put on regular clothes and come and live indoors and miss the wonderful stars at night."

"Wish I'd known you then," admitted Wallie. "I bet you were a cutey."

"I was a bare-legged, dirty little brat. I'm glad our acquaintance started at a more becoming age."

She led on up the canyon. The sun grew hot, the perfume of the sage-brush floated heavily in the air. The bees got busy. The two hikers peeled their coats. In her short flaring skirt, high boots, and crisp sombrero she looked more animated and bird-like than ever. His old army shirt and breeches and puttees became him very well.

"Here are the poor old ruined vineyards," she said. "Such lovely dago red they used to bring to us; but everything is prohibited now. It will soon be prohibited for a perfect-lady ballyhoo to invite a young, soft-voiced gentleman ballyhoo for a walk on Sunday."

"And if that prohibition works as well as the other we'll never lack exercise."

"Nor company."

"I'll say so."

The road, growing less and less distinct among the steep hot hills, died out altogether in a wide amphitheatre, and,

climbing out of this, they finally arrived, very moist and flushed, on the apex of a mountain some eighteen hundred feet high above the floor of the broad San Fernando Valley. They sat down. The sound of their hard breathing finally ceased. The strange dead silence of mountain-tops descended on them. The breaking of tiny twigs, the noise of insects sounded like pistol-shots in it. The beautifully sculptured desert mountains rose opposite them, range on range, like monstrous sepulchres under crinkled draperies of purple and old rose and olive-green, as though they had never budged nor made a sound, nor stirred in their ancient sleep for ten million years. For a long time neither Wallie nor the girl spoke to break the spell. They were hugely content and wonderfully well acquainted by now. Who would not feel content with the world with such a beautifully sculptured and colored and variegated panorama of it stretched below him?

"I wonder where that dog can be," the girl finally said. "I heard him barking plainly, but I can't find him."

Wallie turned his field-glasses to the floor of the valley. A crazy-quilt of miniature farms and orchards, with toy houses on them, appeared in the circle of vision. Finally he spied a tiny white speck bouncing on a green sward, a fluffy insect pursued it—probably a child. A more rotund insect crept very slowly across the green patch, leaving a streak of white behind it—presumably the mother of insect number one hanging out washing. Insect number three, a slim one, stood on end and apparently raked leaves. A thin blue column of smoke indicated he was burning them.

"Well, there's your dog," he said, and, kneeling close behind her, he held the glasses to her eyes and aimed them at the bouncing white speck.

"Mercy! I didn't know you could hear a bark so far," she exclaimed.

"It's the surface of the earth that reflects the sound up to us. If I should bark down to him he'd never hear me," he explained laughingly.

"And such a grand little barytone barker as you are, too!" she exclaimed as mischievously, as tauntingly, as smilingly over her shoulder as though she had

known Wallie and all his diffidence for years.

Perhaps she was counting a little too much on his diffidence, or perhaps trying to break through it. She was virtually in his arms to start with, on account of the glasses, and if she wanted simply to prove that even a diffident worm will turn, she straightway got the proof of it square on her laughing mouth. He felt her strong young muscles spring like a steel trap as she jumped to her feet, a blazing little fury.

"Gosh!" she said, "you do work fast!"

"Please forgive me," he pleaded.

"Most provoking circumstances. Never had a little bright-eyed bird hop so close to me before. Besides, it's not working fast, it's just working to catch up to the place where I wished I was the first morning you chirped at me and cheered me with the thought that only the first twenty-five years were hard."

She sat down again.

"You know," he said to change the subject, "these 'Hicks Half Acres,' as you call them, are not so worse. Look at that hick raking his leaves, and his buxom hickess, and the wee hicklet with the dog. I'll bet they are as happy as clams. Why don't you quit this Plungers Paradise stuff and sell something real?"

"Forget it," she answered, "I'm for the plunge. I'm for the oil. The mountain villa for me with the pergola, the balustrade, the Italian garden, and everything. Look way to the west there. See that big half-timbered house with the steep roof! Take the glasses. That is where Doug and Mary live."

"Betcher they aren't at home," he asserted, peering. "Betcher they never have time to know their own cook and their own gardener by sight. Betcher the place is for sale. You promise these hicks a villa, and you sell them a dry hole in the ground. How the deuce can you smile so brightly and look so pretty in the morning when you're kept awake all night thinking of the poor folks you've sold lots to in Plungers Paradise?"

"Pshaw! I don't sell them lots, and they don't want 'em. What they want is a thousand-to-one gambler's chance to get rich quick, and that's what I sell them—a chance. Everybody's a gambler."

"Not me," argued Wallie; "me for the happy Hicks on Half Acres. Weren't you happy in your old camp under the eucalyptus? Wouldn't you be just as happy in a nice white little bungalow, with a trellis and a lawn, and a big log fire and a dining-room with things built in it that you pull out, and a kitchen that you push in——"

"Say, boy," she interrupted, "what are you doing, practising on me or trying to sell me a lot?"

"Well, not a lot exactly. I'm taking a spoke out of your own wheel. You sell a combination terra firma and a hazard infirma, and maybe I can interest you to-day, lady, in a combination half-acre sure thing and a long chance on me."

"Why, boy, dear, what do you mean! I hardly know you!"

"Tut, tut, birdlet. Your keen eyes tell you more about folks at a glance than I would learn in a year. You've had practice on all humanity. You're a wise little bird. You know right now whether I am any good or not. All I know about you is that one beautiful broad smile of yours will load a whole bus, and when you turn it on me I don't know anything. And your naughty black eyes are just about as fathomable as your alleged unfathomable oil-pools, and maybe just as safe. If a terra-firma bug like me will take such a chance merely on the hunch that he'd never be happy without you, why surely a desperate little Monte Carlo queen like you——"

"Well, I'll tell the world one thing: you've got the makings of a good, fast-working salesman, anyhow, and another thing I like about you, you make love very prettily. Nobody ever thought of comparing my black eyes with unfathomable depths of oil. I'll—I'll try not to jump so next time you kiss me."

That evening Wallie's landlady noted a wonderful elation instead of his hitherto downcast manner. She felt hopeful again about room-rent. As for Wallie, he slept as little as though he had been selling lots in Plungers Paradise.

"Pretty good copy," he mused, "black eyes and oil-wells. After all, copy is king, no matter what the art department tells you. I think she's sold on the combination. I suppose I ought to have got a

cash deposit on the lot, instead of a mere sentimental one on me, but to-morrow——”

On the morrow Wallie was the most animated ballyhoo on the Halcyon Half Acres bus. He tried to make his voice a real barytone, but he was too happy to keep his mind on it. Although he began to discriminate with more care between hurrying business folks and loitering tourists, between deadheads and speculators, his real attention was on the little lady of Plungers Paradise. There must have been some prearrangement between them, for at the moment when the grand motor-sputtering began and the busses began to move, the little bird girl made as if to climb on the wrong bus.

“Here, you!” shouted Bill. “Didn’t I tell you once before——”

“And didn’t you get pinched and fined fifty bucks for it, too!” she chirped saucily back at him.

“All right, lady,” said Wallie, speaking quite professionally but with an interpolation of undertones. “This way to Halcyon Half Acres (specially a certain one). Bus starts right away (and I’ll never go without you). Forty-mile sight-seeing trip (and you got to hold my hand all the way); no obligation (but, oh, bird-let, if you don’t!); free ranch dinner (and dessert same as yesterday, if you’ll let me).”

“But listen here,” protested the irate Bill as the bus moved off, “if you’re gonna load the bus with deadheads and spies from Piker’s Paradise, you got no right to draw with us. You keep ’em for your own prospect.”

“That’s agreed,” snapped Wallie. “Lady from Plungers Paradise is my personal prospect.”

So it was that when the lecturer had concluded his quotation about hollyhocks, Wallie had no difficulty in locating his “prospect.” They did not wait for a motor-car but strolled off under the eucalyptus-trees, past the little white pegs.

“Well, there she is,” said Wallie, consulting the pegs and the map. “The teeny weeny gravel path begins here where you are standing, bordered by the teeny weeny box hedge. On the left the white trellis separates the lawn from the lettuce and celery beds. Two broad low

steps lead to the broad porch at ten paces. Pausing to kiss the happy groom as a good omen before entering the prim white door, in the prim white casing, you find yourself in a cosy living-room in natural redwood. Beamed ceiling, broad fireplace with fragrant eucalyptus logs blazing. Through the open door opposite you catch a glimpse of ye modern, in-a-cupboard kitchenette, as neat as wax, with a lovely view of snow-capped mountains framed in the window, so. Stepping into the back garden with its miniature lake and dwarf shrubs, you have the great pleasure of seeing your own smoke rising from your own chimney, ‘surrounded by the three eucalyptus-trees, there, there, and there.’”

“‘The beautiful bubbling spring’ of your imagination, Wallie, would sell clothes-pins to a nude marble nymph.”

Brushing aside his maps she nestled in under his arm.

“Yes, wrap it up,” she said softly, speaking into his vest pocket, “I’ll take it.”

Field-glasses are not comprised in the usual real-estate selling equipment. Still, the manager, judging as well might be from a distance, opinioned Wallie might be doing some rather close-up salesmanship. As the two young people walked eagerly toward the closing tent he was half determined to interfere. Perhaps he ought to warn the new boy about these Piker’s Paradise spies. On the other hand, he had been warned that his last prospect was a bus-driver. Still he sold him a lot. Perhaps it was best to watch developments. When they had entered the tent he drew silently up to it and listened. A few moments later he motioned some of the unoccupied salesmen to join him.

Inside the tent Wallie could see their shadows on it, but he was exultant rather than embarrassed by this professional eavesdropping.

“Has Mr. Hitt explained the terms to you?” the closer inquired blandly.

“Oh, I understand them perfectly. I am to be absolute mistress in the house, but he may supervise the vegetable-garden and saw the eucalyptus.”

A very poorly suppressed snicker sounded from the outside, and Wallie

could see the shadow of the manager's clinched fist threatening the man who made it.

"Beg pardon?" said the closer, evidently less sure of the situation than usual. "I was speaking of the terms of payment."

"Oh," said the girl, "of course. Here is my check for half of the first payment."

"And here's mine for the other half," said Wallie, "only it isn't a check. I got it from the Western Union this morning in response to a wire to the old folks. Treat it with respect. It represents some salesmanship itself."

"Perfectly satisfactory," said the closer, once more bland and unruffled, "and now if both of you please sign here, and here on the duplicate, I may perhaps venture to congratulate you on more than the mere joint purchase of a lot."

"You've guessed it," admitted Wallie. "Had to throw myself in as a premium to make the sale."

Outside the tent the manager waited a suitable interval for the signatures to be affixed; then:

"All right, boys; give 'em a cheer!"

They did. It nearly blew the tent down. All the composure gained as a lady ballyhoo did not prevent the little birdlet from blushing prettily as the bunch crowded into the tent to offer congratulations.

"And what's more," said the beaming manager, "I want you to understand that every load of lumber that comes on the

tract makes it easier to sell lots. So, if you can't start your house, start your garage. If anybody wants to know how you are going to pay for the bungalow or the car, send 'em to me! Understand? And on top o' that I want you to forget the bus and take a desk in the main office. But you gotta promise not to sell the president of the company any lots in his own tract."

"Won't promise you any such darn thing," answered Wallie, laughing.

"No, and you wouldn't keep it if you did, so never mind the promise. Oh, but I almost forgot something," and placing the megaphone to his mouth the manager announced: "*Lot 101 sold!*"

As the young people walked slowly down the future "Grand Boulevard" of Halcyon Half Acres, arm in arm, with their maps and new contracts before them—to say nothing of the happy visions of the future—the plain good folks from Texas, Iowa, and Indiana, wearing the characteristic russet colors of those who uproot themselves from one soil only to take root in another, began to doubt if the flowery lecturer had exaggerated things much after all. Certainly people who bought Halcyon Half Acres did look very happy and apt to live longer to enjoy their prosperity and their hollyhocks. Some who had not purchased felt inclined to reconsider. The psychic sales-manager seemed to get the hunch. Sales were unusually heavy that day.



A Ranchwoman's Guests

BY L. M. WESTON

Author of "A Day with a Ranchwoman"



IN town, when expecting dinner-guests, I took the opportunity to display my finest linen and best chinaware, polished up the silver, and lay awake nights trying to think of rare delicacies likely to tempt their jaded appetites.

At the ranch, if any one happened to be on the premises at meal-time, neighbor, stranger, prince, or pauper, he was invited to sit down at an oilcloth-covered table in the kitchen and eat what was before him; it might be fried chicken and ice-cream, or boiled meat and cabbage.

In town, my guests appeared in their company clothes and manners, and my hired help waited on them.

At the ranch, hired help and guests sat down at the table together in their everyday garments, that might be clean or dirty, whole, ragged, or ornamented with patches.

We had real heart-to-heart talks, though, around that kitchen-table; and I thoroughly enjoyed them.

At first, I was rather overwhelmed by so many impromptu dinner-parties, and decided a woman must be hired to assist me.

Thinking to kill two birds with one stone, we engaged a married couple who agreed to sleep in the bunk-house and help with the work, the man in the field, the woman in the house.

The day after their advent, my husband confided to me that he dared not drive a team the man hitched up without carefully examining the harness, as he was sure to find a buckle too tight or too loose, or unfastened, which was likely to mean disaster with our spirited young horses. "However," he added, in a self-sacrificing tone, "if the woman's help is satisfactory, I'll try to get along with him. Every one says if you hire a married couple one of them is sure to be no good."

"I have heard that, too," I said, "and supposed, in this case, it was the woman who wasn't worth her salt."

Then I proceeded to unfold my tale of woe. My lady help had a mania for house-cleaning—scrubbed everything, even to the coal-scuttle; but her cooking was atrocious. She had a positive genius for spoiling good food by putting it on the range. I had to stay in the kitchen all the time she was preparing a meal or there would be nothing fit to eat. That very noon I had told her to make potato-cakes from the mashed potatoes left over from last night's supper, and she had evolved something as hard as rocks. I was sure Babe Ruth could have batted one of them over the diamond, and found it intact after a home run. I also informed my amused spouse that, if I had to do the cooking, it would be easier to feed four than five, so he could hire a bachelor, with my blessing, and let the married couple go.

They went—and I cooked for a succession of bachelors before we found one that suited us. Some were lazy, some knew nothing of ranch work, some knew too much, or thought they did, and some were mean to the horses. Amongst these last was one who made quite an impression on me, his ideas were so pronounced and peculiar from a religious standpoint. He was firmly convinced he bore a striking resemblance to the pictures he had seen of the Saviour, so wore his hair and beard in accordance with this belief. He thought it was wicked to go to the theatre or play cards, so his sole diversion was playing a mouth-organ from which he drew forth sounds calculated to make one long to be afflicted with deafness.

One morning he and my son were ploughing in the same field, when the words, "Mad dog you, mad dog you," broke the soft spring quietness.

My son left his plough to investigate the trouble, when the man burst forth

with a tirade about the stupidity of that "mad dog" horse, and finished by striking the animal brutally over the head, saying, "he would learn him, by dog."

He got his time then and there. On our ranch, we do not approve of striking our four-footed servitors over the head. Before the man left, however, we learned that he thought it was wicked to swear, so reversed curse words and spelling to quiet his conscience.

Well, he isn't the only one who has called wrong right, and tried to fool the Almighty by ingenious subterfuges!

We hired another man that I took to be a Russian at first glance. He rarely spoke for the first few meals, then I purposely made some allusion to the Bolsheviki, and his tongue was untied. He was really quite eloquent on the subject of Russia's liberation from the tyranny of capitalistic cars. At that time Lenine and Trotsky were riding the crest of their wave of popularity, and wanting to learn the secret of their influence I listened attentively to the laboring man's ideas. I found that, like most of the so-called common people, he resented being looked down upon by persons of wealth and education. His ideas, as far as I could see, were really about the same as those of the average self-respecting poor man in the United States. He did not object to working for a living, if other people were also laboring along the lines for which they were best fitted; he did not object to going without luxuries and comforts if other people only took what they earned honestly; but he did object to being snubbed, ignored, and exploited by money-eyed parasites.

He did not stay long with us, as he had a homestead on which he was obliged to do some work, so I had no chance to ask his explanation of the disastrous results of the Lenine-Trotsky régime.

At harvest-time and other rush seasons we hired any men we could find; so sometimes we would have three or four total strangers at the table. Many of them had evidently been well brought up, were familiar with a butter-knife and a sugar-spoon, and not astonished when pie or dessert was served on extra dishes.

Often they would not give their real names, and betrayed themselves by not

answering when addressed. They could all tell strange tales of many lands, but usually reserved them for the bunk-house. Few of them seemed accustomed to the presence of a lady.

Still there were exceptions, amongst whom was Pat the Irrepressible—a blue-eyed, well-meaning boy, who was much too good to be wandering around the country doing day's work and drinking moonshine. Sometimes he would linger a moment, after the others went out, to pet the cat, or pat the dog, and tell me some little incident about animals he had liked particularly. I could not help but think something had sent him forth from a good home and that he hid an awful heartache under his joyous, care-free manner. He was reckless, too, and wouldn't take a dare, as I learned when he swung up behind my son, who was mounted on his worst-tempered saddle-horse.

The animal was astonished at first, but in a minute things began to happen. Pat clasped his arms around my son's waist, and, a second later, his voice rang out with: "Wait a bit, me hat's off."

The bystanders were convulsed with laughter, especially when, a little later, Pat cried again: "Wait a bit, I'm off."

My son was having all he could do to stay on the spirited creature himself, consequently could not fully enjoy Pat's contortions and desperate efforts to ride double; but the horse quieted down immediately after throwing his extra burden.

Pat understood table etiquette if he did stuff newspapers in his shoes in lieu of stockings, and when alone with the family amused us considerably by imitating one of the shockers who could eat so dexterously with his knife that we all gazed at him in wonder.

"Sure, I was expecting he'd take both hands to that macaroni," he commented gaily; "but any one would admire the way he managed to wrap it round his knife, and get the whole helping in his mouth at once."

Pea season was over, but my son and Pat begged me to serve canned peas, as they wanted to see how the knife expert would handle them. I laughed, while rebuking the thoughtless boys for ridiculing a man who merely lacked social advantages. He was the best shocker we had,

and earned every mouthful he ate, and he ought to have had the privilege of eating as he chose.

"Hewers of wood and drawers of water" have been despised for ages, but why? Isn't the work needful? Can we boast of our culture and civilization until we realize that it is not the kind of work that counts but the way that work is done? "Can the eye say unto the hand, I have no need of thee?"

We may be thankful we are not obliged to do the disagreeable tasks and bear the heaviest burdens; but there is no reason why we should be proud of the exemption. I used to be an intellectual snob myself, but close intercourse with brave, patient, good-hearted working men and women cured me.

A Montana rancher must be "all man" to hold down his job, and his wife must be a real helpmate; I lost my pride in intellect and culture when I saw what my neighbors could do, dare, and suffer, without a murmur, and realized that I was inferior, measured by their standards of courage and endurance.

But I did know how to cook; I tried my best to gratify the appetites of those laboring men, and experienced quite a thrill when the dexterous wielder of knives, after eating a generous helping of soft molasses cake piled high with whipped cream, leaned back in his tipped chair and said it was the nicest stuff he had ever tasted.

We were so far from any other habitation that sometimes I would get a dreadful scare, although we always kept loaded guns in the house.

I remember one stormy March morning we were all surprised, on looking out of the window, to see a strange man walking up from the barn. He seemed to have some difficulty in making his way against the wind and snow, but he circled the house and went back to the barn.

It was before breakfast, and my husband and son slipped into their outer garments, took the milk-pails, and followed the stranger.

I watched, saw them speak to him, then all disappeared into the barn.

Shortly afterward I looked out and there was the newcomer walking toward the house again. He circled it as before. I concluded he was an escaped lunatic, to

be wandering around in a storm like that, and hovered near the corner where I kept my twenty-two rifle.

However, the queer-acting individual went back to the barn, and pretty soon I saw the three men making their way up to the house. My husband entered first, and whispered to me that it was some poor fellow half-crazed with moonshine who would probably perish if we did not shelter him from the storm.

So I politely welcomed my unexpected guest and invited him to sit down at the breakfast-table.

But he was still suffering from the effects of his liquid refreshments, and could not eat, although his vigorous exercise had sobered him enough to enable him to tell that he had left the moonshiner's place some time in the night and struck out for his auto, as he supposed; in reality, he took exactly the opposite direction from the place he had left it.

He finally found a straw-stack, lay down, and went to sleep. He was awakened by the storm that had come up, suddenly, during the night. He had sense enough left to fear he would freeze to death if he did not find some ranch, so kept on walking through the rapidly deepening snow until he reached our barn.

His face was pitifully white as he talked, and he was trembling from head to foot, and looked about ready to succumb to the consequences of his foolishness, which he bewailed in every other sentence.

We gave him some medicine, built a fire in the bunk-house, and told him to go to bed.

At noon he reappeared, sat down at the dinner-table, ate a good, hearty meal, and, as the storm was over, he soon departed. He did not ask our name, and was evidently trying to keep his own identity a secret.

We were somewhat amused when, some months later, my son met and recognized him in a wealthy rancher who lived thirty or forty miles away.

There were pretty poor roads in our vicinity, and sometimes we would have as guests people who had lost their way. I remember one warm, still night, in the latter part of May, I was startled about ten o'clock to hear a wagon stop in front of the house.

My son was away, my husband had retired, but I had not yet commenced to undress, so went to the door and looked out.

A boyish-looking figure appeared in the light of the open door, as an undeveloped voice squeaked out that he was trying to find the way to Hadley's.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, thinking of the bridgeless, swiftly running creek, not to mention quick mud, steep benches, and deep coolies between him and his destination. "You can't get there with a team to-night. It's a hard road to travel in the daytime."

"I know," he assented; "but I expected to make it before dark. I came from town to-day, but missed the trail some way and have been hunting for it two hours; so I thought perhaps you would let me sleep in your barn to-night and put up my horses. I have feed for them," he added, as though aware that in that year of drought most ranchers were very short of grain.

"All right," I said. "I'll ask my husband to get a lantern and show you where to go."

I went into the bedroom to find my better half already dressed. He had been listening to the conversation, and shared my compassion for the tired boy and his weary team. After the horses had been fed and watered my husband offered the youth something to eat, then made him comfortable in the bunk-house.

Evidently thinking he had trespassed enough on a stranger's hospitality, the young man was up very early the next morning, making ready to depart before breakfast; but we would not allow man and beasts to continue their trip on an empty stomach, and insisted on feeding both before they started.

We learned later that the boy was the son of a well-to-do sheepman who had moved into our neighborhood. We had expected trouble about the pasture, as their land adjoined ours and sheep and cattle do not mix well; but we heard, incidentally, that after "we took in the stranger" his herder had peremptory orders to keep off our grass.

On another occasion, however, I was not so hospitable. One evening, our collie barked long and persistently, and I was

sure evil-doers were in the neighborhood. My son was the only one up and I insisted that he should make an investigation. He was reading an interesting story, and did not want to leave it to prowl around the premises.

But I had been hearing so much about lawless I. W. W.'s and other discontented idle men that I was like the persistent widow in the Bible.

At last, like the judge (in the same story), to get rid of my solicitations, he yielded to them and went outdoors.

He was gone some time, then returned very stealthily.

"Did you see any one?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered in a hushed voice and mysterious manner, "three men, going up the lane."

"Afoot or horseback?" asked my husband.

"Afoot," was the answer.

My heart sank; no honest man in Montana would be travelling on foot at that time of night. Evidently we were about to be robbed and murdered. In the face of such peril, I forgot all my non-combatant, non-resistance theories.

"You get the guns," I said shortly; "I'll take the twenty-two, you the thirty-three, and Dad the shotgun. I guess we can give them a warm welcome, anyway."

A subdued chuckle told me I had been fooled, but my indignation was lost in my sense of relief.

As time went on, however, Buster's bark at night did not put me in such a panic of fear, although I usually rose and looked out of the window. Sometimes I would hear a coyote's cry, although I never saw a sign of one but once; then it was early in the morning, and a shot from my son's thirty-three put an immediate end to the predatory creature's existence.

As the population of Montana averages less than two inhabitants to a square mile, the country is anything but thickly settled; but, though the ranch-houses are rarely locked and often miles apart, they are seldom robbed. Perhaps because there is usually little of value in them; but I like best to think that knaves and crooks do not thrive in the open spaces and crystal-clear atmosphere of the "Land of the Shining Mountains."

Catherine de Medicis and St. Bartholomew

WHAT THE MASSACRE WAS AND WHAT IT WAS NOT

BY PAUL VAN DYKE

Author of "Catherine de Medicis, Queen of France," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD PRINTS



ON Monday, the 18th of August, 1572, the people of Paris were offered a spectacle more magnificent than usual even for the court of the Valois; the most splendor-loving of all the monarchs of Europe. Along an elevated passage leading past the side of Notre Dame to a high scaffolding erected in front of the great door, the King led his youngest sister, Margaret, clad in violet velvet, with the royal mantle broidered with lilies trailing from her shoulders, her head crowned with a coronet of costly pearls set off by rubies and diamonds. On the scaffolding stood the Cardinal of Bourbon in his red robes, uncle of the bridegroom, the young King Henry of Navarre, who was supported by his cousin, the Prince of Condé. These two were dressed, like the King of France, in pale yellow satin covered with silver embroidery in high relief, enriched with precious stones. Behind the bride walked the Queen and the court ladies clad in cloth of silver and gold, surrounded and followed by a swarm of gorgeously dressed pages and guards and musicians and gentlemen-in-waiting, which must have made a living stream of color poured along the base of those solemn buttresses. One single sombre note there was in the whole flashing train. Directly behind the bride walked her mother, Catherine de Medicis, clad, as always since the death of her husband, thirteen years before, in black velvet.

But no one saw in that single reminder of past grief any omen of coming horror. Rather, in every heart where patriotism

and religion were strong enough to stifle party hate and cruel fanaticism there was a new hope—the hope of an end of fratricidal strife which for ten years had filled France with fire and blood. The fathers of the groom and his best man had both fallen on the field of battle, and now the chief of the Huguenots was marrying the sister of the King.

The young son of the chief justice of the King's Supreme Court had made his way within the cathedral to where stood the brains of the Huguenots, Admiral Coligny. He was a stern soldier, trained from boyhood in the hard school of his uncle, the Duke of Montmorency, acknowledged head of the ancient French nobility and Constable of France. A man of intense religious conviction, Coligny was no ascetic or even puritan, but always the great French noble of the Renaissance; for he had enlarged his château on the Loing with a terraced garden, an orangery, and a stately gallery adorned by Primaticcio and filled with tapestries and works of art. In the last war a huge price had been set on his head and he was now hated by the extreme orthodox, adored by the heretics, the most distinguished uncrowned personage in Europe and the man whom the King delighted to honor. When the curious lad from whom we have this story drew near, Coligny was talking to his cousin and opponent, Marshal Damville; for it was typical of many a man on either side that Coligny had faced his uncle and his cousins on the field of battle. From the arches of the cathedral still hung the banners taken two years before at Moncontour, when the Huguenot army was all but annihilated. The grizzled Huguenot leader,

whose Fabian policy had turned that disaster into final victory and won for his co-religionists the right to worship according to their conscience, pointed to them, saying: "In a little while we shall

in patriotism and rise from a party leader to a statesman. The young King, up till very recently as wax in his mother's hands, was now tremendously impressed by the personality of the great Huguenot,



Catherine de Medici in 1570.

In the collection of the School of Clouet at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

take down those banners and put others in their place more pleasant to look at."

For he was urging the King to throw all the force of France into the Low Countries to support the insurgents against the tyranny of Spain. This would enable him to bring thirty thousand loyal Huguenot swords to the fleur de lis, and France might push her boundaries to the mouth of the Rhine, because the grateful Netherlanders would willingly return to their ancient allegiance. It was a bold plan, perhaps too bold for impoverished France, but at least it was the plan of a man who could forget hate

and he spent hours in secret conference with him. He hated and feared Spain more than he hated or feared heresy. Like all Catherine's sons, he was neurotic, but his thoughts were martial, and he was wont to point out to his valets a birthmark by which they could recognize his body if he fell in battle. It was quite possible that the King might be carried away by this imposing councillor.

And just here, in this relation between the King and Coligny, was the thing that was to spoil the hopes of the motto of the medal given as a wedding souvenir: "I announce to you Peace."

Since Catherine de Medicis assumed the regency when Charles IX became king, at ten years of age, she had pursued on the whole a conciliatory policy, and the favorite method of her statecraft was to balance one party against the

deed forced the last Huguenot war by a plot to trapan Coligny and the elder Condé, and if it had succeeded she would perhaps have sent them both to the scaffold, as any Tudor would certainly have done. But, for the many murders before



Henry IV—(Young).

Painted by François Quesnel (?) about 1582.

In the collection of the School of Clouet at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

other, and so maintain her power. But one thing had always roused her indignation—the smallest attempt to step between her and her children, whose dependence upon her authority was so great as to make her eldest daughter say, even after she became Queen of Spain, that she never opened a letter from her mother without trembling. This fiercely jealous affection for her children and the love of power, which all who knew her called her strongest passion, drove her now into the one great crime of her life. She had in-

and after August, 1572, of which she was later accused, there is no evidence that any jury would even seriously consider as the basis of an indictment, though I have a strong personal suspicion that six months before, when she had planned a marriage for her second son, Anjou, with Elizabeth of England, and he had refused because her character was too bad, Catherine had ordered the assassination of Lignerolles, a gentleman of his suite who had urged him to make that refusal.

The way to put Coligny out of the way

was easy to find. The first Huguenot war had ended nine years before with the murder of Duke Francis of Guise, the leader of the orthodox party, the best soldier of France, shot in the back on his way from the lines to his quarters by

Guise, though compelled by the King to go through formal scenes of reconciliation, never accepted the idea of his innocence, and members of it had vainly begged to be allowed to fight a duel with the Admiral. Duke Henry of Guise was



Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre, about 1573.

In the collection of the School of Clouet at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Poltrot de Merey, a supposed deserter from the Huguenot camp. Coligny had used him as a spy and given him a hundred crowns to buy a horse. Under torture he alternately accused and acquitted Coligny of having sent him out to murder. Coligny denied the charge with indignation, but absolutely refused to express any regret for the death of so great an enemy of God, and some Huguenots wrote of the executed assassin as a martyr. The very frankness of Coligny's utterance has convinced most impartial historians of its truth. But the family of

now twenty-one and felt oppressed by the burden of dishonor of the broken vendetta; for the code of the time imposed on him the duty of avenging his father's blood. We know from the Papal Nuncio that he had even urged his mother to shoot Coligny some day while he was talking to Catherine, and showed her how easy it was to fire an arquebus. But he dared not, without some backing, touch the King's favorite, surrounded by a body of the Huguenot nobles who had come up to Paris on the King's invitation to the wedding of his sister to their chief.

A hint from Catherine, his mother's close friend, was enough to remove his hesitation. In the midst of the long-drawn-out wedding festivities the fourth day after the marriage, Coligny, returning from a meeting of the royal Council, was shot from the window of a vacant house and wounded in the forearm. The King was furious at the attempted murder, which violated his protection, and asked the Admiral whom he should appoint on a commission of inquiry. It did its work quickly and well. The circumstantial evidence was strong. The gates were closed and either one of two arrests would trace the shot to the palace of the Guise. They would not bear the blame alone, and ruin for Catherine was in sight. She called a council, not in any sense the royal council, but a little knot of people whom she could trust. The King had an abnormal tendency to kill animals, and he would not drink wine because it increased a passion he feared. Catherine, who was seldom separated from him, knew how to play on his unwholesome temperament, and with the help of her friends she persuaded him to have all the Huguenot leaders killed by his guards, and to loose the mob, through orders of the municipality, on all the heretics in Paris.

It is impossible to draw an ordered picture of those hours when murder spread with the dawn from the palace through the slums of the city, until the corpses of the King's wedding guests lay piled naked in front of his door and, in the phrase of an eye-witness, "blood ran down the gutters like water after a heavy rain." When the leaders were dead by the safe hands of soldiers, the populace was called to action by sounding the tocsin. There had been many periods during the last ten years when it was enough for a street urchin to cry out "There goes a Huguenot!" to bring about the death of any strange passer-by. But to make sure that ignorant fanaticism did its work now, the Duke of Nevers and Marshal Tavannes ran through the streets, sword in hand, calling on the people to make an end of the King's enemies. For the details of the cruel work they found other leaders, like Cruce, a watchmaker, whom the young De Thou always looked on with horror, "because of his true gallows face

and his habit of holding up his bare arms and boasting that he had killed four hundred that day." Under the lead of men like these, bands of murderers ranged the streets unchecked, killing and plundering. Many piteous scenes can be reconstructed in detail. A gang of killers met a noble lady disguised in a nun's robe. Her slippers of crimson velvet betrayed her, and she was stabbed several times and thrown into the river. Her clothes, buoyed with air, floated her down the current, and some men, putting off in a boat, followed her like a drowning rat, striking at her again and again until she sank. A book-binder was roasted to death on a heap of his own books before his house. There was a certain street called the "Valley of Misery," which ended on the bank of the river, where it was closed by a door painted red. That door, as the four leading plebeian murderers whose names have come down to us boasted, became the gate of death for over six hundred Huguenots. Two miserable women clung for a long time to piles, but were finally beaten down by stones thrown from the arch above.

Age was spared no more than sex. Anne de Terrières, one of the leading lawyers of Paris, a man over eighty, perished. Brion, the tutor of the Prince of Conti, a man with hair as white as snow, was poignarded with the little prince clinging round his neck and trying to ward off the blows with his tiny hands. Huguenot survivors tell of infants who, when the murderers took them up, laughed and played with their beards, and of boys of ten dragging a baby through the streets at the end of a string, to throw it into the river. It was believed that private hate and greed worked under cover of the carnival of blood. Certainly some Roman Catholics perished. Several heirs-at-law came prematurely into their inheritance, not without suspicion of secret aid to fate, and several lawsuits were settled by death in favor of the less scrupulous of the two parties. It was no wonder that a Swiss Roman Catholic priest wrote a friend from Paris: "I trembled at the sight of the river full of corpses, naked and horribly disfigured."

The massacre spread slowly to a number of the cities of France, in obedience to verbal orders from Paris; but the pro-

vincial killings were neither simultaneous nor general. Usually a mob was the agent and the connivance of the authorities must be assumed. For instance, no attempt was made at Orléans to prevent such a slaughter that people would not eat fish, for fear they had fed on the bodies flung into the river. Some of these subsidiary massacres occurred three or four weeks after St. Bartholomew's Day, and in violation of the royal proclamation that peaceable Protestants would not be molested. In eleven out of sixteen political divisions of France, including three provinces under strongly orthodox governors, there were no disorders. For instance, in spite of a plain hint from the governor sent from Paris that the King wanted the Huguenots killed, the city council of Nantes voted to suppress all violence and the other cities of Brittany followed their example.

It is difficult to estimate how many perished in the massacres of St. Bartholomew. The estimates of twenty-seven contemporary reporters and modern historians range from three thousand to a hundred and ten thousand. Probably between three and four thousand were killed at Paris, and about as many more in the rest of France.

The news was an astonishment to the entire world. The attitude of those who heard it varied from bitter indignation to intense joy, and the place of any given auditor in the scale of emotion was, on the whole, though not universally or entirely, determined by his sympathies in the great conflict of which the massacre was a bloody episode. The Senate of Venice voted a congratulatory message by a majority of a hundred and sixty-one to one, one man not voting. The Duke of Tuscany wrote congratulatory letters, to which Catherine replied, expressing the great pleasure which her son had in seeing himself praised by good and virtuous people for so holy a resolution as the execution of the Admiral and his adherents; from which "he hopes to draw by the grace of God the fruit necessary for the restoration of his church and the repose of all Christendom." Philip of Spain wrote to Catherine that the punishment "given to the admiral and his sect was indeed of such service, glory, and honor to God and universal benefit to all Chris-

tendom that to hear of it was for me the best and most cheerful news which at present could come to me." When the Pope received from his Nuncio a despatch describing the massacre, he assembled all the cardinals in the palace and read it to them, after which they went to the neighboring church to chant the *Te Deum*, and the city was illuminated for three nights in succession. Later the Pope had a medal struck in honor of the event, and ordered one of the distinguished painters of the day to decorate the walls of the Vatican with pictures recording it. The traces of these pictures still remain upon the walls, where, in the words of the great Roman Catholic historian, Lord Acton, "for three centuries they insulted every Pope who went into the Sistine Chapel."

In the Protestant world the condemnation was instant and overwhelming, with the exception of some of the Lutheran theologians, who thought that this punishment had fallen upon the Calvinists because of their errors in regard to the sacrament.

To the man of our day, whether he be Catholic or Protestant, an attitude of complaisance toward such a deed is so abhorrent that when it is taken by dead people whom he respects, he instinctively and half unconsciously falls back upon denying or obscuring or overlooking the facts. When this refuge is finally taken away from him by the hard work of people to whom history means just judgment and not apology, he is inclined to believe that the religion of those who approved such manifest evil was either insincere or altogether perverted. But in this conclusion he fails to take account of the pressure in the direction of perverting the moral judgment exerted by long-standing error, expressed in law and custom inherited from many generations. The degree of moral turpitude of an ancient Spartan who thrust his sickly new-born infant out into the winter's storm to die, or of the Hindu noble who burned his brother's widows on the funeral pile, is not so easy a matter to estimate as it may seem at first sight. The man of the sixteenth century had inherited an old and very pernicious doctrine, plainly taught by all the moral authorities he regarded with reverence

and definitely expressed in laws. At the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew the code of practically all European countries punished heresy with death. The only difference between them was in the definition of heresy and a greater or less

tioned it. Pope Pius IV, for instance, had declared a few years before that he would rather pardon a criminal who had committed a hundred murders than an obstinate heretic, and Beza, Calvin's right-hand man, had written that here-



Gaspard, Admiral Coligny, 1570. By François Clouet.
In the collection of the School of Clouet at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

willingness to apply the laws strictly. These laws rested upon the conviction, true enough in itself, that the teaching of false doctrine was a great danger to society, and the false conclusion that, therefore, for the sake of society and for the honor of God, the offender ought to be put to death. This heresy of the duty of persecution, the most dangerous heresy that ever attached itself to the teaching of Christ, still held sway over the minds of most men, although its power was beginning to be slightly weakened—more by the pressure of facts than by the abstract arguments of the few who had yet ques-

tics were worse criminals than parricides, and the good of society required a more severe punishment for heresy than for any other crime. The best starting-point for an attack upon this false doctrine is the effect which it has produced upon the history of generations of men who have held it to be true. But no just judgment can be passed upon any single instance of those effects without taking into account the whole series.

The outcome of the doctrine of persecution in eulogies of St. Bartholomew was, however, so terribly exaggerated that, all over the world, it enabled men,

even in spite of their prejudices, to see the truth. This attempt by the use of inexorable logic to push the falsehood they believed roughshod over all the sentiments of humanity and the feelings of honor, seemed to thousands a ghastly re-

France, told a French envoy six months later that "the King and his mother had done the most ill-advised and evil thing in the world." And he wrote to one of his friends: "The King of France has committed an act which will stamp upon him



Charles IX, from a portrait in the Louvre.

ductio ad absurdum. Even in Italy it was questioned. A correspondent wrote to the Duke of Savoy from Rome: "The deed has been praised, but it would have been praised very much more if it could have been done under the forms of justice." The Spanish Ambassador at Rome wrote to his master that the Frenchmen there were bragging about things in connection with St. Bartholomew which were not allowable even against rebels and heretics, and the Venetian senators privately repudiated their official congratulation. The Emperor Maximilian of Germany, who had been urged by the Pope to imitate the glorious action of the King of

a shame which cannot be easily wiped off. God forgive those who are responsible."

So much for what the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was. Let us now consider what it was not. It was inevitable that a series of deeds like the Massacres of St. Bartholomew, which were at once the climax of ten years' hate and vengeance on the part of those who committed them and the source of a yet deeper hate on the part of the friends of their victims, should have been misinterpreted by the generation which saw it. One can hardly expect judicial opinions out of an atmosphere which some years after St. Bar-

tholomew produced from the strict orthodox party this epigram to Henry III, who was inclined to compromise again with the Huguenots: "Your fleur de lis is putrid and stinks to heaven—that he may not smell it any more God has put his foot on it," or this from the Huguenots: "The dogs ate Jezebel, but when Catherine dies, not even the dogs will touch her carrion."

A short discussion of three propositions will dissipate the chief popular errors about St. Bartholomew inherited from past generations.

(1) It was not long premeditated but determined upon and planned in a few hours.

(2) It did not have its origin in religious fanaticism.

(3) It was not essentially a French crime.

(1) Seven years before the massacre, Catherine had met her daughter, the Queen of Spain, at Bayonne, on the Spanish border, and held with her and the Duke of Alva a conference. The Huguenots, who were then temporarily at peace with the Crown under one of the edicts of pacification and toleration, suspected some plot had there been formed for their treacherous suppression. There is documentary evidence, too long to be here cited, that the massacre was not planned at Bayonne. But this belief was an element in that general suspicion which led the Huguenot leaders three years after the interview of Bayonne to rise suddenly in an attempt to seize sixty cities and the King and his mother, then at Meaux—an unsuccessful plot, which began the second civil war and earned for them what they had never had before, the intense dislike of the young King. The four years since left this suspicion still vivid in many minds. Coligny had received warnings against going to Paris; to which he had replied he would rather have his dead body dragged through the streets than reopen the civil war. These false suspicions seemed to be proved true by the event.

In addition Catherine, who wove around St. Bartholomew the most astounding contradictory falsehoods to be found in the long annals of diplomatic duplicity, allowed it to be circulated in Spain and Italy as one of her semi-private

lies, that she had arranged the marriage to trap the Huguenots into the massacre. But, on the other hand, she told the Tuscan ambassador that "the whole thing had been resolved on suddenly." And the ambassador to England was ordered to tell Elizabeth that it had been the "least premeditated thing that had ever happened," for "his master had acted like one who holds the wolf by the ears." Both of these things cannot be false, and the deliberate and agreeing judgments of the Papal Nuncio, the Spanish ambassador, the Tuscan ambassador, and the Venetian ambassador that the deed was improvised establish the balance on the truth.

(2) The leaders of the Huguenots at Paris were deliberately and carefully picked off, under the orders of the King's illegitimate brother, by the royal guards, but everywhere the mob did the bulk of the killing. The French cities of the time usually contained a debased stratum of population created by economic causes. While the artisans and the higher burghers often furnished recruits to heresy, this urban mass remained, because of its very ignorance, impervious to new ideas, and, therefore, solidly orthodox in a religion which came to the most acute emotion in a desperate hatred of heretics, about whom they believed the same reports of detestable orgies in their secret worship which were circulated against the early Christians in the Roman Empire and in China before the Boxer rebellion tried to exterminate the new religion. This dangerous part of the city population had, during the past ten years, committed in many places revolting acts of cruelty against the Huguenots, whom it regarded, not as poor Christians, but as anti-Christian criminals. In 1561 Calvin wrote to Beza: "In twenty cities the godly have been slaughtered by raging mobs." Not infrequently in these bloody riots, some Huguenots were hidden and saved by orthodox neighbors more humane because more intelligent. These mob atrocities angered the Huguenots more than anything else, and they met them with savage reprisals, for, to quote their stout captain, de la Noue, "we fought the first war like angels, the second like men, and the third like devils." Before the first war was over their sol-



The Massacre of St. Bartholomew at Paris.

Reproduced from a lithograph by A. Duruy, 1878. After a painting by Francis Dubois, who died at Geneva in 1584.

diers were killing without mercy every priest and monk on whom they could lay hands, on the mistaken assumption that they were all guilty of inciting to these crimes.

Catherine knew perfectly well by experience the terrible nature of this fanaticism, and she used it as coolly and as scientifically as the military engineer handles his masses of high explosive. No heart in the sixteenth century was more free from anything remotely resembling religious fanaticism than that of Catherine de Medicis. Her letters contain many pious phrases of trust in God and submission to God's will, and he will never understand the typical man or woman of the Renaissance who thinks them hypocritical. But there is not a single one among these pious phrases from which it would be possible to determine whether she was a Protestant or a Catholic. Perhaps the most sincere thing in the whole tissue of falsehood she wove over St. Bartholomew is that passage in one of her letters to Elizabeth where she says the Queen of England ought not to mind her execution of Huguenots who endangered the state, any more than she would if the Queen of England did execution against those who troubled her; "even if they should be all the Catholics of England."

But even this passage contains a characteristic allusion to a falsehood. The night before the massacre, which began at daybreak, the King asked the assistance of the municipal authorities of Paris to defend him against a Huguenot plot. Finally, after some shifting, he adopted this as the explanation of his action in his public assumption of responsibility for the deed, and executed for treason two Huguenots who escaped the massacre. No proof was ever alleged; the charge is against all the facts of the situation, and all well-informed people soon came to agree with the opinion of the papal legate, who wrote to Rome: "The charge that the Admiral had conspired against the King and his brothers is absolutely false, and it is shameful that any man who has sense enough to know anything should believe it."

(3) The colossal crime of St. Bartholomew was mainly carried out by the ignorant fanaticism of the lowest class of the French people, but it was not planned by

the mind nor approved by the conscience of France.

The council Catherine called to help her persuade the King to order the massacre was very limited. She dared not tell her youngest daughter or her youngest son, for they would surely warn the Huguenots. She dared not summon to such a council any of the family or vassals or friends of the Duke of Montmorency, the first baron of France, for he was the head of the Politiques or Moderate Catholics, and more friendly to his cousin the Admiral than to the House of Guise and the straightout orthodox party. His party included four of the six marshals of France. The Cardinal of Lorraine was at Rome, and she dared not summon the Cardinal of Bourbon, the uncle of the Prince of Condé and Henry of Navarre. Nor could she trust in such a plot any prince of the blood royal, unless it were the Duke of Montpensier, brother-in-law of the young Duke of Guise, and it was not certain that she asked him.

The deed was scarcely done before dismayed letters came from the sort of men who, had they been present in the dark councils of that night, would surely have spoken words of warning. The French ambassador at Venice wrote as follows:

"Madam:

"The plain and undoubtable truth is, that the massacres through all France have so strongly stirred the hearts of those here who are well disposed towards your crown, that, although they are all Catholics, they will not listen to any excuse for it, laying the blame for everything that has been done on you."

The Duke of Anjou had just declared his candidacy for the vacant elective throne of Poland. The French ambassador in charge of the negotiation writes to the secretary of state that the news from France has sunk their ship just as they were bringing it into port. "The devil take the cause," he burst out in vexation, "which has brought about so many evils and has led a good and humane King, if there ever was one on the earth, to dip his hand in blood."

One of these men had been employed by Catherine in important missions ever since she gained the leading authority in

the state, and the other, Valence, had been influential ever since the days of Francis I. There is overwhelming evidence that their attitude was typical of the feeling of the great mass of the French nobility, whether of the sword or of the robe. They abhorred St. Bartholomew in their hearts, and as soon as they dared they repudiated it. It is possible, of course, to find a number of French voices which praised and approved the deed. One of the Parisian clergy, for instance, has recorded in his journal his joy at seeing that those who destroyed the Cross of Gastines now could not make white crosses big enough to put into their hats as a sign that they had become good Catholics. The belated massacre at Bordeaux was brought about, in spite of the stand taken by the governor and the public prosecutor, by the preaching of a Jesuit who told the people repeatedly that the massacre at Paris had been done by the special help of an angel of the Lord. The Cardinal of Lorraine, as official spokesman for the French clergy, declared that Charles IX was like the good King Josiah of the ancient Jews, who had purged his kingdom of idolaters and brought his people back to believe in God. But these three voices from the clergy of Paris, the Jesuits, and the cardinals (the Cardinal of Bourbon excepted) came from what had been from the beginning the three strongest centres of the demand for the extermination of the Huguenots.

There was another class of public defenders of the massacre whose utterances must be discounted by one who wishes to estimate the true attitude of France. De Thou writes it was deplorable to see persons highly respected for their piety, wisdom, and integrity, holding the leading positions in the kingdom, like Morvillier, de Thou, Pibrac, and Bellièvre, praise an action which they detested in their hearts, under the false idea that the good of the state demanded that they should stand by what had been done and could not be undone. This testimony is the more remarkable because one of the men de Thou blames by name is his most intimate friend, and another his own father. Of him de Thou relates that he was accustomed in private to apply to St. Bartholomew this verse of Statius: "May the memory of the crimes of that day

perish; may future generations refuse to believe them; let us certainly keep silent and let the crimes of our own nation be covered by thick darkness."

While many of the French nobility of the robe thus suppressed their own moral judgment out of weakness or statecraft, the nobility of the sword found a way to express their feeling of disgust. Very few of them had taken part in it, and when Cosseins, the colonel of the Royal Guard, who had directed under the King's orders the massacre of the Admiral and most of the other killings around the palace, joined the royal camp at La Rochelle, he was sent to Coventry almost as completely as the hired assassin, Maurevert, whom no colonel in the army would receive in his regiment. Cosseins often said to Brantôme, who afterward played tennis with him: "Cursed be the day of St. Bartholomew." This incident seems to prove better than could be done by a whole volume of citation that Brantôme, a passionate hero-worshipper of the Duke of Guise, whose murder his friends had avenged on the Admiral, expressed the opinion of the fighting Catholic nobles of France when he called St. Bartholomew "a very dirty massacre."

No Politique could support St. Bartholomew, not only because it was against their policy, but also because their leaders had been in danger of perishing with the Huguenots. On the other hand, the ultra-orthodox Catholic nobility had a perfect right to feel that this great movement had been made without their knowledge and consent. The council which advised with the King on this very grave matter contained no fair representation of the marshals of France, the princes of the blood, the ancient nobility, or the clergy. The presence of a single prince of the blood, the Duke of Montpensier, is mentioned by two reporters only, Cavriana and Corbinelli, one of whom may have gotten it from the other. The same two mention the presence of a single clergyman, Jean de Morvillier, who had resigned the bishopric of Orléans to devote himself to the labors of the royal council. According to the report of these Florentines of Catherine's household, he rose from bed to answer the summons and arrived late. Informed of what had been determined, he burst into tears. Of the

remaining eight who were surely present, four—Catherine, the Duke of Nevers, the Count de Retz, and Birague were Italian—the three young men, the King (twenty-two), his brother, the Duke of Anjou (twenty-one), and the Duke of Guise (twenty-two), had spent the most impressionable part of their lives under the influence of Italian mothers. Marshal Tavannes was the only pure-blooded Frenchman we know certainly was present.

There was therefore a great deal of truth in the opinion which the ambassador extraordinary of Venice reported as prevalent immediately after St. Bartholomew; and surely he cannot be suspected of having any particular prejudice against Italians. He writes: "The Catholics are disgusted beyond measure as much as the Huguenots—not, as they say, at the deed itself so much as at the manner of doing it. . . . They call this way of proceeding by absolute power without legal process a tyrant's way, attributing it to the Queen-mother as an Italian, a Florentine, and of the House of Medicis, whose blood is impregnated with tyranny. For this reason she is detested to the highest degree, and, on her account, so is the whole Italian nation . . . from which may come her death. Because if she should die, and if that supreme authority she has over the King were gone, he would come into the hands of certain ministers of state of whom they are not afraid—on the contrary, freed from fear, they would hope to return entirely to liberty."

The thing that shocked the French nobles was not the cruelty of St. Bartholomew—they were used to that—but its treachery, because "in the middle of the marriage festivals of a daughter of France, those who had come to Paris on the solemn public word of the King were treated in that fashion." It was repeated everywhere that the Huguenot captain, Pilles, led out for slaughter from the house of the King, where he had come as an invited guest, cried out as the halberds pierced him: "Oh, what a peace! Oh, what a word of honor!"

This true story comes down from that time: In the province of Quercy there were two gentlemen, both very brave. One, named Vezins, lieutenant of the governor of the province, mingled with his bravery a ferocity which made him odious

to many people. The other, Regnier, was of a more gentle and courteous spirit. These two gentlemen hated each other with a mortal hatred, and their neighbors had tried in vain to reconcile them. Regnier, who was a Protestant, came up to Paris for the marriage, and when the massacre began he remained in his room, with the fear of death before his eyes. Suddenly the door was broken in and Vezins entered, sword in hand, followed by two soldiers. Regnier, thinking that his end had come, kneeled upon the ground and implored the mercy of God. Vezins, in a terrible voice, bade him rise and mount a horse which was ready in the street. Regnier, obeying, left the city with his enemy, who exacted from him an oath to follow, and led him all the way to Guyenne, without saying a word the entire road. He simply ordered his attendants to take care of him and to see to it that he had everything that was necessary at the inns. At last they arrived at the Château of Regnier; then Vezins addressed him as follows: "It was in my hands, as you see, to take the chance which I have sought for a long time, but I should be ashamed to avenge myself in that way on a man as brave as you are. When we settle our quarrel I want the danger to be equal. You can be sure that you will always find me ready to settle our differences as gentlemen ought." Regnier answered him: "I have not, my dear Vezins, either resolution or force or courage against you. Henceforth I will follow you with all my heart wherever you want, ready to employ in your service the life which I owe to you and the little courage which you say I possess." After these words he fell on his neck. Vezins, keeping still in his attitude some of his usual ferocity, answered: "It's for you to choose whether you want me for your enemy or your friend." Without waiting for an answer he stuck spurs into his horse and rode off.

The once vivid feeling embalmed in this story, like a fly in amber, is that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was a piece of cowardly treachery a gentleman would not show to his bitterest enemy. It is the repudiation by French gentlemen of the act of a neurotic King, persuaded by an alien mother to kill the guests at his sister's wedding in his own house.

Shelving Systems

BY ODELL SHEPARD

Author of "Lord Dunsany—Myth-Maker," etc.



I CAN remember a time when the arrangement of my books gave me no trouble. There was a corner, rather remote and dusty, for volumes of metaphysics; another corner, still more dusty and farther away, for certain inherited theological tomes. Near at hand under the evening lamp were my shelves of contemporary novelists, poets, and writers of essays. All this I found quite simple and convenient. Any clever person could have made a fairly accurate guess at my interests and character by observing the geographical distribution of the various "classifications" and by measuring their respective distances from my study chair.

For several years I lived at ease in this age of innocence . . . and then I got married. Things have never since been the same. Almost immediately I was brought for the first time to consider books as furniture. It was pointed out to me that some of my best bindings were hidden away in obscure corners while certain broken-backed favorites usurped their rightful places on just those shelves to which a visitor's eye would most certainly stray. The well-dressed parvenus were, therefore, advanced to places of honor and my old companions were banished into outer darkness.

Since that day my library has not had a year of peace. I have tried a dozen different schemes of classification, striving to find a compromise between my own notions of literary merit and my wife's excellent taste in bindings. None of these has really worked. A main defect in each and all has been the difficulty of remembering where æsthetics leaves off and where system begins. I realize, however, that I have had to work under peculiar disadvantages, and so I set down here a few of my unrealized ideals for the benefit of those who may have a freer hand.

It is fundamental, I suppose, that shelving systems are devised for the convenience of readers rather than to display the ingenuity of professional cataloguers. Their primary purpose is to bring the right reader and book together with the least possible loss of time. But here, as in so many other human concerns, one is confronted by the troublesome fact that there are many different sorts of readers. Any good arrangement of books, therefore, must conform to one or more of the chief lines of variation among human beings. Before one can make an intelligent choice of a principle of classification, at least for a large public library, he must ask himself what these chief lines of variation may be.

Well, among others, there is the chronological. Most of us are astray in time . . . and considering how the centuries have been stirred and beaten together to make that hasty pudding which we call modernity, it is no wonder. Think of the procrastinating Greeks and belated Elizabethans who go up and down Fifth Avenue, trying to look at home in the twentieth century but in reality about as happy as the menagerie polar bear on a torrid August day. If we could declare a universal "home week," think of the jostle and press there would be on all the raying roads of time. Much of our modern unrest is simply nostalgia, and many of our unhappiest moderns have merely got lost among the years. Only the library stands between them and utter misery. To find one's home in space, one may travel; but if one is looking for his real temporal habitat he must have books. What chance is there for him, however, while our libraries remain mere disorderly chronological heaps, ancients and moderns promiscuously piled? Things would be simpler for the home-seeker, he would feel less like an idle vagrant, if our shelves were so arranged as to constitute legible maps of time.

I once found a book-shop in which this

principle had been followed. The long and narrow room was lighted by a large window in front and by another much smaller one at the far end, in which a potted geranium held up its transparent leaves. Midway between the two windows was a place of deep shadow. The walls were tapestried with books from top to bottom—phlegmatic folios squatting along the floor and nimble twelvemos crouched against the ceiling. Nearest the front window were the books of recent date, the age of the volumes increasing with the shadows so that as one went down the room he advanced almost literally into the Dark Ages. Contented inhabitants of the twentieth century needed to take only a step or two from the door in order to find the books that were for them, but all others were invited to explore the shadows, which would seem their native element. I saw that the real bibliophile would stride swiftly out of the glare of front-window modernity into the cool twilight of the eighteenth century, and from there I could imagine him sinking down and down through the ages . . . until he brought up against the geranium. By the assistance of such a chronological Baedeker he could go at once to his own century, even to his particular decade, without fumbling or hesitation. He could find his temporal home.

This was a beautifully simple solution of the shelving problem, but it would not accommodate all readers. You cannot divide all human beings cleanly—that is, without leaving awkward remainders—into ancient, mediæval, and modern. Another of the important lines of variation is what we may perhaps call the climatic. By this I mean that readers may be separated, roughly, into three classes: torrid, temperate, and polar. Notoriously, many of the infelicities of literary intercourse are due to mismatings, as of a polar person with a torrid book, or *vice versa*. The attempts of librarians to solve this difficulty by eliminating the torrid book altogether, or by keeping it under lock and key for their own private edification, are doomed to failure as long as there remain torrid persons in quest of their literary ilk. And this is likely to be a very long time.

I suggest, then, that our libraries might

well be arranged on the plan of a mountain in the Andes or Himalayas, one of those systematic piles of climates upon which one passes swiftly from equatorial to arctic conditions. For such a vertical arrangement it might be well to house our larger libraries in skyscrapers. Then one could go up and down in an elevator in search of the shelf corresponding to his exact temperature. Once he had found this, he might be denied the use of any books outside of his degree of latitude. This method would be at least as simple and convenient as the chronological. It would solve at one stroke the whole problem of book-censorship by mere segregation. It would bring Sappho and Elinor Glyn, for example, very close together—perhaps on the same shelf.

In this last suggestion there is a hint for a totally different method of arrangement. Why should we regard only the convenience of readers and never the welfare, not to say the happiness, of the books themselves? No imaginative person who spends much time among his books can think of them as only so many masses of dead and inert matter. They become for him, rather, as time goes by, faint personifications of the men and women who wrote them. The copy of Doctor Johnson in strong brown calf, for example, that has been dozing on one's shelf these two decades, has grown year by year—or so one fancies—more ponderous-bellied, more blear-eyed, more dogmatic, and more addicted to the use of tea. One treats that book with a certain deference, as though it could resent any indignity put upon it with a right John-sonian vigor. One places it beside Edmund Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, where it will be at ease. Well, and what prevents our showing a similar delicacy even to this Christina Rossetti in pale-blue cloth? Shall we do justice only to the strong? Is it fair to her, is it even decent, to leave her in a corner with this great hulking Rabelais?

I know a man who arranges his books solely according to size. This blundering excuse for a method has produced upon his shelves a heart-breaking state of affairs which could not have been much worse if inspired by active and intelligent malice. His set of Thoreau is lodged beside Lord

Chesterfield. His copy of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" is wedged between two volumes of John Wesley's "Journal!" I need not harrow the reader's sympathies with further gruesome details. Suffice it that the man who owns this torture-chamber is really a kind man at heart, but a little dull. He has never imagined the talk that would—or would *not*—have gone on between Wesley and Sterne if those two eminent clergymen had been seated for their sins side by side at some London dinner-table. He has never in any moment of agonized fancy seen Lord Chesterfield stepping into the hut at Walden Pond and suffered for both parties to that strange colloquy. Perhaps, therefore, we should not blame him. Most cruelty is due to lack of imagination.

Consider also the heartless tyranny of the alphabet. A library arranged according to the initial letters of its author's names is, to any right-minded person, a chamber of horrors. Nothing in the present chaos of book-shelving methods prevents Sappho from standing beside Savonarola and Miss Elinor Glyn beside William Ewart Gladstone. What can Keats find to say to Immanuel Kant? Do Gertrude Atherton and St. Augustine represent our notion of a congenial couple? Shakespeare and Shelley, Bacon and Bagehot, are not so bad, but in general the alphabet makes strange shelf-fellows. It is, one fears, a fact that in hundreds of libraries throughout our land Felicia Hemans, that precise blue-stockinged lady, is lodged beside Heinrich Heine, the irreverent Jew. And when one thinks of Miss Amy Lowell standing cheek by jowl with Longfellow he feels like rushing out to found a society for the prevention of cruelty to books.

We should have a system both convenient and humane if our libraries were arranged according to the principle of consanguinity. It should be possible to place books on the shelf with the same delicate attention to obscure likenesses and hidden antipathies that a skilful hostess shows in seating her guests at table. Gathering one's literary guests from all the dark backward and abysm of time, one has them, to be sure, at his mercy, but there is a certain lack of

finesse, not to say of courtesy, in setting down the pagans among the Puritans and Plato by Ezra Pound.

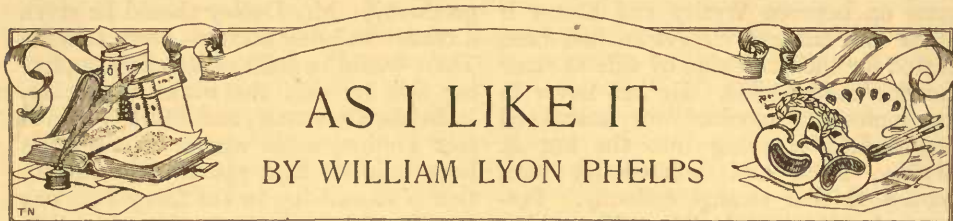
Many tentative groupings leap to mind as one considers the possibilities of this method. The "Lamentations of Jeremiah" should be separately bound and placed beside the Spoon River Anthology. (Or should the poems of George Crabbe go there?) Mr. Dooley should be given a chance to bring Socrates down to date. There would be solid satisfaction in placing side by side the works of Lucian, Rabelais, Cervantes, and Mark Twain—four kindred souls whom the centuries have unjustly kept apart. The suggestion is so exciting to the fancy that one can almost hear the peals of laughter that would ring from cover to cover of the group, and see the volumes rock and reel upon the shelf.

As one sits planning all this there steals over him a thrilling sense of power. The congenial spirits of the great past, he sees, have been too widely sundered from one another. Carlyle would have been a happier man with Dean Swift always just round the corner. In thinking of the talk there might have been between Horace and Max Beerbohm, between Montaigne and Charles Lamb, between Dr. Johnson and G. K. Chesterton, one begins to realize the golden opportunities that have been missed. Given such materials—the wise and witty, the pleasant and the profound of all the world—he feels that he should be able to arrange them more economically than history has done. Reason reminds him, to be sure, that nothing can be done now for those lonely ones who are far beyond the reach and need of any social mediation . . . but reason has had its turn at shelving systems and should have learned humility. There is a real delight, however fanciful, and a kindness, at least to one's self, in these corrections of the more obvious absurdities of chronology, in these shadowy introductions of natural friends who had the misfortune to live, it may be, three thousand miles or three thousand years apart.

And so, if I am ever again given free swing in a library, I shall pull literary history to pieces and build it nearer to the heart's desire, striving to raise the shelv-

ing of books from the level of a blundering science to that of a delicate art. I shall ignore the alphabet, telescope the centuries, and juggle the meridians. The result will look like chaos come again to most observers, but to me at least it will be beautifully intelligible, a map of my

mental travels, my contribution to criticism and learning. I shall try to bring together at last those who were born to be friends but who could never meet. By the arrangement of that library I shall do all I can to atone for the more flagrant injustices of time.



BECAUSE I am enthusiastic about good things, and make no attempt to conceal it, I am frequently accused, much to my amusement, of saluting every new book with indiscriminate praise. There could hardly be a more inaccurate indictment. The majority of recent novels, some of which are seriously recommended by respectable reviewers, are in my own mind fairly divisible into two classes—sawdust and poison. It is bad enough to have to inhale these during the brief time they afflict us; why call public attention to them? I have no wish to advertise rubbish by attacking it.

By this restraint I know that I deprive many readers of real pleasure. For unless you are a family relation of the victim, you heartily enjoy the resounding thwack of the bludgeon—the slapstick in reviews is as popular as the same implement in the motion-pictures. It is downright funny to see somebody else hit, and the harder the blow the funnier it is. But I am not sure that by catering to this instinct, one performs any valuable service to the art of criticism, or helps to elevate public taste.

And I dislike controversy because it usually leads nowhither. If a wordy quarrel about religion or politics or literature becomes violent, those who listen are generally more interested in the combative skill of the antagonists than in the question discussed—the appeal fundamentally is not to the love of truth, but to the sporting instinct. Being both a lover of sport and a man of peace, I enjoy the

violence of strife in games, and the calm of study and contemplation. I do not like to see one usurp the other's place.

Nor is it the best province of criticism to analyze morbidity. Some of our modern novels might better be examined by alienists than by literary critics—some of their readers too. Those who enjoy slime will wallow in it, whether they pretend to be artists or moralists, or profound “students of life.” It may be the element itself or the shock of it that pleases these gentry. At all events, they are welcome to it. You pay a book a compliment when you say that it is worth criticising; and the finest criticism, when based on knowledge, springs from admiration and sympathy. I wish that all those who believe that criticism means fault-finding would read a few pages of Mr. Spingarn's excellent arrangement in English of Goethe's Literary Essays. Goethe seemed to think that the truest criticism came out of enthusiasm.

Any reader of a book-review has a right to know whether the book is worth buying and why.

The best target for adverse comment is an author whose reputation is higher than the merit of his work. He may be an admirable citizen, hold political views pleasing to the critic, may even be a public benefactor; but if he be commonly called a great writer when he is at his highest only a literary expert, then a candid examination of his productions may be worth while. Standards should be maintained. From this point of view, attacks on

Cowley, Pope, Warburton, and Southey were justifiable. Pope was undoubtedly a man of genius and a great satirist; but Joseph Warton was right in pointing out his limitations as an imaginative poet. He made his readers ask themselves what the word poetry meant. Some one ought to examine in similar fashion the works of the present poet laureate of England. Practically all British critics speak of him with awe, as though he were somehow sacrosanct. He is an excellent man, a fine scholar, and an ingenious prosodist; but an inspired poet, whose poetry transports us? Not only is he outside the company of the immortals, he is inferior to Massfield, Hodgson, De La Mare, and Yeats. . . In the London *Mercury* for July, there is an appreciative article on the late Sir Walter Raleigh, Professor of English Literature at Oxford. In the last paragraph he is called "this very great man." He was unquestionably an admirable critic and a charming personality; but a very great man? If so, two hundred years from now he will be *the* Walter Raleigh. In the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* for June 22, D. H. Lawrence is described as "greater than Strindberg—greater in imagination, in perception, in power of thought, and in sensitiveness." It would seem to be almost as easy to become a great man in England nowadays as it was to be "one of the most remarkable men in America" when Dickens visited us.

It will depend somewhat on the quality of a man's temperament, whether he prefers to puncture swollen reputations or to increase the circulation of books that deserve it. Works of genius will eventually find their rightful place; but there are many excellent productions that ought to be more widely known. During the last twenty-five years there have appeared a dozen novels that for some reason had no sale commensurate with their merit. As I am always filling prescriptions for eager book-lovers, I am now going to recommend some of these stories. They may be out of print; I hope not; but if they cannot be obtained at bookshops—the last place many look for any book—it is probable that the public libraries have them, and I suspect they are right now on the shelves and in better condition than they ought to be.

"Pierre Vinton: The Adventures of a Superfluous Husband" was published in 1914, when everybody was thinking about the war. The author, Edward C. Venable, had recently been graduated from Princeton, and to me was unknown. I read the book with exceeding great joy, and liked it even better the second time. It is an original story, and the conversations therein can truly be called brilliant. It is almost as good as W. J. Locke used to be, the wonderful Locke of "The Beloved Vagabond," "Septimus," and "Simon." I wrote the publishers for information; they were so certain of the manuscript, that they had spent a considerable sum in preliminary advertising, and were both saddened and perplexed by the small sale. It is not too late to read "Pierre Vinton."

The death of Herman Knickerbocker Vielé was a loss to American literature. He was a versatile man. An engineer by profession, he was a student of the arts, had lived in France, and seemed to have by nature a fineness of touch that lent distinction to everything he undertook. His novel of New York life, "The Last of the Knickerbockers," displayed so much wit, humor, and charm, and such a keen eye for detail, that it seems incredible it should not be better known. Equally good is his brief novel of a love adventure in France, called "The Inn of the Silver Moon." When you meet any one who has read it, the conversation brightens. Another of his tales, "Myra of the Pines," shows the author's unmistakable talent. I have no hesitation in recommending all three.

Mary Patricia Willcocks is an English woman living in Devonshire, who learned some things about human nature by teaching school. Her novel, "The Wingless Victory," which appeared in 1907, impressed me so deeply that I asked the veteran publisher, John Lane, what he thought of it. He said it was the best manuscript that had ever been submitted to him. She followed this with a story equally well done, "A Man of Genius." Both books are packed with cerebration; there are frequently passages, where, no matter how much you wish to turn the page, you are simply forced to stop and think, her reflections are so full of challenge. She became an ardent feminist, a

radical, and a pamphleteer. I have no quarrel with any one who finds it necessary to uphold strong convictions in public, but I think her zeal is not favorable to her art. Her early novels are better than her later ones.

All Americans, and some Englishmen, are familiar with Alfred Ollivant's masterpiece, "Bob, Son of Battle," the best dog story I ever read. Although written by an Englishman and for Englishmen, it attracted little attention in the land of its birth, while selling by the hundred thousand in America. I have never met an American book-lover who had not read it, but the average Briton looks blank when you mention it, even if you remember to call it by its English title, "Owd Bob." Mr. Ollivant has written many books since 1898, but the one that comes the nearest to "Bob" is not nearly so well known here as it deserves to be. This is "Boy Woodburn," the story of a race-horse. Is it possible that John Masefield took a hint from this for "Right Royal"? He follows Mr. Ollivant in printing a map of the course. Alfred Ollivant is certainly more interested in men and women than in animals, and, unlike some novelists, knows the distinction; but his best two books are canine and equine.

Many novels have been written in our country to illustrate the process of Americanization, but the best one I have seen is "Our Natupski Neighbors," by Edith Miniter, published in 1916. This is the real thing, and came from direct observation. Mrs. Miniter is a New England journalist, and for a time was the only woman city editor of a daily paper in New England. The history of this Polish family ought to be read by every American. When I say that I regard it as superior even to "My Antonia," you will see how much I admire it.

The thousands who share my pleasure in "Shavings" ought to read "Fondie," by Edward C. Booth. I know nothing about Mr. Booth, except that he is a British novelist; I have seldom met any one who ever heard of him. One difference between "Shavings" and "Fondie" is the difference between comedy and tragedy. The Cape Cod story is amusing, entertaining, charming; the other is so painful that perhaps only a minority can truly enjoy its extraordinary beauty. The

hero in both is very much the same kind of man—aggressively harmless. The British story is written with such dignity, such restraint, such purity of style, and such uncompromising devotion to art, that it should not be allowed to pass into the limbo of forgotten books.

"Greylake of Mallerby" is another English novel that has apparently made no impression whatever on any one except me and those whom I have persuaded to read it. The author is W. L. Cribb, who lives in Louth, in Lincolnshire, and I can discover nothing else that he has written. This is the tale of a town by the sea, where every person is so sharply delineated that when you come to the last page, you feel that you have been living for years in the village and know the people intimately. A vein of irony that never reaches burlesque illuminates the whole book, and gives an agreeable tang to the style. Those who read only "snappy" stories will not care for this one.

Harold Begbie, who likes to publish anonymously, produced a novel in 1914 called in England "Tributaries," and in America, "The House of Deceit." It is a story of degeneration. I wrote to the publishers for information about the author, and was informed that he preferred to withhold his name. He did not reveal it until August, 1917, when apparently every one had forgotten the existence of the book. It is, however, as well worth reading as his subsequent anonymous publications, which have had a sensational success.

I can see why some of the above-mentioned novels failed to score; but I am puzzled by the continued neglect of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," by Charles D. Stewart. The publishers were so enthusiastic over this manuscript that they issued in 1905 a preliminary edition, in special binding, which was sent out to a few critics. It is my belief that all who read it shared the opinion of the publishers, a most unusual state of affairs; but unfortunately it never had a wide sale, and one hears it only occasionally mentioned. Mr. Stewart was born in Ohio, and has spent most of his life in Wisconsin. He is a creative artist and an independent scholar. His little book, "Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare," threw light on many dark passages, and he has the

honor of being the first to explain lines that have eluded the diligence, scholarship, and insight of professional investigators for three hundred years. It is precisely the kind of book that one would never have expected from our novelist. I am certain of the excellence of "The Fugitive Blacksmith." It is an original novel of American life, filled with adventure, humor, and poignant tragedy. I shall remember the man under the cow so long as I live. Two years later Mr. Stewart published "Partners of Providence," a story of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, which is fully as good as "The Fugitive Blacksmith," so good indeed as to make its author the only legitimate successor to Mark Twain. It is a book successful every way except commercially.

I should like especially to recommend three Russian novels by Serge Aksakoff. Although they were written about seventy-five years ago, they did not appear in a complete translation until 1917. They are autobiographical, and give vivid pictures of farm, school, and college life at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. The first, "A Russian Gentleman," is unique in autobiography, since it ends with the day of the author's birth; as a matter of fact, it is chiefly about his grandfather, and he obtained most of the facts from his mother's lips. It is a magnificent portrait of a *Man*, and the country customs are described with extraordinary charm. The second, "Years of Childhood," was written when the author had become almost totally blind, and was confined to his room with an incurable and painful illness, which he never mentions, and which his calm style never betrays; the third, "A Russian Schoolboy," written before the second, but dealing with a later period, gives the history of his life at school and at the University of Kazan. The accomplished translator, J. D. Duff, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, gives some interesting details of the author in his three prefaces, quoting from a letter written by Aksakoff in 1856, after the first part of this narrative had appeared: "The success of my life has surprised me. You know that my vanity was never excessive, and it remains what it was, in spite of all the praise, sometimes extravagant to folly, which has reached

me in print or in letters or by word of mouth. . . . To the end of a long life I have preserved warmth and liveliness of imagination; and that is why talents that are not extraordinary have produced an extraordinary effect." The case of Aksakoff is somewhat similar to that of De Morgan; he had scarcely any reputation until he published this family history at the age of sixty-five, and immediately became famous. I suppose one reason why these three books, classics in Russia, have never before been translated, is because they are free from abnormality and sensationalism. But they are just as captivating as Jane Austen; and I wish this passing tribute might send its readers to the books themselves.

This year a miracle happened in Great Britain. Barrie made a speech, and before its echoes had died, he made another, lest you should think he never could recapture the first rapture; which was fine, but not careless. Barrie is the genius of the unexpected; but no sentence from his pen ever surprised me so much as the news of his appearance on the platform. Public speaking, Bernard Shaw's favorite recreation, has been so abhorrent to Barrie's temperament that I should have been willing to guess anything rather than the rôle of orator. Wild horses could not have dragged him to the rostrum, for wild horses cannot drag anything. (The proverb is poor; it is only after they have been broken and tamed that horses drag efficiently.) It was college loyalty that induced Barrie to make what must have been for him the supreme sacrifice. On May 3 he delivered the rectorial address at St. Andrews University, on the theme "Courage"; his speech, as reported all over the world in the newspapers, made such an impression that the publishers have now wisely issued it in the permanent form of a tiny book. We all love to preach, we all love to give advice; I have never known a single exception to the rule. Even our rebels of to-day believe in preaching, so long as you do not preach morality. Perhaps no preachers are so dogmatically humorless as they. Barrie gave a baccalaureate sermon to young men, founded on the deep wisdom of human experience. He eschewed paradoxes, and confined himself to the things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of

good report; for if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, we must think on these things. His citation from the letter of Captain Scott in the Antarctic thrilled his audience; it is impossible to read it without realizing the sublime courage of the man. Scott and his companions were awaiting death, as slow and painful as it was certain; he wrote: "It would do your heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and our cheery conversation. . . . We did intend to finish ourselves when things proved like this, but we have decided to die naturally without." The quality of reverence innate in every one of Barrie's books appears explicitly in this sentence from the address: after quoting Henley's

"My head is bloody but unbowed,"

he says, "a fine mouthful, but perhaps 'My head is bloody and bowed' is better." Barrie himself has illustrated the quality of courage. He went to London, penniless and unknown, and conquered the city.

We know that his words on this occasion would survive; but those closest to him must have wondered if he would survive the occasion. After feeling of himself all over, and discovering to his amazement that he was perfectly sound, he exemplified anew the courage he had recommended, and this time made not only a speech, but an after-dinner speech. Now I am entirely of the opinion expressed by Heywood Broun in his delightful "Pieces of Hate" concerning the general run of after-dinner oratory. I regret that this institution survived the war. It will, I am afraid, survive everything except the treatment recommended by Mr. Broun. It has survived the second act of "To the Ladies," and having survived that burlesque, is assuredly ridicule-proof. Most speakers hate it, most audiences hate it; it has no real friends, and yet it goes on its devastating course. I remember having to speak at a public dinner in Chicago; I found my place at that pillory of torment, the speaker's table, and there, seeing a magnificent man in evening dress, I gave him my name and grasped his hand with what cordiality I could command. He replied: "I'm the head waiter, sir." "Shake hands again, old man," I cried; "you don't know how I envy you!"

In after-dinner speaking we put the cart before the horse, or rather before the horse's humble cousin. Instead of having a long, stupefying dinner, followed by long, stupefying speeches, how much better it would be, if we really wished to hear the senator, or the ambassador, or the captain of industry, if we could meet and hear him; and, at the conclusion of the oratory, sit down together and enjoy a good dinner. Then during the language, we should all be looking forward to something agreeable, which is the essence of happiness. Furthermore, the speaker would not dare to talk indefinitely. I remember being obliged on one occasion to preside at a "business man's banquet"; there were five speakers; the third spoke two hours and thirty minutes. I was sorry for the fourth and fifth, but still more sorry for myself, for my post of honor made escape impossible.

Since we have horseless carriages, and smokeless powder, and fireless ovens, and wireless telegraphy, and are exhorted to eatless meat, why may we not have speechless dinners? Friends do not have to talk. Intimacy annihilates formality. Carlyle and Tennyson once spent three hours together, and neither opened his mouth except to expel the friendly tobacco smoke. At the conclusion of the evening, one said, "This has been a most delightful time," and the other replied, "I never enjoyed your company so much."

Well, if we must have after-dinner speeches, I wish they could all be as good as Barrie's. It is oratory, not conversation, that is offensive. There are those whose table-talk sounds like a stump speech; and there are those whose stump speeches sound like intimate conversation. I know perfectly well which I prefer. Barrie's after-dinner speech was intimate, confidential, confessional; it sounds as if it must have had that best of all accompaniments, an open fire and a brier pipe. He had announced at St. Andrews that he was then making his first and last appearance; but in speaking, it is the first fifty minutes that are the hardest. How easy it is to sin after one has once fallen! In the very same month of May he was, very much like a martyr at the stake, the "guest of honor" at a dinner in the Savoy, given by the dramatic critics; the simile

holds admirably, for many among those present had roasted him. His humor and honesty disarmed his adversaries. The speech has been printed in the newspapers, and I hope it will be preserved in another booklet. I counsel those who do not like Barrie—and many there be who are offended in him—to read his talk to the critics. He gave his reasons for never having replied to hostile criticism—the best of all rules for writers of books. For the most effective reply should be found in the next book.

Barrie's talk abounds in Shandisms, in the humor that cannot be imitated, for it is a part of his personality. He is tired of being called whimsical, and said so; nor does he enjoy the adjective fantastic. In speaking of the chairman's introduction, he said, "I felt he could not be so shabby as to say whimsical, and that he might forget to say elusive. If you knew how dejected those terms have often made me." Then they must have laughed, for he went on, "I am quite serious. I never believed I was any of those things until you dinned them into me. Few have tried harder to be simple and direct. I have also always thought that I was rather realistic." This illustrates the impossibility that even a writer of genius finds in producing exactly the impression on the public that was in his own mind. With what strange feelings he must read even favorable reviews, and how wide of the mark the best critics must seem to him!

And yet in this speech he displays the qualities that have given his works their unique position. "You may sometimes wonder why I write so much about islands, and indeed I have noticed a certain restiveness in some of you on the subject. There are more islands in my plays than any of you are aware of. I have the cunning to call them by other names. There is one thing I am really good at, and that is at slipping in an island."

He gave himself a new name. "None of your adjectives gets to the mark as much as one I have found for myself—'Inoffensive Barrie.' I see how much it at once strikes you all. A bitter pill; but it looks as if on one subject I were the best critic in the room." Well, no one would think of applying the word to Shaw.

Finally, as showing what bewildering statements creative artists will make when they indulge themselves in literary criticism, Barrie declared that the best play written in his time was—and how sharp must have been the general attention—Pinero's "Iris." I do not know which of two men shouted the loudest hallelujah when they read that statement; Sir Arthur Pinero or Clayton Hamilton. Barrie's remark must have driven hundreds to rereading "Iris." I advise all to read the play in Mr. Hamilton's valuable edition of "The Social Plays of Pinero," where the text and its history are accompanied with sympathetic comment. I wish our leading modern dramatists might be similarly presented to the public.

"Iris" is undoubtedly a stirring play. In Springfield, Massachusetts, a serious attempt was made to suppress its performance, which seems odd just now. Every well-informed American who rereads it must observe certain striking resemblances—perhaps accidental—between that drama and Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way." The divergences are as interesting as the similarities, and in a way indicate the difference between the British and the American manner.

When will Barrie resume the publication of his plays? Seven volumes have appeared, which I advise every one to buy. They were coming along regularly at decent intervals, when, about two years ago, the pause became a silence. He caught writer's cramp, or something, and had to learn to write with his left hand. Even his handwriting is paradoxical, for his right-hand penmanship was so illegible as to be positively sinister, whereas now his sinister penmanship is truly dexterous. We must have his complete plays in print. They belong to literature; and stage-plays are the twentieth century's most notable contribution to English letters. His directions are as good as the dialogue. I am hungry to read "The Legend of Leonora," to see if it will confirm my theory, and "Dear Brutus" for the same reason; and I must have in my hands and before my eyes that masterpiece, "Mary Rose," to discover more accurately the spiritual geography of the island.



THE POINT OF VIEW

IN a recent issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE there appeared an article* upon the growing power of the alumni in shaping the policies of American universities. The article was written by one who apparently thought this to be a good thing. He was the general secretary of an alumni organization, the concrete expression of the sad fact that unless you keep prodding the alumni they forget. It is so easy to forget, especially since prohibition, for there was real truth in a remark I once overheard at an alumni dinner: "It takes about two drinks to make a man feel like an alumnus."

Another View of
Alumni Control

The writer of the article has some conception of the danger of excessive alumni participation in university affairs, but it is the general attitude he reveals that calls for protest from an unorganized alumnus. Take only one instance: he is speaking of the list of the addresses of the graduates, which is kept by the alumni office. "It arrives," he remarks, "almost invariably at a certain place where, owing to the expense, the institution finds it desirable and necessary to assume this important work." When it begins to cost too much, dump it on the university! And the university may add the sum to its deficit. It is an open secret that in many of the "alumni drives" for endowment the university has had to "scrap" the organization of the alumni office and proceed on its own behalf in order to have matters properly conducted. But the same office will probably spend a good deal of money in support of a magazine in which appear editorials that reflect incorrect opinions concerning university policy. Such attacks usually centre on the boards of trustees, and a teacher in an Eastern university recently called to my attention a new service they had rendered. He explained that the criticism had been so ill founded that the members of the university faculty had actually rushed to the defense of the trustees, an occurrence probably unknown previously in the history of American education!

College students have been frequently subjected to classification, but the only significant one divides them into those who take their pipes out of their mouths when they speak to members of the faculty and those who do not. Alumni can be classified into just two groups: those who support the university and those who do not. "Support" has several meanings. It does not mean hurrahing at athletic meets or wearing hatbands once a year at reunions. It does not mean interfering, with snap judgment, in the management of university affairs which are usually being conducted by trained men who are on the job every day and all day (and night), and who will be the first to suffer if they make mistakes. Every courageous university officer knows that if he performs the necessary weekly or monthly housecleaning in athletics, he will be the subject for alumni attacks in the newspapers which are hospitable to alumni interviews apparently in direct ratio to their absurdity. It is this quality of *irresponsibility* that makes *alumni control* so impossible. An alumnus by one blast in a newspaper can upset or impede a constructive programme that university officers have labored upon for years, and then he can go blithely upon his business.

I saw recently a letter from an alumnus of my own college to the president. The writer stated that he had gone through college on a scholarship; that he had now reached a point when he could repay that debt, and he enclosed a check for one year's tuition, promising to send a similar amount periodically till he had paid all he owed in actual cash. He added: "I cannot pay what I owe the university, for I owe her everything." I met him some time afterward when a matter of university policy was being violently debated and asked him his opinion. "Oh," he said, "I should like so and so, but I'm for whatever the men on the ground want. They know what they're about." Do not his attitude and his actions sum up the whole function of an alumnus?

The university is the only American institution which tolerates the suggestion that valuable advice can be given as to its con-

* See "A New Power in University Affairs," by Wilfred Shaw, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1922.

duct by those who have been out of touch with its workings for twenty years, and in many cases spent their time while within its walls in avoiding those workings, subjectively and objectively. Let them as individuals send in all the suggestions they wish; if they cannot send money, let them send encouragement to the men whose labors are making the degree they bear more and more of an asset every year. Let them remember that the university is judged publicly by the achievement and the character of the men it turns out, quite as much as by the publications or discoveries of its faculties. Of course a graduate will keep up his class organization for his own pleasure, for it gives him back for a few moments the precious sense of youth. As an individual he is usually charming, and his old teachers like to meet him and flatter themselves that they have done something for him. But when he becomes "an organized and aggressive element of our system of higher education," he becomes a nuisance. When he discusses a change of curriculum, or methods of teaching, he is delightful in his naïveté; when he attempts to introduce efficiency methods from the modern business into university organization, he simply proves again how inefficient the average business is when compared to the average college; and when he turns his hand to athletics, he is too often a sinister influence.

Have I been too harsh? I am an alumnus myself. I know that my college gave me something imperishable, and because of her influence the world can never be the same place to me that it was before I entered her doors. But that fact gives me no *rights* over her whatever; it places upon me only a deep obligation. Heaven forbid that I should ever become part of "an organized and aggressive element" to try to determine her conduct. That conduct I am perfectly willing to leave to the men who taught me and who will teach my sons.

UPON that overripe quality of complacency which we call unctious the wild and living intelligence of man seems fond of venting a peculiar fury; for as nothing is quite so artificial as unctious, nothing is more naturally opposed to it than the honest mind. And the vengeance of Candor upon Cant has indeed some diverting aspects.

Some of our ancestors were, I fear, un-

ctuous; for certain of them did not seem to realize that to be companioned by conscience is not so much the one holy privilege as it is one of the solemn inconveniences of life. Puritanism, sitting bolt upright on a hard church-pew, looking toward the future with lamentable eyes, perished in the odor of unctious. While it lived, vengeance upon it took shape in that exquisite urbanity, that delicious whimsicality which is the best proof that a human being is poignantly aware of the follies of a mad world and of the mysteries of an unsearchable life. Of course one must needs take his conscience seriously; nevertheless, this idea of living in order to save one's soul is surely losing ground. One must obey conscience, for it appears that by so doing one is insuring happiness. But this fabulous cringing, this awesome pomp of being good, insures one's being ignominious; it does, at least, if there is any candor among one's acquaintances.

Well do I remember the happy vengeance taken upon a certain sort of petty religious unctious. A sententious elder in a village church, assuming that superficial omniscience which provincial authorities so readily take to themselves, was praising a new applicant for the vacant pulpit. He was speaking to a woman of considerable poise.

"We must have this young man," his champion was saying. "He pleases me. He seems a good talker and a good dresser. I like him. He seems a young man of great promise; and I'm a judge of young men."

"Indeed?" came the quiet rejoinder. "And what do you think he promises?"

Sometimes, as a class, practical people are unctuous; and perhaps their plight is due to the fact that their objective view of life leads them into those absurdities to which the literal mind is dismally liable. The practical mind feels that it has taken the stature of the universe; everything is measured, blue-printed, positively plotted and determined. It knows much about the outward aspects of things; oil-cans, monkey-wrenches, a business chance—these things it can see with rare distinctness of vision. But it sees little of life. It cannot, therefore, absorb the shock of a mortal surprise. Not realizing that human existence may be the most illogical thing imaginable, practical people persist in living by rote, by logic; and they are so fatuous as to expect logical things from life. I think the ancient quaint petition in the Prayer-Book must

have been made for these unctuous folk: "Let them not be afraid of any amazement." But the prayer is probably vain; for the intensely practical are doomed by unctious to many amazements; such, indeed, is the vengeance meted to them for the sin of imagining that they understand life.

For social unctious the healthy soul has a haughty eye, and for every stolid compliment it has an imperishable rejoinder: perhaps a quiet smile; perhaps a simple and natural word; perhaps a withering silence.

Social unctious, I take it, reached the epidemic stage in the Victorian Age. Browning escaped it; Thackeray mocked it; Carlyle howled dismally at it; George Eliot scornfully evaded its imposture; Tennyson became infected by it. Perhaps the only reason why strong men do not readily care for *The Idylls* is because a certain mellow unctious, of the flavor of a pawpaw, pervades these great poems.

Of ministers of vengeance upon unctious there are many. If all people had a live sense of humor, there could be no canting unctious, no unctuous cant. Humor is a powerful minister; Poverty is another; Intelligence is a third; Travel is a fourth; Independence is a fifth. . . . And, of the really devastating sort there is always Mona Lisa.

AFFECTIONATE friends and relatives are not at all uncommon, but demonstrative friends and relatives are, alas! few, few and far between. The average American, and particularly the average American man, feels that to show his affection is an insult to your intelligence; you are clever enough to see that he is fond of you without his everlastingly telling you so. He has also a rooted conviction that affection which is visible to the naked eye is necessarily insincere. Now there is a certain pleasure in being the recipient of a strong, silent devotion, just as there is a certain pleasure in keeping a secret; but it is much more fun to tell a secret than to keep it. The housewife soon learns to interpret as a subtle compliment the fact that her most delicious dinner goes unpraised while tough steak or underdone potatoes never fail to call forth comment. She learns the interpretative art at first in self-defense, later she glories in it, but, given the chance, she would forget it swiftly and joyously.

For certain lessons we are sent to the ant;

why not for certain others go to the dog? Surely he is well-fitted to point a moral and adorn a tale. I know a dog who demonstrates beautifully the value of demonstrative affection. His name is Loco, and it is perfectly appropriate because, except in that one matter of demonstration, he is quite unbalanced. We all revile him constantly, we threaten daily to sell or shoot him, but we never really mean it. And why? Simply because he loves us, and demonstrates his love in a fashion so obvious, open, and unashamed that we fall weak victims to his flattery. I am the chief beneficiary, and sufferer from Loco's devotion, for I happen to be his owner.

Strangers always admire Loco. He is a handsome black cocker and his manners are affable. Instead of barking, he runs up and places his forepaws on your knees in a friendly and caressing manner. If the stranger happens to be wearing a dark skirt she does not notice immediately that the paws are muddy, but toward members of the family Loco's fervor is such that the mark of his embrace is evident under any circumstances. His paws are always muddy because he has a most uncanine passion for baths. The big tin pan under the garden faucet is his favorite resting-place, and more than once I have ejected him violently from the bathroom just as he was in the act of crawling into my tub. He always manages, however, to convey to me that his motive in crawling was not just a desire for cleanliness but an ardent eagerness for my society.

That is another inconvenient form his affection takes; he cannot bear to leave me alone. He will dash over the whole house in search of me; then, for he has no concentration, dash off in pursuit of something which has just occurred to him; dash back to see that I am safe; off again; and so on *ad infinitum*.

Living with Loco is a thoroughly exhausting business, but avoiding him while we both occupy the same house is more exhausting still. And after all it is a pleasure to have any one so eternally eager to be with you; it is a pleasure to have affection expressed so plainly that it is not only visible but impossible to overlook. Demonstrative affection begets demonstrative affection, and we lavish on Loco attentions which he does not in the least deserve. Perhaps you think it is not a moral that Loco points but an immoral? I am not so sure.



Public, Artist, and Critic

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

Director of Fine Arts Carnegie Institute

IT is time that the public ceased to look upon art as a species of cloud off on the horizon. They did not use to do so. Years ago it was as much a part of life as a collar or a tie. But during the last century the world has grown to regard art as a thing apart; as a superimposed, high-brow form of entertainment, taken, in the words of the poet, "skin, bones, and hymn book, too," from other nations, or groups of artists, or bands of "ism" hunters.

Therefore, the art-lovers in the United States should come speedily to realize that, if they desire our art to retain that high position which the havoc played by the war in Europe has given it, they must bend every effort to make this art the finest expression of our nation's ideals, a composite photograph of the feelings of the individuals who form that nation, and who, though often unconsciously, in the main unite in a genuine search for something which can only be expressed in visual beauty.

To this end three conditions are necessary. The first condition is that the nation say what it wants expressed and say it loud and clear. The second condition is that our artists mingle intimately with our people in order thoroughly to comprehend, to sympathize with, and to express this national demand. The third condition is that the critics who are striving to spread the cause of art in the United States redouble their efforts to bring the artists and their public into close and sympathetic understanding.

For the first condition the public should lose no time in learning the danger of tip-toeing after art critics, of being afraid of their own feelings. Educated men or women these days never hesitate to remark on a play, or a novel, or a piece of music, and the frankness of their attitude inevitably leads to a healthy development in the long

run. But put these same men or women in front of a picture which is open to discussion, such as Orpen's "Sowing the Seed of the Irish Free State," or Bellows' "Eleanor, Jean, and Anna," for example (both of which were hung last spring in our Annual International Exhibition at Pittsburgh), and, bound by the tradition that it is a social blunder for any one of them to express an opinion about a painting which has not been indorsed by the elect, they become speechless, lacking in the confidence to express their own ideas, floundering in a sea of mental bewilderment until some critic throws them a life-line.

Another obstacle which prevents the public from expressing an open opinion toward art is caused by a widespread miscomprehension on their part. They have a notion that the appreciation of art is analytical, not emotional. They have been taught to believe that a picture is good because it conforms to a set of rules. They hear, for example, from certain art preachers that nature is the true source of art, that the painter's great purpose in life is to set before us nature, seen perhaps in auspicious circumstances and filtered through the genius of the artist's eye and brain. Winslow Homer would be a good example of this school.

About the time the public has this digested, another clique draws their attention to the fact that art should be based on allegory. There are many painters of this faith in England to-day; take Robert Anning Bell as a random example. The peculiar thing about this group is that they would be shocked if some one said frankly: "Oh, then for you art is only illustration, as with Abbey." Because just at present the word "illustration" is frowned upon in art and they forget that allegory is but illustration and that even their pet Pre-Raphaelites did little but illustrate—illustrate Biblical tales.



"June," by T. W. Dewing.

Reproduced through courtesy of the Milch Galleries, New York.

Then there comes a third aggregation who preach "art for art's sake," a discourse made up with references to the works of a painter like Dewing, though it must be admitted that Dewing himself is too whole-souled and honest a craftsman to be party to any such superrefined argument. Art in this division is devoted solely to the setting forth of abstract beauty; though how beauty can be abstract in paint is hard to decide.

It is small wonder that the poor, bewildered public, after watching these blind men quarrelling over their elephant, calling it everything from a tree to a wall or a rope, just climb into their "flivver" and motor down to the "movies."

For if the public really did view pictures in the manner so outlined they would be partaking of the only form of delight in which the onlooker is required to be amused by asking why the amusement is amusing. This does not obtain in literature. No one inquires how Hutchinson put "If Winter Comes" together. This does not obtain in music. Very few know how Beethoven constructed the Seventh Symphony. This does not obtain in the theatre. We are startlingly ignorant of the technique of what made "What Every Woman Knows" one of the finest of modern comedies.

The public, therefore, should know—and the sooner the better—that, as in the case of

the other arts, they should not devote themselves to explaining the painter's outlook, but to enjoying their own. There is not the least need of their concerning themselves about how the artist gets his art, a lot of technique which is none of their business, but only with art itself. Tone, values, warm and cool colors, perspective, these are all vital to the artist but of as casual interest to the public as the insides of a locomotive. All the public has to understand is that the pleasure to be derived from art comes only from a pure delight in beauty, which they can get through their gills as they swim around in it and which is not something they are to acquire by swallowing the hook, line, and sinker of critical culture in order that they may be dragged gasping into an art gallery.

The public should be taught to approach a picture as might a Navajo Indian working a ouija-board; to bring to a painting a taste as uncramped by technical considerations as that of the red man when his friend makes him a new rug, and a mind as open and unstained by prejudice as when calling the spirits on a winter's night. They should come to regard it as the most natural thing in the world for them to take the feeling they wish expressed to the artist whom they feel can best express it. They should cast off any weak-kneed fear of ridicule and the clatter

of many tongues; for if they refuse to have the courage of their own convictions they cannot expect their artists, who, after all, are only holding the mirror up to nature, to public should be left free and encouraged to develop their natural, normal urge, and to demand that their painters and sculptors take that urge and elevate it to a fine art,



"Sowing the Seed of the Irish Free State," by Sir William Orpen.

In the Twenty-first International Exhibition, Carnegie Institute, 1922.

reflect any convictions for them. They should not be afraid to be genuine in their likes and dislikes.

I do not mean that our high-school undergraduates should be placed in a position of trying to force Sargent to design paintings of father and mother "listening in" on the radio, or that the pictures to be admitted to the National Academy, or the Salon des Independents, for that matter, be chosen by popular vote. But I do mean that the

record it for them in permanent forms and colors.

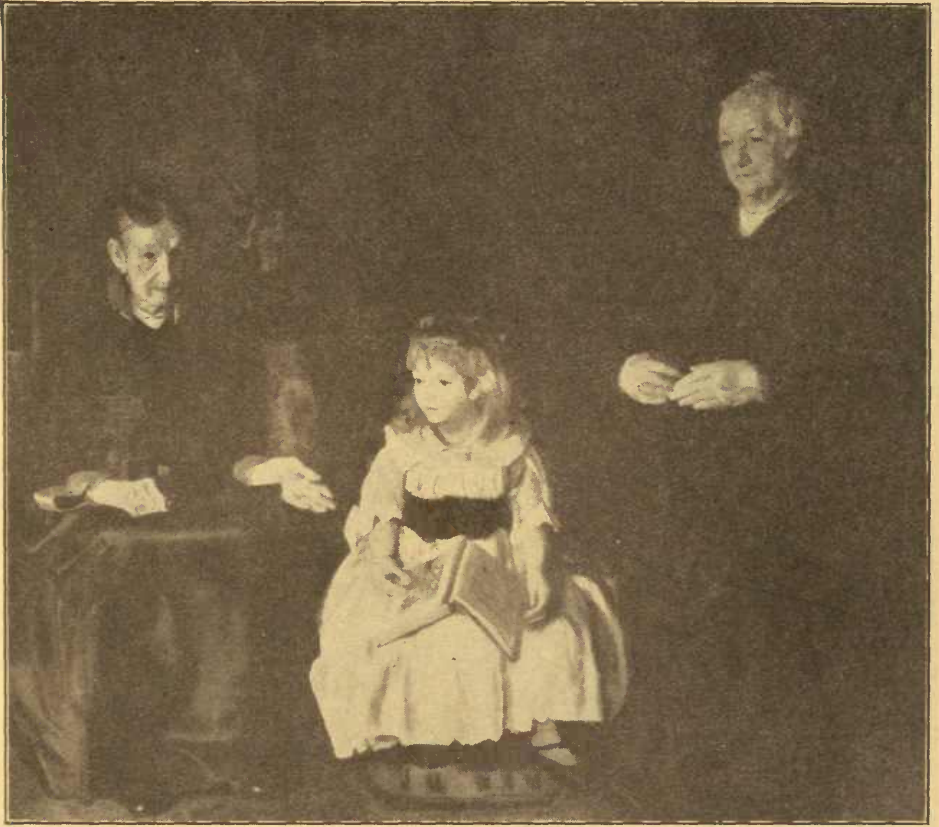
This is the condition that obtained through the past great ages in art. When the people of Rheims had a tremendous religious passion they sought the expression of this desire so forcefully that their artists moulded it into the form of one of the most beautiful cathedrals in existence. When the inhabitants of Florence demanded the expression of the Madonna in its highest form

an artist like Raphael put that demand on-to canvas and made it the finest art the world has known.

So, by the same token, if the people of the United States have different and utilitarian architectural desires for twenty-story buildings and railroad stations, our artists must

illustration our artists must betray no hesitancy at "going in for" illustration and making illustration into a fine art just as did Pyle and Abbey.

All of which brings me to my second point, that our artists must accept this call on the part of the public, must learn to be



"Eleanor, Jean, and Anna," by George W. Bellows.

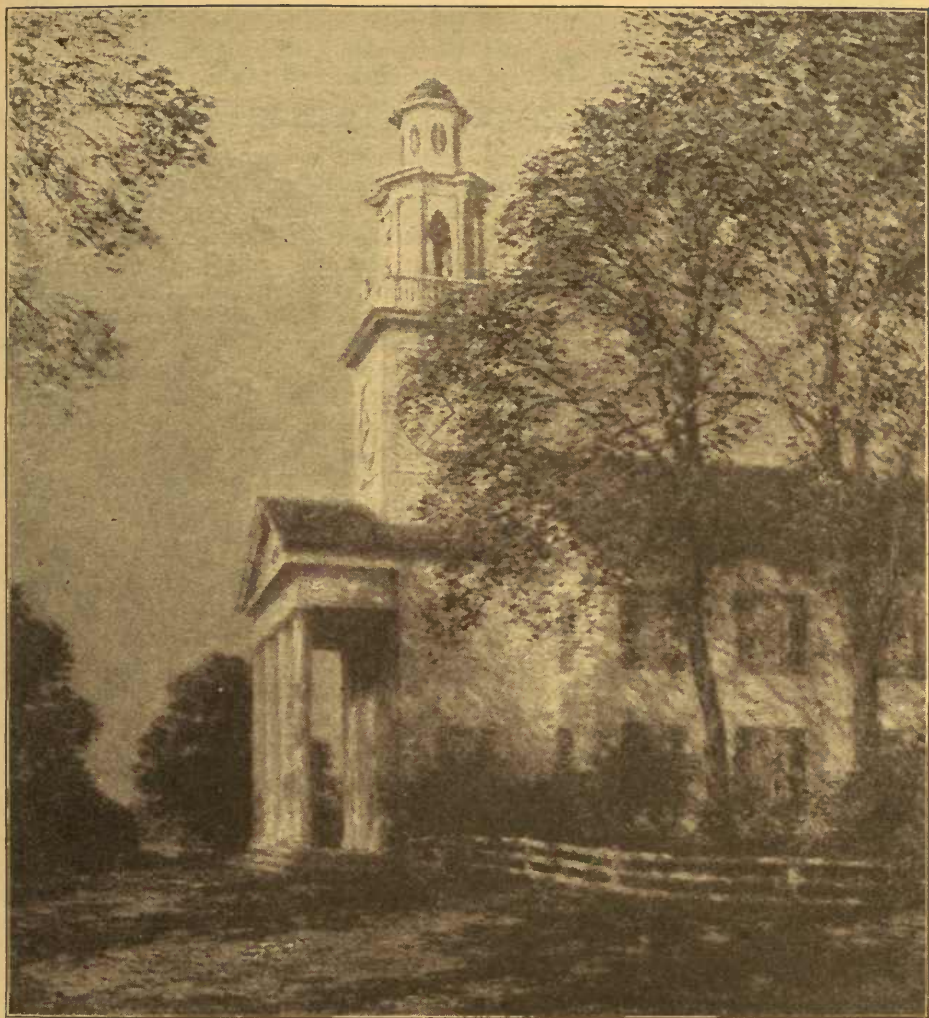
Awarded medal of the first class, Twenty-first International Exhibition, Carnegie Institute, 1922.

make those twenty-story buildings art, must make those railroad stations art, as did Charles F. McKim in New York and Daniel Burnham in Washington. If our people feel the grandeur of our sea life, or our Maine coast, more of our artists like Winslow Homer must develop that feeling on canvas. If our people love to dwell on the beauty of New England villages with their elm-bordered streets and white colonial churches in the moonlight, others of our painters must make that art, as Metcalf has done in his "Benediction." If our people demand il-

lustrate with them and to express their wishes.

Our artists would be genuinely glad to do this, but they are suffering from two handicaps, the sins of their forebears and shyness.

The sins of their forebears are the sins of their immediate forebears, not their ancient ones. In the days of the Italian Renaissance when, say, Lorenzo de Medici, who after all was but the rallying point for the public desire for art in his country, decided to have a work of art created he called in the artist he liked best and laid down the law



"Benediction," by Willard L. Metcalf.

to him. He said: "I want thus and so, and this and that, and how much will it cost?" The artist told him. "What colors will you use?" The artist told him. "All right, put it in the contract." The artist put it in. Then, when the result was brought around, if Lorenzo did not like it he remarked the fact and the artist, with visions of cyanide in his after-dinner coffee, went right out and did it all over again. There was no aloofness in that situation, either on the part of Lorenzo or on the part of his artist. The results, the answer obtained through his demand, as representative of his people, was the answer to a popular demand.

But as time went on from that day to this artists began to work themselves up onto what they regarded as the height of pure form from which they could look down on such homely matters as content and other qualities associated with public understanding and desires and life, until finally they reached the upper level of their uppishness between 1850 and 1880, when they all took to talking about "art for art's sake" and telling the public that it did not know anything about the higher forms of life and should not intrude. At first the public agreed to this and bowed in awestruck silence before the artists' Olympian atti-

tudes. Then, as they did not really need art, they began to be bored with being awestruck and so just naturally moved away, leaving the artists to float around in their clouds of high art, quite lonesome and chilly, with nothing in their pocketbooks, calling for public support and wondering why they did not get it.

Now, thank goodness, at last these artists have begun to recognize the drawbacks of this exclusiveness and want to return. But here they meet with their second difficulty, their shyness. For every good artist must be a man of sensitive nerves, and sensitive nerves make for shyness, and shyness is so often mistaken on the part of the public for pride and aloofness.

This leads me to my third point, which is that our critics should realize that art should unite men, not sever them; that when artists and laymen are facing one another in hostile camps, as they are to-day, there is something radically wrong with the situation; and that the critics can perform no higher function than to bring these shy, sensitive artist folk and our "tired business men" into that closer, greatly to be desired union.

The reason for this schism is not far to seek. Art has gone outside of public life. It appeals now to the intellect and not to the emotions. It has ceased to amuse, in the larger sense of the word, which for ages was its chief function. The critics are as much to blame as any one else; for they and their dilettante friends have fallen into the habit of applying arbitrary outside standards which ask both the artist and the onlooker to respect certain rules and regulations quite foreign to their fine natural impulses, thinking that thereby they are elevating the public to the sphere of high art. As a matter of fact they have not been doing anything of the sort. They have been barring

the artist from taking a broad and human relationship with his public. They have been restricting art to the specialist.

The cure is simple, though it requires a little courage to take the first dose. Let artist, critic, and public all tell the truth to one another in homely language which they normally use when not on parade.

Let the critic stop teaching the public about the artist and start teaching the artist about the public. Cease elevating the artist as the leader of a group of super-cultivated æsthetics. Insist again and again that as art is founded on life so the great artist must have great human sympathy with life, must reflect the big emotions of his time, marking the feelings of the world, but not teaching it new feelings.

Reassure the public day in and day out, year in and year out, not to put on felt slippers when they approach a picture. Agree with the public that they are only expected, in viewing paintings, to seek enjoyment in the finest sense of the word. Make clear to them that the artist is but a guide, a friendly guide, who will lead them, perhaps by seemingly confused paths, but ones they need not recognize if they have not the time or inclination, to the goal they seek.

Once the public finds this to be the case the rest is easy. They will feel free to develop a genuine and healthy point of view, restrained and refined but not inspired by the critic. Then seeing their point of view beautified beyond their dreams through their artists, they will support an art that is fine and spontaneous and national, not an art set up in a despairing competition with a baseball field across the way by a band of what the public now regards as fanatics whose only satisfaction can be the self-righteousness that comes to all leaders of a forlorn hope.



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Conflicting Economic Influences

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

SOMETIMES the drift of events is so strong in a single direction that the course of the markets seems, in retrospect, merely to have reflected a uniform and consistent economic movement with world-wide scope. The rising

Drift of the Markets

markets of 1919, the long decline of 1920 and the first half of 1921, the steady recovery during the early months of 1922, usually foreshadowed and always indicated a series of chapters in finance and industry each of which had a sharply distinctive character of its own. The situation with which this year's summer season ended was curiously different.

In a very unusual degree it was a situation of conflicting tendencies, mutually offsetting influences, underlying causes which foreshadowed diametrically opposite results. This was not all; the events which shaped the period were themselves of the most perplexing nature, in that the most experienced mind could not be sure what they actually meant or just what condition of affairs they were creating. In many respects the general economic outlook, notably in the United States, was extremely favorable. Money was abundant; the "frozen credits" of 1920 had been released; industry was re-awakening, after its long depression, to a market of stable prices and depleted supplies. At the very time when the embargo on coal supplies and the threat against adequate transportation facilities were reaching their critical stage, the signs which ordinarily indicate trade revival were impressively in evidence.

THEY were favorable in the field of railway traffic itself. The Association of Railway Executives makes public at regular intervals the number of cars

loaded with freight each week on all the railroads of the United States. During one or two weeks before the movement of coal was crippled by the strike, more cars were loaded than in any corresponding week since the ending of the war. As the strike went on, loadings of coal necessarily decreased, and during midsummer the total traffic taken by the roads, although still some 10 per cent above that of a year ago, fell far below 1920 and 1919. But since this was an enforced and artificial decrease, it was not the true test of industrial activity.

The Favorable Economic Signs

When the car loadings of general merchandise, which fairly measure the state of general trade, were compared with the same week in preceding years, they showed not only a weekly increase of 100,000 cars over 1921, but of 50,000 over the active midsummer season of 1920. In one week of July, the total loadings aside from coal practically reached the highest weekly total in the history of American railroads. Checks drawn on American banks in July, another familiar measure of the scope of business, were greater by nearly 16 per cent than in July, 1921.

ONE doubtful problem of a summer season is always the outcome of the harvests. The results from the agricultural season 1922 have been singularly interesting. The August crop forecast of the Department of Agriculture indicated a wheat yield 10,000,000 bushels greater than in 1921; a corn crop only four times exceeded in our agricultural history, and a total harvest of the five great cereal crops which would exceed last year's by 300,000,000 bushels, or 6 per cent. In a curiously different way, the cotton crop outlook contributed to

Harvest Outcome of 1922

the influences making for business recovery.

Nothing had given more emphasis to the depression of 1920 and 1921 than the inability of Southern planters to turn into cash the enormous surplus of unsold cotton from the previous harvests, or to pay the bank loans with which that surplus had been financed. There is normally carried over, at the end of a growing season in the cotton belt, a reserve of about 2,000,000 bales. In August, 1918, that "carry-over" in the South was estimated at 2,184,000 bales. At the same date in 1919, it had risen to 3,574,000. By the middle of 1921 it was 5,215,000, and meantime the price of cotton had fallen from 43¾ cents in July, 1920, to 10⅞ in June, 1921. With labor and materials at their present figure, the lower price would scarcely pay the average planter's cost of production; it would certainly not return him what he had spent to produce that cotton.

THE great reduction in acreage of the cotton crop of 1921, and the unfavorable season which has prevailed for the crop planted in 1922, may turn out to have brought unfortunate eventual consequences to the textile industry; for if the last season's requirements of 13,000,000 bales of American cotton were to be met, as the late summer estimates have indicated, by a 1922 crop of 10 to 11 million bales, actual scarcity might result for the spinning trade. But at the moment, the immediate consideration was that the "twenty-cent cotton market" had resulted, at a time when home and foreign demand for it was reviving, in the solution of the urgent problem of the South.

This summer, at the end of the old cotton season, there was carried over in the South only 1,906,000 bales, or less than the normal average, comparing with the 5,215,000 carry-over of a year before. The huge surplus which had seemed unsalable in 1921 had been disposed of, largely at prices nearly double the low values of a year ago, and the "frozen credits" were paid off. How greatly this had altered the situation, in regard to facilities of credit now available for trade,

might be judged from the fact that at the ending of this past summer the New York Reserve Bank, which a year before had been rediscounting \$318,000,000 notes for private banks, and nearly \$42,000,000 for other reserve banks in the "frozen credit" districts, was now asked to lend only \$47,000,000 in all, and that its cash reserve was now more than double the amount required by law to be held against its deposits and circulation. At the end of the summer season of 1921, the Atlanta Reserve Bank, serving the Eastern cotton belt, was rediscounting \$100,000,000 loans for the private banks, and itself borrowing \$8,000,000 from Northern reserve banks; this summer, its rediscounts were down to \$30,000,000, and it was borrowing nothing from other reserve institutions.

SUCH was the underlying economic position in the United States. The counterbalancing influences were formidable. They were embodied in actual news, which unfolded in a manner to cause, first entire perplexity as to what it actually meant, then a sense of confused uncertainty as to what the ultimate results would be. In Europe, the German Government had formally declared inability to continue payment of reparations. England had proposed a moratorium on payments. France, whose own indebtedness for reconstructing the devastated regions would have remained a charge on the public treasury while Germany's stipulated payments were remitted during two or three successive years, refused concurrence. The foreign correspondents and the markets discussed a possible "break in the Entente," a possible seizure of German territory by France. Meantime, with the gold value of the German paper currency shrinking more than one half within a fortnight from its already very low level of depreciation, the German Chancellor had publicly declared that to watch the movement of affairs was "like being at the deathbed of a nation."

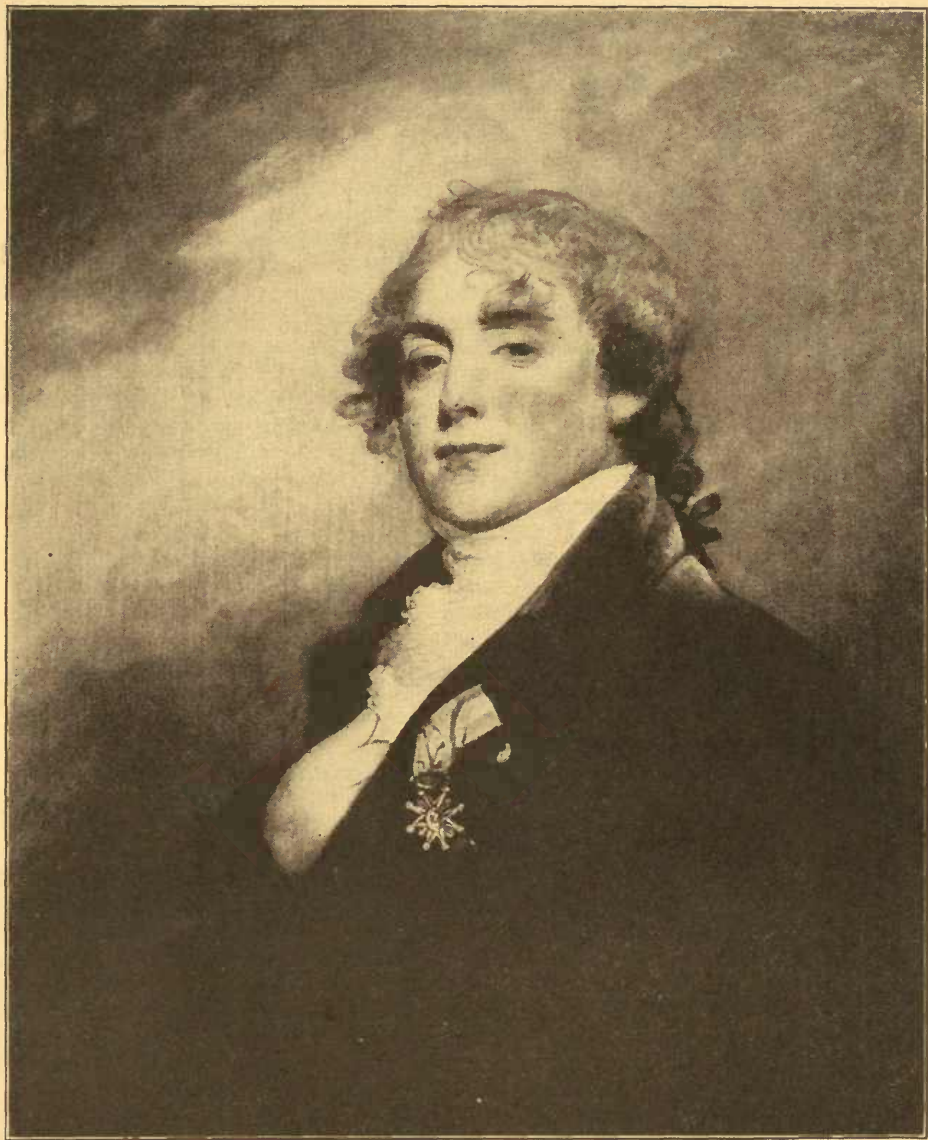
In America, the five-months' coal strike had so far curtailed supplies that even the country's steel and iron manufacturing plant, with unfilled orders on its books 40

Counter-
balancing
Influences

The Cotton
Crop
Situation

SCRIPPER'S MAGAZINE





MARQUIS DE CASA YRUJO.

Painted by Gilbert Stuart and owned by the McKean family of Philadelphia.

—"The Field of Art," page 635.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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NOVEMBER, 1922

NO. 5

A National Focus of Science and Research

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Honorary Chairman of the National Research Council, Author of "The New Heavens," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE ARCHITECT AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



HE stately plan of the city of Washington, conceived by L'Enfant under the personal inspiration of Washington himself, rescued from oblivion and vastly developed

by Burnham and his associates, is rapidly assuming material form. The major axis, passing from the dome of the Capitol through the Washington Monument, now terminates admirably in the massive Doric temple of the Lincoln Memorial, which overlooks the Potomac and the heights of Arlington. Flanking it on its left, in the midst of a spacious square facing the Mall, another marble structure, also associated in its origin with the Civil War, is now rising. This is to be the home of the National Academy of Sciences and the National Research Council, organized to promote the progress of science and research for the advancement of knowledge and the national welfare. In this centre the latest scientific and technical advances of the whole country will be shown in a changing exhibit, and investigators will meet to report new results and to consider the interests of research.

THE NEW BUILDING

It has been recognized for many years that the full possibilities of the National Academy of Sciences could not be realized

without the aid of such a building. Attempts made before the war to secure the large sum required for construction and endowment were not successful, but in 1919 a gift of \$5,000,000 was made by the Carnegie Corporation to permit the erection of a building and to provide an endowment for its maintenance and operation and an income for the work of the Research Council. An entire city block, with a frontage of 530 feet on B Street, facing the Mall near the Lincoln Memorial, was purchased for a site at a cost of \$185,000, contributed by friends of the Academy and Council.

Before beginning work on the plans of the building, the general purposes in view were explained to the Federal Commission of Fine Arts and suggestions were requested regarding architects. Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, of New York, recommended informally as the first choice of the Commission, was appointed architect, and much time and thought were devoted to the design. The attitude of this architect toward his work is a thoroughly scientific one, in keeping with the purposes of the building. The general architectural scheme approved by the Fine Arts Commission for public buildings in Washington is classical, and the proximity of the Lincoln Memorial, a Doric temple, rendered a harmonious treatment imperative. But while retaining the simple and symmetrical elements of classical architecture, Mr. Goodhue

preferred not to follow the common practice of lining the façade with a row of detached or engaged columns, supporting nothing but the cornice, and, in his opinion, serving chiefly to exclude light from the windows. The construction of the central hall, which carries a true dome rather than an imitation one; the use of sound-absorbing materials to assure good acoustics; and many other features of the building, illustrate the way in which the architect has accomplished his task.

The main-floor plan is shown on page 520. The portion of the building facing B Street, 250 feet in length, will ultimately form one side of a hollow square, the other three sides of which will be added when more space is needed.* At the centre of this square is a lofty central hall (page 525) surmounted by a low dome, surrounded by a group of seven exhibition rooms one story in height, illuminated by skylights. The central hall is approached by the public (page 523) through an entrance hall, flanked by large library and lecture rooms, with reading and conference rooms at the east and west ends of the building. The second and third floors are devoted to offices for the Academy and Research Council. In the basement are a large stack-room under the library, a lunch-room and kitchen for the convenience of those at work in the building, a heating and ventilating plant, janitor's quarters, etc.

The sculptural work has been intrusted to the well-known sculptor, Lee Lawrie, who has admirably seized the spirit of the undertaking and embodied it in his designs. The windows of the façade, which overlook a wide terrace and command a superb view of the Lincoln Memorial and the heights of Arlington, are framed in bronze, with large bronze tablets, four feet by nine feet in size, between the first and second floors. These panels will depict the leaders of science, from the Greeks to recent times. The stone pediment of the main entrance, the bronze lamps flanking the terrace steps,

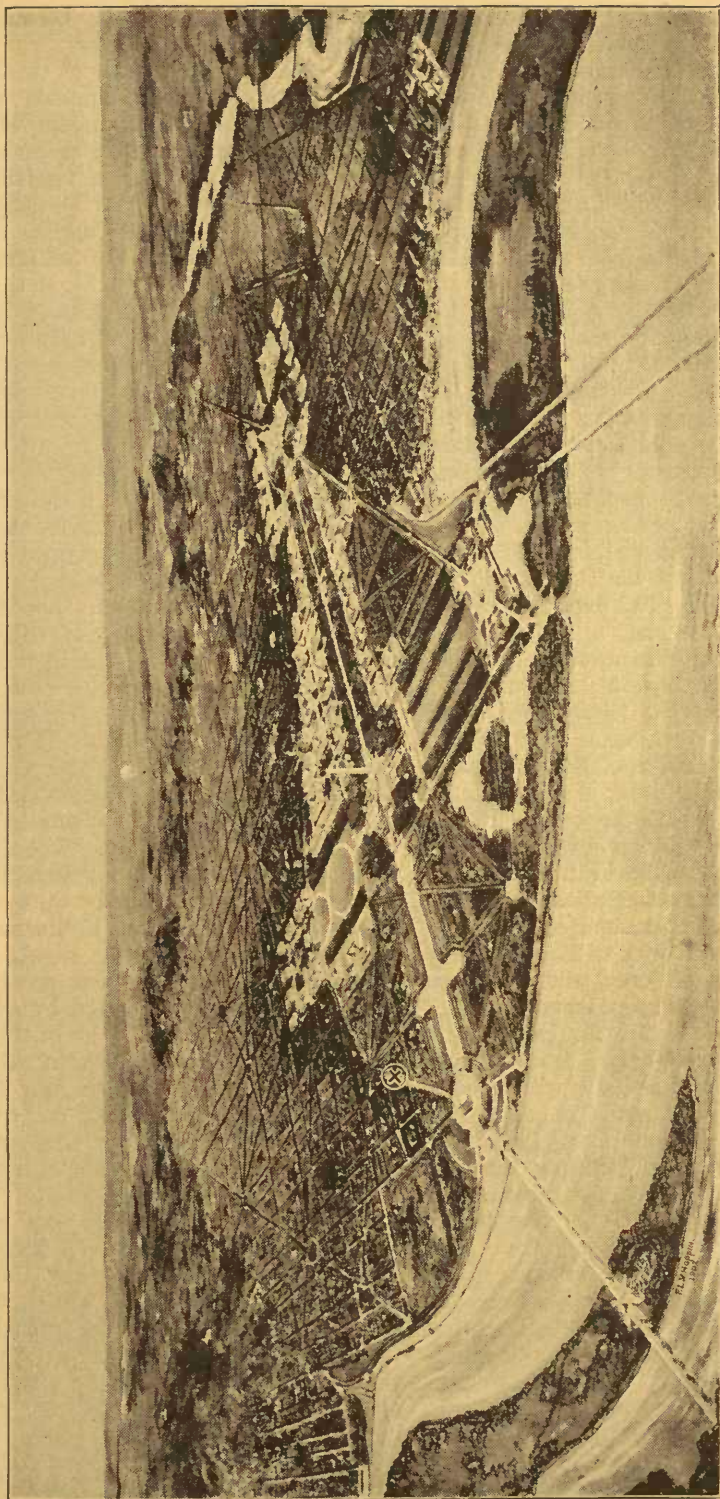
and other sculptural features are also beautifully designed by Mr. Lawrie.

The central hall, though ordinarily employed for exhibits, can be quickly transformed into a large lecture-room, equipped with screen, stereopticon, moving-picture apparatus, etc., seating 550 people (with the three balconies), and serving for the larger public meetings and lectures of the Academy and Council. The smaller lecture-hall, seating 200, is available for other occasions, and the conference and committee rooms will be in daily use by the Research Council. The library will contain the extensive collection of publications received from scientific societies at home and abroad, together with the reference books of the Research Information Service. As a centre for the many activities organized by the Academy and Research Council the new building will bring together scientific investigators from all parts of the world. It will serve admirably for international scientific bodies when meeting in the United States, and in so far as may prove practicable it will be rendered available for meetings of the many national scientific and technical societies represented in the Research Council.

A MUSEUM OF DISCOVERY AND PROGRESS

One of the prime purposes of the new building is to serve as a means of keeping the public in touch with the progress of science and to demonstrate the importance of research. An illustration based on recent experience will show how this may be done. Within the last few months an extraordinary outburst of interest in wireless telephony has brought radio outfits into tens of thousands of American homes. Most of the apparatus employed has been made by amateurs, who have contributed many novel and useful ideas to the progress of the art. This newly awakened enthusiasm affords a unique opportunity to advance the interests of science and research. The vast majority of the radio amateurs are attracted chiefly by the novelty of the subject, the pleasure of receiving messages from far-away sources, and the opportunity to exercise the mechanical ingenuity innate in so many American boys. Few realize that wireless communication is not the sole

* The building has a frontage of 260 feet and a maximum depth of 140 feet. Its height above the first floor is 60 feet. The dimensions of some of the rooms are as follows: vestibule, 11 by 20 feet; entrance-hall, 21 by 36 feet; central hall, 24 by 64 feet; library, 36 by 64 feet; lecture-room, 34 by 50 feet. The exhibition rooms surrounding the central hall range in size from 14 by 26 feet to 21 by 34 feet. The total available floor space, exclusive of elevators, doorways, and hallways, is 39,874 square feet.



Proposed plan of Washington, as seen from Arlington.

The main axis passes from the Lincoln Memorial on the left through the Washington Monument and the Capitol. The site of the new building of the National Academy of Sciences and National Research Council, facing the Mall near the Lincoln Memorial, is indicated by a cross within a circle.

creation of Marconi and other inventors, and fewer still appreciate the nature or importance of the fundamental researches of the physicists who made it possible. But all are learning of electrical methods and devices, and better still, those who make their own apparatus are acquiring some of the pioneer spirit and the self-reliance that form the necessary stock in trade of every original investigator. Here, then, is a rare opportunity to discover and develop latent talent.

One of the exhibition-rooms in the new building will contain the latest forms of radio apparatus, with which the public can receive messages from the most distant points, and amateurs can study methods of construction and installation. Wireless telegraphy and telephony, and long-distance telephony by wire, with loud-speaking transmitters, will all be demonstrated. But the exhibit will not stop at this point. Taking advantage of the amateur's interest, it will lead him back by striking illustrations and by actual experiments to the laboratory of Hertz, who detected wireless waves by their power of producing sparks; the earlier demonstrations of Henry, who recorded the waves sent out by distant lightning and reproduced them experimentally; the researches of Maxwell, who first conceived of waves in the ether when engaged in his mathematical investigations on the electromagnetic theory of light; the pioneer work of Faraday, who visualized lines of force, and conceived the ether as a medium of transmission.

Hitherto the United States has produced few great physicists. Is it not probable that some of these boys will be led to recognize the fundamental importance of science and to see with Carty, Whitney, and other leaders of industry that the greatest advances arise, not merely from the direct attempt of the inventor to solve some special problem, but even more truly from the pioneer work of the scientific investigator, who discovers the phenomena and formulates the laws that underlie and render possible both invention and industry? "You can't have applied science unless you have science to apply," and the industrial research laboratories now move so closely in the wake of the physicist and chemist that the

scientific discovery of to-day becomes the working device of to-morrow.

An excellent illustration of this is afforded by the recent development of the audion tube, which has made wireless telephony possible. No better means of interesting the amateur in fundamental problems of physics could be imagined. It is but a step from this familiar device of the radio operator to the brilliant phenomena of the electric discharge that led Crookes to detect a "fourth state of matter" and enabled Thomson, Rutherford, Millikan, and others to discover and isolate the electron and to determine the true nature of matter itself.

THE SUN AND THE AURORA

Another easy transition, helping to broaden the student's vision by showing him the interrelationship of the various branches of science, will lead him from the glowing gases of vacuum tubes to the phenomena of the aurora and their seat in the sun. The colored and pulsating striæ of gases at low pressure are produced by passing through them a stream of electrons, resulting from an electric discharge. In the same way the gleam of the aurora arises from the bombardment of the earth's upper atmosphere by electrons shot out from the sun. These come to us continuously, so that the aurora, though too faint to be seen by the eye, can be detected (in Southern California) by the spectroscope on any night, even through clouds. But when great and active sun-spots, surrounded by violent eruptions, are near the centre of the sun, the rain of electrons is enormously increased, and the aurora is brightened into visibility. The electric currents in the higher atmosphere are accompanied by earth currents, which sometimes become so intense that they interfere with telegraphy and even burn out ocean cables (as in May, 1921). A recording magnetograph, mounted near the entrance of the central hall, will show the spasmodic fluctuations in the intensity of the earth's magnetism that accompany these electric storms, and the visitor can observe the source of the electrons by going to the middle of the hall, where a large image of the sun, formed by a cœlostast telescope, mounted on the dome above,

may be seen on the white surface of the circular drum shown on page 525. The sun-spot responsible for the disturbance will be plainly visible, and its changes in form, as well as its shifting position on the disk caused by the rotation of the sun, can also be followed from day to day.

This takes us to the sun, which exhibits electrical and magnetic phenomena on a

mits the resultant light to descend through the slit, side by side with the light of the sun. The bright lines of iron in the arc, coinciding exactly with the dark lines of iron in the sun, may then be seen at a glance. It will also be possible with this apparatus to show the widening or splitting of certain lines due to the magnetic fields in sun-spots, which are caused by



General view of the new building.
From a preliminary sketch by the architect.

colossal scale in its own atmosphere. The chemical composition of this atmosphere is easily shown by the spectroscope within the circular drum at the centre of the hall. Light from the solar image, passing through a narrow slit in the upper face of this drum, descends to an optical grating near the level of the basement floor, is analyzed into its constituent parts, and sent back in the form of a brilliant spectrum. By looking down through an eyepiece near the sun's image the visitor can see this spectrum, crossed by the numerous dark lines that characterize the chemical elements present in the vaporous atmosphere of the sun. Hundreds of these lines are due to iron, easily identified by touching a button, which starts an electric arc, vaporizes its iron poles, and per-

swarms of electrified particles whirling in the immense vortices or tornadoes that constitute the spots.

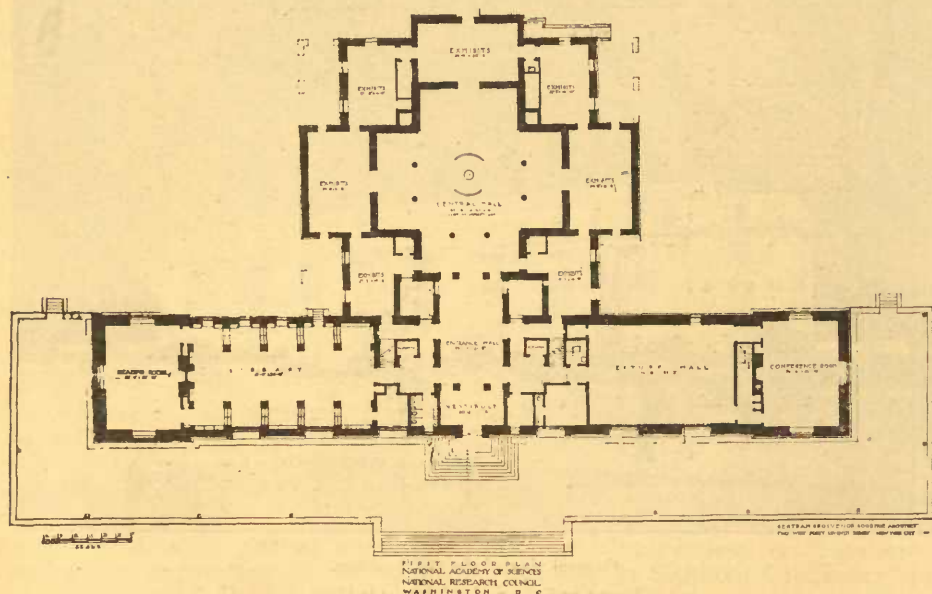
These details will suffice to explain the character and the purpose of the exhibits. Current phenomena of nature, the apparatus for studying them, and the means by which fundamental discoveries are applied for the public welfare will all be demonstrated in a changing exhibit, kept constantly up to date, and covering the whole range of the physical and biological sciences. A great Foucault pendulum, swinging in an invariable plane at the centre of the hall, will illustrate the rotation of the earth turning beneath it. Two small lead balls, drawn toward larger balls by their mutual attraction, will demonstrate the power of gravitation

(the Cavendish experiment). A Nichols radiometer, when exposed by a visitor's touch to a bright light, will demonstrate the pressure of radiation, so feeble from even the most brilliant terrestrial sources, but so intense in certain stars that it tends to disintegrate them. The remarkable phenomena of the interference of light, and their use for the most minute and exact measurements of length or for the determination of the diameter of the stars;

industrial research laboratories. The discoveries and progress of physics, chemistry, astronomy, zoology, botany, and other branches of the physical and biological sciences, and of medicine, engineering, and agriculture will be demonstrated in the remaining rooms.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

In all their activities, whether in popularizing science, supplying technical in-



Main-floor plan of the new building of the National Academy of Sciences and National Research Council.

the beautiful structure and colors of crystals in process of formation, shown with polarized light; living infusoria, in their exquisite variety, swimming in a drop of ditch-water; growing colonies of bacteria; the phenomena of cell division and of artificial parthenogenesis—these are further examples of the exhibits in the central hall.

One of the smaller exhibits rooms, as already remarked, will be devoted to wireless communication. Another will be placed at the disposal of the scientific and technical bureaus of the government, which will show in sequence the results of their latest researches. Another will be used to illustrate the advances made in

formation, securing co-operation among investigators, pointing out new possibilities of progress, or promoting the development of American industries, the National Academy and the Research Council must always seek to maintain an effective balance between fundamental science and its applications in the arts. The United States is strong in mechanical skill and prolific in invention. It must become equally successful in the fundamental sciences, where its progress to-day is more rapid than ever before. Every advance in this direction will be returned tenfold in the industries, where the importance of research is fast gaining recognition. When men like Elihu Root,



Main entrance of the new building.
From a preliminary sketch by the architect.

Theodore Vail, and Herbert Hoover emphasize the fact that industrial development and national progress depend in great degree upon the improvement of methods and the increase of output by research, and when industrial corporations spend millions annually in their research laboratories, we may be sure that the leaders of the industries that still apply old processes will soon awaken. An important division of the Research Council devotes its whole attention to this prob-

lem, demonstrating by examples drawn from the practice of leading industries that no expenditure is more profitable than that which is made for research. When this is generally appreciated, and when all of our great corporations realize that they can cheapen and improve their products by research, a reciprocal advantage to fundamental science will follow. Conscious of their debt to its teachings, and of their never-ceasing need for new knowledge, the industries will provide for

its support by adding liberally to the endowment of research laboratories. Educational institutions, where the need for funds is greatest, have already begun to feel the benefit of such support, and it is safe to say that the contributions of the industries will multiply as they prosper in the light of scientific knowledge.

ASPECTS OF SCIENCE

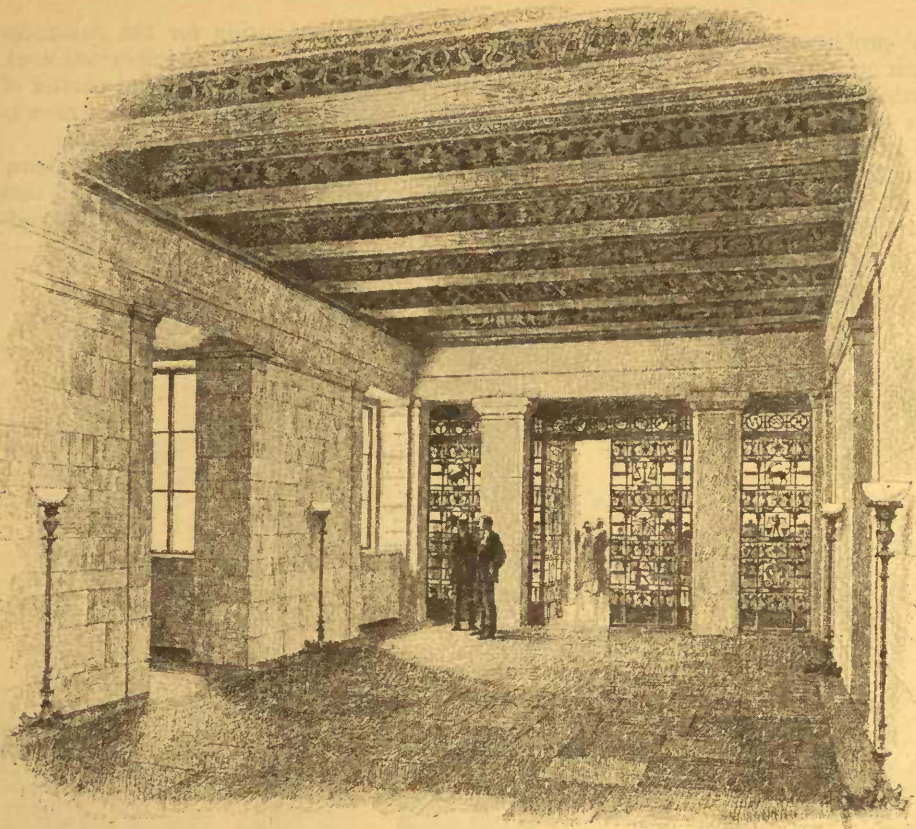
To appreciate the possibilities of the many activities that will focus in this building, and to realize their significance to human progress, we must briefly survey the wide field of science and discern its true place in any intelligent scheme of national development.

Science, dimly discerned among the mists of antiquity by the Chaldeans and Egyptians, was first clearly recognized by the keen vision of the Greeks, only to be lost again in mediæval obscurity. Recovered after many centuries and increasingly appreciated as the chief factor in the development of the modern world, science is now held at its true value by all fully enlightened men. Those who have learned from study and research, or perhaps as the result of industrial experience, know science as the one sure guide to the discovery of truth and as the strongest ally of mankind. Others, who have glimpsed only one of its aspects, see science as the cold embodiment of reason, devoid of the beauties of the imagination that exist for them only in literature and art. Those who recognize most clearly its material services to the world think of science as the navigator of the seas, the bearer of man's voice on the ether, the mother of industry. To some, who have seen science disfigured by the violence of the invader, its image has been distorted into a fearful shape of pestilence and fire. And, unfortunately, there are others, from the inquisitors who burned Giordano Bruno and imprisoned Galileo to their modern counterparts, who regard science as the enemy of their particular creeds, and would penalize the teacher of evolution and the student of the origin of man.

But whatever be one's view-point, he must be blind indeed if he fails to recognize the services of science to civilization. Man was once in abject fear of nature, and in his superstitious ignorance

deified the wind and the thunder, and peopled the air with evil spirits, whom he propitiated by sacrifice. To-day, taught by science, he analyzes the lightning, traces its origin in the raindrops, and utilizes its essence in the industrial arts. He navigates the air in the face of furious gales, and dissipates its dreaded mysteries by the light of new knowledge. Instead of fearing nature, he now subdues her to serve his needs. The range of his perception has spread from a little area centering in Greece, surrounded by untracked lands and seas, to the depths of a universe in which he watches the birth, growth, and decay of worlds incomparably greater than his own. He looks back into the remote history of the earth, observes it in its early stages of development from the ancestral sun, and watches the ebb and flow of primeval seas, the growth and emergence of continents, the descent and recession of the polar ice, the slow fashioning by fire and wind and stream of our present home. He finds in the lowest beds of stratified rocks the simple forms of early life, traces the rise of animals and plants through successive strata laid down during millions of years, detects the first signs of the appearance of man, and follows his ascent as his intelligence slowly ripens and at last subdues the earth. He sees him at first rudely fashioning flint implements, and perceives his advance from the stage of simplest invention to the discovery of natural laws which permit him to satisfy not merely his obvious needs, but to attain results which, without science, could not be even conceived. Manifold increase in the production of the soil, the rapid conquest of disease and the lengthening of human life, the creation and development of industries and the reduction in cost of daily necessities, all these and much more we owe to science, whose work for humanity has only just begun.

But it is not only in the material world that science is useful to mankind. Its greatest aim and object is the discovery of the truth, which it pursues without fear of embarrassing consequences. Science sets before us a high example of honest judgment and an open mind, reversing its conclusions without hesitation when new evidence demands. And as it builds up through the centuries, by long and pain-



The entrance hall.

From a preliminary sketch by the architect.

ful search, a great body of knowledge for universal benefit it spreads before the imagination a picture which no artist could hope to rival. Science does not seek a formula with which to reproduce the sculpture of Praxiteles or Rodin, the paintings of Rembrandt or Turner, the poetry of Homer or Keats. It recognizes here, as it does in true religion, a domain beyond its own. But its appeal is to the imagination as well as to the reason. The painter, with common pigments and bristle brushes, creates on canvas a great portrait or landscape. The architect, with blocks of primeval mud hardened into rock beneath an extinct ocean, builds a great cathedral which stirs us by its majesty. Science, revealing with its instruments of metal and glass the widest sweep of nature, inspires the imagination by vistas of the stellar universe, the ex-

quisite life of the microscopic world, the successive stages in the evolution of the earth and of man. No material service of science to daily life, such as the accurate marking of time or the navigation of the seas, can compare in value with its overthrow of earth-centred mediævalism and its revelation of the universe. The enlarged conception of human possibilities thus afforded, the escape thus effected from the dominance of enforced and arbitrary thought, are reflected in the advance of the modern world. And the sweeping picture that science spreads before us is unmatched in its appeal to the imagination and its stimulus to progress.

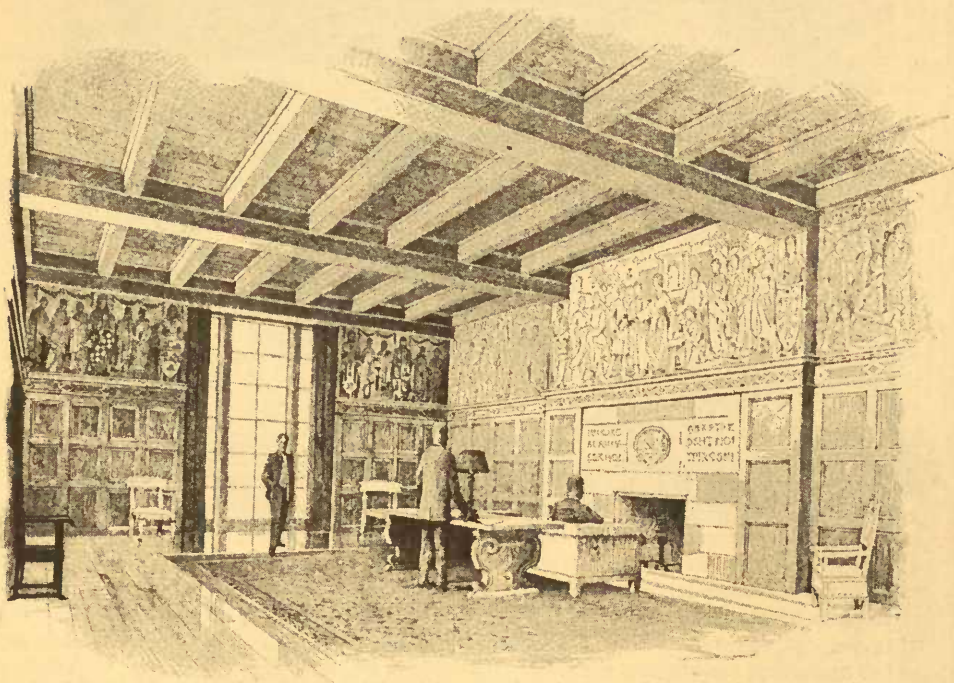
THE ORGANIZATION OF SCIENCE AND RESEARCH

It is not surprising, therefore, that from very early times men have met to discuss

the problems of science and to improve their means of research. The Academy of Plato and the great School of Alexandria are striking examples of such associations of scholars in the best days of Greek civilization. In the darkness of the succeeding centuries we find the Arabs pursuing their astronomical, mathematical,

American Association for the Advancement of Science began its important work in 1848, and the Congressional charter of the National Academy of Sciences was signed by Abraham Lincoln in 1863.

The purpose of the National Academy differs materially from that of the vast number of special societies that have ad-



The reading-room.

From a preliminary sketch by the architect.

and chemical studies in Bagdad, Cairo, and Spain, but in most of Europe stagnation prevailed until Galileo brilliantly demonstrated the theory of Copernicus and forced the earth from its traditional place at the centre of the solar system. From that time forward academies of science were formed in rapid succession, notably the Accademia dei Lincei in Italy, the Académie des Sciences in France, and the Royal Society in England. In this country the American Philosophical Society, established in Philadelphia through the initiative of Benjamin Franklin, did much to promote the increase and diffusion of knowledge. The

vanced science by the encouragement of specialization. Without them, it is true, science could never have reached its present high development, as its immense range renders concentration on particular problems essential. But in the very nature of the case such concentration develops narrowness of view, and the isolated worker, his whole heart and soul locked within a closely bound field, fails to see clearly the vast territory lying beyond his own. What is needed is the development of men capable of intense specialization, conducted in the light of a broad appreciation of the major problems of science. The specialist is often in danger



The central hall, showing the Foucault pendulum and the circular drum on which the solar image is projected by the cœlostæt telescope on the dome above.

From a preliminary sketch by the architect.

of becoming dependent upon a single instrument or a narrow range of methods; he should be brought into touch with the great variety of instruments and methods devised by workers in other fields, for in scores of cases they are directly applica-

ble in his own. Take, for example, the case of astrophysics, which began with the study of the physical phenomena of the sun, moon, and planets by simple telescopic observation. The introduction of photography, and the use of the spectro-

scope, bolometer, thermopile, radiometer, several forms of interferometer, the photo-electric cell, and scores of other instruments borrowed from the physicist have completely transformed the science and advanced it by leaps and bounds. So with physical chemistry, physiology, and psychology, all of which have profited in high degree by drawing from the inexhaustible store of physical instruments and methods. The development of experimental medicine is another case in point. But while progressive men in these and many other fields have borrowed freely, and advanced their subjects in like proportion, the possibilities of such modes of progress are as yet but little realized. A body of leading investigators, covering all branches of science and vigorously exchanging ideas, is alone competent to appreciate and profit by them.

Another illustration will show in a different manner why such a body is needed. Consider the physicist, studying the great problem of the constitution of matter. His present era of unprecedented progress, foreshadowed by Crookes's discovery of "a fourth state of matter" in vacuum tubes, suddenly dawned with the advent of X-rays and radioactive substances. To-day the structure of the atom is rapidly becoming evident; the constitution of the elements, by the progressive addition of units of positive and negative electricity, is partly understood; and the decomposition of some of them has been accomplished. But much is yet to be learned, and this can best be done by the intimate collaboration of physicists, chemists, and astrophysicists, who deal with matter in diverse forms, observed under widely different conditions. The enormous temperatures of the stars, the disintegrating effects of radiation pressures greatly transcending those observed on earth, the influence of great solar magnetic fields, and the extraordinary power of stellar gravitation offer to the physicist and chemist the means of trying experiments beyond the range of laboratory possibilities. Here, again, a great academy, bringing such men together and presenting their results from a common forum, can accomplish what no special society can attain.

But it is hardly necessary to illustrate

further when the opportunity before such a comprehensive body is so obvious. To maintain, as some still do, that an organization like this is merely a survival, not needed to-day because of the success of the special societies, is merely to betray a narrowness of view that calls for no comment. The greatest progress of the future will come from men of broad vision, who will appreciate and profit by participation in an academy where members of widely different experience and knowledge unite to advance science in its larger aspects.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

One of the most striking pen portraits of President Lincoln that we possess depicts him on the great tower of the Smithsonian Institution, which he ascended night after night with Joseph Henry, first secretary of the Institution and charter member of the National Academy of Sciences. From this vantage-point lights were flashed to distant stations, in connection with tests of new methods of signalling. It was in such researches for military purposes that the Academy had its origin.

The period of these experiments was an anxious one. Many months of war, marked by serious and unexpected reverses, had left small room for overconfidence, and taught the necessity of utilizing every promising means of strengthening the Northern arms. With one or two notable exceptions, the great scientific bureaus of the government, now so powerful, had not come into existence. But the country was not without its leaders of science and engineering, both within and without the government circle. Davis, fighting admiral, chief of the bureau of navigation, founder of the *Nautical Almanac*; Bache, superintendent of the Coast Survey, designer of the defenses of Philadelphia; and Joseph Henry, of whom we have already spoken, clearly recognized the need of a national organization, embracing the whole range of science, to advise the government on questions of science and art. Joining with them Louis Agassiz, the great naturalist; Benjamin Peirce, mathematician and astronomer; and B. A. Gould, founder of the Observatory of the Argentine Republic, they planned the National Academy of Sci-

ences. A bill to incorporate the Academy was introduced in the Senate by Senator Wilson of Massachusetts on February 21, 1863. It passed the Senate and the House, and was signed by President Lincoln on March 3. This bill, which was subsequently amended to remove the limitation of membership, and to permit the Academy to receive bequests, named fifty charter members, conferred powers of organization, the election of members, and the transaction of business, and provided that "the Academy shall, whenever called upon by any department of the Government, investigate, examine, experiment, and report upon any subject of science or art. . . ."

As the adviser of the government on questions of science the Academy was immediately called upon by the War and Navy Departments to report on various problems connected with the Civil War. The Academy thus assisted in the national defense just as the Paris Academy of Sciences aided in resisting invasion and stamping out civil war after the French Revolution.

But it is only in great emergencies that such a body is justified in turning aside from its real task of advancing knowledge and benefiting industry. Thus, the Civil War ended, the Academy assumed with relief its normal duties. These were numerous and pressing, for science in this country was in great need of development. In 1831 de Tocqueville had seen but little evidence of the progress of science in the United States, and even in 1873 Tyndall recognized few important accomplishments. But under the active leadership of Academy members the way was preparing for the rapid advances of later years.

In accordance with the provisions of the charter, the government continued to call upon the Academy for advice on a great variety of problems. During the following years reports were submitted on such questions as the transit of Venus, instructions for the *Polaris* expedition, surveys of the Territories, electrical units, the conduct of scientific work under the government, the protection of coal-mines from explosion, the erection of a new naval observatory, the inauguration of a national forest policy, scientific explorations of the Philippines, and scores of other

problems. Some of these requests for advice were submitted by the President, others by acts of Congress, joint commissions of Congress, and the various departments of the government. Some of the information thus supplied by the Academy can now be obtained from the numerous scientific bureaus and national laboratories of the government. But it still remains true that questions of broad scope, especially those requiring the co-operation of scientific authorities representing several fields of knowledge, can be best dealt with by such an independent and unbiassed body as the National Academy. An illustration of this is afforded by the organization of the National Research Council.

THE NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

The sinking of the *Lusitania* in 1915 destroyed all possible doubt of Germany's intention to wage a ruthless war regardless of the United States. Action by the Academy was at once considered, but no favorable opportunity occurred until April, 1916, after the wanton attack on the *Sussex*. The President immediately accepted the Academy's offer of service, and requested it to organize the scientific agencies of the United States in the interest of the national defense, but with the ultimate object of advancing scientific and industrial progress.

The National Research Council, resting legally on the Academy's congressional charter, and comprising in its membership the chiefs of the technical bureaus of the Army and Navy and other scientific bureaus of the government, representatives of educational institutions and research foundations, and representatives of industrial and engineering research, was accordingly constituted by the Academy with the active co-operation of the principal national scientific and engineering societies. The prominent part played by the Engineering Foundation, which devoted its entire income toward the expense of organization, gave the services of its secretary, and provided a New York office for the Research Council, is a noteworthy illustration of the cordial support given by the engineers.

The Research Council was organized on September 20, 1916, and immediately

took up its duties. It was accordingly well under way when the United States entered the war in the following April, and thus lost no time in getting into action. Its chairman had learned something of the war services of the British and French men of science while in Europe in the summer of 1916, and its committee to secure active co-operation with them was one of the first American agencies sent abroad after our declaration of war. Subsequently Scientific Attachés, selected by the Research Council and accredited by the State Department to our embassies in London, Paris, and Rome, provided the necessary means of keeping our activities in close touch with those of our allies. With the aid of scientific investigators and naval officers reciprocally sent to our Washington headquarters by Great Britain, France, and Italy an extensive study of the problem of locating submerged submarines was organized in co-operation with the navy, and rapid progress was soon made in devising and perfecting new devices for this purpose. Hundreds of other problems were also successfully attacked in co-operation with the War and Navy Departments. These are far too numerous for mention here, as may be seen by referring to the third annual report of the National Research Council, where the war activities of its various divisions are briefly outlined. A noteworthy service was the initiation in the army of the extensive series of psychological tests, actually applied to some 1,700,000 men and since the war widely adopted for college entrance examinations and in the selection of men by the industries. This illustrates how work undertaken to meet war needs can be utilized in times of peace.

PEACE SERVICES OF THE NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

An executive order issued by the President of the United States on May 11, 1918, after stating that the work accomplished by the National Research Council during the war demonstrated its capacity for larger service, requested the Academy to perpetuate the Council, and defined its peace duties as follows:

In general, to stimulate research in the mathematical, physical, and biological

sciences, and in the application of these sciences to engineering, agriculture, medicine, and other useful arts, with the object of increasing knowledge, of strengthening the national defense, and of contributing in other ways to the public welfare.

To survey the larger possibilities of science, to formulate comprehensive projects of research, and to develop effective means of utilizing the scientific and technical resources of the country for dealing with these projects.

To promote co-operation in research, at home and abroad, in order to secure concentration of effort, minimize duplication, and stimulate progress; but in all co-operative undertakings to give encouragement to individual initiative, as fundamentally important to the advancement of science.

To gather and collate scientific and technical information at home and abroad, in co-operation with governmental and other agencies, and to render such information available.

The executive order also stated that for the purpose of assuring the cordial co-operation of the scientific and technical branches of the government the President would continue to appoint representatives on the nomination of the National Academy of Sciences, and would arrange for the further co-operation of the respective heads of government departments.

Under the democratic plan of organization adopted after the Armistice, the National Research Council consists of the representatives of fifty-six scientific and technical societies, together with representatives of the government and certain members at large. I wish that space permitted me to describe its numerous activities since the war. It is only possible, however, to give a few typical illustrations of methods and results. Take, for example, the work of the Council in promoting research in the fields of physics and chemistry, which lie at the very foundation of science and industry. Committees are formed of the leading investigators of the chief problems of physics. These committees meet from time to time to compare methods and results, and to prepare broad surveys of the existing state of knowledge and the

most promising opportunities for further research. Many of these monographs have been published by the Council, thus rendering the committees useful not merely in stimulating their members, widening their outlook, and securing informal co-operation, but also in placing

Education Board have just united in a second gift of \$500,000 to the Council, to establish similar fellowships in medicine. Still another means of helping investigators is through assistance in securing loans of scientific instruments. The Division of Physical Sciences, learning of

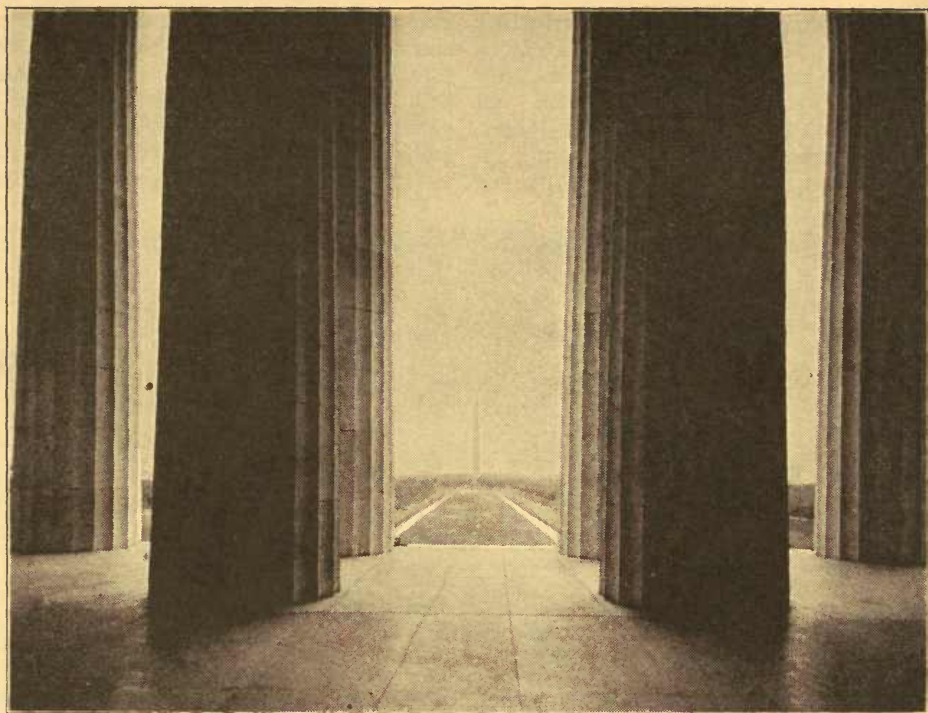


The Lincoln Memorial, as seen from a point near the new building of the National Academy of Sciences and National Research Council.

the results of their surveys before other investigators. Another mode of advancing research is illustrated by the establishment of National Research Fellowships in physics and chemistry. The Rockefeller Foundation, recognizing the fundamental character of these sciences and the importance of developing a large number of students competent to advance them by research, gave the council \$100,000 a year for five years to provide liberal fellowships for those who have shown exceptional promise in their university work. The results of this experiment, which has been in progress for three years, have been so satisfactory that the Rockefeller Foundation and the General

the unusual resources of some laboratories and the pressing needs of others, serves with the Research Information Service as a useful go-between. Ultimately the Academy and Council will be able to lend many instruments from their own collection, resulting from the return of apparatus purchased by recipients of grants from their special research funds.

These examples must suffice to typify the diverse work of the various divisions of science and technology of the Research Council, which also include those of engineering, chemistry and chemical technology, geology and geography, medical sciences, biology and agriculture, an-



The Washington Monument, as seen from the Lincoln Memorial.
The dome of the Capitol, in the distance, is covered by the monument.

thropology and psychology. While the cases cited and many more relate to fundamental problems of science, others are severely practical, such as the fatigue phenomena of metals, high-speed tool steels, moulding sands, electric insulation, fertilizers, food and nutrition, forestry, child welfare. The Council, in co-operation with the Department of Agriculture and many State organizations, maintains a central bureau for highways research, as a clearing-house and means of co-ordination of the activities of State agencies, which are spending hundreds of millions for the construction of roads. Another recent accomplishment of the Council in a different field, due to the energetic and effective service of its Permanent Secretary, Doctor Vernon Kellogg, is the provision of large funds received through the Rockefeller Foundation for the support of the Concilium Bibliographicum, which otherwise would have been forced to suspend its valuable work of indexing and abstracting the extensive literature of biology.

The Divisions of General Relations of the Research Council supplement those of science and technology. Thus the Division of Federal Relations brings together representatives of the scientific and technical bureaus of the government for the consideration of common problems, and the Division of States Relations seeks to promote the scientific and technical work organized under the authority of the various States. The Division of Foreign Relations represents the United States in the International Research Council, which was organized soon after the armistice in harmony with a plan presented by the National Academy of Sciences at meetings held in London and Paris under the auspices of the Royal Society and the Paris Academy of Sciences. The Division of Educational Relations studies the conditions for research in American educational institutions and seeks means of discovering and developing exceptionally qualified students. The Research Information Service collects data needed by research workers

and answers scientific and technical questions received from any source. A glance through its files reveals the great variety of inquiries received from scientific investigators, state and government bureaus, industrial laboratories, students, private

workers, and others. If funds can be obtained to develop the Information Service adequately, incalculable assistance and great saving of time and expense can be afforded to men of science, the industries, and the general public.

The Great Adventure

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

I

I, who am lover of brown paths that lead into deep, cloistered forests,
Happy if only they bend, like my vagabond thoughts, to new vistas;
I, who see never the tangle of glistening and musical waters
Unmoved by desire to companion them on to the goal of all streamlets;
I, who in boyhood would race with the round, drifting clouds of the June-time
Coveting all that they whisper to mortals of voyage and vision;
I, who was tranced by the call of the Walkyrie storm in the midnight,
Awed by the pageant of stars and the vanishing glory of rainbows—
How can I fear the Unknown, the zest of the night and the morning!

2

I, who meet strangers as possible friends to be sought for and cherished,
Knowing that once the most cherished of friends was a possible stranger;
I to whom each is a ship on a virginal sea, within hailing,
Craving some news of the port, some correction of chart or of compass;
I, tempted to good or to bad by a venturesome quest after beauty,
Sure it alone will remain beyond our illusions and changes;
I, who in time of dismay believe that all wrong is forgetting,
That Man is no plaything of Fate, to be broken, discarded, and wasted—
How can I fear the Unknown, the hope and the friend of the fearful!

3

I, who see Love as the gift of all gifts, as an instinct of beauty,
Stirring the lowest to climb to his dream on the far-seeing summit;
Law as the bond of the stars; Need as the thirst of the human;
Nothing as good for ourselves that is not the birthright of others:—
How, in the candor of night, can I shrink from the Power that gave us
Heart for the joy and the struggle, mind to engage with the darkness,
Little by little revealing the prints of His footsteps eternal?
Think you that all shall be told, that the last day is naught but a curtain?
Hail to the Mystery Glorious, the path of our greatest and dearest!



Old Bluebell Hunts

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.

Author of "Corkran of the Clamstretch" and "The Wind Witch"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. HAYS



JUDGE COLEMAN rises early upon the morning of the Thanksgiving hunt. There is need of this, for, as is the case with all huntsmen of the older school, it requires the services of

three men properly to dress him.

He wakes as the first rays of the sun pierce the mists which rise above the Brandywine, and, going swiftly to the window, sniffs the wet dawn air. So standing, his bony arms stretched upon the sill, his eagle's nose pointed to the sky, he seems like a lean old hound, erect upon its haunches, that prospects the day of hunt.

Beneath his window the squat russet roofs of the kennels are beginning to emerge from the curling haze of early morning, and the hounds within, as though called to life by the sun's broad rim, give vibrant tongue.

High and piercing comes the cry of the pack. Old Mayflower seems to lead with the first solo part, and the other hounds follow wildly. The chorus falls to subdued yelping, to rise again into full cry.

The judge listens with pride. So well does he know his hounds that he is able to distinguish individual voices from the chorus. He hears the deep, full baying of Dazzle, the yelping "ar-uumph-ar-ouw" of short-throated Nick, but it becomes apparent to him that upon this morning one voice is missing.

This inspection completed, the judge grunts. Delaware, his valet, waiting outside the bedroom door, has heard this grunt upon hunting mornings for many years, and is still unable to say whether it signifies approval or disgust. It serves

as a signal, however, and Delaware despatches Kent and Sussex, his sons, and therefore named for the counties of the State, to the kitchen for boiling water and hot towels.

These burdens arrive in the capable hands of Kent, for Sussex, a negro of the careful watch-and-ward school, has paused to rest upon the stairway. Water and towels are slid into the judge's room.

Thereafter begin the processes of toilet, punctuated by stentorian commands and questions to the three negroes, waiting outside the door.

The judge shaves.

"Is the mist rising?"

"Yessuh, it's risin'!" Delaware does not admit mist upon the ground on the morning of a hunt.

"A hotter towel!"

Kent runs.

"Any clouds?"

"High in sky." It is still almost dark, and no eye can see a hundred yards beyond the house.

"Hounds all right? None wandered?"

"Yessuh. Seen 'em myself!" Delaware possesses an abiding fear of dogs in numbers, and will never go near the kennels. The judge is aware of this, but he merely wishes the form of an assurance.

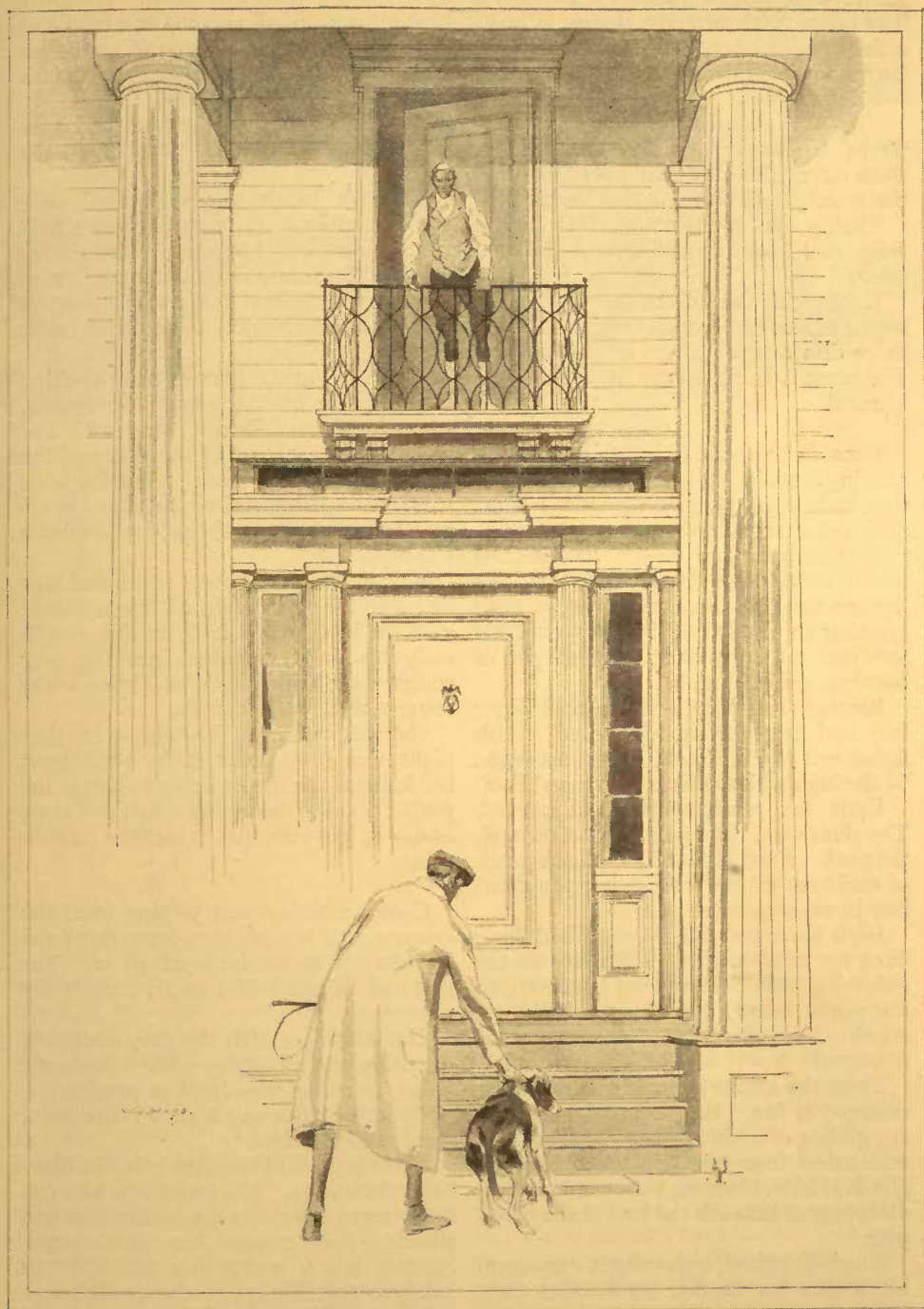
"Bluebell there? Didn't seem to hear her with the pack?"

"Reckon so!" Delaware knows of Bluebell's tendency to wander from the kennels upon hunts of her own, and therefore qualifies an absolute statement.

There is a crackle of linen. The judge is putting on his high choker shirt. He is now standing before the window, looking out.

Bring him his boots!

This is the very pinnacle of the ceremony of dressing. The boots are taken from their trees by Sussex, handed to



Drawn by W. J. Hays.

Doom is upon her. She knows it, and speaks of her impending troubles in a high, clear voice.—Page 534.

Kent, who passes them to Delaware. The latter, with reverent sleeve, bestows a final polish upon their glossy surfaces, begins to slide them through the doorway—is interrupted!

"*There's that hound, Bluebell, now! Tryin' to sneak back into the kennels. Been out again. Runnin' every fox from the county. No use huntin' to-day!*"

"*Bring the kennelman. Tell him to bring that hound! Tell him to bring a whip!*"

Kent rockets down the stairway. The scuffle of his feet through the gravel of the drive dies away. There follows silence. The scene is being set for Bluebell's punishment.

There is no doubt of her crime, that of running foxes before a hunt. Her dereliction had begun upon the previous night with the rising of the moon.

Its rim, vast and yellow, had seemed to drip honey down its path of light. The kennels rang as the hounds bayed deep greeting to the hound in the moon, his fore feet set upon his changeless pile of burning, golden brush.

Bluebell had leaped the kennel fence and had run toward the river. With flying feet she had held her line straight to the high white cliffs of Jennings' Pool.

Upon the precipice she had paused. The river swept in a pale torrent through the pool. Each blade of grass, each patch of darkness within the pit, hung motionless in an enchanted pattern.

High upon the cliff Bluebell had flung back her head and belled full cry to the quivering stars. The sound was swept to the gorge below, was thrown back, echoing from the hills. Strangely was it answered.

From the amber light within the gorge emerged a fox. His movement seemed the gliding of a tawny shadow, a bodiless emanation from the depths of the pit. His livid hide, blending with the darkness, disappeared beneath the heel of the precipice.

Bluebell waited, quivering, a deep rumble within her throat, her hackles risen and full.

The fox of the pool suddenly became visible upon the cliff. For an instant, as he turned, his body was silhouetted

against the glare of the moon. His great brush was uplifted, sinuous and fragile as a fan; his jaws lolled open in soundless laughter. Gliding, he disappeared into the woods beyond the pool.

As if the signal for the hunt had been given, Bluebell swung screaming to the line.

Through black woods patched with yellow shadows as moonlight streamed through leafless branches, through fen and thicket, across fields shimmering with frost, past farm and home, where sleepers stirred uneasily upon their beds, swept the hunt.

The fox ran as silently as a drifting shadow; the hound pursued in rolling, quivering bass. Before them earth and heaven seemed blent in the speed of the chase; behind, the aching night fell back to silence. Hour following hour, huntress and hunted ran the pale moon down the sky.

But in that still hour when darkness deepens the fox vanished as suddenly as if he had leaped into another world. Only his scent remained, growing ever colder as Bluebell worked through the coverts with tired nostrils.

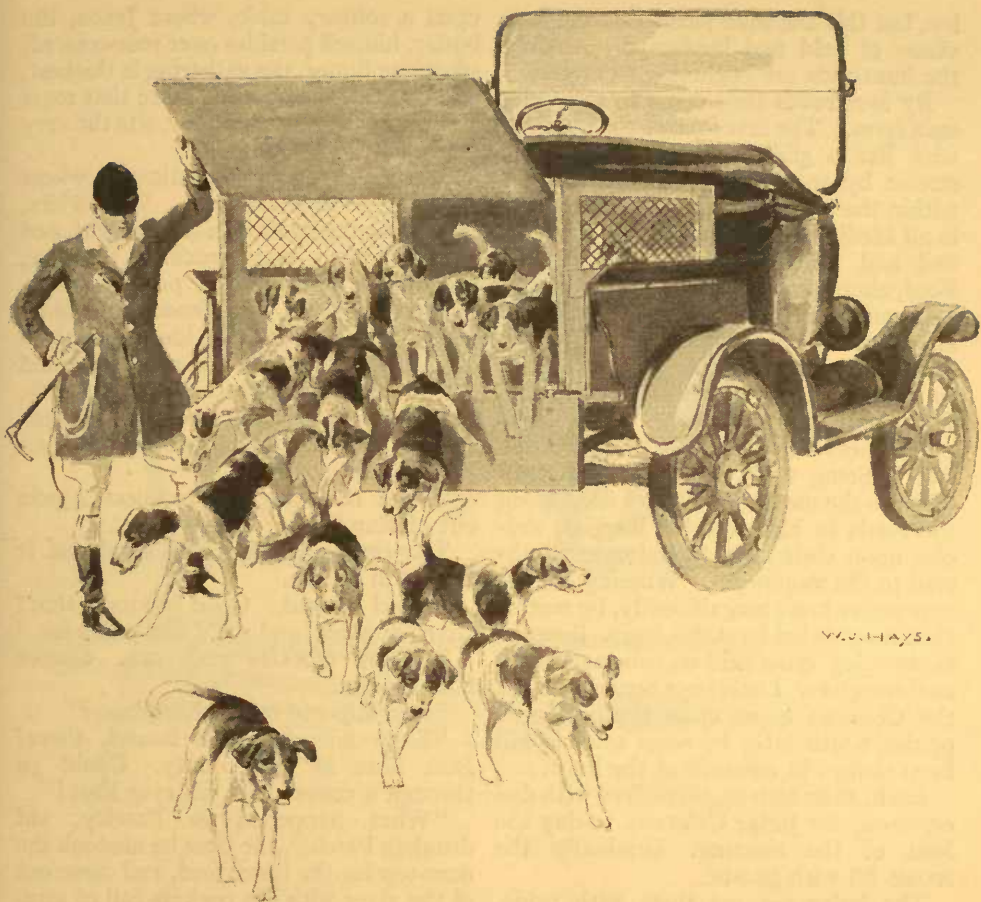
She was content. The chase, for that night, was at an end, but she would hunt her fox again as she had hunted him in the past. She lay down and slept, and now, at dawn, had returned to merited punishment.

Comes whining and yelping from the kennels, as if hounds were being torn from their lairs in successive martyrdom. The voice of Bluebell lifts itself, mournfully protesting.

The mist rises with the day, disclosing the drive and a balcony where stands the judge, in riding-breeches but bootless.

Upon the driveway appear kennelman, Kent, and Bluebell.

There is little of haughty spirit in Bluebell's demeanor. She is not one who can be borne to the guillotine in calmness and silence. She causes her executioners hardest labor, makes her fat body as heavy as possible, approaches punishment only when dragged to it by the scruff of her dun-colored neck. Doom is upon her. She knows it, and speaks of her impending troubles in a high, clear voice.



They shuttle from their box in a quick-moving, tan-colored ribbon.—Page 538.

Defendant Bluebell is arraigned at the bar of justice. The judge, taking upon himself the rôles of court-crier, clerk, and prosecuting attorney, sets forth the indictment. Bluebell pleads movingly. The judge continues the charge.

Through his voice outraged Coke and ravished Nimrod speak as one! Kent and the kennelman listen enthralled.

Sentence is passed: ten lashes and a day's imprisonment; Coleman will pay costs. Bluebell howls as the whip bites upon her hide. The door of the balcony slams shut. The judge has disappeared.

Bluebell, whimpering, is dragged away to be locked into the kennels. She is not to hunt to-day.

The judge is fully dressed at last.

Breeches of close-dotted cheviot, cut in the old style, cascade into the tops of his shining boots. Above the breeches rises a vest of leather, which crosses itself in many folds, to be gathered in at last by twin rows of pearl buttons. A stock, intricately wound about a lean and ancient throat, completes the effect.

But it is in his hunting-coat that the judge's personality finds fullest utterance. Originally crimson, it has been mellowed by time to soft and even black. The collar alone remains vividly scarlet. The whole seems touched by an abiding flavor of antiquity, of ancient winds and older hunting fields.

The sun is not yet fully risen. Mist from the river still seeps across hill and val-

ley, but this the wind parts, clearing long vistas of field and landscape. Already the huntsmen are beginning to arrive.

By four roads they come to the Coleman farm. The first follows the Brandywine like a gliding snake, crossing the stream by ancient twin bridges set just within the Delaware line, and this brings in all Medina and West Follen. The second and third roads meet at Chadds Ford, almost at the Revolutionary battlefield, and upon them arrive Wilmington and New Castle. The fourth is a thin and winding line, running straight back to the hills, and this brings in its contingent of hunting farmers.

Darkness sees the first of the huntsmen start. Some walk their horses twenty miles to the meeting. Others doze along the roads in high-wheeled buggies, saddles upon their laps, their hunters tethered to the wagon-tail. Wilmington folk may arrive more magnificently, by motor, their mounts led by stable-boys. Bearded farmers jog 'cross field on cobs as shaggy as themselves. Little boys bound through the Coleman gates upon stubby-legged ponies, which later by some miracle will keep always in advance of the hunt.

Each, as he arrives, is received with due ceremony by Judge Coleman, to-day the host of the meeting. Gradually the rooms fill with guests.

The judge surveys them with pride. He has known all for years.

Little Fanny Elwell, perched upon a window-seat, one slender booted knee across the other, satisfies a prodigious early-morning appetite with sausages, rolls, and jam, brought to her by willing suitors. Beyond, just out of the crowd which flows around the three broad breakfast-tables, stands a grizzled farmer, silent as his own hillside, who tenderly tests his sausage with the point of his knife before eating it. Further on, their small heads but barely visible above twin mounds of buckwheat cakes, steaming upon silver platters, are Job and Quintern Jennings, who have not missed a hunt since their eighth birthday. Next come ladies, booted, skirted, derbies corded to nape of habit, while, beyond, their hunting husbands, over ringing glasses, continue business upon a day of pleasure.

But where the punch-bowl is enthroned

upon a solitary table, where Jason, the butler, himself presides over rose-colored, sparkling liquor, the gathering is thickest, and beyond, surrounding a fire that roars and rumbles up the chimney, sits the very cream of the meeting.

These are ancient gentlemen whose days in the field are over. With white, bowed heads gleaming in the firelight, and glasses within easy reaching distance, they speak philippics of present hunts, contrasting them with those of an older time—"When a fox, Sir, knew enough to hold to its own line, and a hound could run!" Story follows story of old hounds, old foxes, old masters, now gone in dust. As each ancient speaks the others take up the chorus:

"Does the company recollect Ajacia out of Rumbottle?"

The company does, and speaks of it almost in unison.

"Good hound. Good hound, that! Give her a field and she'd find you a fox."

The fire crackles and rises. Silence falls again.

"And Riposte out of Ringdang?"

"Keen hound. Keen hound, there! Best nose in the county. Could go through a covert with his eyes shut!"

"What happened to Pateley, old drunken Pateley, the time he mistook the dam-top for the lower ford, and came out of the river with his pockets full of minnows?"

The circle recalls Pateley and laughs.

The time shifts to the present. Bluebell's perfidy the night before the hunt is told and discussed. Punishment is suggested that, were Bluebell herself to hear it, would cause her dun hide to grow pallid. One mild old gentleman suggests hanging. He himself has seen a hound hung, and for a lesser offense. The death of this malefactor had had a telling effect upon the conduct of its brother hounds. He will bring the matter to the attention of Judge Coleman.

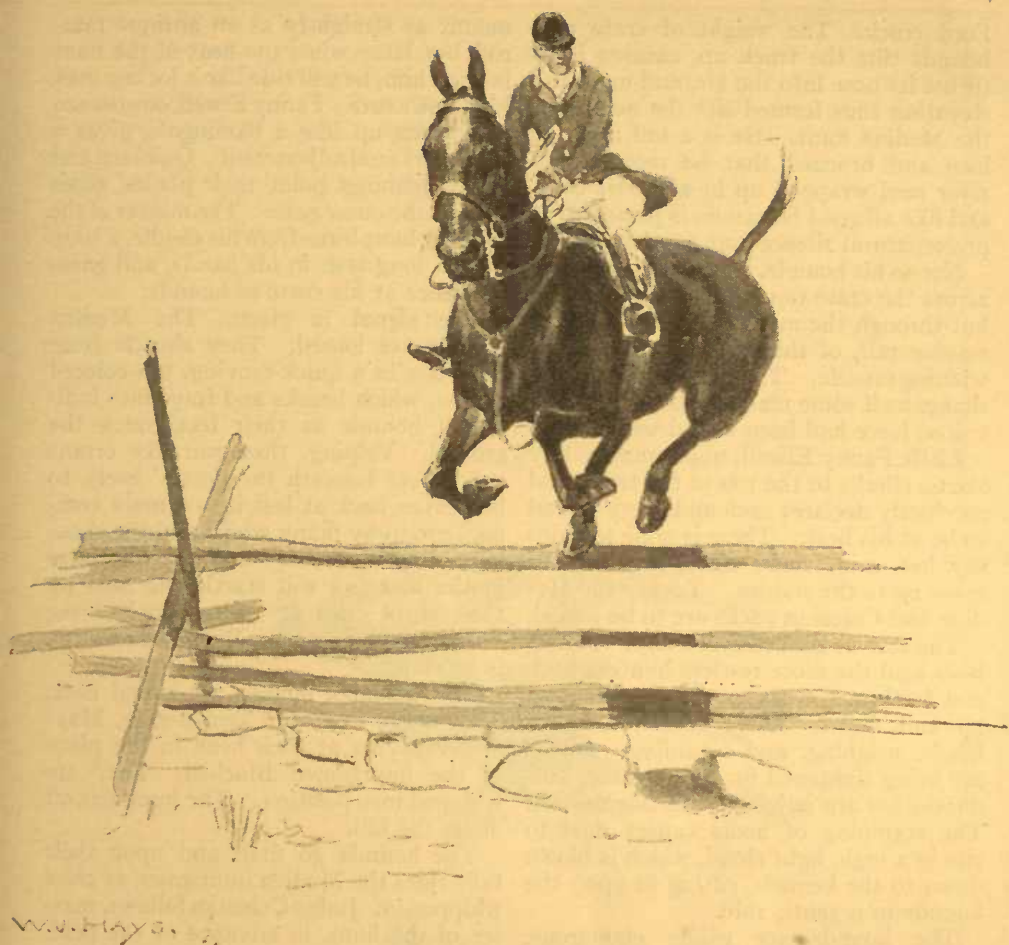
From this matter to conjecture is an easy step.

"What has the company heard of the fox of Jennings's Pool?"

The circle slaps its knees and laughs.

"There is no fox of the pool!"

"A myth, that—more scent than substance!"



With never a stop for fence or gate or wall.—Page 540.

"'Twould take a good hound and a great hunt to lay him!"

"A farmer's tale—not to be told to a huntsman!"

But Roger Glover, the eldest of the ancient gathering, rises from his corner and pounds angrily upon the bricks with his cane. The fox of the pool is no myth. He, Roger, has verily seen him. Just the other night, on the road to Westchester and near the Jennings's farm, he met the fox, in fact, had seen him "glimmer across the road right under the horse's heels."

The company holds its aching sides, and Roger, becoming even more angry, offers, cane in hand, to prove his statements upon the physical body of any

doubter present. Trouble is averted, however, by the arrival of the Medina hounds. The gathering adjourns to the porch to inspect them.

The sun is now high in the sky. The last of the river mist filters toward the zenith in thin, smoke-like tendrils. The hills contain no shadows, holding the sunlight as in a gigantic bowl. Wood, field, and stream seem to have emerged fresh-washed beneath the mist. The sunlight flecks the oval of the drive with yellow, seems to climb upon the house like a rising tide, adds new color to the grass beyond the road.

The Medina hounds are in a wire-covered crate set upon the rear of a panting

Ford truck. The weight of crate and hounds tilts the truck up, causing it to thrust its nose into the air, and upon the elevation thus formed sits the master of the Medina hunt. He is a tall man, so lean and bronzed that he resembles a river reed wrapped up in a scarlet coat, and like all good horsemen is possessed of preternatural silence and gravity.

Not so his hounds, however. The wire across the crate top holds them in check, but through the mesh emerges a fillip of waving tail, of thrusting paw, of eager, whining muzzle. The box hums, quivers, shakes as if some many-limbed, multiple-voiced force had been loosed within it.

Little Fanny Elwell, unencumbered by skirts, climbs to the top of the truck and succinctly declares each and every hound to be at his best. There is none to gain-say her, and truck, crate, and hounds move on to the stables. To-day the Medina and Coleman packs are to be joined.

The stables hum with activity. Horse-boys lead the more restless hunters back and forth across the court. Heels flash up and down. There is a tossing of heads, neighing, and squealing. Girths are being tightened for a final time, saddle-clothes are adjusted, martingales set. The stamping of hoofs causes dust to rise in a high, light cloud, which is blown down to the kennels, sifting in upon the hounds in a gentle rain.

The hounds are wildly clamorous, scenting the coming hunt. Wet muzzles protrude through the kennel-bars, and sniff and whine at passing boots. The hounds in the rear rush up, clambering upon those before them, forming a high and yelping cascade that threatens to overwhelm the gate. The sound of baying beats into the sky like a tempest.

Through this, high and clear, sound the first notes of—"To Horse and Hounds." The hunt is up.

The baying of the hounds ceases; the stables grow still; and in this instant of silence the voice of Bluebell can be heard, faintly whining, urging her freedom.

The huntsmen are mounting. The courtyard is filled with restless, sidling horses. The judge is up. The tails of his ancient coat, spread behind the saddle, sway gently as his horse, a lean black stallion, bucks and rears. He sits his

mount as straightly as an antique ram-rod, but later, when the heat of the hunt is upon him, he will ride like a jockey over his horse's ears. Fanny Elwell, one booted leg drawn up like a flamingo's, gives a stirrup its final adjustment. Quintern and Jobey Jennings point their ponies' noses toward the outer gate. The master of the Medina hunt leans from his saddle, a whip with a long lash in his hands, and gazes in silence at his crate of hounds.

The signal is given. The Medina hounds are loosed. They shuttle from their box in a quick-moving, tan-colored ribbon, which breaks and frays into individual hounds as their feet touch the ground. Yelping, they run like errant quicksilver beneath the horses' heels, to be beaten back at last into a more compact group by many whips and the shooings of small country urchins, who later in the morning will startle the field by their shrill cries of "I see 'im! I see 'im! Do you see him, Bill?" when a fox is in view.

The Coleman hounds are loosed next. They surge from the kennel-gate, May-flower baying at their head in the place of the imprisoned Bluebell. They are whipped into position. The hunt sets off down the hill.

The hounds go first, and upon their tails rides the Medina huntsman, as chief whipper-in. Judge Coleman follows, master of the hunt, in advance of the field. Behind him rides a kennelman, glorified in broken brown gaiters, a split scarlet coat, and a bedrabbled jockey-cap. A hunting-horn is slung across his shoulders; a long lash is in his hands. He is a general jack o' the hunt, who blows the calls and thrashes recalcitrant hounds.

Next comes Fanny Elwell, her roan daintily lifting his hoofs over the pools of water upon the road, and with her, their ponies' noses almost touching the tall roan's flanks, ride Jobey and Quintern Jennings. Behind these three come the rank and file of the field, thinning to the ruck.

They cross the Brandywine by ancient twin bridges, which roll like beaten drums beneath the horses' hoofs. Thereafter, leaving the road, the hunt ascends Malvern hill. The horses are still at a walk, yet the pace has quickened. The hounds



W. J. Hays

Drawn by W. J. Hays.

Huntsmen are spread from hill to hill.—Page 540.

are more restless, and the riders in the rear are closing up. The Malvern coverts are to be drawn first.

Before the covert the hunt pauses. The hounds know their duty well. Whining, they fling themselves into the underbrush. The silent Medina master, his whip atrail, settles back upon his saddle. The judge's stallion grows restless and paws the frozen earth, but there comes never change nor tremor in the erect bearing of his master. The hunt waits in silence, broken only by the stamping of horses and the whining and scuffle of hounds through the thick of the bushes.

Occasionally a hound emerges, almost upon his nose, having worked himself through the length of the covert. He throws his muzzle to the sky as if clearing his nostrils, and plunges in again.

Time passes. The hunt grows restless. A few hounds clear the covert and begin a dejected search for fleas. The silent Medina huntsman smites the deserters

of the pack to the line. The hounds take scent and cry at a single breath, and scream after the fleeing Mayflower, now far in the van.

The hunt breaks through the covert in a surge of horses. The ruck follows almost upon the leaders. Whipping and spurring, they pound across the field.

The scent is variable. At times it seems breast-high, floating thick and warm. At times the hounds are suddenly brought to their noses. Mayflower, however, in rolling, quivering bass, with undiminished speed, holds to her line. The other hounds scream after her.

For five full fields, a mile that curves ever gently toward the river and the Coleman house, the hunt holds thus. With never a stop for fence or gate or wall the riders follow. Huntsmen are spread from hill to hill, and the ruck, fields back, has not yet come into view.

Now comes a check, for Mayflower, where a tributary brook takes its course



with fury and drives them into the bushes again.

High and clear, ringing like a clarion down the crisp November air, comes the voice of Mayflower. She lifts her muzzle to the heavens, fluffs it down again between her legs in deep, full cry, and is off like a shot across the field.

"Away! Away!" shouts the judge, and spurs his stallion through the covert. The horse takes the bushes at a stride.

The Medina huntsman and the jack o' the hunt, madly whipping, swing the rest

to the Brandywine just below, loses scent, and for many seconds runs, whining and scuffling, back and forth through the underbrush at the brookside. The other hounds come up and add the tumult of their searchings to those of Mayflower. The judge reins in his stallion below the covert. The Medina huntsman and the jack o' the hunt gallop to the edge of the bushes. The first of the leading riders pause and wait. The ruck comes into view.

Mayflower, however, reaching a swift conclusion, crosses the brook in four great

leaps from stone to stone, and upon the farther side throws down her head in full cry as she again takes the scent. A number of hounds follow her, and the judge, in a rippling cascade of water, splashes his stallion across the stream. Upon the

Here divergence must occur. It would be pleasant to tell how the silent Medina master, at last losing his cap and composure, tore his hair, which turned out to be flaming red and which was followed, so swears the Coleman hunt, by the Me-



W. J. HAYES

Roaring into full voice, closes in on the line.—Page 542.

bank, startled by a sudden great view-halloo behind him, he turns in his saddle, but slightly reining in his mount.

Beneath the very heels of the Medina huntsman's horse has emerged a fresh fox, which is already streaking the brown earth to red as it flees across the field, and the jack o' the hunt quickly unwinds his horn and blows the "Gone away!" the signal for a fox breaking cover. The high treble notes nestle in the wind and filter down the valley—"Go-one aw-aay. Gone aw-a-aay!"

dina hounds as a torch through darkness, fled across field after his fresh fox, overtook it, attempted to scoop it from the ground to his saddle by its bushy tail, lost it, but later, followed by a corporal's guard of the hunt, ran it to earth in the yard of a Beden cotton-mill, miles down the Brandywine, where the fox, like the vixen she turned out to be, elected to hide behind bales of bleached and pink woolsey rather than take cover beneath unbleached and colorless cloth; how Fanny Elwell, following the judge and May-

flower, with the rest of the hunt, was turned from this chase by a fresher fox, which ran under the very nose of her roan, and which she and Quintern Jennings and a single valiant hound pursued for hours, to lose him at last well over the Pennsylvania line; how, in short, the hunt that took the field, fearing that it would find no fox, found, in all, four. These things are recorded in detail in the annals of the Coleman hunt; we must return to Bluebell.

The clear notes of the jack o' hunt's horn, blowing the "Gone away," wind down the valley and across the stream. They sound like distant bells in the ears of the ancient gentlemen on the roof of the Coleman house, who follow the chase with eyes and field-glasses.

The hound tinkles like the trumpet of a sprite through Bluebell's kennel, and with a bay and a surge she answers it, breaking the leash that checks her, and bounding like a rocket from the roof of her box to the clear of the road beyond.

In her ears, as she runs, sound the shouts of the ancient gentlemen upon the rooftop. She takes the roadway at a bound, and before her to the Brandywine stretches the unbroken expanse of field. Down this she runs at full speed, but at the river pauses.

Far afield come the faint, clear notes of the jack o' hunt's horn as he winds upon Mayflower's fleeting line. The sound dies away. Bluebell fords the river with a rush. The field above is heavy with broken clods of earth, where a plough has turned the turf for the planting of winter wheat. Pale green stalks of grain are already above the ground, but the summit of the field is bare and unplanted. Upon this, as upon a point of lookout, Bluebell takes her stand.

She lifts her muzzle to the skies and fluffs it down to the ground, casting for scent, and to her nostrils, drifting down the wind, comes odor, faint with distance, already slightly cold, but infinitely reminiscent to her foxhound's nose. Without a sound she follows it up-wind, running at her full speed.

Through furze and bracken, where the scent, lifted by the wind, clings to moist brown stalk, across wooded knoll, down deep ravine, Bluebell follows her line.

The scent grows always warmer, more pungent to her quivering nostrils.

The land falls suddenly, disclosing a slight gorge, and in the hollow, clear of the surrounding coverts, his coat a blotch of livid color under the sunlight, lies the fox of the pool. His great brush is flat to earth. He lies upon his back, his belly spread to the sun. He seems asleep.

She bays once to awaken him and give him fair field; she bays the second time to mark the beginning of her charge. Thereafter she runs in silence.

The fox is always before her, always in view. His line is as straight as the shaft of an arrow, away from the pool and toward the highest summit of the hills. Once, as he turns his head, she sees his open, lolling jaws. Thereafter the pace quickens. The great fan of the fox's brush droops; he seems to drift like a shadow over the brown upland earth.

Bluebell follows doggedly, never losing, never gaining.

Down the wind sounds the baying of hounds. Mayflower and her hunt have turned their fox from the sanctuary of the hills and are running upon the heels of a failing quarry.

The fox of the pool hears the hounds up-wind, and bends his line to the left. So swift is this movement of retreat that his hide streaks to ochre the yellow and green of the hillside. Bluebell, charging, turns him back.

The baying of the pack sounds close. The fox again attempts to turn. Bluebell holds him toward the hounds, and, roaring into full voice, closes in on the line.

Ahead is a high and stony ridge, flecked with stunted trees and deep in bracken. Into this the fox plunges, Bluebell at his very heels.

The hounds are very near. The hunt has come out into the clear at the head of a narrow gut between two wooded ridges. The pack, in full view of Mayflower's failing fox, runs in a roaring crescent, a deep half-moon of open baying jaws and streaked white muzzles. The riders stream after them.

The judge leads. His tired black stallion, wet with foam from bit to eyes, charges as heavily as a booted dragoon, and after him rides Jobey Jennings, his pony a twinkle of tiny legs. The jack o' the hunt comes next, the wild, white

jaws of his laboring horse stretched over the pony's rump. Behind are the rank and file of the hunt, riding shoulder to shoulder for the death.

The hounds close in for the kill. The deep bass of the charging pack changes to high, keening falsetto, drawn like a tingling silver wire across the air. The front of the crescent moves up, forming a solid phalanx about the exhausted quarry. Spurring, whipping, the huntsmen ride upon the very tails of the hounds.

The phalanx closes. The fox seems to rise in the air like a jet of crimson above Mayflower's jaws to disappear in a flurry of hounds, and into the base of this moving pyramid, like some swift, extraordinary wedge, drives the fox of the pool, Bluebell almost upon his back. The split tide of hounds falls asunder, to wheel, rising with snapping jaws at the livid body that bounds above their heads. Like a flash of light the fox of the pool spins clear of the circle of hounds, and leaps blindly beneath the feet of the charging horses. These wildly rear, and Jobey's pony, caught by the stallion's flank, falls, casting his rider upon the very neck of the fox. Pony, Jobey, and fox of the pool go down together in a ringing welter of earth and hounds.

From this, after passage of time, emerges Jobey. With one small hand he clutches the fox of the pool by its broken neck, and with the other, very angrily,

he beats down the screaming, leaping hounds.

Next, still holding the limp and dangling body of the fox, much as the Ancient Mariner must have embraced the albatross, he kicks his trembling pony upon its shins, and addresses the now hysterical hunt:

"Damned old pony! I jumped an' he didn't. Then he jumped an' landed on the fox an' me!"

So closes the great Thanksgiving run of the Coleman hunt. It should be noted, however, that Jobey Jennings refused the brush, saying that he thought he had not won it as a huntsman should, and thereupon it was carried to the Coleman farm by the jack o' the hunt. Bluebell, with a broken fore foot, was brought home across the judge's saddle-bows. Whining and scuffling, she scratched at the saddle-leather, and rendered the stallion uncomfortable. Her nature was such that she remained equally a trial in tribulation or triumph.

That night the pale horn of the hunter's moon rose above the Brandywine hills, and the kennels rang as the tired hounds bayed greeting to the hound in the moon. Pointing her nose to the shadowy hound that rode the skies, Bluebell fluffed it down between her legs in deep and rolling bass. Again and again she bayed. That night she had no tryst to keep.

The Singing Shadows

BY CLEMENT WOOD

I

THESE things that star a casual day's beholding—

The sight of cattle drowsing in the shade,
The chase of moon-washed waves, in endless folding,

The stars in endless, measureless parade—
These things—earth, sea, and sky—by us are blent

Into a harmony that lays a duty

Upon our souls to serve, till we are spent,

That oneness of all things that we call beauty.

Beauty is one and all things, at all hours:

The trembling noon, the smoky tempest's scourge,

The stir of farms, the windy dance of flowers,
 The clash of angry men, the throb and surge
 When the dark sea leaps to enfold a star:
 Beauty is all we know and all we are.

II

I am a tongue for beauty. Not a day,
 And not a night, but is a face of her:
 The leafy surf of spring, with petal spray;
 The nights when snowflakes are too stiff to stir.
 She laughs in sunlit waters, and she smiles
 In trembling moonlit pools that break the moon;
 Her soft face shines above the herded miles
 Where slums shrink from the stifling breath of noon.

Her hand is in your hand at every turning;
 She slips unseen beside you in the press;
 But she will break the brittle heart with yearning,
 When, trembling in the glare of loneliness,
 You dread to learn you are remote from worth—
 And find you are her shadow on the earth.

III

We are the singing shadows beauty casts;
 Nor shall the shadow live to see its source,
 Nor her invisible sun, whose morning lasts
 Long after life has spent its feeble force:
 No more than waves burned silver by the moon
 Shall lift to see their shining silver one,
 Or her enkindling sun, whose whitest noon
 Shadows some fierier and farther sun.

Trap beauty in your net, she still is flying;
 Know her, she is radiantly unknown;
 Slay her, she is reborn out of her dying,
 To cleave those heights only her wings have flown;
 Flee her, till earth ebbs to a vanishing star,
 You are her shadow: she is where you are.

IV

O fly before me. You have fled me long;
 For you I left a home and built a home,
 Seeking to net your glory in a song
 Frailer than bubbles born and dead in foam.
 I have sought you on starry mountain spaces,
 Bright with the memory of your flying feet,
 And deep in tortured shadows of lost places,
 Which your forgotten passing had left sweet.

O fly before me, till my eyes are dim,
 Too tired to pace you to your radiant west,
 Where still you waken man, and beckon him
 To the unending ardor of your quest—
 Where you at last alone shall hold your place,
 With only death to seek your deathless face.

From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

III.—THE END OF THE APPRENTICESHIP AS GREENHORN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD PRINTS



THE visions of Princeton persisted in my mind like after effects of strong light upon the retina. That gentle youth's suggestion that he may some day see me enrolled as a student at Princeton kept ringing in my ears and sounded like mockery. A peasant boy from a Serb village who a little over two years prior to that time was wearing a peasant's sheepskin coat and cap to become a fellow student of those youths who looked like young aristocrats seemed impossible. A European aristocrat would have never suggested such a thing, and that puzzled me. I saw an endless chain of difficult things between me and my enrolment as a student at Princeton, the home for gentle American youth. Social unpreparedness, I felt, was a much more serious difficulty than unpreparedness in things which one can learn from books. This difficulty could not be overcome by associating with people east of the Bowery, and I was heading that way. The nearer the train approached New York the less anxious I was to return to it. From Nassau Hall to the Bowery was too abrupt a change, and from the Bowery to Nassau Hall the change would have been even more abrupt. I compromised and looked up Christian's home on West Street.

Christian was still in Cleveland, but his father received me with open arms and promised to find me a job. In less than a week he found me one in a famous cracker factory on Cortlandt Street. An acquaintance of his with the name Eilers, a Frieslander and distant relative of a famous German writer of that name, was employed there; he steered me during my

first experiences in the factory. I was given a place in a squad of boys and girls who punched the firm's name upon a particular kind of biscuits. The job was easy from the point of view of physical strength, but it required much manual dexterity. In spite of my ambition to advance to a high place in the squad I progressed very slowly. I soon discovered that in manual dexterity the American boys and girls stood very high; my hands moved fairly rapidly after some practice, but theirs vibrated. I made up my mind that America was not a field for me to gather many laurels by efforts requiring much manual dexterity. That idea occurred to me before, when I first observed Christian handling his lathe. One day I was at the delivery desk of the Cooper Union Library, showing my library check to a youth behind the desk who countersigned it before a book was delivered to me. I noticed that he wrote rapidly, using sometimes his right hand and sometimes his left with equal ease and with much skill. "How can I ever compete with American boys," said I, "when they can write with either hand better than I can write with my right hand!"

There never was a doubt in my mind that American adaptability which I observed on every occasion was in a great measure due to manual training which young people used to get here. Christian's suggestion, mentioned above, that "a boy can learn anything quickly and well enough to earn a living if he will only try," I saw in a new light, when I watched the work of those boys and girls in the factory. Yes, American boys can, but not European, thought I. Lack of early manual training was a handicap which I felt on every step during my early progress in America. My whole experi-

ence confirmed me in the belief that manual training of the youth gives them a discipline which school-books alone can never do. I discovered later that three of the greatest characters in American history, Franklin, Jefferson, and Lincoln, excelled in practical arts requiring dexterity, and that the constructive genius of the American nation can, in part, be traced to the discipline which one gets from early manual training.

The great opportunities which, according to my good friends on the Delaware farm, awaited me in this country were certainly not in the direction of arts requiring great manual dexterity. The country of baseball offered, I thought, very few opportunities in this direction to a foreign-born boy. I was convinced of that every time I made a comparison between myself and the other boys who were doing the same manual work in the factory that I did. They were my superiors. In one thing, however, I thought I was their superior. They did not know much about the latest things described in the *Scientific American*, nor in the scientific supplements of the *Sunday Sun*, which I read assiduously with the aid of a pocket dictionary. The educational opportunities in the factory also escaped them. Jim, the boiler-room engineer and fireman of the factory, became interested in my scientific reading and encouraged me by paying several compliments to my interest in these things. He once suggested that some day, perhaps, I might become his scientific assistant in the boiler-room, if I did not mind shovelling coal and attending to the busy fires. He was joking, but I took him seriously. Every morning before the factory started I was with Jim, who was getting the steam up and preparing to blow the whistle and start the wheels going. I volunteered to assist him "shovelling coal and attending to the busy fires," and after a time I understood the manipulations in the boiler-room quite well, according to Jim. The steam-engine excited my liveliest interest. It was the first opportunity that I ever had to study at close range the operations of a steam-engine and I made the most of it, thanks to Jim's patient interest in my thirst for new information. He was my first professor in engineering.

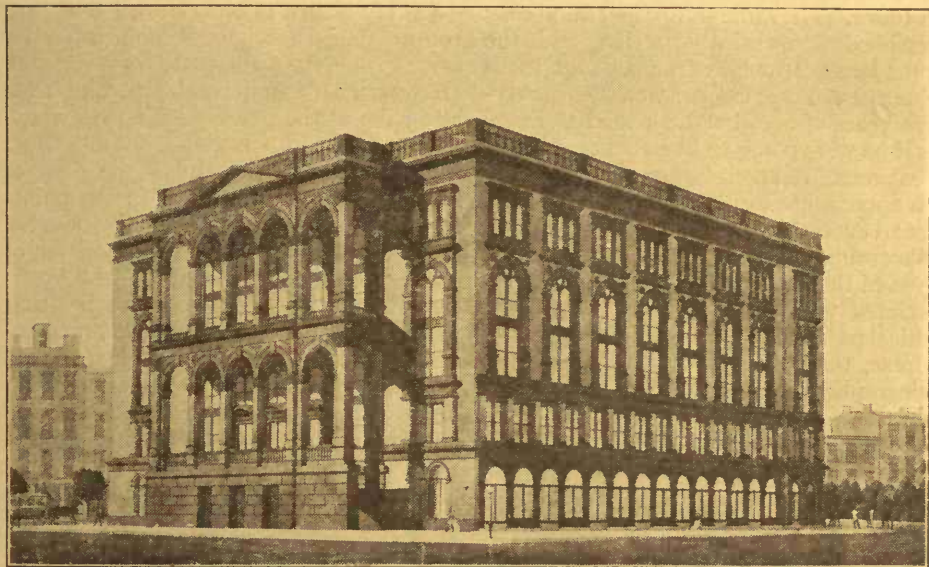
One exceptionally hot afternoon during that summer found Jim prostrated by heat and I volunteered to run the boiler-room until he got well. I did it during the rest of that afternoon, much to the surprise of everybody, but was not allowed to continue, because a fireman's license was required for that. When Jim returned I urged him to help me get a license, but he answered that an intelligent boy, eager to learn, should not cross the Atlantic for the purpose of becoming a fireman. "You must aim higher, my lad," said Jim, and he added that if I continued to make good use of my pocket dictionary and of my scientific reading I would soon outgrow the opportunities offered by the New England Cracker Factory in Cortlandt Street. He never missed a chance to encourage me and to promise new successes for new efforts. In that respect he reminded me much of my mother.

Jim was a humble fireman and boiler-room engineer; his early education was scanty, so that he was not much on books; but he stood in awe in the presence of books. Referring to my habit of carrying a pocket dictionary in my hip pocket and looking up in it the meaning and the pronunciation of every word which was new to me he would exclaim, jokingly, "Look in the book," whenever some obscure points arose in our boiler-room discussions. His admiration for books was much increased when I related to him the story of James Watt and his experiments with the steam-engine, a story which I had dug out in an old encyclopædia in the Cooper Union Library. When I told him that James Watt had perfected his steam-engine and thus started the development of the modern steam-engine several years before the Declaration of Independence, he dropped a remark which I never forgot. He said: "The English made us write the Declaration of Independence, and they also gave us the steam-engine with which we made our independence good." Jim was not much on learning, but he was brimful of native practical philosophy.

Jim had a relative attending classes at Cooper Union and encouraged me to join several of its evening classes, which I did. I reported to him regularly the new things

which I learned there. This practice benefited me even more than it did Jim, because in trying to explain to him the laws of heat phenomena, which were explained to me in the evening lectures at Cooper Union, I got a very much better hold of them. The first ideas of sound and light I caught on the pasture-lands of my native village; the first ideas of the phenomena of heat I caught in the boiler-room in Cortlandt Street and at Cooper

sustaining the strenuous efforts of steam to supply every hustling wheel in the factory with driving power I understood for the first time that there is also a prose in physics not a bit less impressive than its poetry. It is this prose which interested Jim, the fireman, just as it did the Cooper Union lecturer. Their chief concern was what heat can do and not what it is. My Slavonic craving for knowing what heat is was soon satisfied by reading a poem in



An early view of Cooper Union.
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Union lectures. These lectures, supplemented by Jim's boiler-room demonstrations, proved much more effective than the instruction which I received from my teacher Kos, in Panchevo. Kos was a Slovene, a native of that beautiful valley in Carniola, in the very bosom of the Dolomites; it is nearer to being an ideal dreamland than any other spot in Europe. To Kos, as to every true Slav, and particularly to the Slovenes of Carniola, the poetical side of physical phenomena appealed most strongly. Hence his patient listening to my enthusiastic professions of the belief that sound and light were different forms of the language of God. But as I watched the busy flames under Jim's boilers and understood how they were

prose concerning the nature of heat. But of that later.

During my very first visits to the Cooper Union Library I saw a great painting hung up in the northwest corner of its large reading-room. It was called "Men of Progress," and represented a group of very learned-looking men. I admired the painting, but took no pains to find out its meaning. One day while reading in the Cooper Union Library I saw quite near me an old gentleman standing and carefully scrutinizing what was going on. I imagined, at first, that he had stepped out of that painting. I looked again and found that the figure in the painting which I fancied had walked out was still there and that the old gentleman

near me was undoubtedly the original from which the artist had painted that figure. The ambidextrous youth behind the library-desk told me afterward that the old gentleman was Peter Cooper, the founder of Cooper Union, and that he was one of the group of famous men represented in the great painting. He looked as I imagined the patriarch of Karlovatz must have looked. He was a striking resemblance to Saint Sava, the Educator, as he is represented on an ikon in our church in Idvor. The same snowy locks and rosy complexion of saintly purity, and the same benevolent look from two luminous blue eyes. Peter Cooper was then eighty-five years of age, but he looked as lively as if he were going to live another eighty-five years. His personality as revealed by his appearance inspired me with awe, and I read everything I could lay my hands on concerning his life; then I read about the lives of the other great men who were associated with Peter Cooper in that historical painting. Some of these men were: Morse, the first promoter of the electric telegraph; Joseph Henry, the great physicist, head of the Smithsonian Institution, and founder of scientific bureaus in Washington; McCormick, the inventor of the reaper; Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine; Ericsson, the engineer of the *Monitor*, and so forth. My study of their lives was a timely preparation for my visit to Philadelphia, to see the Centennial Exposition. The preparatory work for it I saw two years prior to that time, when, returning from the Delaware farm, I stopped at Philadelphia to search for opportunities.

The work of those great captains of industry forming the group in the great painting, "Men of Progress," was in evidence in every nook and corner of the Centennial Exposition. This great show impressed me as a splendid glorification of all kinds of wonderful mechanisms driven by steam and animal power which helped to develop the great resources of the United States. All scientific efforts exhibited there concerned themselves with the question—what can things do and not what are they. The show was also a glorification of the great men who first formulated, clearly stated, and fought for the ideals of the United States. I saw

that fact proclaimed in many of the historical features of the exposition, and I did not fail to understand clearly that the show took place in Philadelphia, because the Liberty Bell and the Declaration of Independence were first heard in Philadelphia. When I left Philadelphia and its show I carried away in my head a good bit of American history. The Americanization process which was going on within me was very much speeded up by what I saw at the Centennial Exposition.

On my return to New York I told Jim, the fireman, that he was right when he said: "The English made us write the Declaration of Independence, and they also gave us the steam-engine with which we made our independence good." But, instructed by my study of the lives of men who were represented in the painting, "Men of Progress," and by what I learned at the Philadelphia exposition of these men and of the leaders of the American Revolution, I suggested to Jim that the steam-engine without great men behind it would have been of little avail. "Yes," said Jim, "the Declaration of Independence without men of character and brains behind it would also have been of little avail; and the great aims of the Civil War without men like Lincoln and Grant behind them would have ended in a foolish fizzle. This country, my lad," exclaimed Jim with much warmth, "is a monument to the lives of the men of brains and character and action who made it." Jim threw out this chunk of wisdom with the same ease and in the same offhand manner which he was displaying when he was throwing a few shovelfuls of coal upon the busy fires under his boilers. To him it was an obvious truth; to a lad like myself, who was accustomed to look upon countries as monuments to kings and princes and their victorious armies, it was a revelation, and I said so. This brought from Jim another epigrammatic remark to the effect that my trip to America will teach me nothing if it does not teach me first to squeeze out of my mind all foolish European notions and make room for new ideas which I might pick up here and there in this new world. Jim's sayings were always short and to the point and their record in my mind never faded.

Jim was very popular with everybody



From an engraving by John Sartain after a painting by J. Schussels, reproduced by the courtesy of Cooper Union.

Dr. Myron (celebration)	Eli (revolvers)	Cogardus (iron architecture)	Sartain (mine and coast survey machinery)	Mc Cormick (reapers)	Peter Cooper (gelatin, etc.)	Goodyear (vulcanizing gums, elastic)	Mott (works in iron, fuel, etc.)	Dr. Mott (management of heat)	Freeman (caloric engine, monitors, etc.)	Steeles (steam cut- off, etc.)	Buadon (horseshoe machine)	Morse (electric telegraph)	Hoe (rotary press, etc.)	Jennings (friction matches)	Blanchard (eccentric lathe)	Horse (sewing- machine)
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Men of progress—American inventors.

in the factory and the fact that he thought well of me improved my standing much. A Mr. Paul, the youngest and most active member of the New England Cracker Factory in Cortlandt Street, paid frequent visits to the boiler-room. I had an idea that Jim's views of things interested him just as much as the operations of the boiler-room. One morning he made a very early visit before the steam-whistle had blown and the steam-engine had started on its daily routine, and he found me in the boiler-room, a busy volunteer fireman. Jim introduced me to him in a jocular way as a student who found his way from Princeton to Cortlandt Street, where in daytime I was rapidly learning every trick of the biscuit industry and in the evening absorbing all the wisdom of Cooper Union. A few days later Mr. Paul informed me that my fame as a painter of baker-wagons and of basements on Lexington Avenue, and also my record as a student in mechanical drawing in the evening classes of Cooper Union, had reached the board of directors of the New England Cracker Factory, and that they resolved to offer me a new job. I was advanced to the position of assistant to the shipping clerk. It meant not only more pay but also social advancement. I was no longer a workman in the factory who worked for wages; I was a clerk who received a salary. I felt as people in England probably feel when peerage is conferred upon them. My fellow workers in the factory, including Eilers, who first got me the job, showed no envy. They agreed with Jim who told them that I was "smart." Jim used the same word which my Vila on the banks of the Delaware used whenever I made a good recitation in English, and I saw in it a good omen. Jim and Vila and Christian of West Street were my authorities, who expressed what I considered a competent opinion upon my apprenticeship as greenhorn, and that opinion was favorable. I felt assured that the apprenticeship was soon coming to an end.

My duties as assistant to the shipping clerk were to superintend the packing of biscuits, to help address with brush and paint the boxes in which they were packed, and to see to it that they were shipped on time. A squad of some thirty

girls did the packing and they seemed at first inclined to file objections whenever I found fault with their packing. They seemed to resent being bossed by an immigrant youth whose foreign accent would "stop a train," as they sometimes expressed it. I found out from Jim that the principal object of their resentment was to make me angry, because when my Serbian temper was up my accent became most atrocious and that furnished them a most hilarious amusement. I soon became convinced that my success as assistant to the shipping clerk demanded a perfect control of my temper and a speedy improvement of my accent, each of them a most difficult task.

My efforts to control my temper were frequently put to severe tests. Now and then a biscuit, well aimed, would hit me on the head, and my Serbian blood would rush to my cheeks and I would look daggers at the supposed offender. "Look at the bashibozouk," one of the girls would sing out on these occasions, and another would add: "Did you ever see such a Bulgarian atrocity?" These words were in everybody's mouth at that time and they referred to the incidents of the Balkan War of 1876-1878, which Serbia, Montenegro, and Russia were waging against the Turks. A third girl would stick her tongue out and make funny faces at me in response to my savage glare. She evidently tried to make me laugh, and I did laugh. Then a fourth girl would sing out: "Oh, look at the darling now; I just love him when he smiles." Then they all would sing:

"Smile, Michael, smile,
I love your sunny style."

I did smile, and every day I smiled more and more, after I had discovered that the girls did not really dislike me, but just loved to tease me whenever I showed any signs of a European greenhorn. I dropped the airs put on by European superiors in authority and gradually the girls became friendly and began to call me by my first name instead of mockingly addressing me "Mister" as they addressed the old shipping clerk. "You are getting on swimmingly, my lad," said Jim one day, and he added something like this: "The girls are calling you Michael, just

as they call me Jim. We are popular, my boy, but don't let this popularity mislead you into foolish notions. Just watch me; I have enjoyed this popularity for twenty years, and here I am still a bachelor, and an old bachelor at that. You have controlled your temper well, but how about controlling your heart, my lad?" Jim grinned and winked and placed his index finger in front of his forehead, as if to indicate that many a wise experience is stored in the practical head of a canny old fireman. I understood his meaning, but did I heed its warning? I knew that it contained a warning, and I suspected strongly that Jim had discovered one of my deepest secrets.

There was one girl among the thirty biscuit-packers who, in my opinion, never made a mistake in packing. I never took pains to inspect her work, and why should I when I was sure of her perfection? But I watched her and feasted my eyes upon her whenever I had spare time and was sure that nobody was observing me. She became conscious of it and every now and then she would suddenly look up and catch my admiring but cautious gaze. A bashful blush would give me away in spite of my efforts to hide my thoughts and feelings. She guessed them and she smiled as if greatly pleased and much amused, but she cleverly avoided giving me an opportunity to make a confession. I might have done it in spite of my extreme bashfulness. My note-books were full of her pictures, which I drew and signed under them her name, Jane Macnamara. Perhaps Jim had seen these pictures among my many sketches of the boiler-room and its contents, and hence his warning to me.

One Monday morning Jane did not appear at her usual place in the packing-room; her friend, another packing girl, told me that Jane was married on the previous Saturday. I tried my best to appear as if I received the news with indifference, but failed. The girls observed a change; I neither smiled nor did I frown, but I thought a lot, and the girls seemed to take quite an interest in my thoughtfulness, but studiously avoided annoying me. Only now and then one of the girls would whisper to me: "Penny for your thoughts, Michael." Jim, I was sure,

also observed the change, but said nothing, as if he had observed nothing. One day he introduced me to an acquaintance of his whom he called Fred, who looked like a middle-aged man. He had wonderful deep furrows in his face, and his hands were large and very bony and looked as if the daily toil had rubbed off all the superfluous flesh and fat from them. Jim told me that Fred was far from middle age, but barely over thirty, and that some twelve years ago he had plans and ambitions just as big as mine, backed by at least as much brains as he thought I had. Fred's friends expected big things from him, said Jim, but suddenly Fred lost his heart and married and raised a big family of children somewhere in Jersey City. "To-day," said Jim, "Fred is mentally just where he was twelve years ago, and if he did not have the contract of making the wooden packing-boxes for this factory he would look even older than he is looking now," and then he added, in his usual offhand manner by way of illustration, that corn-stalks cease to grow as soon as the ears of corn appear and all the sap of the corn-stalk is served to the ears. Referring to Fred's numerous children, Jim finished his picture by saying that Fred looks like a withering corn-stalk with many small ears of corn on it, and that he hoped that the withering corn-stalk would hold out until the numerous ears of corn had ripened. He admitted, however, that he himself was a withering corn-stalk with no ears of corn at all; that his life was the other extreme from Fred's, and that neither he nor Fred had in their younger days studied and applied in practice the controlling regulators of life. Jim's sermons on self-control always hit the mark, and when, referring to his advice to me to control my temper, my heart, and my speech, I suggested that according to him life was a series of all kinds of controls difficult to manage, he answered that nothing is difficult when it becomes a habit. "Just examine my boiler-room," he said, "and you will find that everything is controlled. The centrifugal governor controls the speed of the engine; the safety-valve limits the pressure of steam; every fire has a regulator of its air draft, and every oven has a temperature indicator. I know them all and

I watch their operations without knowing that I am doing it. Practice makes perfect, my lad, and perfection knows no difficulties even in a boiler-room as full of all kinds of tricks as human life is." Jim's sermons were always short and far ahead of anything I had ever heard in the churches in Delaware City or in Dayton, New Jersey, or in the Bowery Mission, or in any other church which up to that time I had visited in this country, and, moreover, they were not accompanied by congregational singing, which bored me. I understood why so many blacksmiths and other people of small learning made a great success as preachers in this country, whereas in my native village the priest, who prided himself upon his learning, was obliged to read those sermons only which were sent to him by the bishop of the diocese. I suggested to Jim in a jocular way to quit the boiler-room and become a preacher, and he answered that the boys and girls of the New England Cracker Factory in Cortlandt Street furnished a sufficiently large field for his religious and educational mission. Jim's assistance helped me much to let the dream about Jane fade away gradually and make room in my imagination for the dreams which I first saw at Princeton under that elm-tree in front of Nassau Hall.

The factory in Cortlandt Street was in many respects a college in which Jim was the chaplain; and it had a professor who should be mentioned here. It also had a dormitory; several of the young fellows employed in the factory lived on the top floor of the building. I was one of them, and I did not change my quarters when I was advanced to the position of assistant to the shipping clerk. Two great attractions kept me there. One was that the other fellows were out every evening visiting theatres and music-halls, so that I had the whole loft, and, in fact, the whole factory all to myself and to a chum of mine, who was much older than I in years but not in his position in the factory. His name was Bilharz, and he was the second attraction. He was the opposite to Jim and to every human being I had ever met. He knew nothing of nor did he care for the practical things of life, but always lived in dreams about things which happened centuries ago. He knew

Latin and Greek and all kinds of literatures, but never made any attempts to make any use of his knowledge. Factory work of the humblest kind was good enough for him, and I believed that he would have been satisfied to work for his board only, if pay had been refused to him. He informed me once that he studied theology at the University of Freiburg, in southern Germany, and would have become a priest if an unfortunate love-affair had not put an end to his ecclesiastical aspirations. He had no other aims when he came to America, he said, than to work for a modest living and to lead a life of profound obscurity, until the Lord called him away from this valley of tears, as he expressed it. He used a German expression and called the earth a "Thraenenthal." Although a German he spoke English well, being a finished scholar and having lived in America for a number of years, and having a memory for sound which impressed me as most remarkable. He sang like a nightingale, but only on evenings when we were all alone. Ecclesiastical music was his favorite, and during many an evening the strains of "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," "Ave Maria," and "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" rang forth from the spacious lofts of the New England Cracker Factory and lost themselves in the silence of night among the deserted buildings of Cortlandt Street, which were alive in daytime only. I never tired listening to his recitations of Latin and Greek poetry, although I did not understand it, and of selected passages from Shakespeare and Goethe, which I did understand. He loved the art of articulate speech and of melody, and he thought of things only that happened two thousand years ago when Homer sang and the Olympian gods guided the destinies of men, but he cared for nothing else. The steam-engine and every other kind of mechanism were to him a deadly prose which, in his opinion, Satan had invented for the purpose of leading astray the spirit of man. "They are the weapons by which people like you are keeping in slavery people like me," he said once, jokingly, referring to my interest in the boiler-room operations and to my admiration of the great captains of industry whose lives I studied and whose work I

saw and admired at the Philadelphia exposition. I sometimes suspected that he felt alarmed by what he considered my worship of false gods, and that this impelled him to do everything he could for my redemption from heathenism. My admiration for his learning was great, but my sympathy for his misfortunes was even greater. His hands were once caught in a machine and most of his fingers had become stiff and crooked so that they looked like the talons of a falcon. His sharp features, a crooked nose and protruding eyes, supported this suggestion of a falcon, but his awkward, flat-footed walk suggested a falcon with broken wings; to say nothing of his other misfortunes which made him in spirit also a falcon with broken wings.

I felt that he knew a great deal more about the Jane incident than he cared to disclose to me. One day I referred to her as the Minnehaha of Cortlandt Street. "Minnehaha, laughing water," exclaimed Bilharz: "where did you ever get that, you boiler-room bug?" and he laughed as if he had never heard a funnier thing in his life. "From Jim, the boiler-room hermit, to Longfellow, one of the greatest of American poets, is a tremendous jump, a *salto mortale*, as they call it in a circus," said Bilharz; and then, growing more serious and thoughtful, he added something like this: "It is really wonderful what the eyes of a woman can do! They are just like the stars in the heavens, encouraging us poor mortals to aim at celestial heights. But many a sky-rocket seemed to be sailing for the stars and suddenly it found itself buried in mud. I am one of these sky-rockets," said Bilharz; "you are not, thanks to the timely intervention of a kindly divinity." He meant Jim. Then, continuing in his usual dramatic manner, he recited in Latin an ode of Horace, in which the poet speaks of a youth trusting to the beaming countenance of his lady-love as a mariner trusting to the sunlit ripples of a calm sea who is suddenly upset by a treacherous squall and, being rescued, he gratefully offers his wet garments in sacrifice to Neptune, the god of the sea. After translating the ode and explaining its meaning to me he urged me to hang my best clothes in the boiler-room as a

sacrifice to Jim, the divinity which rescued me from the treacherous waves of "Minnehaha, laughing water." "You are the luckiest of mortals, my boy," said Bilharz to me; "some day you will provoke the envy of the gods and then look out for stern Nemesis!" I did not understand the full meaning of these classical allusions, but he assured me that some day I would. I told Bilharz that my luck, of which he spoke so often, was mostly due to my being so near to a man of his learning, and that I thought he ought to be a professor in Nassau Hall at Princeton. He declined the honor, but offered to prepare me for it, and I accepted.

Bilharz was very moody and for days and days he had nothing to say to anybody, not even to me! Nobody else cared, because nobody understood him, but I did care. When he discovered that I sincerely admired his learning and was interested in his puzzling personality he became more communicative, sometimes almost human. His English accent was excellent and I asked his opinion about my accent and he assured me with child-like frankness that it was rotten, but that it could be fixed up if I submitted to a course of training prescribed for me by my Vila on the Delaware farm. "I could not be your Vila, deformed as I am," said he, referring to his crippled fingers and to his awkward walk, "but I will gladly be your satyr and teach you how to imitate not only the sounds of human language but also, if you wish it, the melodies of birds and the chirping of bugs. The satyrs are great in that." I knew that he could, because many an evening while I was on the dormitory loft of the factory reading the Mayflower Compact, the Declaration of Independence, the American Constitution, Patrick Henry's and Daniel Webster's speeches, and Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, Bilharz, in another part of the building, would be imitating sounds of all kinds of birds and bugs, after he had grown tired reciting Greek and Latin poetry and singing ecclesiastical songs. That was his only amusement and he enjoyed it when he was sure that nobody was listening; he made an exception in my case. We finally made the start in what he called my prep-

aration for Nassau Hall. In the course of less than a month I finished reciting to Bilharz the Declaration of Independence, the American Constitution, and Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, submitting to many corrections and making many efforts to give each word its proper pronunciation, and finally he accepted my performance as satisfactory. By that time I knew these documents by heart and so did Bilharz, and he, in spite of himself, liked them so well that he accused me of conspiring to make an American out of him. "You are sinking rapidly, my boy, in the whirlpool of American democracy and you are dragging me down with you," said Bilharz one evening, when I objected to some of the amendments which he offered in order to harmonize the American theory of freedom with the principles of German socialism. He admitted that he, a loyal Roman Catholic, did not care much for German social democracy, but that he often wondered why the American enthusiasts for democracy did not take German social democracy and save themselves the trouble of writing the Declaration of Independence. I called his attention to the fact that American democracy is much older than German social democracy, and he, somewhat irritated by that suggestion and by my defense of American democracy, as I understood it, suggested that he should resign his position as my teacher and become my pupil. His flippant criticisms of American democracy and my stiff defense of it helped me much to see things which otherwise I should have missed, but these discussions threatened the entente cordiale between Bilharz and myself. Finally we compromised and changed our course of reading, dropping things relating to political theories and taking up poetry. Longfellow's and Bryant's poetry were my favorites. "The Village Blacksmith" and "Thanatopsis" I knew by heart and enjoyed reciting them to Bilharz, who enthused greatly whenever in these recitations I avoided making a single serious break in my pronunciation. After reading some of Shakespeare's dramas which Booth and other famous actors like Lawrence Barrett and John MacCullough were playing at that time, I visited the theatre often, and from my modest

gallery seat I would analyze carefully the articulation of every syllable which Booth and the other actors were reciting. Booth did not have a big voice, much smaller than the voice of Lawrence Barrett or of powerful John MacCullough, but I understood him better. Bilharz explained it by saying that Booth had a perfect articulation. "Articulation is an art which the Greeks invented; big voice is brute force common among the Russians," he used to say, protesting whenever he had an opportunity against mere physical strength, which was natural considering his scanty resources in this direction. He hated both the Russians and the Prussians, because, in his opinion, they both were big brutes. In those days the southern Germans had no love for the Prussians. He never missed a single chance to sing the praises of Greek drama and of the Greek theatre and of everything which flourished during the classical age. He called my attention to the enormous size of Greek theatres and to the necessity of perfect articulation on the part of Greek actors if they were to be heard. "They were great artists," said he; "our actors are duffers only. We are all duffers! Give me the Greeks, give me Homer, Pindar, Demosthenes, Plato, Praxiteles, Phidias, Sophocles, and hundreds of others who spoke the language of the gods and did things which only the divine spirit in man can do and you can have your Morse, McCormick, Howe, Ericsson, and the rest of the materialistic crew who ran the show at Philadelphia." He certainly told many a fine story when he spoke of the great poets, orators, philosophers, and sculptors of Greece, and his stories impressed me much because they were great revelations to me; they were the first to arouse my interest in the great civilization of Greece. They would have impressed me even more if Bilharz had not displayed a glaring tendency to exaggerate, in order to create a strong contrast between what he called the idealism of classical Greece and the realistic materialism of modern America. According to him the first had its seat among the gods on the ethereal top of Mount Olympus and the second one was sinking deeper and deeper through the shafts of coal and iron mines into the dark caverns of material earth. "No

action," said Bilharz, "which needs the assistance of a steam-engine or of any other mechanism can trace its origin to idealism nor can it end in idealism." I suggested that every animal body is a mechanism and that its continuous evolution seems to indicate that the world is heading for a definite ideal. Bilharz flew up like a hornet when he heard the word evolution.

A lively discussion was going on in those days between the biological sciences and theology, Huxley and many other scientists championing the claims of Darwin's evolution theory and the theologians defending the claims of revealed religion. I was too young and too untutored to understand much of those learned discussions, but Bilharz followed them with feverish anxiety. His theological arguments did not appeal to me, and as far as I was concerned they lost even the little force they had when Bilharz turned them against what he called American mechanism and materialism, which he tried to make responsible for the alleged materialism of the evolution theory. His political and philosophical theories based upon blind prejudice created a gap between him and me which widened every day. Here are some illustrations of it.

When I described to him the election day of 1876, telling him that I and thousands of others stood quietly and patiently hours and hours in drenching rain in front of the New York *Tribune* building waiting for the returns which would tell us whether Hayes or Tilden was to be the supreme executive head of the United States during the coming four years; how the next day some of the newspapers raised a howl of "fraud," accusing the Republican party of tampering with the election returns in one of the States, but the people of New York City and of the whole country paid no attention, trusting implicitly to the machinery of government to straighten out crookedness if it existed; and how this dignity of American democracy thrilled me when I compared it with the rows and scandals accompanying elections in the countries of the military frontier of Austria-Hungary, he only laughed and ridiculed the whole procedure of electing by ignorant voters the supreme executive head of a nation.

He told me a story of Aristides of Athens, who being requested by a voter to write upon a shell the name of the man who was to be condemned for some crime which was not quite clear to the Athenian voter Aristides wrote down his own name, and Aristides, the just, the noblest character of Athens, was condemned. But the condemnation of this just and noble and innocent man was, according to Bilharz, a condemnation of the Athenian democracy whose shortcomings brought the downfall of Greek civilization, and he added that the shortcomings of American democracy would bring the downfall of the old European civilization. The Aristides story interested me much, but the inference he drew from it made me think of Christian of West Street, and of his blunt remark: "A European greenhorn must have told you that." Jim was present at this discussion. He was a strong Presbyterian and ridiculed on every occasion what he called Bilharz's Roman Catholic views. This time he quoted Lincoln by saying "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Then he added for the edification of Bilharz that people's religion in the Roman Catholic church is of the church, by the church, for the church, and that this is the real reason why Bilharz, trained in this kind of theology, will never understand American democracy. This shocked me, because I expected a fist fight between my two best friends, but . . . the fist fight did not take place.

I enjoyed taking long walks on Broadway whenever I had free time, going up on one side and coming down on the other, inspecting every window in bookstores and art stores and looking at the latest things in pictorial art, at the titles of the latest things in literature, and at the photographs and engravings of prominent men of the day. This gave me quite an idea of what was going on in the American world of intellect. Bilharz never joined me because, he said, there was nothing worth seeing on these inspection tours of mine. Once during the noon recess I managed to take him around the corner of Cortlandt Street and Broadway trusting to luck to meet a certain great person whom I saw several times before and rec-

ognized because I saw his photograph in the shop-windows of Broadway. I succeeded, for there in the midst of the Broadway crowd appeared before us William Cullen Bryant, the author of "Thanatopsis"! He was then the editor of *The Evening Post*, which was located on Broadway not far from Cortlandt Street. I pointed him out; Bilharz held his breath and, referring to the wonderful appearance of the great poet, he said: "There is the only man in this materialistic land of reapers and mowing-machines and chattering telephone disks who could take a seat among the gods on Mount Olympus and be welcomed there by the shades of the great idealists of Greece."

At another time I managed to take him as far as City Hall; it was some holiday, and the papers had announced that President Hayes and his secretary of state, William Evarts, would be at City Hall at noon, and they were there. Bilharz and I stood in a huge crowd, but we had a good view of the President and of his secretary of state, and we heard every word of their short speeches. They were dressed just like everybody else, but their remarkable physiognomies and their scholarly words convinced me that they belonged to the exalted position into which the vote of the people had placed them. The *New York Sun* was a bitter opponent of President Hayes and published his picture on the editorial page of every one of its issues. In this picture the letters spelling "fraud" were represented as branded across the expansive brow of the President. But as I looked at him standing in front of City Hall and beheld the light which was reflected from his smooth and honest brow I knew that the *New York Sun* was wrong, and I vowed never to read it again until that picture disappeared from its editorial pages. Bilharz did not understand my admiration of the scene which we had witnessed: the democratic simplicity of the highest officials in the great United States and the very informal reception given to them in the great metropolis, New York, was all due, according to him, to a lack of artistic taste on the part of vulgar democracy. I thought of the multicolored uniforms loaded with shining decorations, of the plumed hats and

long sabres, and of the numerous glaring flags with imperial eagles displayed on such occasions in the Austrian Empire, and I told Bilharz that if that monkey business is all due to a profusion of artistic taste, then give me the simplicity of vulgar democracy. Bilharz shrugged his shoulders and pitied me, and I pitied him for having to pass, as he assured me often, the rest of his days in this to him the most uninteresting part of the valley of tears, das Thraenenthal, as he called this terrestrial globe.

Such were the many differences of mental attitude which widened the gap between Bilharz and myself. He clung to the notions which were handed down to the Old World from generations long departed; I, following Jim's suggestion, was trying to pick up wherever I could new ideas in the New World. Much learning hath made him mad, thought I, whenever I analyzed the strange ideas which Bilharz had of the United States of America. I came to the conclusion that his term of apprenticeship as greenhorn would never end.

I wished to believe that I was no longer a greenhorn, and I certainly did not wish to listen to opinions of a greenhorn such as were the opinions of Bilharz in matters outside of Greek and Roman history and of the civilization which it described. His eyes were continually turned to a sunset the glory of which had faded long ago; my eyes watched just as eagerly for the daily sunrise as they did on the pasturelands of my native village, and each sunrise showed me something new in this to me still unknown land. He contemplated the past, and I explored the present and dreamed about the future. I thought of Jim's prophecy which said that some day I would outgrow the opportunities of Cortlandt Street, and I felt confident that the day had arrived. My mind was made up to search for new opportunities, but Jim, and Bilharz also, in spite of his shortcomings, were still a great attraction, and I moved slowly.

One day after leaving Cooper Union library I walked along the upper Bowery, refreshing my memories of the hard winter of 1874-1875. In Broome Street near the Bowery I saw a store with a sign bearing the name of Lukanitch. The man of

that name must be a Serb, thought I, and I walked in, longing to hear the language which I had not heard for over three years. It was a hardware store dealing principally in files and tools made of hardened steel. Behind the desk stood an elderly man, and he, much surprised, answered my Serbian greeting in the Serbian language which had an accent reminding me of Kos, my Slovene teacher in Panchievo. Lukanitch told me that he was a Slovene and that in his young days he was a peddler, a Kranyac, as they called the Slovenian peddlers in my native village. His annual summer tours took him to my native Banat. A Kranyac travels on foot hundreds of miles, carrying on his back a huge case with numerous small drawers, each drawer containing a different line of goods: pins, needles, and threads; pens and pencils, cheap jewelry and gaily colored handkerchiefs; cotton, linen, silk, and all kinds of things which the peasants are apt to buy. A Kranyac was a familiar sight in my native village, and he was always welcome there, because he was a Slovene, a near kin to the Serb, and the Serb peasants of the Banat plains loved to hear a Kranyac describe the beauties of the mountainsides of little Slovenia on the eastern slope of the Dolomites. When I disclosed my name to Lukanitch he asked me for my father's name, and when I told him that it was Constantine and that he lived in Idvor, Banat, his eyes looked like two scintillating stars. He gave me a big hug and a big tear threatened to roll down his cheek when he said: "Ko che ko Bog?" (Who can fathom the will of God?) After relating to me that my father befriended him nearly thirty years prior to that time and that he often stayed as guest at my father's house whenever his annual tours as Kranyac took him through Idvor, he begged me to come to his house on the following Sunday and dine with his family. I did, and there I met his good wife, a fine Slavonic type, and also his son and daughter, who were born in this country and who looked like young Slavs with Americanism grafted upon them. His son was about to graduate from a high school, and his daughter was preparing for Normal College. They were both American in manner and sentiment, but father and mother, although deeply devoted to the

United States, the native country of their children, were still sincerely attached to the beautiful customs of the Slovene land. The children preferred to speak English, but they delighted in Slovene music, which they cultivated with much enthusiasm. That made their parents most happy. Their home was a beautiful combination of American and Slovene civilization. Once they invited me to an anniversary party and I found the whole family dressed in most picturesque Slovenian costumes, but everybody in the party, including even old Lukanitch and his wife and all the Slovenian guests, spoke English. Most of the guests were Americans, but they enjoyed the Slovenian dishes and the Slovenian music, singing, and dancing as much as anybody. To my great surprise the American girls, friends of Miss Lukanitch, played Slovenian music exceedingly well, and I thought to myself that a sufficiently frequent occurrence of parties of that kind would soon transform the American population in the vicinity of Prince Street into Slovenians. This interaction between two very different civilizations gave me food for thought, which I am still digesting mentally.

Lukanitch and his family became my devoted friends, and they were just as interested in my plans and aspirations as if I were a member of their family. The old lady had a tender heart, and she shed many a tear listening to bits of my history since I bade good-by to father and mother at the steamboat landing on the Danube, five years prior to that time. The disappearance of my roast goose at Karlovac, my first railroad ride from Budapest to Vienna, my dialogues with the train conductor and the gaudy station-master at Vienna, and my free ride in a first-class compartment from Vienna to Prague in company with rich American friends amused her and her husband hugely. I had to repeat the story many a time for the benefit of her Slovenian friends. She begged me repeatedly to tell the story of my crossing of the Atlantic and of my hardships as greenhorn, being evidently anxious to have her children hear it. I did it several times, scoring much success on each occasion, and as a reward she loaded me with many little

gifts and with many enjoyable feasts on Sundays and holidays. My interpretation of the American theory of freedom, which I got from reading the lives and the utterances of the great men who made this country and from my three years' struggles as greenhorn, found a most appreciative audience in the Lukanitch family. They applauded Jim's sentiment, that this country is a monument to the great men who made it, and not to a single family like the Hapsburgs of Austria-Hungary. Old Lukanitch offered to engage me as his teacher in American history, and young Lukanitch offered to get me an invitation from the principal of his high school to deliver an oration on the Declaration of Independence. The offers were not meant very seriously, but there was enough sincerity in them to make me believe that my training in America was recognized as having substantial value by people whose opinion deserved respect. I saw in it the first real recognition referred to in the prophecy of my fellow passenger on the immigrant ship who said: "No matter who you are or what you know or what you have, you will be a greenhorn when you land in the New World, and a greenhorn has to serve his apprenticeship as greenhorn before he can establish his claim to any recognition." I said to myself: "Here is my first recognition, small as it may be, and I am certainly no longer a greenhorn."

No longer a greenhorn! Oh, what a confidence that gives to a foreign-born youth who has experienced the hardships of serving his apprenticeship as a greenhorn! Then there were other sources of confidence: I had a goodly deposit in the Union Dime Savings Bank and it was several thousand times as big as the nickel which I brought to Castle Garden when I landed. Besides, I had learned a

thing or two in the evening classes at Cooper Union, and my English was considered good not only in vocabulary and grammar, but also in articulation, thanks to Bilharz. Young Lukanitch assured me that my knowledge of English, mathematics, and science would easily take me into college. He even prophesied a most successful college career, pointing at my big chest and broad shoulders and feeling my hard biceps. "You will make a splendid college oarsman," said he, "and they will do anything for you at Columbia if you are a good oarsman, even if you do not get from Bilharz so very much Greek or Latin." At that time Columbia stood very high in rowing. One of her crews won in the Henley Regatta, and its picture could be seen in every illustrated paper. I had seen it many a time and remembered the looks of every member of that famous crew. Young Lukanitch was so enthusiastic about it that he would have gone to Columbia himself if his father had not needed him so much in his steel-tool business. He did his best to turn my eyes from Nassau Hall to Columbia. He succeeded, but not so much on account of my prospects in rowing as on account of other things and among them was the official name of that institution: "Columbia College in the City of New York." The fact that the college was located in the city of New York carried much weight, because New York appealed to my imagination more than any other place in the world. The impression which it made upon my mind as the immigrant ship moved into New York Harbor on that clear and sunny March day when I first passed through Castle Garden, the Gate of America, never faded. My first victory on American soil was won in New York when I fought for my right to wear the red fez.

(To be continued.)





“Father”

BY ZONA GALE

Author of “Miss Lulu Bett,” etc.

REAL PEOPLE WHO ARE REAL SUCCESSES—SECOND PAPER



IS first moment of high consciousness came in the 50's—in a water-melon patch. Stooping above ripe melons one September night, a half-dozen boys about him, he was

struck by a difference and lifted his face. The sky was flowing with light. In the zenith floated a crown from which poured tides of color. He had not heard of the aurora. The experience was not unlike vision.

When he is asked: “Did you stop eating melons?” he replies: “Oh, no. But I ate them—and looked up.”

From that moment his faculties reported for him on new areas. The sky became as important as the creek. He knew a night, still tonic to his thought, when he saw, as he crossed the orchard with his uncle, a star hung between the horns of a new moon.

He says: “I know that this is impossible. But I saw it. We both saw it. We were on our way to bed down the horses, and we stood still and looked at that star between the horns of the moon.”

His father had died when the boy was six. Now that he was seven his mother “went,” as they said. For him only echoes of the family ever sounded. As of that old New England grandfather who had, against tremendous nationalistic odds, gone about reiterating: “I am Irish from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet.” North of Ireland, Scotch-Irish descent, others had related. Then England. Then Massachusetts in 1640. But always the Celt was in the boy as a flute played over a hill.

The flute played but seldom after the boy's guardian had taken over the farm, and there followed long workdays in the furrows. It was always the sons of the

guardians who were chosen to ride away on alluring errands to the town; and when they did this the boy heard flute music and was impetuous to follow. But his only contact with the world had been a wagon-maker's invitation to an apprenticeship abruptly terminated when the little unpaid helper was cannily set to carrying bricks for the wagon-maker's new house. Common school, farm labor, and this apprenticeship—thus panoplied at nineteen the boy met the open world.

He met the open world in Wisconsin, where an older brother was a bridge-builder. About the boy at this time lies that silence in which are sealed the folk of fifty years ago. From that pale amber rays one great gleam. The arrival in a little Wisconsin town, its main thoroughfare from the station but a half-mile path through a snowy grove. But station and grove and town were hung with light: Color of Asia and the South Seas, of reef and peak and lamps of London such as gilded all the pioneer places. For the boy the wooden town offered a new plane of energy and romance. A new aurora.

In Wisconsin in those days energy and romance centred in the railroad. Russell Sage's fortune was contributing to pull out inch by inch the rails of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road—thirty-pound rails as against the ninety-pound rails of the present, but they were as great miracles as if they had run there red-hot of their own power, and had stretched themselves westward for the traffic. Roaring engines performed for the youth of the day a considerable part of the function of war, provided ready-made a point of release. The bored, the maladjusted, the wistful found here a way of escape. A way, moreover, to adventure. Not every one can trek his own trail to reef or peak, but let there be beaten out any highway toward glamour and feet are light

to set off. To the youths of the Middle West in the 60's the locomotive was as a camel, a howdah, a galleon, a griffin—plus, they thought, excellent pay.

A brother-in-law of prevision offered college to the boy, but the boy had watched the curve of the griffin's wing and he mounted.

There he was: Slight, small-boned, pale, fastidious. In the fine hair, delicate hands and feet, light staccato step, above all in his gravity, were met strains of Old World blood such as united indifferently to turn the wheels of the New World. Repeatedly you catch the sign: on a frontier witness-stand, in a shop, behind a plough there will rise a profile or fall a gesture out of Avalon. Emerging from his blue denim collar the boy's face with the appraising look of the reasonable, the sensitized, formed a cameo against the raw dark of the locomotive cab.

Now came his days of first adventure: Strangeness, speed, risk, untoward hours. Feeding red the black mouth of the griffin through days of wild cold, through nights on the snow-plough thundering down the thick drifts. Danger and fear—and play, too. Lacking cricket or curling, the boy played on the tender of the moving engine, stooped to toss a stick of wood at another youth, lost balance, and fell close to the rolling wheels. Liberty from so many forms of old routine, familiarity with night, hazard, magic—fields for spirit and courage lay open here as anywhere. The life held him. They gave him an engine of his own and then they had him fast.

But always from over the hill sounded the flute. For him all these days of contingency seemed but temporary. Inevitably there was to be something other finally to occupy him as life-in-earnest. Never was there any finality of allegiance to the griffin. The boy went to Missouri to look about, journeyed on to the Pennsylvania oil-fields. Vague aureate projects formed and waited. And all the while the flute kept calling to definite preparation against that time: On his shelf three royal octavos of Knight's Shakespeare in a princely binding of morocco and gold. On his wall a violin, and he returning to his lodging, weary in body and spirit from the sterile hours on a

way freight, still trudging off to a violin lesson.

He says: "I never expected to be a great violinist. But violin music is the sweetest music in the world—I thought so then and I think so now."

And in his personal belongings there manifested a scrupulous taste for silk—in those days silk underthings were as rare as silver armor—and for delicate linen, hand-stitched, and for clothing "made to measure," as the little town accused.

The little town was growing now, unfolding petals of flimsy wood and thin blue glass. With the Civil War came from the countryside new families whose men had gone to the war. And among them a family from New York State and a generation removed from England. In this family there were three daughters.

And now for the boy the flute poured in a thin tone an essence of Elsewhere. On Washington's birthday there was given in the town a ball at which the boy danced in the same set of a quadrille with one of these three daughters. Under the mellow oil lighting the costumes of the 70's touched and lifted upon the polished pine, pale Puritan and forgotten fabrics, silk mull, book muslin, challis-delaïne, and sarsenet. The dances, definite, determined, Occidental, were mazurka, money musk, varsovienne, the lancers. Of these the boy remembers nothing save only that set of the lancers in which he danced opposite to Her who "taught the torches to burn bright," and first touched her hand. But afterward she herself could never recall the boy in that lancers. One wonders what might have befallen had Juliet not recalled Romeo at the ball of the Capulets. In that case Romeo, too, might not have remembered. The boy may have been greater than Romeo! For on no more than the breathing presence of this lady the boy set his faith, and for five years it did not waver.

He was twenty-nine. With gradual death of the romance of the railway the mere habit of his work took him for its own. And now the new romance was enough. The vague aureate projects were dissolved in the incandescence of his noon. All day the flute was in his ears.

It is with the cunning of the life prin-

ciple itself that a new country lures its pioneers. Twice had he become the thrall of romance—once of the road, now of nature. They called it “securing a steady job on the railroad, marrying and settling down.” This was all that their imagination could confine. What did they know of griffins and flutes? And nothing of the sovereign romance for the man in the days that followed.

He had now a cottage reared almost literally by his own hand, and there lived the lady of the lanciers. There were a little child, a garden with old fruit-trees and old roses and two Lombardy poplars; a dog; and lyrical flights of the griffin by day and by night.

For this time the contour should be double. The lady of the lanciers had such beauty that the neighboring towns knew her name; such a voice that they came to her church to hear her sing in its choir. She could paint a little, play at the piano, and the cottage was kept by her own hand. Herself of pioneer stock and earlier of Sussex blood, she had a spirit and an independence to enliven the days and a common sense all but brilliant. She, the definite, the resolute, the humorous, bears a story of her own.

They two shared a signal. Singing about her work or playing with the child under the apple-trees, she would hear across the east marshes a brief, abruptly silenced cry. To the others of the town this thin cry was no more than an engine whistle. But she would thrill as to a brazen trumpet. It was the horn of Siegfried winding from the valley, its motif a single silver note in exquisite restraint. Time to have delicious dishes on the table before he gained the house. Time to have the rooms lighted and to be waiting at a window with the baby. . . . Or at night waking alone in the cottage, hearing the child's nestling and the soft snapping of the blazing base-burner, watching the red outlines of shadow, she would hear cutting the dark that live, carrying call. He was coming. Exuberant romance this, undivined by followers of the tame vocations, but known to the wives of the road and of the sea.

Yet always there was the terror: Sullen nights of storm, of hardly averted fatality, of actual tragedy. Tales of a coach

lifted on end in the dense snow and crashed upon the engine and of the five lives that went out in that gesture—five shovellers, whom the man and his crew laid aside decently as a part of the night's work. Of a midnight when the man ran down a farmer lying across the track like a body in a bag, and when an hour or two later a wanderer wounded in some fall tried to climb up to the man's cab, his young fireman, seeing that bleeding face at the window, cried out that it was the ghost of the dead farmer. And into the home yards that night the man brought his engine stoked by a fireman in lunacy. Five months later this fireman, a lad of twenty, died in his asylum cell.

And now for the man the flute began a new strain touched with the plaintive, the perplexed. A strain about the future. If ill health came, death, what then of the lady of the lanciers and what of the child? At this the old bright projects glowed again.

Now had come the hour for the practice of an unpremeditated courage, courage of a heart still measuring youth. He left the railroad, left the town, went into a strange city. With a blindness which breeders of quail or of fish do not permit to a live thing which they wish to persist, the man took the way of the hundred thousands who try to wrest a livelihood from a State unorganized to equip them for the rudiments. Three times in three cities in a period of twelve years the man sought a way out through business. And three times he returned to that which, save in imagination, had never been anything but bondage. Ulysses of three consecutive Odysseys, he fared forth with such initiative as America duplicates and buries, sun by sun.

It is the years following the third return, the years in which he had accepted the future and had at last bowed to it, which should be most intimately chronicled. Ill health was threatening him now. The attempts to escape had absorbed the greater part of his savings. And there was the child to be educated—educated at college too; neither he nor his wife ever questioned that.

Followed fifteen years of the old routine.

And life was supported with gentleness,

even with humor. A beautiful keen tenderness was his for plants and animals, an Oriental respect for any life. They tell of him that on a summer night he caught up a kitten straying about a railway station and gave it summary haven within the open window of a ground-floor room where it was instantly manifest that six men had until then been sleeping on the floor. As if this last burden were not to be sustained, one moaned: "Here's — putting a cat in the window. . . ." Animals loved him. Walking to a strange farmhouse to ask for a direction, he was met in the dark by the farmer, who demanded: "Yes, but how did you get by the dog? She don't let a thing get past her. . . ." The dog was trotting at the guest's heels.

Plants would grow under his hand—a stake which he set to mark a seedling rooted and budded. It was in these days, after the third return, that he developed a nostalgia—it was nothing less—for country living; for a farm such as the Ohio farm of his boyhood: garden, orchard, brook, fields, a cow, a few sheep. Of these he rarely spoke but always his wallet held clipped announcements of some little country place for sale, and he was never without a farm paper.

For years the man's free hours had been spent in second-hand book-stalls. There was always money for books: Spencer, Darwin, Emerson, Drummond, Bacon; through one winter he read Macaulay's *England* and then all of *Fiske*. He formed a habit of fathoming words new to him, and by middle life had revised his vocabulary. An old taste for chemistry developed, and with a few scientific books he elicited enchantment. It was in a farm journal that he was attracted to a star map and peopled for himself the heavens. Creative thinking followed all his reading. He presented the theory which he had never heard expounded that the earth was never a molten mass cooling, but, instead, first of all, a world of waters whose deposit is the land. He questioned the methods of measuring the velocity of light; and years before there was any scientific dissatisfaction with the theory of the luminiferous ether he had rebelled at that.

Politically he gradually became strong-

ly liberal. He cannot remember when he did not favor equal suffrage. He cannot remember when he did not classify war as crime, and he has never spent a moment in regarding it as anything else. In religion he became non-conformist to non-conformists and all—profoundly religious but aloof from any creed or group. The doctrine of forgiveness of sin and the abrogation of its consequences roused him to passionate scorn. Once he said: "And I have decided that Swedenborg wrote *Revelation*."

Thus he made for himself actualities to dominate, to displace those of the grinding days.

Withal he was ingeniously mechanical, clever at mending tools or machinery; would whisk out into a pie-tin the major works of a clock and return them to restored function, including chimes. His wood-house work-bench was completely equipped with carpenters' tools, all the repairing about the house was done by him, an occasional porch added by him, unassisted, and year after year the bird houses which he made after a plan of his own were happily tenanted. All that he did was accomplished with a scrupulous, slow precision. His leisureliness extended itself to the table—of dyspepsia he had cured himself by Fletcherizing thirty years before Fletcher. He never hurried—the light staccato step had slowed, his speech was deliberate when he spoke at all. He was a silent man. If he had been asked his favorite recreation he would have said: "Home."

The solitary study, the long lonely darkness on the engine, the daybreaks "gold and wild," the countless expressionless days had crystallized an introspection always unique. With no knowledge of the uses of contemplation in the East he acquired, and this quite naturally, a habit of concentration, so that one could enter a room or stand beside him in his garden and find him unconscious of any presence. His time-slips, time-cards, stray envelopes, and a note-book or two were covered with notes made in the engine cab, at lunch-counters, anywhere. These are a few transcriptions:

"Our actions are our angels."

"All laws are friendly to those who obey them."

"A new degree of intellectual power is cheap at any price."

"The law of Man is, Do the thing and you shall have the power, but they who do not shall not have the power."

"The happiness of your life depends on the quality of your thoughts."

"Children early catch the tone of their surroundings."

"Most people are unhappy because they have no information concerning the real sources of enjoyment."

"The guiding spirit. . . ."

"The details must be worked out with completeness to insure success. It is in this humble though all-conquering way that success is achieved."

"Forget your grievances."

"Until men grow up to the level of a higher life they cannot receive it."

"Everything exists for something else of a higher order."

"In your daily intercourse with men let your guiding principle be for the good of all."

"Flashes of insight require systematic thought to unfold them."

"Our thoughts materialize in our flesh and blood."

The child was now graduated from a university. For these four years of college training the man had paid on wages of three dollars and eighty-five cents for a trip (of ninety-odd miles), and meanwhile had maintained his home.

But always here the story bears the two outlines: One of his own patient, never-robust figure faring to its toil. The other of the lady of the lancers, of a resolution equal to his, rich in labor, sacrifice, thrift; herself individual, commanding, bearing her part in the life of the little town—and lovely. Two in a town of six thousand and the race safe in their hands.

Five years later temporary retirement became possible, became necessitated by ill health; and there were a garden, fruit-trees, unbroken leisure.

A total of forty-three years had been spent by the man on the railroad, all save the first two or three years in complete disillusion, in bondage. Out of this dissolution of the right to happy creative work there endured for him his wife, his child, and his home.

But what had been saved of the man's spirit, of his ambition to live, his love of fineness, the approaches to the social passion? Was he bitter, lethargic, in revolt? How had he himself appraised the quite unintentional tapestry of his life?

There was a record preserved in conversations, witness from the lips of the man; and he one of the men who ordinarily live and die in a community without the community divining the stupendous life which has been going on within. These comments, made in the last seven years, are more vivid than all else to yield up the man himself and the rich measure of his success in living.

It is now sixty years since, equipped with common school, a few years of farm work, and a brief apprenticeship to a wagon-maker, he fared through the snowy grove into the little frame town; seventy years since he faced the night sky drenched in the surging of the Aurora. At seventy-nine here is the man, one of the brilliant potentialities by whom a less disjointed social life than our own might be how richly served.

(1)

I've had one of the days when nothing went right. It seemed as if everything tried to go wrong. And I thought how exactly that must be an example of the way the Spirit—or God—feels in trying to deal with us. He does the best he can, and we fail and retard him. He does the best he can and then comes war. I thought how discouraged the Spirit must be. Matter is obstinate. But it is all he has to express himself through.

(2)

(Over a new drain-pipe in the basement.) It is the way so many workmen work, with no thought of the trouble and expense to which they put other people. How can we expect them to know? With no training they go to their work, pick it up as best they can, and depend on it for the necessities of life. Their conscience is not trained. If, instead of pounding faith into them, we had developed their conscience, we should have a different set of beings. . . .

. . . Why should there not be, as well as a municipal fire department to put out fires after the damage is done, a municipal department to inspect private electric wiring and drains and water-pipes? They are beginning to do that

for fire protection. But in all such work men should not be dependent on it for a livelihood. With these occupations on a commercial basis men do so often partake of the nature of the hog—of whose body their own body is so largely composed. All their lives they eat of the bodies of these animals, and certainly some of their nature passes over into those who consume them.

... For nineteen years, the first nineteen of my life, I ate no meat—perhaps a little tenderloin after butchering. The rest of the time I ate vegetables and bread. After I came to this town I learned to eat meat a little bit. I have watched men eat tough meat, a large piece in a few mouthfuls, almost without chewing. This seems to me the business of cannibals.

(3)

Let's leave this town and go and live where sooner or later we can be more economically cremated. It is the only civilized system. Embalming is a savage practice. When I go I want at least something that will fall away around me quickly and let me out.

(4)

I've thought for years that immortality is more simple and natural than we have realized. That there is a close threefold relationship in the air and the volatile part of our being and God. We say that God is everywhere and we're not just sure what we mean. The immanence of God has been one of the puzzles; the immanence of the air in some form we take for granted. We have said that God is in all life and we haven't understood that either, but we have spoken of the breath of life always. We have made a great mystery, but it may be that this invisible substance which enters into all life as a spirit is close to the mystery. There's nothing more materialistic in that than in the admission that consciousness functions through the brain. ... After death the volatile part of our being is released and passes into the air—goes back into that great reservoir of power, and seeks affinities for reabsorption. And hence continuity. When we confine immortality to a matter of the persistence

of the individual consciousness we limit our inheritance. I believe in such immortality because it is in harmony with that which we see taking place before our eyes every day.

(5)

I remember when that idea of immortality first came to me. I was standing by the dining-room window looking at the river. And as I saw it flowing I thought: "Men come and men go but I go on forever." I thought how the river flows to the ocean, empties, returns to its source through clouds and moisture, becomes again a river, again flows. And that is exactly the way with spirit. It goes from us, it ceases to combine with the body and without it the body cannot live; spirit is reabsorbed into the spirit without, into the whole . . . we are in it all the time—we are floating in it—and it is reabsorbed in new living things. As an individual? No—that is impossible. When individuation has once been accomplished by spirit it is never lost; but it need not persist as one individuation. It will continue in many individuals. There is no more reason for insisting that the spirit of man is one eternally than for insisting that the spirit of God is one. God is not necessarily one intelligence. He is many intelligences. So of the spirit of man. For the spirit, in man and without, is a part of God. Whenever it can find the channel it speaks to us—to that of itself which is within us. To the divine in man. But the whole body is permeated with spirit—it is everywhere in the body. The air we breathe is spirit. It is the spirit of God. Without it we are only inanimate matter. At the instant it ceases to combine with us, we cease to exist.

Compare this with the doctrine of the soul going off somewhere, to some place of heaven, and singing a psalm. Yet when they blundered into such an expression it was this immortality of spirit that they were seeking for. We are all blundering. But the whole process is so slow. It can only go on as spirit grows in the individual and is reabsorbed and grows again.

... Trees have intelligence. Spirit is combined with them in some degree,

in their life and their intelligence. See how they seek out their food, find water, turn to the sun . . . there's a better explanation to this than the books make.

(6)

I don't think of God as law. I think of him as spirit. Law is his manifestation. I can conceive of his growing, but the law is static. It is simply a matter of finding out law. The law of evolution existed always, and at last the human understanding found it out, and so on. There are certain forces to which all things are subject, but they are acted upon differently by the same forces. A tree and a rock are both subject to gravitation, but the tree constantly lifts itself while a rock must remain in a fixed spot until it is destroyed. But different people are not acted upon differently by the same forces—people vary in perception and in response, that's all. The action of the forces toward them is the same.

(7)

As great a thinker as Herbert Spencer says that he can see nowhere any evidence of design in the universe. John Burroughs says the same thing. Nevertheless, there is everywhere evidence of design.

(8)

Man is the slowest animal there is, in development. And it is because he does not pay attention to his intuitions. Now and then there is one who is strong enough

to heed them, but most people let them go by, are not strong enough to take them. The intuitions must be fostered for growth. One form of these we call conscience. . . . As these intuitions grow older and are developed with each life lived they will be stronger to speak. It is this part of living which matters.

(9)

(Some one had read aloud from Tagore's "Gitanjali": "Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then callest to thy severed selves in myriad notes. This thy self-separation has taken body in me.")

Yes. Nicolai, in "The Biology of War," believes and quotes others as believing that the universe is an organism. That is, that it consists of one really organic whole, of which every created thing is a member, as members of one organism, one being.

(Comment: Then that organism would be God?)

The embodiment of God. And as I believe the "breath of life," is the divine essence of God, and constitutes the divine element entering into all life.

(10)

We are destined for the goal. And the goal is perfection. Sometimes we go on, sometimes we go back—but all the time the direction and destiny are the same: "Perfection." We reach one plane and another is above us. It is always the same. The time will come when the race will be an honor to God.





The plough market.

Wooden ploughs still turn Albania's soil. Nearby, pelts for *opingas* are being sold.

Albania

A NEW NATION IN AN OLD WORLD

BY VIOLA I. PARADISE AND HELEN CAMPBELL

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS



OUR mind strays from the discussion of Albania's politics, for the weekly bazaar in Tirana—Albania's capital—is breaking up, and perforce you must watch the colorful life in the square: full-trousered, broad-sashed men, in white fezes, gay socks, and up-curling pointed moccasins; two upper-class Moslem women, shrouded in black, their faces hidden by heavy black veils; peasants taking home their purchases; a man with a baa-ing sheep over his shoulders; a woman carrying on her head a red-and-green-painted cradle, the baby in it; a polka-dotted, trousered little girl, exquisitely delicate of face, a purchase of freshly-butchered unwrapped meat in her hand; donkeys concealed under burdens many times their size, only

faces and fore legs visible; a lithe youth, moved suddenly to dance in the doorway of the mosque; veiled or kerchiefed women—according as they are Moham-medan or Christian—gathering their bright-colored stuffs from the ground; a few others—one with five eggs in her lap—lingering in hope of a tardy customer; a man washing his feet in the swift-gut-tered little stream that runs through the street. As you gaze at these things, suggesting the old world of Turkey, you might for a moment forget that Albania is in the way of becoming a modern European state. But there are reminders: the minister of public works crossing the square with some engineers brought in by the government from Austria; here and there foreign business men, in Albania after concessions; in the distance the band practising the Peer Gynt Suite, a Mozart sonata, along with new Albanian songs;

and everywhere people talking about plans for the new Shqiprija*—which is Albania's name for Albania, the latter being used by the Shqiptari only when they speak a foreign language. A battered automobile rattles into the square, and once more you turn your attention to your companions.

"You must find us a land of strange contrasts," says one, "that man with the wooden plough; and here's this so-called auto. Before the war there wasn't one in the country, now there are about a hundred and fifty. Many of us still grind corn between stones in our own homes; and the city of Korcha has already raised money for a mail aeroplane, and has sent students to France to study aviation."

"Come back in five years," said another, "and you'll find us like European countries"—Albania doesn't regard itself as a part of Europe—"with roads, and an electric trolley running through these mountains, and electric light——"

"There's electric light in Scutari now," interrupted a youth, "and plumbing. And just wait till you see Korcha. Nearly everybody dresses in European clothes. We're not civilized yet, but we're started. We have a national parliament."

"Our trouble is," said another, "that we have so much history to recover from. It has bunched up on us, you might say. But now that we're free——" an expressive gesture indicated that everything was possible.

History has indeed "bunched up" on the Shqiptari. Aryans, descendants of the Illyrians or Pelasgians, they are probably the oldest race in southeastern Europe. Their last five centuries and more is the tale of steadfast maintenance of Albanian personality through foreign occupations. Much is not far-away history, but current trespassings, of which you may read echoes in your morning paper.

The Turkish occupation lasted five hundred years, and ceased only in 1912. To the Turks the Albanians never really submitted, but succeeded in preventing their penetration into her mountain districts. This non-submissiveness brought from the empire insecurities of life and happiness, but, cutting Albania off from outside

contacts, did preserve her ancient customs in an uncommonly pure form.

It was Shqiprija's experience with the Young Turks which resulted in the expulsion of the empire from the Balkans. Hopefully casting her lot with them in 1908 in establishing a Constitution for the empire, and then finding that they meant even less independence for the subject nationalities through complete assimilation, Albania resisted, and in August, 1912, in a vigorous uprising, captured Uskub and crushed the Turkish army. Then Bulgaria, Greece, Serbia, and Montenegro, seeing in this defeat a long-desired chance, launched the First Balkan War, which left the Peninsula Turkless.

Even then Albania's destiny was not in her own hands. The Six Powers, Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Great Britain, Italy, and Russia, stepped in to determine her status and frontiers, because, the Turks gone, Albania's neighbors began quarrelling for her territory. Europe almost flared into war then, with Albania the fuse, instead of a year later with a different Balkan excuse. In July, 1913, the most basic "frontier" date in Albanian history, the ambassadorial conference of these powers fixed boundaries which gave to unfriendly neighbors districts containing over a million Albanians, leaving only 900,000 in the remaining area. They made her a sovereign principality, neutralized under their guarantee, and elected William of Wied as prince. When he arrived in March, 1914, Albania, having independence, a conventional government, and neutrality, hoped for a breathing spell.

Within a month her neutrality was violated when Greece captured Korcha. Her guarantors had not yet intervened in her behalf when the European War began. Then, while the neutrality of Belgium was engaging the sentimental attention of the world, there began for Albania an avalanche of occupations, kaleidoscopic, overlapping, unprotested. The assigned prince left in September, too soon to have been of any service. Though Albania did not enter the war, she was one of its acute sufferers. The olive orchards formerly covering the hills around Durazzo, bombarded into treeless barrenness, symbolize the damage done

* Pronounced Shqipriëa.

to this neutral. Her intruders, however, could not avoid catching something of the spirit of the Albanian personality. Italy, intrenched in the south, proclaimed her independent under Italian protection; Austria announced Albanian freedom from Scutari; while France, with an army in Korcha, created the Shqiptar Republic of Korcha.

At the war's end Albania was like a juggler, keeping three fragile balls afloat—the acquisitive desires of Yugoslavia, Italy, and Greece. A slip in her dexterity meant national mutilation. Italy, actually present, determining to prevent a representative Albanian government, formed in Durazzo a made-in-Italy substitute. The Shqiptari, determined to have a home-made reality, contrived an uninterrupted gathering of the clans in Lushnja, in January, 1920. This national assembly forced the Durazzo government to retire, established a provisional government in Tirana, and when the parliament appointed by the conference convened the following March, the Shqiptari had a government of their own choosing.

Italy's claims for Valona, its hinterland, and a mandate over Albania, meaning for her the control of the Adriatic and the shortest route to the Orient, were based entirely on the secret Treaty of London, in which these concrete territorial rights were offered as bait by the Entente fishers for allies. Albania took her problems to the Peace Conference, and after a ten months' wait received an illuminating decision giving Italy exactly what she wanted. Fortunately this decision was not allowed to stand. But the actual forcing of Italy from Valona was done by popular action, without help even from the government. It took two months of fighting, but in August, 1920, Italy withdrew, acknowledging Albanian independence.

Another ball to juggle—holding her northeastern boundaries against the new Yugoslavia, who, ignoring even the decision of 1913 so favorable to Serbia, had had troops on the Albanian side since the armistice. In spite of Albania's protests to the Peace Conference in 1919 against this invasion, its first decision added to Yugoslavia Albania's choicest city, Scutari, with its environs and nearest Adri-

atic port. During 1920 and 1921 the Serbs made frequent serious invasions into northern Albania, and were met by a resistance characteristically Albanian, organized unofficially by the mountaineers. At one time this impromptu army forced the Serbs to leave the city of Dibra, but, although Dibra is purely Albanian, the Shqiptari did not occupy it, having the forethought to realize that, officially ceded to Serbia in 1913, its occupation would embarrass their government. In the rôle of aggressive intruders the Serbs quite ignored that dramatic episode in the Great War when, defeated, they were in desperate retreat before the Austro-Bulgarian forces. Then Albania, in the face of a Bulgarian demand that she attack the Serbian vanguard, instead gave the Serbs refuge in her territory.

Deciding to try the League of Nations on this acute and pertinent problem, Shqiprija applied for membership in October, 1920. The league kept her waiting for admission two crucial months, and then indecisively referred the boundary difficulty to the Conference of Ambassadors. While this body pondered, however, Yugoslavic troops advanced so far in the fall of 1921 that the Supreme Council of the Allies, through Great Britain, intervened, requesting that the Council of the League be convoked—the first time that this was done because one member was invading another. Simultaneously the Conference of Ambassadors announced its decision on the frontiers, practically the same as their 1913 delimitation. On November 8 the two nations accepted these boundaries, and three members of the league, for surety, supervised the evacuation of the Serbs.

Shqiprija's Greek ball to juggle has not been difficult since Greece became preoccupied fighting Turkey. Greece had pushed her claims violently in 1914 by capturing Korcha, and at the Peace Conference by trading votes in secret with Italy. The conference did cede in its first decision both disputed districts, Korcha and Argyrocastro, to Greece, but the November, 1921, frontier settlement acknowledged them as permanently Albanian. The allegiance of these two districts while their possession was in question was frequently demonstrated. When

the new government, raising an interior loan because Italy had seized the customs, called for 2,000,000 gold francs, Argyrocastro contributed this whole sum, outdoing in generosity even the Albanians in the United States.

These international complications are reflected in every-day events, especially those involving the lack of intercommunication between close neighbors. Serbia, for instance, lies so intimately near, yet

and fortunately the advantage of this is realized. "We do not want the government to lose all of this flexibility," said one official in speaking of rapid changes, "we want one that will really fit the country by growing up with it." At present the eighty deputies elect a high council of four and a prime minister, who appoints his cabinet of nine ministers.

This flexibility of form does not necessarily imply instability, as the govern-



Volunteers who came to Tirana from the mountains to help the government during the uprising of March, 1922.

she cannot be reached by telegraph nor telephone, even though Albania has both,* remnants of military operations, repaired and extended. And crossing Serbia's stern frontier is full of complications. When we did this on foot, the Shqiptar horseman who was leading the pack-horse with our luggage, having obtained what he thought was the proper document to allow him to take us over the border and return home, was stopped by the Serbian border police, instructed to wait on the Albanian side while a Serbian soldier led the pack-horse, more privileged than its master, across the invisible line of unfriendliness to our near-by destination.

Many details of government in the Albanian republic are still uncrystallized,

* At present the telephone is limited to government use, connecting only the offices of the prefects, but the telegraph is for commercial use as well. Both are for interior use only.

ment has met tests. The most significant was the rebellion of March, 1922, not because of its size, for it involved less than five hundred armed rebels, but because it thwarted the attempt of a designing neighbor to prove Albania's inability to maintain her government. Subtlety was shown in discriminating between the leaders who plotted with the outsiders, mostly men of position or wealth, and those who were used indirectly and recanted when they discovered the source and significance of the attack. Though the disloyal were executed and their lands confiscated, a mountaineer leader of the rebels, who in the parleys through the British minister to Albania showed that he had been deceived and regretted his action, was allowed to go back to the mountains with his men and arms.

The real show of government strength was not the dramatic parade of soldiers and the gayness of the band in the capital the market-day before Easter instead of the further execution of rebels expected by the people. It was expressed rather in two ways—one spontaneously, when the news of the uprising reached the unaffected districts and volunteers started out from every mountainside and valley over the trails to Tirana to help the government, peasant and townsman alike; and the other with consideration, when parliament, scheduled to meet about six weeks after the rebellion, postponed its meeting for four months to give the ministers a free hand.

A more permanent proof of the government's acceptability and of national unity is given by the mountain tribes of Matti, who, having defied successfully Roman, Venetian, Turk, serve this government voluntarily. One of their chief men, Ahmet Zogoli, is minister of the interior, the backbone of the present government.

"And parliament can make things move, too," said a young Albanian proudly; "one of their first acts was to legislate away all titles. No more beys nor pashas in Albania, just plain Mr. So-and-So, as with you."

"Move!" broke in another of the group, "like lightning! You see those gardens," indicating grass-bordered marigold beds at intervals in the centre of Tirana. "Just recently those were old Mohammedan graveyards, hideous but, of course, hallowed ground. Almost overnight they were changed by an edict from the minister of the interior, custom or no custom."

But many improvements which the government would like to make must wait for money, for the nation's natural resources to create her financial and economic life. Resources there are, quite aside from agricultural possibilities, but in what degree of richness no one knows, as the Turks left no statistics and the Austrians kept the reports of their geologic surveys made during the war. It is known in general that there are oil, coal, copper, and valuable forests, which the government owns along with the entire subsoil, one good Turkish inheritance. In addition there are the buried treasures of Durazzo, the remains of the Roman and Venetian periods, rich storehouses of art and history.

The nation's financial inability to develop its resources means the giving out of concessions, for it has not borrowed.



Peasants in town to market their grains, exchanging news of their districts, and discussing Albania's future, while waiting for customers.



Contrasts in transportation.

There were no autos in Albania before the war. Peasant carts are confined to the small area of good roads.

But these concessions present difficulties. Some eager applicants represent countries too selfishly interested in Shqiprija's political future; other nationalities, without territorial ambitions and therefore desirable as concessionaires, are still pondering on her stability; while the third group, interested in a legitimate way, demand statistics which the new country cannot yet produce. The young state has not been overlooked by "gold brick" concessionaires. An American firm, we heard, asked for a monopoly in film-showing, putting its offer on a philanthropic-educational basis, and expecting to get the concession for nothing. Interest in the concessions and a shrewdness, too, is not confined to officials but is expressively general. One young man who had been in the United States said of their financial beginnings: "Though foreign capital is necessary for our big undertakings, there is some money here to invest nationally if we Albanians could just be shown how. You know, the way American children say, 'One for the money, two for the show!'"

Up to the limit of their money the Shqiptari are bringing in experts from several countries to advise in organizing the state. Engineers, for example, are

treating the forests which, though still safe from the sawmill, have been seriously damaged by foreign armies, both of men and insects. Legal experts are planning the formation of a new code, supplanting the old combination of Turkish and Napoleonic law. Financial experts will have everything to plan as the country has no banking system, no currency of its own, using the moneys of other nations with patchwork exclusiveness. The gold French napoleon is the standard coin, and the only one with a nation-wide circulation. According to the district you are in you may use Italian lire; stagger around under the weight of old silver Austrian crowns; find a town where only French money is used; pay in Greek drachmas; or, in Korcha, for small purchases, pay in its own currency, issued recently when Greece closed her border and no money could be brought in. In contrast to this lack of coinage are modern postage-stamps, which carry Albania's letters abroad and by arduous mounted relays between her inland cities.

The lack of transportation facilities thwarts the development of the country's resources. Transportation is in a primitive plight—no railroads and very few stretches of good road. Instead, bridle-

trails twist and plunge about in the mountains, hold a precarious footing along edges of breath-taking precipices, track along rushing rivers seeking shallow places to ford, for bridges are as wanting as roads. All travellers, all goods and merchandise sent from city to city must go on sure-footed donkeys or horses along



Shepherds with crooks are not only sung about, but seen on city streets.

these trails. Peasant-carts, so characteristic a feature of most agricultural regions, are, except in the small areas of good roads, unknown.

Adventure is the one natural resource of Albania not blockaded by bad roads. Even by auto perhaps you are five hours late on a two-hour trip. While the chauffeur dissects the engine, you enjoy some peasant's hospitality, sitting on a mat on the sod floor before his fire, at which he makes you Turkish coffee and tries in vain to talk with you in Albanian, Greek, or Turkish. You while away time learning a few Albanian words, and wondering whether the canvas curtain hanging from smoke-blackened rafters conceals his wife. A man passenger is also present, which would make it unseemly for a Moslem wife to appear. At last the car is fixed—it is now eleven at night by your watch, four by your host's Turkish time—and

once more you set out. Now your chauffeur is concerned. Martial law is still in force, no one must be abroad in Tirana after eight o'clock; it will be midnight before you arrive; besides, this is the night set for the hanging of two leaders of the rebellion. The feeling of tenseness is enhanced by white moonlight on floating wisps of mist, dark shadows of trees, and apprehension lest presently you shall come upon the actual hangings. But your challenge at the gate is the official information that a room has been engaged for you.

Distances are measured by time, not miles. Korchia, you are told, is four days from Tirana. It took us five to make the trip, most of it in heavy rain. We went with a train of ten horses, all but three used to transport a cargo of salt and sugar. The third passenger was a young Mohammedan volunteer against the rebellion, now returning home to Korchia. The leader of the train and his two helpers walked. The horses' trappings were primitive: characteristic peasant saddles made of broad strips of wood, mounted on leather, for the horses'—not the riders'—comfort, were softened by gay handwoven blankets. Loops of rope served as stirrups. The rope bridles, trimmed with blue beads—a protection against the harm that praise might invite upon a Shqiptar horse—were chiefly ornamental, for the horses were not bitted. When one of us asked how to guide our animal, the horseman handed her a lock of the mane! However, it was only in an early ignorant moment that we thought ourselves capable of assisting the clever beasts, who knew every rock and twist of the trail, where to step, and when to put their four feet and head together, like a Remington picture, and slide down a steep place; who could climb up steep slabs of rock, could hold a footing up the middle of a swift mountain stream; and needed assistance only in the widest river, where two powerful men, wading waist-deep, saw them across one at a time, leaning against them to keep them from being carried down-stream. The steepest descents we climbed and skidded down on foot.

Our first night we spent in a *khan*, or barn, one of the occasional shelters maintained along the trail for the horsemen



A street in the capital, the post-office, and one of the shepherds it serves.

and their horses. Ours was selected as especially good, having an up-stairs room, providing us privacy. A chimneyless fireplace and two straw mats on the floor were its entire furnishings. We dried our clothes and horse-blankets, and wrapped ourselves up in the latter—our entire bedding.

It is only when stopping at such *khans* or at hotels that one pays for one's lodging. And even at these money is sometimes refused. Once, stopping for coffee, we chatted with our host about the United States, where he had a nephew. Just that slim thread made him regard us as his personal guests, and he refused payment. When no *khans* or hotels are available, the traveller is welcomed at any house. However poor your host, he would refuse any offer of payment.

Hospitality is the religion of Albania. In the northern mountains, where the safety of a traveller is guaranteed by some mountaineer's *bessa*, any harm that comes even to a chance guest is a wrong to be avenged just as if it had happened to a kinsman, and could start a vendetta on his behalf—a blood feud, to be handed down from father to son.

The hospitality offered us ranged from

homes not unlike the *khans*—where we slept in our clothes on the floor, and sat on the floor to eat our simple supper, perhaps one pewter pan of scrambled eggs, with a wooden spoon for each guest, and a single bowl of warm milk, to be passed from one to the other—to spacious homes of rich families, where we dined bountifully and savored again the sweet luxury of clean linen sheets. The best a village had to offer was at our disposal, for we were travelling, so to speak, under the government's *bessa*. Everywhere, in rich homes or in poor, was a wealth of hospitality. Once, on a mountain-top, passing two shepherds eating their cornbread and cheese, our Albanian friend asked for a taste of bread; whereupon they tried to press their whole little store upon us, their cheese as well. The Shqiptar peasant, like most European peasants, lives on a meagre diet—a single meal of cornbread and cheese and onions often forming his entire daily ration. Our horsemen—comparatively prosperous persons—did ten hours' hard work on a small cup of coffee at four in the morning and a bowl of olives and cheese and bread at eleven.

It is not only in a figurative sense that hospitality may be said to be Albania's

religion. Although 71 per cent of the people are Moslem, 19 per cent Albanian Orthodox,* 10 per cent Roman Catholic, they are not ritual-bound. Formal religion is parenthetical—a matter of custom, and in no way divides the people. Christian and Moslem children attend the same schools. At an Easter midnight mass we saw nearly as many Mohammedans as Christians in the Orthodox church; and others were waiting outside to bid their friends a happy Easter. Iman Ali, the Indian delegate to the League of Nations, defending Albania's request for membership, said that Albania was "the only country in the world where Christians and Mohammedans lived together like brothers."

The mental adaptability of the Albanians is constantly demonstrated. The peasants we met—served by no newspapers, often illiterate, with no experience outside their own remote mountains and villages, most of them Mohammedan, with strict views about their own women—found the word "Amerikes" sufficient explanation and accepted us, two foreign, strangely garbed, unveiled women, readily and graciously, and as unself-consciously as if we had been men—a refreshing experience after remote regions of certain Latin countries, where wonder never ceased at our travelling without male accompaniment.

Their conversation was not a mere exchange of pleasant words. They asked the latest news in the cities from which we had come. On one trip our Albanian friend showed photographs of the hanged rebels to our hosts or to peasants met by chance who wanted news. Conversation often concerned Albania, always we were asked what we thought of it, often the customs of our own country were inquired about. A man who asked how long America had been free, commented that by now everybody must be happy and nobody poor, and was disappointed at our regretful negative. One peasant asked with a twinkle why we had come to Albania, "where there are only rocks and mountains and rivers and *opingas* to see"—*opingas* being the simplest of possible foot-gear, mere rectangles of pelt, slightly

shaped and held in place by leather thongs.

Coming from five days through the most primitive mountains into the modernized city of Korcha is an experience in contrasts. The mountain villages were, for the most part, handfuls of scattered houses, now of mud and clay bricks, now of stone, sometimes with tiled, often with thatched, roofs, sometimes windowless, with outbuildings and pens and fences of braided twigs; the mountaineers always, of course, in their native costumes.

In Korcha, however, nearly every one dresses in European clothing. In the coffee-houses men are reading the latest issue of the newspaper—out three times a week. The city has many new, well-built houses, equipped with plumbing. Engineers are working on a plan to supply Korcha with electric light; and many modern improvements are under way. Everywhere one hears English, for nearly the whole adult male population of Korcha has been in the United States. To be sure, there are still many reminders of the city's agricultural setting—mountaineers come to town to buy and sell, a quaintly dressed shepherd, with his crook, guiding a flock of sheep through the busy main street; ox-carts, with high sides of braided twigs; yet on the whole the city gives a modern atmosphere.

One does not, however, feel conscious of a great gap between the Albanian peasant and his city brother; for the peasant is intelligent, self-reliant, quite without servility. Perhaps this is because every peasant owns a bit of land; or perhaps his land-ownership is the result of his qualities. ("All but five per cent of us Albanians are landowners," said an official.) Even when he is illiterate, he is clear-headed and penetrating, and alert to what is going on in the land. In the strange, almost weird mountain song-dances, where the leaders improvise poetry which they chant as they dance, the songs have often to do with the happenings of the day. Thus, while we were in Tirana, several evenings at sunset a group of the mountain volunteers danced and sang current events. Now it was the story of how Ahmet Zogoli and Spiro Kolleka had saved the country in its most recent distress; now how the Italians had been forced out

* Albania has carried her patriotism to the point of declaring her Orthodox church independent of the Greek.

of Valona; again it was an appeal that America recognize Albania, in which case, the song proclaimed, Albania would be invincible. Possibly this last song was improvised because some Americans were observed among the listeners. At any rate, even the untaught peasant knows Albania's need of recognition by the great Powers outside.

The minister of the interior, speaking of the peasants' attitude to the government,

his holding is usually so small that he cannot dig a living from it—on an average four "ettoro," or about two hundred square meters, excluding forest land, which all belongs to the government; he must therefore work for the rich beys, who own about 35 per cent of the land, or on the government farms, which comprise about 40 per cent. The harvest is divided: one-third for the worker, one-third for the owner, and the last third for which-



Many mountain villages are mere handfuls of scattered houses, now of mud or clay brick, often of stone, sometimes with tiled, often with thatched roofs. The outbuildings and pens and fences are often of braided twigs.

said that they followed every government action with interest, that it was not unusual for peasants to walk three days over the mountains to discuss some recent decree. "I always ask them," he said, "what they think of it. They inquire carefully about its purpose and how it will work, and then give a considered opinion. Sometimes it is that the law is good but that the time is not ripe for it. Frequently they have suggestions to make."

All this in a land where farming is in the most primitive stage, where not only is there no farm machinery, but wooden ploughs are used—except in certain small areas where iron ones have been introduced.

Although every peasant is a landowner,

ever of the two supplies the animals and tools.

Among its many new undertakings the government is attempting to improve and stimulate agriculture. The lack of roads, markets, machinery, and organization—in a country four-fifths of which is mountain land—makes this a tremendous task; but the Department of Public Works has brought experts in from Turkey, Austria, and Italy, has started a farm journal, of which a thousand copies are distributed monthly to the peasants, has opened one agricultural school, and is hoping and planning for another.

The social structure in the remote mountain districts in the north of Albania

is very different from that of central and southern Albania. In the north the old patriarchal tribal system prevails, all the branches of a family, sometimes numbering over a hundred, living in a single fortified house. The people in the south—the *Ghegs*—have a different dialect from the *Toscs*, in the south; the southerners have travelled back and forth to other lands, and have, perhaps, qualities of easier contacts with strangers. In times past there existed an antagonism between north and south, and, though Albania is united in a strong national feeling and in its aspirations, little survivals of the old antagonism crop up even now. Thus, during Easter week in Tirana, it often happened that groups from both north and south found themselves together in the coffee-houses. Yet, though one group or the other was always singing, they seldom sang together. We once asked a man why he and his friends were silent. "We don't know their songs," he replied.

"Singing," said a returned immigrant, "is the Shqiptar's chief recreation. There are no movies here. Instead we spend our evenings playing games and singing in the coffee-houses." This is quite true. Look into almost any Tirana coffee-house of an evening, and you will see men playing chess, checkers, dominos, backgammon, and often a group singing. People living near the Elbasan prison said that every evening at sunset the prisoners sang together. The Albanian has a rich and varied repertoire. After a ringing new patriotic theme may come an old, old folksong, sombre and moving, in strange, primeval rhythm. Next, perhaps, the humorous alphabet song, in college-song manner; then, as likely as not, foreign songs, sometimes with Albanian words, as in "Tipperary" or "Gaudeamus Igitur"; again with original words, as in "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," or even "Under the Greenwood Tree," or "Monday Roast Beef"; and when they have warmed up to their singing they begin the favorite game of improvising songs—usually jokes and gibes at one another. Though wine can be procured in the coffee-houses, authorities agree that there is little drinking. The Shqiptar prefers his coffee. Drunkenness is rare. At present national pro-

hibition is being discussed, and the general feeling favors it.

The Albanian has a gift for languages. The equipment of Turkish, Greek, and Serbian, Bulgarian, or Roumanian in addition to Albanian, is common. Among those who have had a foreign education, French and German or Italian—often all three—are added channels of intercourse. Albania has not mixed up hates with languages, as other nations often do. She educates her young people in Italy, France, Austria—all countries which have been her occupiers. One finds oneself interviewing the man who was largely responsible for getting the Italians out of Valona in the language of his ex-enemy.

Many Albanians read Persian as one of their classics. A practical government official, whose conversation skipped easily from the recent Albanian rebellion to European politics, to hunting and dogs, to regrets that we should be leaving Shqiprija before the nightingales should begin to sing, quoted from a Persian classic. "I *do* like it!" he exclaimed, and translated it into immaculate English—one of his many modern languages. Boys at the American Red Cross school have learned enough English in only a few months to give impromptu theatricals in English, idiomatic, easy, with just enough foreign accent to make their grammatical correctness even more astonishing. Even their subtle sense of humor the Shqiptari carry over into foreign languages—or perhaps the Albanian sense of humor is akin to the American, so often did we laugh heartily together.

Perhaps it is their linguistic ability that has enabled the Albanians to retain, through centuries of school-less foreign occupation, their own tongue, now the most ancient in southeastern Europe. It is of Indo-European origin, the sole survivor of the Thracio-Illyrian group. The Encyclopædia Britannica says: "In its relation to Latin and Greek, it may be regarded as a co-ordinate member of the Aryan stock." Though the dialects of the *Ghegs* and *Toscs* differ, the language—like the people—has remained integral. It has retained many souvenir words from its various invaders, but it is strikingly distinct from all other Balkan languages. Its lack of literature makes it at the same time

of peculiar interest and of peculiar difficulty to philologists. The alphabet itself presents knotty problems, for, as in English, there are different letters and combinations of letters for the same sound, but even far less than English has the spelling been standardized. Thus "Korcha," the name of Albania's second largest city, is spelled "Korçe," "Kortche," "Korç," "Koritz," "Korche," and "Korcha"—all spellings used by Albanians. Even people's names are spelled variously.

Among the new government's chief concerns is education. New schools are being established, old ones improved. One of its first acts was a compulsory education law. The peasants are for the most part eager to send their children to school. "Scarcely a week passes," said the minister of education, "that does not bring requests for schools from remote districts. Often peasants come to the capital to urge their establishment."

Until recently the government sent many children abroad to study. In 1921 several hundred students—at the time of our visit 159—were studying in foreign countries at government expense. The present policy is to cut down these numbers. But with only 3 secondary, and 12 grammar schools in the land; with 474 of the nation's 565 schools having only one class,* some foreign education is still necessary. The students educated abroad at government expense are promised government employment, which they agree to accept for five years after their education is completed. The recent opening of a normal school in Elbasson, and of the National Technical School in Tirana,† will reduce the numbers. Considering its narrow purse, the government has been generous with the schools, having apportioned to them for the school year 1921-22, 2,595,388 gold francs—about one-seventh of the country's small budget.

Of course, in a country Oriental in customs, the provisions are far better for boys than for girls. Two girls' grammar

schools represent the highest education available for women. Of 563 schools the girls have 28, the boys 535. Over three times as many boys attend as girls. Only 95 of the 854 teachers are women. The withdrawal at adolescence of the Mohammedan girl from school or any activity outside of the four walls of her home, her retirement behind her latticed window, to await the husband her parents will provide, is a great impediment to the education of women. Indeed it is a sign of progress when Mohammedan parents send their girls to school at all. Christian daughters also, though they do not veil, are available for matrimony at fourteen or fifteen, and live a retired life. In a land, however, where many things are changing, even these fundamental customs are beginning to relax. We saw in Korcha Mohammedan and Christian girls of fifteen studying geometry, among other subjects, with interest.

The position of women in Albania is just beginning to emerge from the dark ages. One rarely sees Shqiptar women in public, except the peasants and the working-class townswomen, who come to the bazaar to sell their products; or occasional upper-class women, shrouded almost out of all semblance to human form by their veils and black, ill-shaped garments. In the mountains the peasants often go unveiled, especially when they are at work in the fields—where they work as hard as do the men. But in most of the cities a woman goes unveiled only when with her husband—and only then if the husband is sufficiently "advanced" to permit it. One man was pointed out to us as so jealous that he would not let even his own brother see his wife unveiled.

Marriage customs are Oriental. Girls and boys are betrothed by their parents in early childhood, and never see one another until marriage. The Orthodox and Roman Catholic women have a little more freedom, but the differences are not great. "But all this is changing," we were told again and again. "In five years you won't find many young men marrying girls they've never seen," said a youth who had been in America. "I've seen the girl I'm going to marry," said another. But in answer to our questions about her, he did not know what she

* Excluding an orphanage for boys and girls and two kindergartens for girls.

† This school was opened by the American Junior Red Cross, which still directs it. The government, however, is now sharing the expense, will ultimately take it over entirely, and has already broken ground for a new building, to be paid for by the government and the Red Cross jointly.

looked like now—she had been twelve years old when he saw her, five years ago; but she was his cousin, and “he knew she was all right.” Yet even this is some advance over older points of view. The changes are not great, but that they have actually begun is significant.

Although plural marriages are allowed



Not of the Ku-Klux-Klan, but an unemancipated Mohammedan townswoman, a white cloth covering her face.

by the Mohammedan Church, they are uncommon, and there is a strong feeling against them. Occasionally a man who has no children by his first wife will take a second; but more often, in such cases, he divorces the first. Divorce is easy, if there are no children, and if a man can afford to pay the high cost. For he must provide for his first wife, and return her dowry. A wife always brings a dowry. Indeed it is sewed, in many gold napoleons if she is rich, in lesser coins otherwise, to her wedding-gown. Among the philanthropic bequests of a rich man in Korcha, was a fund to provide dowries for poor girls. (A church and a city drug-store were his other chief benefactions.)

The evidences of progress in the status

of women in some parts of Albania are far from insignificant. Korcha has a thriving women's club of 300 members, both Christian and Mohammedan, with a building of its own. It carries on most of the activities characteristic of women's clubs in America—even publishing a monthly magazine. Meetings are held, lectures given—always by women, otherwise the Mohammedan women could not attend—philanthropic and some educational work is done. Among other things the club has brought down a modiste from Vienna to teach modern European dress-making to a group of girls.

We asked often about the possibility of woman suffrage in this new country. The president of the women's club said: “We're not ready for it yet, women's opportunities have been so limited; but we are educating the next generation for it.” “It's only a matter of time,” said a government official. “Our women can have suffrage as soon as they want it. We hope that time is not too far away.” We had expected incredulous smiles, and perhaps a comment about women's place in the home—comments we did meet in Italy and Serbia. But in Albania, side by side with the most backward conditions, one finds the average mind open to every new possibility—one reason why Albania is so especially interesting at the present moment. It feels itself capable of every kind of progress; and yet is in no way cocky.

The frequent descriptions of Albanians as a “wild and lawless people” doubtless spring from the frequency of vendettas, still unfortunately prevalent in certain regions. The new government, however, is dealing rigorously with vendetta participants, all the killing now being considered murder, even when the survivor is not the aggressor. Self-defense can seldom be claimed, for even within the lawlessness of these death feuds is a scrupulously respected law: the enemy must be warned, he must be armed. Any one, then, can protect himself by leaving his arms at home. The government is now planning to forbid the carrying of weapons. The strong feeling that vendettas are matters of sacred privacy, not to be interfered with by the government, is beginning to give way to the belief that

the stamping out of these feuds is a rightful public duty. Of 794 persons accused of crimes ending in death in 1921, 692 were convicted. Although these figures do not distinguish between deaths incurred in vendettas and others, it is safe to assume that the great majority were the former.

The punishment for murder is hanging,

view of Albania's total lack of banks. A lawyer in Elbasson, who handled 1000 cases last year, had only 2 of theft. One of these was committed by a man who got drunk at a wedding and on the way home stole some sugar and coffee but left untouched the gold he might easily have stolen. The next morning, sober, he came to his senses, and took the property



The officers of the Korcha women's club.

The two Mohammedan women have put back their veils for the picture.

and in the absence of daily papers publicity is given such punishment by the simple if gruesome custom of leaving the body of the criminal hanging on the crude gallows for a few hours on bazaar day. The actual execution takes place privately at night. One such happened while we were in Tirana, and the white-covered body, swaying in the wind, threw a grim shadow over the bright gaiety of the bazaar.

Despite their vendettas the Albanians are not "wild and lawless." Women, at any time of the day or night, in the remotest places, are safe from molestation. There is no case on record of harm to a woman. Property crimes are all but non-existent—an especially striking fact in

to the police. In view of his intoxication and of his returning the property, he was sentenced to one instead of the customary three years' imprisonment for theft.

Albania, industrially undeveloped, imports everything not grown by her primitive agricultural methods, or made in her homes or shops by simple hand work. Even so, her importations are small, for it is a land of few luxuries, even for those who have acquired "European" or American tastes by residence abroad.

For clothing, there are sewing-machines in the tailor-shops in the cities, but that of the rural population is made at home from the raising of the sheep stage. These clothes have enough vigor of outline, adaptation to usefulness, and richness

gained from the quality of the material and workmanship to be an expression of art. The clothes of the mountain women, much less decorative than that of the men, have an extreme simplicity, seeming to be hewn out, Stone-Age-like.

In the homes are also made, for sale in the bazaars, woollen horse-blankets, loosely woven, soft-toned; gaily colored cloth, the gayest used for aprons, even by waiters in restaurants, or for head and face coverings by the women; and, in specialized localities, silk, sheer, distinctive.

The industries practised outside of the homes are easy to see in operation in the Oriental, open-front shops of the worker-merchant. White fezzes grow from soft-fluffed bunches of white wool as you watch. Copper water-carriers and cooking-utensils are dramatically shaped in the Street of the Copperworkers. Shoes, from the simplest *opingas* to the most pom-pomed, are cut and sewed in the Street of the Shoemakers. Saddles are made, wooden cigarette-holders deftly carved out, woollen saddle-bags woven, all with the assurance of a knowing artisan.

How much, we wonder, of her sim-

licity and charm and refreshing lack of commercialism will Albania be able to retain in the period of development now on her horizon? Will she escape an intensive industrialism which will iron out her vivid individuality? Or an even worse fate, becoming an impersonal railroad corridor from the interior of the peninsula to the Adriatic? Will she have the wisdom to select from the countries she is studying, and from which she has invited experts, just those measures which will fit her particular needs? Or will she let Europe put one of its rubber stamps on her? Perhaps, having preserved her personality through centuries of human invasions, she will continue to keep the upper hand in the coming machine invasion. Intensive industrialism may come upon her with swiftness too bewildering to withstand, or she may be fortunate enough to have a respite of agricultural development in which to plan a defense.

At any rate, Albania now presents herself to the world a new country, free at last, her whole future in her own hands, and the desire and spirit to mould it to her will.

Callahan of Carmine Street

ANOTHER STORY OF "VAN TASSEL AND BIG BILL"

BY HENRY H. CURRAN

Author of "Hey, Toolan's Marchin'!" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY



ALDERMAN VAN TASSEL stood on the steps of the big house in lower Park Avenue, that had been home to him since the day he was born, all of twenty-five years ago,

and it was plain to be seen that he hesitated. He looked to the north and south and drew a deep breath. What a morning for a walk! The mid-October air fairly crackled in its crispness, the

spent leaves rustled in the great tree overhead, the white clouds floated, high and far, on a bowl of deep, dazzling blue. If there were only a little less to do that morning, a little more time to do it in! For the Honorable James Van Tassel, who had become alderman of the seventy-fifth district in August, to fill an unexpired term, was now before the people for election, by the votes of the people, for the new term of two years—and he was very busy canvassing the people! Every minute counted in this business of vote-get-

ting; and the subway would whisk him to the City Hall in no time at all. He could polish off his errands there, and be back in the district by noon. And yet, an extra half-hour put in on a swift swing to the city's capitol afoot would be worth twice its time, in "pep," on a day like this. Incidentally, he reflected, by making a slight detour through Washington Square, he might just happen to meet that distracting young person, Miss Sally Skeffington, who was spending the winter with her aunt, Miss Sophia Skeffington, in the old red-and-gray house on the north side of the square. With a gesture of decision, the alderman went out through the gate and strode off to the south, as he warmed up to the long walk. The weather had settled the matter. Of course!

As Van Tassel's slender, well-knit form swung into Washington Square, taking the curbs with a leap, he slowed up, just a little, and his eyes swept the square with a quick, reconnoitring glance. Suddenly a light came into them, and the alderman's features, clean cut and entirely engaging, relaxed into a display of joy unabashed. He swerved in his course, just a little.

"Oh, good morning—how do you do!" he exclaimed in radiant astonishment, as he lifted his hat and stopped, in a side-path that was very much out of his way.

"Good morning, Mr. Van Tassel," responded Miss Sophia Skeffington, with precision. She was slight and alert, with white hair, and a pair of keen, dark eyes behind her gold-bowed glasses. She spoke crisply, but there was a shade of amused resignation in her eyes as she noted the exuberance of the alderman's astonishment.

"Good morning!" echoed Miss Sally Skeffington. But she was laughing outright, her own dark eyes dancing with mirth as she tilted up her pretty chin in delighted appreciation of the whole situation. Then she gave the knight errant a look that sent his head spinning.

"You seem to be in a great hurry," said Miss Sophia—"pursuing the electorate, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied the alderman eagerly, "every minute counts; I have no time at all, any more!"

"But what a beautiful day for a walk——"

"Wonderful! All the way from home to the City Hall—fifty minutes, if I go fast and take the shortest way!"

"Yes—how nice to have this old square just on the shortest way," said Miss Sophia sweetly. Van Tassel began to blush.

"Oh, Aunt Sophia!" exclaimed Miss Sally Skeffington in dismay. And then there was relenting, and the stroll toward the old house beyond the trees was extraordinarily leisurely, considering that young Jimmy Van Tassel, with whom every minute counted, went all the way to the steps to insure safe escort.

When the alderman started south again, through the square, his thoughts were roving so fast and far that he did not see the park laborer, just ahead in the path, until he brushed against the brown overalls and stepped quickly to one side. Then he stopped to look. On the bench a young man in "smart," tight-fitting clothes was staring insolently up at the laborer who stood before him. An abandoned newspaper, fluttering as though about to blow away, lay on the pavement between them.

"Please put the paper in the can, sir. That's the rule, so they won't blow about."

Jimmy looked sharply at the man in the overalls who had spoken so respectfully and quietly. He was middle-aged and well built, with a fine-looking profile under the brown straw hat. As he stood waiting, the man on the bench curled his lips into a lazy sneer.

"Ah, go put it in yourself," he said. In a flash the laborer became something more. His fists closed and his jaw protruded, as he bent toward the man on the bench.

"I asked you decent to do what y' ought without my askin'," he said tensely. "Now you'll do it anyhow!" He raised his voice. "Pick it up, d' y' hear me? Pick it up, and carry it over there—now—before you land in the bottom of the can yourself!"

The young man started to rise, hesitated, then, with a shrug of the shoulders, reached down slowly and picked up the paper. He got up and walked over to the green can. The paper fell within as

he slouched off sheepishly, without looking back.

Jimmy started forward impulsively. "That was bully—the way you did it! I'd like to shake hands with you."

"Thank you," said the laborer, as he drew his hand over his overalls and then put it in Jimmy's.

"If you don't mind, I'm going to speak to the commissioner about it," Jimmy hurried on. "I don't know him, but they say he's a good man, and the kind that would appreciate the way you handled that fellow—might write you a good letter! Anyhow, a good word does no harm—and we hear plenty of the other kind—yes? You know, I'm alderman here—Van Tassel's my name."

"Oh-h, ye-es." The man in the overalls had taken Jimmy's outspoken admiration quietly, with just the suggestion of a good-humored smile. Already he had recognized the knight errant of the morning—and of other mornings! For the man of the parks sees all. But now he looked at the younger man with a different interest. "So you're the new alderman," he said. "Well, thanks again. My name's Callahan—Dan Callahan—laborer."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Callahan—mighty glad," said Jimmy, with a parting grip of the laborer's hand. "I'm going to see the commissioner right away."

"Er—Alderman—" Jimmy paused. Callahan was thinking. "If y' don't mind," he added, "I can do without that letter, if y' could ask the commissioner to let me stay here, in Washington Square. He's new—only in office a month—and things are uncertain. There's been transfers already, and I don't want to get shifted up to Mount Morris again. That's a long way from where I live, over in Carmine Street, and there's a powerful steep hill, in that park, to be goin' up an' down pickin' up things off of all day. I'd like to stay near home—it's better for the wife. Could y' say a word for me?"

"Yes, with pleasure," Jimmy assented, and went on his way. As he turned into Wooster Street, he looked over his shoulder at the red-and-gray house, and then hurried on, humming a little refrain that fitted the words "and she lives—down in—our alley!" In the square, Callahan was carrying on, with pike and sack,

spearing bits of paper and cigarette-boxes—"pickin' up things." He stopped a moment in the middle of the lawn, as he faced the house where the first tableau of the morning had ended. Then a grin spread over his face, and, as he bent down to spear a far-flung copy of last night's *Dispatch*, a pair of startled sparrows heard him humming to himself "and she lives—down in—our al-lee!"

When Jimmy was shown into the office of the park commissioner, over in the Municipal Building, he found himself faced by a little man at a big desk, who listened profoundly and then asked a great many questions, very rapidly. "All right, alderman, I'll keep him there," said the little man as the alderman rose to go; "but I want to make it plain that there must be no politics in it. You're running for office, and you know what that means—you want all the votes you can get. And you've really saved Callahan. I was just about to send him back to Mount Morris. He did good work there. But you must not play politics with it. Callahan can vote as he likes—that's his legal right—but that's all—no campaigning and no electioneering! I want the employees of this department to keep out of politics—like the army—and I'm going to see that they keep out!"

"Why, I hadn't thought of that," protested Jimmy. "Of course I'll tell him not to electioneer, for me or any one else, if that's best for him." Jimmy's honesty of statement was so clear and so simple that the commissioner laughed.

"When you've been alderman a little longer, you'll know more about it," and the little man patted Jimmy on the shoulder. If the commissioner had been in office a little longer himself, he would not have made his speech. Not yet has any one arrested the flow of the tides or the falling of the rain.

Jimmy searched out Callahan that afternoon. They conversed over Callahan's wheelbarrow. When the good news had been recounted and Jimmy had stood up manfully under the grip of gratitude that had nearly broken his hand, he acquainted the laborer with the commissioner's strictures on the politics of city employees.

"They said he was queer," confirmed Callahan.



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"Pick it up, d' y' hear me?"—Page 581.

"But really, you ought to be careful," urged Jimmy, "for your own sake, and your family's."

"And you're a queer alderman," continued Callahan, as though he had not heard. "Y' don't know my politics, and y' don't even ask about 'em—and you just done me the best favor I ever got." He looked up. "Do you really think all those army officers keep out o' politics when they want a transfer? Do you think any one, outside o' Sing Sing, keeps out o' politics? And don'tcha think I got as good a right as any one to do what I like? I'm a city employee, and a laborer, but ain't I still an American?"

Jimmy was thinking. "I know some of my own friends who keep out of politics," he said. "Perhaps they ought to be getting in, before we talk about taking other people out."

Callahan looked as though he had not understood. Then he put out his hand as Jimmy made to go. "Well, thanks, alderman," he said. "I'll think over that dope about politics. But a friend's a friend, and I say you done me a favor I'll never forget."

"Oh, you did it yourself!" laughed Jimmy. "You earned it—that was bully!" And he laughed again as he thought of the smart young man's expedition of the morning.

As the campaign drew to a close Jimmy found fewer and fewer opportunities of seeing Miss Sally Skeffington. He did not see Callahan at all, and the incident of the newspaper passed from his mind almost entirely. At the district club, on the first floor of the old brownstone house in Twenty-third Street there was enough excitement to efface memory itself. The city was in the grip of that red-hot mayoralty campaign of 1913, and nowhere was it hotter than in the seventy-fifth aldermanic district. The struggle over the head of the ticket and the intermediate offices was bitter enough, for the fighting has always been good in this old midtown bailiwick, all along the line. But down at the tail of the ticket—where meet the candidates for alderman—there was a shindy on to stir even the old-timers. Van Tassel's opponent was Mark Ryan, a rich saloonkeeper, who had been routed out by the leaders to "do up that young highbrow from Park

Avenue, and do him up good!" And Ryan was busy! Ryan was out to win, and every day the reports that came back to the district club in Twenty-third Street told of the waxing strength of Ryan. A week before election, at midnight, Van Tassel's leader, Donovan, called him into the back room of the district club—the stuffy little back room that was the innermost inner shrine.

"Siddown," he said, quietly, as he pulled out a big cigar. Donovan was stocky, keen, and resourceful—and chary of words. He blew out a cloud of smoke. "You're up against a tough fight," he said, as he looked kindly at the young alderman. "Toughest fight since I been leader. Ryan's strong, an' gettin' stronger. A month ago you'd 'a' won by a thousand. Now it's anybody's fight. But we're goin' to *win*!" Donovan brought his fist down on the desk with a bang, and waited a moment. "I just wanted to get that into your head," he went on. "You're new at this game, an' there's a half a dozen croakers 'round here that ain't any too friendly—Kessler an' his crowd—don't take any stock in their dope. Jus' keep on goin' the way you're doin', makin' friends—an' keep a-goin'—every minute! Y' might win by one vote, an' it's that one vote you're after, all the time—remember that! Go ahead now—you're doin' fine—an' I can see y' got the guts. Tell Baker to come in."

"Certainly." Jimmy went out without further reply. He had come to know Donovan as an astute leader, a man of his word, and a fighter. He had a feeling that not yet had he come to know him as an intimate. But he trusted him. With Baker it was different—Big Bill Baker, his first friend in the district, the man who had first proposed him for alderman—as rugged and faithful as a Newfoundland dog! The big man's gray eyes under the grizzled hair looked his affection as Jimmy delivered the message.

"Siddown," said Donovan, as Big Bill shut the door of the holy of holies carefully behind him. Donovan waited a moment, examined his cigar, then looked up. "Bill, we got Van Tassel elected, 'cept for one thing," he said. "That's Kessler's district."

"Yeah," said Big Bill, an ugly look spreading over his face.

Donovan waved his hand. "Oh, I expected it," he said, "ever since we turned Kessler down in August to put in Van Tassel for the rest o' the term. Kessler wanted it bad. Well, that's done. We know Kessler wouldn't do for alderman, an' we done right. Van Tassel's made good—an' he'll do better yet. But he's new in the organization, an' he ain't known, an' Ryan—I don't think Ryan would 'a' taken the nomination against any one else—not this year! But he sees a chance to do up this young Van Tassel. An' Ryan's strong."

Donovan paused again. "Well, that's past." He flicked the ashes from his cigar. "Now there's Kessler." He went on, his eyes half closed, as though thinking aloud: "Captain o' the twentieth election district for six years. Fairly good captain. Now he's sore. Layin' down. No good to talk to him. Just dead sore. An' he's played foxy. Can't pin it on him. An' it's too late to break in a new captain there. We'll do that after election—when Kessler's kicked out. But now, with Ryan pushin' us hard everywhere, we gotta carry Kessler's district—it's gettin' too close for comfort. We don't often carry that district, but this year we gotta do it, to win. An' I heard sump'n last night, Bill. There's an undercurrent settin' in for Van Tassel right in Kessler's own district. Just a little. But I don't know where it comes from—Van Tassel ain't acquainted at all, down there. We gotta find out, an' nurse it along, if we can. We gotta do sump'n there, Bill. I tell yer I'm worried. Don't pass that on. Can y' take a look aroun' there? Keep away from Kenna—you know—the captain agin us—he's reg'lar. An' go quiet. We gotta be careful!"

"A' right, chief." Big Bill went out. Donovan stayed, and thought, alone. An hour later he went out himself. "I don't get it," he was muttering. It was two o'clock in the morning.

For two days Big Bill was not seen at the club, nor in his own election district, nor even at the office in the Municipal Building down-town, where he served the city's government as a messenger—except at rare and necessary intervals.

Meanwhile Jimmy "kept on goin'." By day and by night he canvassed the

district, pulling door-bells here and pushing buttons there, mounting endless flights of stairs, meeting endless assortments of families, shaking hands with the fathers, passing the time of day with the mothers, and—always—ready for a romp with the kids, and their cats and dogs, if they gave him half a chance! He usually felt friendly but foolish when he met the parents; it was hard to know what to say, on these tours of self-exhibition. For he could not talk politics. "Oh, no," Big Bill had said, "let the big fellers do that—y' might get into an argyment, an' make bad friends." But he "fell for" the kids with such genuine enjoyment that the parents usually laughed as he left—and he had to laugh himself when he thought it over afterward. It was a queer way to run for alderman!

Of course he made speeches every night, from the tail of a tired-looking truck, drawn by a tired-looking horse, and backed up at corners where the coincidence of a saloon added to the complacency of the audience. On these expeditions a coterie of the faithful would escort the candidate to the corner, and, following a sputtering of red fire, and the plaint of a fife and ruffle of a drum concealed within the truck, would applaud vigorously from the sidewalk when Jimmy was introduced as "Our next alderman!" as he mounted the tail-board. When he ventured a gesture in the course of his harangue, the faithful would burst into further applause. As a rule the citizenry pulled on their pipes and stood pat, on these occasions.

Then there was campaign "literature" to be prepared, captains to be seen, errands to be run, favors to be done—Jimmy had little time for rest or sleep. He began to learn what it is to campaign in a close district. His cheeks grew thinner and his eyes heavier. He felt an increasing weariness as each day dawned. But he "kept on goin'." And election was only a few days away.

On Thursday evening, late, Big Bill reported to Donovan, in the back room. "I got part of it," he said. "Kessler's layin' down, coverin' his tracks. Kenna's on. So's Ryan. But this new thing has got 'em all guessin', an' I can't get the dope. It's the Crowbar Club—y' know that old beefsteak club that meets over

Curry's place? Started with a track-repairin' gang on the old horse-cars, forty years ago." Donovan nodded. "It's a strong club, an' never was in politics before—just social. But the Crowbars is out for Van Tassel, strong, an' no one knows why. They're sayin' he done 'em a hell of a favor—you know—same old gag. An' all under cover. They even got sample ballots, an' they're practisin' splittin' for Van Tassel! Most of 'em never voted our way, an' they can't get out o' the habit o' votin' under the crab—all they know is the party emblem. Now they're practisin' goin' over at the tail o' the ticket an' puttin' a cross under the pigeon, for Van Tassel. It's queer. One big feller said he was practisin' every night, fer he couldn't keep his hand away from the crab when he took up a ballot, an' he was afraid he'd go the same old way when he got in the booth. But the Crowbars is out for Van Tassel. An' they're strong."

"A' right, Bill, leave 'em alone," said Donovan. "It's inside stuff, an' we better keep out. Hope it's on the level."

"Yeah, it's on the level, all right," said Bill.

When the night before election came, and Jimmy had made his last speech and his last canvassing trip, he left the district club-house early. So did Donovan. So did Big Bill, and every one of the thirty captains. To-morrow would be a gruelling day, beginning early and ending late, and sleep was priceless. Donovan was the last to leave the club-house. He was satisfied with the campaign. Not a stone had been left unturned, not a trick left untaken. The captains and the workers had fought as a team, with a fine spirit and a growing enthusiasm as the campaign waxed hotter. To a man they had shunned the club-house, except for captains' meetings; they were in their districts, where the votes were, and where they belonged—let the amateurs sit at the seats of the mighty—those delicate annuals who call at headquarters and look wise, once a year! The captains were in the field! The house-to-house canvass had been the best that Donovan had ever witnessed—and he had ways of knowing what went on. Only Kessler's district was in bad shape—but then, it might not be—the "inside stuff" from the Crow-

bars? That was a question. And the aldermanic result was a bigger question. Donovan admitted that to himself. His closest estimates showed a majority of less than a couple of hundred, this way or that. Ryan's strength had mounted steadily, and to the very end. So had Van Tassel's. Jimmy had "taken"—people liked him! Neck and neck they had come up to the finish, and it was anybody's race. Never had Donovan seen the district so stirred—it was war to the knife and to the last vote! Well, to-morrow it would be hammered out in the white heat of the greatest race the old seventy-fifth had ever seen. To-morrow! Donovan went home to bed.

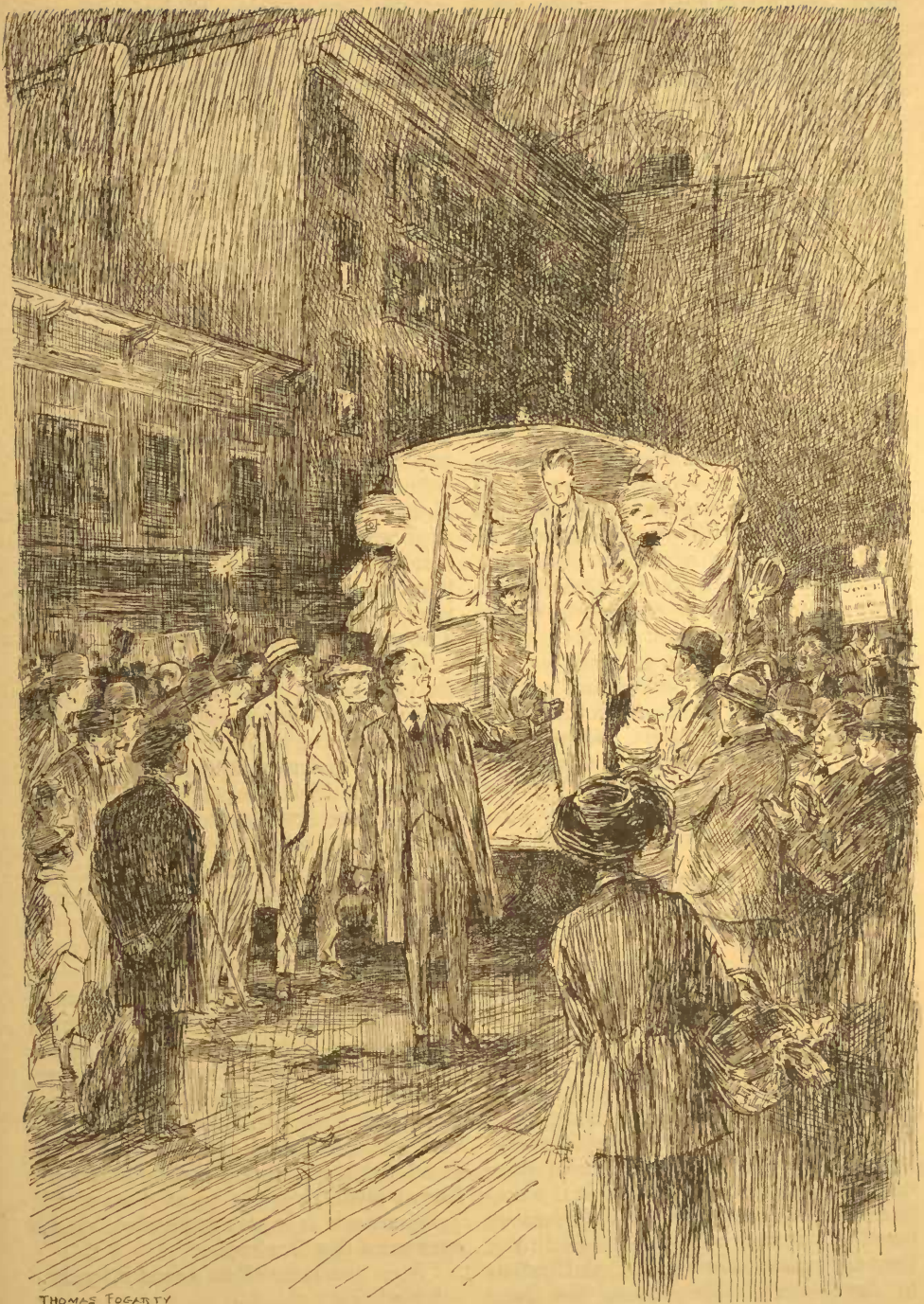
In the morning Jimmy breakfasted by candle-light in the big house on Park Avenue. As he hurried to the district club he met other men hurrying through the deserted streets. Some he knew—captains and workers, bound for their polling-places. They passed seriously, anxiously. The very air seemed to breathe suspense and doubt.

In the little back room Jimmy found Donovan, three lawyers, and five men of stalwart proportions who did not look like lawyers. They smoked and yawned.

"Better be on your way, alderman," said Donovan, "car's waitin'. Thirty pollin'-places to visit, y' know. Begin up-town, with your own place, an' get your vote in—then work down. Keep on goin'—and call up here every two hours. An' don't forget the seegars for the workers! Rafferty's waitin' for yer outside. He'll go with yer."

"All right," said Jimmy, and he set off on the long day's round of visits to all the thirty polling-places. As he went out the door the telephone rang, and he heard Donovan saying: "Trouble in the twentieth? Kessler quit? All right—five men an' a lawyer'll be there in ten minutes." It was six o'clock. The polls were open.

At the polling-place of the twentieth election district, in Carmine Street, fifty men stood in line outside the barber-shop and ten inside. In the pocket of each man there rested a pink sample ballot, marked with a cross in the circle under the crab at the upper left-hand corner. For those were the days of party columns, when a single cross under the emblem



THOMAS FAGARTY

Drawn by Thomas Fagarty.

Jimmy was introduced as "Our next alderman!" as he mounted the tail-board.—Page 585.

would cast a straight vote for the whole party ticket. If that had been the only cross on the pink ballots there might have been no trouble. But down at the foot of the sheet, in the second column, that was topped by the pigeon, there was another cross. It was smaller, and it stood opposite the name "James Van Tassel." So there was trouble!

The barber-shop was crowded and in bad humor as the polls opened. Kessler was absent. But Kenna was there, and so was Ryan himself. The booths were in place and the clerks and the inspectors at their posts at the ballot-box and table, ready with the ballots and the big flat books. Besides the ten men waiting in line inside there were a dozen or more standing about, and ugliness was written over the face of every one of them. As the first man in line received his white official ballot and stepped to the booth, he took a pink sample ballot from his pocket.

"Hey, whadda ya doin'?" came a voice from the hangers-on.

"Hand over that pink ballot!"

"Them ballots don't go here!"

The voices were louder, and coming thick and fast. The man with the ballots turned around and stood pat, his feet apart.

"I ain't goin' to use the pink one," he said. "Wouldn't be counted if I did. Just brought it in for a reminder. I got a right to do that under the law, an' you know it."

"Can't do it," said Kenna, "nor any o' the rest o' youse." He looked along the line of voters.

Then Ryan planted his big form in front of the man with the pink ballot, and Kenna, who was nearly as big, was beside him. Ryan's red face was working with anger. "Look-a here, Callahan, I stood this foolin' long enough," he said thickly. "I'm goin' to be alderman here, an' I ain't goin' to stand no more nonsense. I'm on to yer tricks—every one of them men is Crowbars"—he waved at the long line—"an' I know you've lined 'em up for that young what's-his-name. But they ain't goin' to bring them pink ballots in here—see?" He thrust his head toward Callahan's. The Crowbars felt of their pockets and looked mildly interested.

Then something happened. Callahan said nothing as he put the pink ballot back in his pocket and laid the white one

carefully on a table. He looked Ryan in the eye for perhaps a second. Then he let go a straight, clean left that landed squarely on Ryan's jaw. The big man swayed backward, tottered, and fell heavily to the floor. As he fell Callahan caught Kenna with a right hook to the ear that sent him hurtling toward the wall. The barber turned white and began to tremble. The Crowbars stood pat, but their faces showed their appreciation of Callahan's workmanship. The polling-place was silent for the first time. Then Callahan took his ballots and went quietly into the booth and voted. As he went out the door to the sidewalk the barber-shop was as quiet as a country churchyard. Only the barber, in the corner, was splashing a little as he applied twenty varieties of witch-hazel to Ryan and Kenna, reclining in the barber's big chairs. And when the five men and the lawyer arrived, breathless, a few minutes later, twenty Crowbars had voted, and the rest were on their way—with the pink ballots. The trouble in the twentieth was over.

When the long day came to its end, and the polls had closed, at five o'clock, Jimmy made for the club-house in Twenty-third Street. In the back room he found Donovan, two old men, and a telephone, enveloped in thick layers of tobacco-smoke. Outside, the first horns were heading for Broadway, their raucous blasts intermingled with rattles and bells. Otherwise there was silence. Donovan turned to Jimmy.

"Know anybody named Callahan in Carmine Street?"

Jimmy thought a moment. "I don't think so," he answered. "Oh, yes, I do. There was a laborer in Washington Square by that name, but I don't remember where he lives. He did a rather nice thing that I happened to see, a few weeks ago, and I told the commissioner about it. I think it stopped the commissioner from transferring him to another park."

Donovan's face was impassive but his eyes were like live coals.

"Seen him since?" he asked intently.

"No."

Donovan relapsed into silence. The two old men began to talk over the Hayes-Tilden campaign, and the smoke grew thicker. Jimmy opened a letter, wearily, that Donovan had handed him. As he

started to read, he turned quickly over to the signature, then read again, eagerly, from the beginning. It was just a well-wishing note, but it was signed by Miss Sophia Skeffington.

"My dear Mr. Van Tassel," it read. "This note will reach you to-day, I hope. That is why it is addressed to you at your political club. May you win, and win splendidly! It would be fine if more of our young men would do what you are doing. I wish I could vote for you—perhaps some day they will let us women vote—who knows?"

"In the meantime, good luck! If you are not too worn out in the morning, my niece and I would be delighted to hear of your experiences. She joins me in heartiest good wishes.

Sincerely yours,

SOPHIA SKEFFINGTON.

"P. S.—We are leaving for the Berkshires in the afternoon, to be gone until Thanksgiving."

Jimmy put the little note from another world into his pocket. They waited. Then the telephone rang—ah, the first returns! It was six-thirty.

"All right," said Donovan, "go ahead. Tenth district. No, cut that out. Gimme the vote on alderman—send the rest by messenger—I want to keep this wire open. Ryan, ninety. All right. Van Tassel, two hundred and forty. That right? Repeat it. All right. Good work, Burton. That's good." He hung up the receiver with a snap.

"Your own election district in first, alderman," he said. "Good beginning."

In the big room in front men were beginning to come in for the returns. A blackboard hung on the wall, chalked off like a checker-board, with a square for each of the thirty election districts, and for each candidate, from mayor down to alderman. When they checked up the figures from the tenth, there was a shout.

"He'll win, he'll win!" a voice cried.

But Donovan waited.

One by one the districts came in, some for Van Tassel, some for Ryan. Now one man would lead in the totals, now the other. It was still a ding-dong race. From time to time Donovan would send messengers to "trouble spots" in the dis-

trict. Outside in the big room the crowd grew, and waited. The good results drew forth wild yells, the others silence. But no one went away. Never had there been such a race in the old district—it was a fight for the gods!

Finally, every district was on the board but the twentieth. It was nine o'clock. And Ryan was in the lead in the totals by thirty votes. The front room was an uproar. "Twentieth—where's the twentieth?" they shouted. "Give us the twentieth!" But the twentieth had not come in. In the back room, Donovan, with tight lips, sat and sweated. The little room was full now. Half of the captains had come in, the count over in their own districts, and they stood packed together and silent. Jimmy stood in the corner, torn asunder within but cheerful on the surface. He had done his best. "Twentieth oughta be in," muttered Donovan. "Baker's down there." Long ago he had sent Big Bill and a dozen picked men with him to the twentieth to watch the count.

Then there came, suddenly, a stir and a rush in the hall as a big man with gray hair and mustache shouldered his bony frame through the waiting crowd. "Give us the figures!" yelled those who waited. But Big Bill pushed through to the back room without a word. As he caught his breath Donovan looked up, his hands trembling.

"Got the figures, Bill?" There was an intaking of breath through the room, then quiet.

"Right here, chief," said Bill, pulling a piece of paper from his pocket.

"Read 'em."

"A' right." Bill bent over the paper. You could hear a pin drop.

"Ryan, one-fifty-two. Van Tassel—" Bill looked more closely. "Wait a minute." You could cut the agony with a knife. "Oh, here it is. Van Tassel, two-twenty-two. Van Tassel's majority, seventy." The twentieth was in. And Ryan's lead of thirty had been transformed into a Van Tassel victory by forty votes—by an eyelash!

Then—but some things can be seen but not described. The little back room was a madhouse of shouts, laughter, numbness, hysterics. There was shaking of hands, and slapping of backs, with Van

Tassel in the vortex. There were sighs of purely physical pain. And the big room in front was worse. "Van Tassel wins by forty votes! Carries the district by forty! Wins by forty! Forty! Forty!" The whole place was mad. Only Donovan sank back weakly in his chair. He wiped the cold sweat from his brow. "By forty votes," he murmured, "by—forty—votes." Outside the horns were blowing in cracked, hoarse tones.

When all but the last few had finally left the club, Big Bill turned to Jimmy, his face still aglow with delight.

"Well, how d' yer feel, alderman?" he asked for the twentieth time.

"I think—I just feel—sort of tired," Jimmy said weakly, with a little smile.

Bill gave him a sharp look. "Raf-ferty!" he called. "Take the alderman home to bed!"

When Donovan and Big Bill finally parted, under the lamp-post at the corner, Big Bill summed up again. "It was just that one favor he done Callahan," he said; "I got the whole story from Kenna. It was the favor brought out the Crowbars. With Callahan president o' the club? Well, I guess! An' it won't hurt Callahan any—he was agin us on every one but Van Tassel—always been agin us, reg'lar, till this year, an' always will be, I guess. But now they're afraid of him. They gotta save his job! Kenna's been to headquarters about it, with his leader, a'ready. Got a lacin' at the same time 'bout puttin' up a big bum like Ryan!" Big Bill laughed.

"I'd wait a day or two 'fore y' tell the alderman," said Donovan. "Wise him up gradual. He don't know how it all happened yet."

"A' right, chief."

It was late the next morning when Jimmy swung into Washington Square from his walk down Fifth Avenue. As he turned toward the Skeffingtons' house he saw a familiar figure in brown overalls near the fence in the square, with pike and sack, picking up things. He hurried across and put out his hand.

"Hello, Mr. Callahan," he said, "glad to see you again!"

"Hello, alderman!" said the laborer, "congratulations!" They shook hands. "Little close, wasn't it?" continued Callahan, eying Van Tassel narrowly.

"Yes, it was," replied Jimmy quietly. "Well, I'm glad it's over—what a siege it was! You can be glad you don't have to go campaigning! Remember what the commissioner said—'Keep out of politics'?" Jimmy laughed. "Have you been good and minded him?"

Callahan looked as though he had seen a ghost. His jaw dropped and his head swam. Then he realized.

"Er—yes, alderman—I kept out," he stammered—"pretty nearly out!"

"That's good—see you again soon!"

Jimmy turned and walked swiftly toward the Skeffingtons'. "Glad he didn't run any risks," he said to himself.

But Callahan stood staring. Suddenly he rubbed a bruised hand against his overalls, ruefully, and then another. He looked down to see if the hands were really there. Finally, as he started off to pick up some more things, he saw Jimmy disappear within the Skeffingtons' front door. Then he began to smile. He was thinking of a tableau that had nothing to do with politics—perhaps even of some little tableau of his own, long gone by. And the sparrows that flitted ahead of him, in short little safety-first flights, heard him humming, reminiscently and apropos of nothing at all:

"Sweet—Rosie—O'Grady,
She's my little rose."

As he came to "rose," he emphasized it with a drive of his pike into a piece of loose paper.

"She's my steady lay-dee,
Most every one knows."

Callahan plugged a cigarette-box, hard.

"Soon we will be married,
Then how happy we'll be.
For I love sweet Rosie O'Gray-dee,
And Rosie O'Grady—loves me."

Swish! went the pike into last night's *Dispatch*, abroad on the lawn.

And then the sparrows flew suddenly up from the ground and into the nearest tree, the whole flock together, in great alarm, for Callahan had dropped both pike and sack on the lawn, and, with hands on his hips and head back, he was laughing, laughing as though he would never stop.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"
Callahan was still laughing.

The Man, the Woman, and the University

BY MARY BRIARLY

Author of "In His Own Image"



HERE was a time when the average man could sit down complacently in the midst of his sins assured that the prayers of a pious wife or mother might be depended upon to bail

him out of purgatory if he went too far. Now he begins to fear that the lady's utmost praying voltage may be needed to clear her. If we are to believe the newspapers, unless the tide of feminine turpitude can be stemmed, man may have to look out not alone for himself and for the spiritual well-being of his offspring, but faces a none too remote possibility that his wife will require an occasional "remittance of grace" from his personal account. Is the woman, in the process of becoming economically independent, about to become morally dependent?

No wonder the sociologist is beginning to inquire with concern into the religious solvency of the race.

The average man would prefer assuming an economic rather than a spiritual responsibility for his wife. Any failure on his part would be more readily repairable since time is fleeting and eternity long. He doesn't mind doing his wife's thinking, but to do her praying for her is too much. If hell yawns, it is surely her affair.

But woman seems to be treading the primrose path gallantly indifferent to her peril. His wife clearly prefers golf to church, frequently looks on the wine-cup when it is red, and smokes as many cigarettes daily as he can comfortably consume. His mother, if not already sainted, is pretty surely no longer saintly. She is liable to be in bed with a novel and a massage for company instead of on her knees at her devotions. What can an harassed husband and son do in such a crisis?

Perhaps instead of lamenting, he might profitably examine the causes that have wrought. When the brief span of two generations can metamorphose woman from a timid devotee to a fearless materialist, though all evolutionary rules require millions of years to effect a less startling biological change, some powerful force must be working overtime to bring about such a rapid transformation.

Man's first hasty conclusion that she is trying to ape him does not seem to be borne out. The imitation too often betters the original. It is frequently so intelligent as to suggest celebration on the part of the female herself. Sociological research reveals a descending curve or curves in the feminine sense of accountability, religious, social, marital. Time was when the woman revered and heeded her lord and master. Even when she began to flout him, she still bowed to the authority of the church. When the hold of the church commenced to weaken, she yet bent the knee to social convention. Mrs. Grundy held her to an outward observance of traditions however radical her inward rebellions might become. Now she is casting aside what "people will think." She is struggling to stand her own law, prepared apparently to snap well-manicured fingers at man, mammon, and deity itself, if need be. So far in two generations?

The unintelligent male growls out anathemas at feminism, universal suffrage, economic independence; if he is still in the cub stage, against coeducation. But this would seem to be putting the cart before the horse. Some mysterious change took place inside the woman before she was able to develop the courage to demand these things. What was the change? What caused that change? My own theory is that in this instance Adam took the first bite of the apple.

And if he did not offer it to Eve, he at least left it lying round. And this apple, like the one in Eden, was grown on the tree of knowledge—whether knowledge of good and evil, or principally evil, like futurist art and Russian realism, is the question we wish to discuss.

It is generally conceded that there has been a continuous decline in religious faith among men during the past fifty years. In the "good old days" man dared to be irreligious, not because he did not believe in God, but because he believed in God's mercy and the efficacy of his mother's prayers. He overdrawed on both these bounties with impudent assurance. Nowadays the average man is irreligious because he is either agnostic or an atheist. Many educated men have but three positive convictions: a belief in some theory of evolution, in the omnipotence of education, and in their own obligation to make a success in life. The uneducated man does not bother much about evolution, a degree of education appeals to him, and he feels hazily confident that any reasonable deity can be appeased by good conduct.

Americans of all classes are inclined to consider education a panacea for every social ill. Secondary schools and universities are overflowing as never before in the history of any nation. When education obdurately fails to cure the ailments of society, the average citizen believes that a bigger dose, *i. e.*, more education, is all that is necessary. A generation ago the common or garden man considered himself amply equipped with a bachelor's degree. To-day, a master's parchment is beginning to be considered essential even to a business career, and a doctor's, the only really creditable achievement.

And the girl once content with a finishing-school diploma tied with neat ribbon, now aspires to degrees also—one, two, or three as the occasion seems to demand. Not only aspires to degrees but insists upon taking some portion of her college work seriously—in fact, uses her brain to relate vagrant academic theories to life. And even as the man, she is becoming agnostic and atheistic. Partly because science has disproved some theological dogma, more because the whole trend of college training is toward disbelief.

The modern university knows but one god, the scientific spirit. This deity bids it free the youthful mind first of all from the shackles of ancient superstition. Every course in its curriculum from Beginning French to Criminology works toward this end. The head of the department and the youngest instructor are apt to agree on this if on nothing else. They are reformers enthusiastically liberating their enslaved fellow intellects. They are missionaries pointing the way to absolute truth—despite Einstein.

And the student coming in from public or private preparatory schools with some shreds of adherence to old-fashioned moral and religious teaching is put through a thorough process of disillusionment. The mill of the scientific gods begins to grind. It unbinds all earlier bonds of obligation. It strives to make human personality a mere matter of coordinating nerves. It would make human emotions the mechanical result of physical reactions, human aspiration the plaything of an imperfectly functioning organism. The student who entered freshman filled with the radiant egoism of youth, who, firm in the belief in his own higher nature, dared to suppress it for the sake of good times, goes out wondering whether he is an immortal entity with moral responsibilities, or merely a mechanism whose ideals are humanly evolved, binding only so long as they work.

He is taught that evolution is a fact and God a possibility. He hears that a free will and personal accountability are theological catch phrases already disproved by experimental psychology. The martyrdom of the saints, the heroism of patriots, the self-sacrifice of the individual, even to the point of giving up life itself for a friend, are not divinely inspired, but are merely enlightened self-interest! Self-interest springing from the instinct of self-preservation which has evolved all civilizations in a Natural-Selection process of adapting man to his environment by preserving the fittest. And the fittest according to the scientific doctrine? Science wabbles a little here—definitions are dangerously liable to come back as boomerangs to slay their creator. But probably the most generally accepted

notion is the "strong mind in the strong body." The scientist will have nothing to do with spiritual qualification, since it belongs to the realm of the unknowable, and he deals with what can be proved, or what he fondly hopes can be proved.

But science is striving to explain all spiritual cravings, love, reverence, friendship—all human tendernesses in terms of physical reaction. Every human longing, from the desire for immortality to the mother's love for her child, has been classed as either self-preservation or sex. Judged by its effect on the undergraduate student, the modern college course is an almost continuous propaganda for materialism. Here and there some professor who still believes he has a soul tries to reconcile Darwinism with a creator, or mechanistic psychology with immortality. But the usual academic dictum is that the relating of these theories to religion and character must be left to the individual.

The majority of college graduates take the easy course of leaving such problems unsolved. They begin life strongly tinged with materialism, not knowing what they believe as to the existence of God or as to what moral teachings are really obligatory. And despite the popular depreciation of the modern home, statistics would reveal that a large percentage of these students entered college with a more or less definite religious creed of some kind, and with very definite moral ideals—whether they lived up to them or not.

Ten years ago we took the accusation that America was materialistic as a compliment—an evidence of our prosperity and enlightenment. Materialism had been seeping into our thinking for more than a generation. And so long as it expressed itself joyously in unprecedented industrial activity and the development of our resources, nobody bothered much about its logic or its tendencies. It was sporadic in a nation still largely Puritan if not Christian. Men joked about keeping their religion in their wives' names, and took it for granted that a "good woman" could be depended upon to bring up the children with "right ideas." And so long as the women held fast to old-fashioned moral ideals, a share of the men could have their spree, intellec-

tual, sex, or bibulous, without changing our civilization noticeably. Until the past decade a majority of women were forming their lives upon the moral principles of their parents even if they did grow lax about church-going.

During the wanton cruelties of the war the pulpit and press cried out against the degeneration that German materialism had wrought, and contrasted it with American ideals. And the fathers and mothers, and the churches, and the schools, and the universities of the land all claimed the credit for that picked army of our strongest youth we sent to France. People too easily forgot about the human weakness uncovered in the army physical examinations.

Since the war we have been doing some thinking, and even though we resent Elinor Glyn's and Margot Asquith's strictures on our society, we are not satisfied with it ourselves or we should not be asking for blue laws to regulate conduct. We are so dissatisfied that everybody is blaming everybody else. We inveigh bitterly against the churches and the homes. The women are not doing their duty—they are giving too much time to outside interests—they are degenerating! Women smoking! Women drinking! Women preferring adventure and amusement to caring for families! The flapper—the short skirt—the lack of corsets; how the press and public speakers harp on these things! And they do not seem to realize that they are using an obsolete vocabulary in their denunciations. What have moral ideals to do with a materialistic universe?

Have we not taught our youth that adaptation to environment is man's highest law? How have we ascended from the worm? How but by adapting ourselves to our environment until we learned to master it. We cannot forget that the fittest alone survive in the struggle for existence. Woman has been too prone to ignore this fact in the past. Her ignorance and lesser physical strength coupled with her poignant devotion to her offspring have rendered her specially liable to awe and superstition and fear. She has ignorantly tried to soften her lot and that of her children by rite or ceremonial or sacrifice to deity. But she also is be-

coming enlightened. She is instructed that there is no god to protect her, that no righteousness on her part can help her, she must control environment or be controlled according to Nature's inexorable law. In a last analysis this is merely the law of the jungle energized by human intelligence.

Can man complain if the woman takes her scientific truth literally? He has always affirmed that she has a natural bent for the concrete. She is, perhaps, proving it now by adapting herself to the materialistic theory of life so readily. Woman is learning at last to fend efficiently for herself. She decides what she wants most from life and strives to attain it, offsetting her female weakness by her wits. She finds man has governed her in the past through her emotions. If emotions are mere responses to nerve stimuli, she will master her emotions. She learns how man has exploited her through her superstitions, then why not discard her superstitions? She observes that man has freed himself from a thousand and one hampering conventions; she also can defy these.

If she desires a mate she need no longer be hampered by a self-conscious modesty. Biological obligation commands her to make eyes at the male. Eugenic prudence suggests that she select the biggest, handsomest youth she can find. To win him, physical graces are more effective than spiritual. Cleopatra and Helen of Troy and their ilk stand out convincingly. She has been scientifically trained in the psychology of sex reactions. The Freudian theories, courses in French literature, unexpurgated editions of Chaucer and other red-blooded old English writers have supplemented the movies and realistic fiction in making vivid any little details that had seemed vague in biology. She can follow her primitive impulses armored with the full panoply of science. And since science holds all knowledge valueless that is not empirical, she may deem it essential to form her judgment through petting parties. Vulgar? Immoral? What Victorian sentimentalists her detractors must be! Philosophy I proves clearly that all ethical ideals are relative, the taboos of one generation have been discarded by the next, time out of mind.

The mechanistic, sex-tinctured teaching of scientific or pseudoscientific thought is not confined to university halls. It has been translated into our materialistic thrill-seeking civilization. The finishing-school girl twangs the harp-strings of sense, the flapper apes the arts of the painted woman if not her character, the shop girl takes her pleasure as she can. Why? Because they find it is the most effective way to please. It makes life easier; it is adaptation to environment in a world where every grade of society is putting self-interest and desire above conscience. Psychology has obligingly told the man at the top that conscience is an illusion, and the man at the bottom has grasped the idea if not the scientific explanation. Obligation to a creating and protecting deity is being rapidly replaced by a species of individual noblesse oblige—a vague duty we owe the race—a limited obligation to Society. The church is a refining agency, the family the most practical method of caring for children so far devised, no existing human institution is conceded any quality of permanence. For better or worse, education is discarding both authority and the spiritual.

And there is a strange unrest abroad. People who approve of these theories do not care for their practical results. The general public is not satisfied. The father who is himself a pragmatist, willing to have his son shape his life for himself, objects when his daughter defies parental authority, keeps late hours, laughs at conventions, and spends her time and money to please herself. Young men who are themselves ardent disciples of the new mechanistic psychology protest against the young women acting on its principles. They may credit Freud, but they do not wish to have their sisters imbibe his teachings. They may be content to surrender soul and conscience, but they revolt against having a wife so bereft. There seems to be a lively fly in the ointment somewhere.

We are apparently confronting a social ill that more education, at least of the variety now prescribed, cannot cure. In fact, we almost seem to be suffering from too much education. It is nearly as blasphemous to utter this heresy in 1922

as it would have been to speak lightly of deity in 1822. Surely we want the truth—the whole truth—the universities must teach our youth the scientific facts unhampered by religious or any other kind of prejudice. Intellectuals old and young are up in arms and rightly so. We do want the truth, surely—all the truth!

And conceding this, the aggrieved modern educator has a right to demand: "Why lay the fault for present conditions at the door of education?"

Possibly because we are beginning to question whether we are getting all the truth, whether the college has not become a special pleader for that portion of truth that deals with matter alone. Possibly we want the psychologist and the chemist and the biologist who insist upon the validity of their own observations and records of physical phenomena not to neglect the testimony and experiments with spiritual phenomena recorded in the fields of ethics and philosophy and religion since history began. Why oppose the findings of a limited group of men of two or three generations to the attested spiritual experiences of millions of human beings of countless generations? Have not the decisions of the scientists of one

century as often been reversed later by the discovery of some new element or force as the conclusions of the philosophers? Does science claim to be alone inerrant in a world of fallible and partial knowledge? Is it just possible that the university has usurped the arrogance of the old theologies in parcelling out what portions of universal truth shall be credited? Is there any scientific or academic necessity for the spirit of negation that dominates our universities to-day?

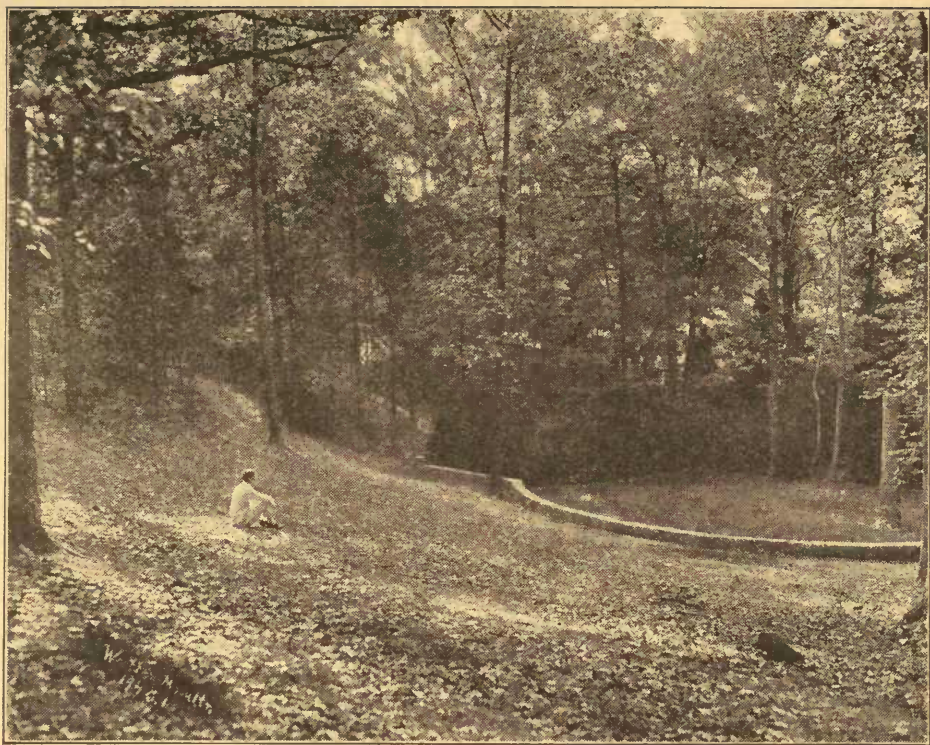
The modern woman and the modern home are being blamed for fostering a godlessness and lowered moral ideals which are the direct outcome of the materialistic philosophies current in all our institutions of higher learning, philosophies which are partly the result of a narrow application of the theory of evolution, but are more directly a graft from the German materialism which came to a head in Nietzsche and the imperialists. A materialism which is as inevitably the death of all moral principle as it is of religion. If materialistic philosophy is true, why blame the women of America for putting it to practical use? If it is wholly or partly false, why teach it, either directly or by suggestion, in our colleges and universities?

The Little Theatre

BY GWENDOLEN HASTE

THEY coaxed him from his barren lonely claim
And taught him how to stride across the stage,
And how to whisper love, and how to rage,
And how to smile in treachery's cold game.
He felt the mounting glory of his fame
When in the simple eyes beyond the beam
Of lanterns he could see the answering gleam
Of that which in his soul was living flame.

Now though the hail has stripped his acres bare
He watches but the gold of Rosalind's hair.
The prairie can be withered by the drouth
He only yearns for Juliet's young mouth;
And while the blizzard hammers at his door
He's locked with life and fate at Elsinore.



The Forest Theatre. The Carolina Playmakers, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.
Frederick H. Koch, director.

A theatre of nature in the heart of the native forest, canopied by stately oaks. The hill slope is perfectly adapted as an amphitheatre of nature, capable of seating five thousand people. The acoustic properties of the theatre are admirable. The background of the stage is furnished by a variety of forest trees—the cedar, the sweet-gum, the flowering dogwood, and others—with interlacing honeysuckle vines. A semicircular rock wall forms the proscenium.

The Real Revolt in Our Theatre

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Author of "Great Acting and the Modern Drama," "The Dramatist as a Man of Letters," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



HERE can be no drama without some sort of theatrical organization to present that drama. In ancient Greece the drama was presented in vast municipal theatres, admission free, as a part of the function of the state. In mediæval times it was presented first by religious bodies in or before the churches, and somewhat later by artisan guilds. In Shakespeare's time it was presented by professional actors organized into companies under royal or ducal patronage. This system persisted in England for almost a century, and in modified form for a century after that. In the United States the drama has always depended for presentation upon the professional actors, organized into independent companies by some manager who seeks by this means to earn a livelihood. It has never been either a state or

municipal charge; it has always been organized as purely commercialized entertainment, on a competitive basis.

The most interesting thing about the American theatre to-day is the fact that this system, now over a century and a half old, is rapidly breaking down, and something quite different is taking its place. This is not apparent on Broadway, but Broadway, after all, is a small part of America, and just because it is so small a part of America, though hitherto dictating to the theatre of the entire country, the new revolt has come about, and gains its importance.

The professionally produced play, in the past, after its season on Broadway, made a "road tour" through the country. If it was a successful and popular play, it might be two or three years completing its tour, visiting not only the large cities from coast to coast but scores and scores of "one-night stands." As long ago as the 1820's and '30's well-known players toured (under the greatest hardships) to the then limits of settlement, and amusing accounts may be found of flatboat excursions

down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, with nightly performances in towns on the banks. A generation ago such a city as Louisville, Kentucky, or Nashville, Tennessee, probably had one or even two good companies a week as visitors, and saw most of the successful plays and players which New York had seen. Even much smaller places, north, south, and west, saw from ten to thirty plays a season. But all that has become, practically, a thing of the past. A few plays, like "Abraham Lincoln," a few stars, like David Warfield, still cover a considerable portion of the country, but in the main it has become unprofitable for the ordinary play and company to go on an extended tour. Cities which once saw twenty or thirty plays a winter now see two or three. Some see none at all. In the extreme south and southwest (Florida and Texas, for example), it has probably been three or four years since a good travelling company was entertained. Oklahoma City has grown to a town of 100,000 people without a single theatre where spoken drama can be played. A

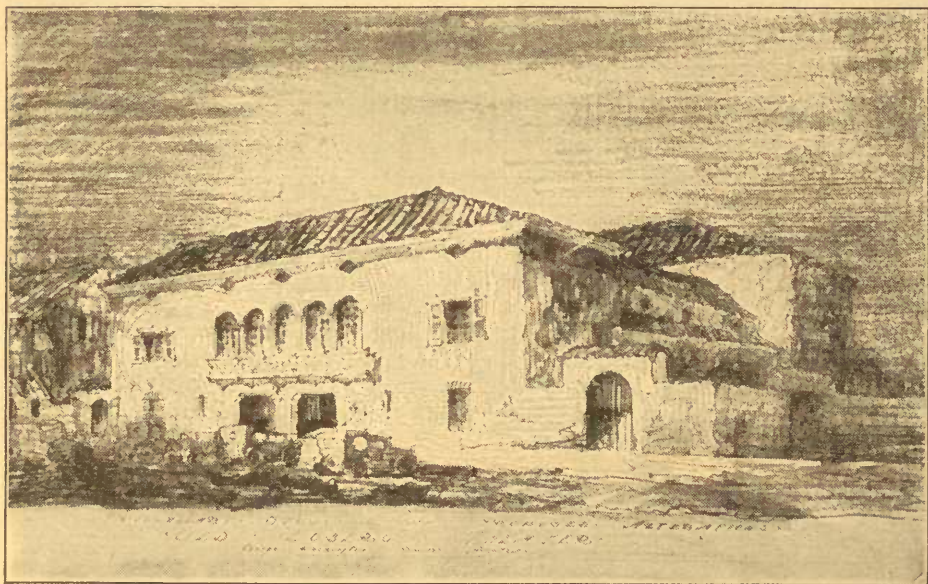


The Carolina Playmakers, University of North Carolina, in "Peggy," a tragedy of the tenant-farmer.

year ago, in Portland, Oregon, I was told that not one first-rate company had visited that place in a twelvemonth. Smaller towns, all over the country, even in the northeast, are practically without drama. As a means, then, of supplying drama to America as a whole our commercialized professional theatre has broken down.

The reasons need not concern us here.

lieve the movies a mean and stupefying substitute for its imaginative and intellectual appeal, were it not for a second fact—the fact that in America to-day, not in one place but in a hundred places, a totally new and different theatrical system is springing up, a new and different attitude toward the theatre is apparent: the people themselves are producing drama, not professionally, not as com-



Proposed alteration of the Old Lobero Theatre, Santa Barbara, for the Community Arts Theatre.
George Washington Smith, architect.

They are many, no doubt. One, of course, is the rise of motion pictures, which are cheaper to present and to witness, and which enable the local theatre manager to keep his house open six or seven days in the week. Another reason is the increased cost of transportation. Another reason is the complication of modern life, even in the "provinces," so that the theatre, having to compete against numerous other attractions (or distractions), no longer appeals so universally, or at any rate no longer finds all the people with the surplus cash to patronize it at the excessive modern scale of prices. However, whatever the reasons, the fact remains. It would be a depressing, even rather an alarming fact, to those of us who love the drama and be-

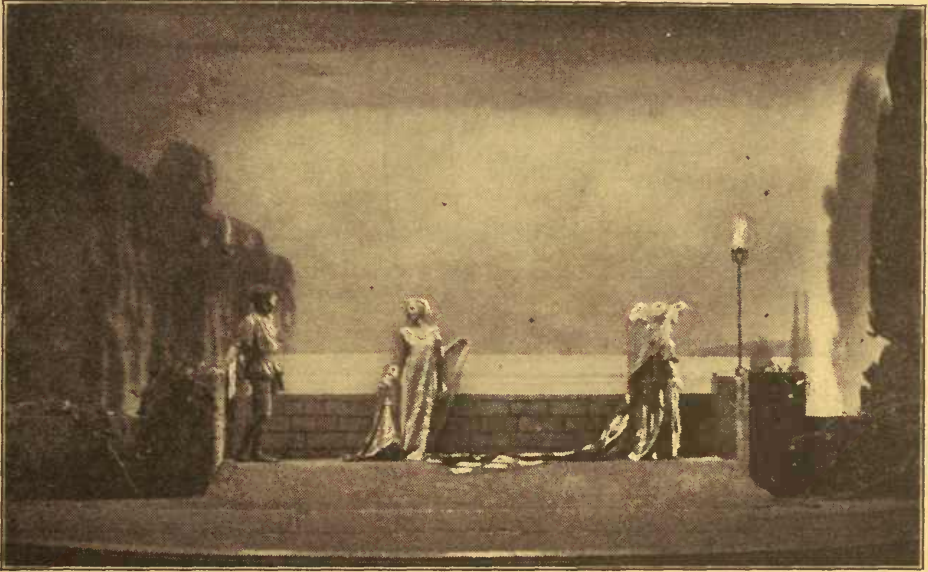
lieve the movies a mean and stupefying substitute for its imaginative and intellectual appeal, were it not for a second fact—the fact that in America to-day, not in one place but in a hundred places, a totally new and different theatrical system is springing up, a new and different attitude toward the theatre is apparent: the people themselves are producing drama, not professionally, not as com-

mercialized entertainment, but as a means of community enjoyment and self-expression. This fact is, to-day, the most significant thing in the American theatre, more significant than the Theatre Guild in New York, or Belasco, or Arthur Hopkins, or Robert Edmond Jones. How large a part in this reorientation of our theatre the universities are playing is probably unknown to most Easterners, in spite of the fact that Professor Baker's "47 Workshop" at Harvard, started in 1907, was actually the inspiration of the new movement. To-day the American colleges and even certain normal schools are annually sending out hundreds of graduates more or less equipped to write, or at least to act and produce plays, filled at any rate with a desire to do so, and

holding quite different ideas of what that means from the graduate of even ten years ago, who still held the old idea of "amateur theatricals" and regarded any serious theatrical production as of necessity a task for the professional theatre.

In the University of North Carolina Professor Frederick Koch has a course in playwriting and production. His pupils write their plays about the life they know,

respect by native talent, would not have more significance to the people of the State. Already a volume of these North Carolina plays is on the press, so that the rest of the country can see of what stuff they are made. The country, however, cannot see the North Carolina audiences, long fed on nothing but movies for their spiritual fare, suddenly confronted with drama made out of their own lives, by



The production of "Pelleas and Melisande," by Community Arts Players of Santa Barbara.

Setting designed by Albert Herter.

i. e., the life of their own State. They design and build all the scenery, do all the acting, and recently they take, twice a year, a programme of their best plays on a tour of North Carolina. In May of 1922, for example, they carried a programme of four one-act plays on their third State tour, giving eleven performances, in eleven different towns. One play was the tragedy of a tenant-farmer, one was a farm comedy, one a romance, and one a play of an eighteenth-century superstition. No doubt these plays, and the acting of them, lack the finish of Broadway productions. But Broadway productions never get to North Carolina towns any more, and if they did it is a serious question whether the perhaps cruder native dramas, created in every

their own kith and kin. Professor Koch is giving to the State dramatic self-consciousness. He is also sending out into the State graduates competent to carry on the work of amateur production in their various communities.

To make a long jump into the rolling prairie of Iowa, we find two colleges there—Iowa State and Grinnell—employing practical stage production as part of the educational curriculum, with the idea definitely in mind that by so doing they are helping the State and making the life of its people richer. Professor Bridge at Grinnell and Professor Mabie at Iowa State have both connected up their college work directly with community activity. Although Grinnell is a town of less than five thousand people, it has a

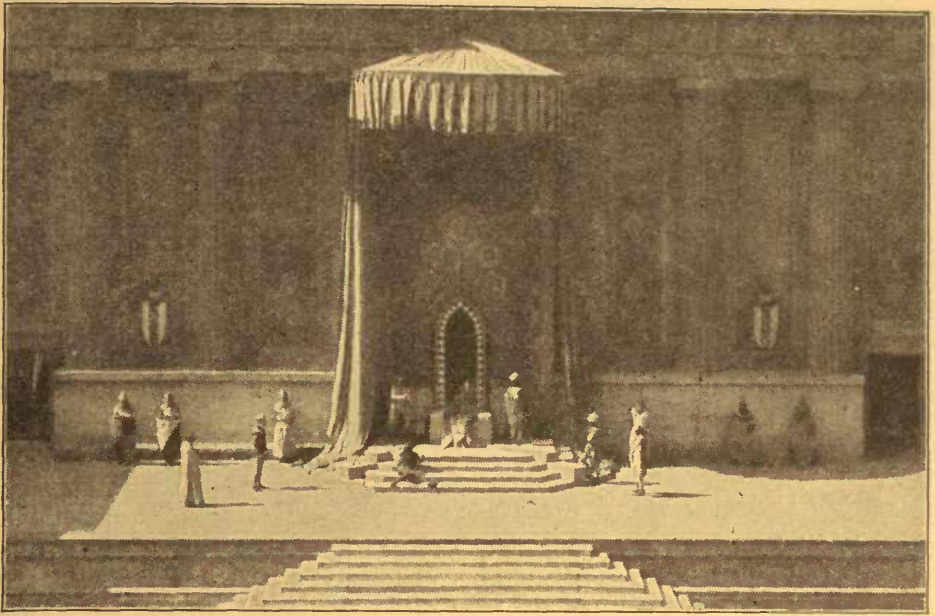
local centre of the Drama League of America, which maintains, by co-operation with the college, a little theatre company. This company, on stated nights, presents good one-act plays between films at the local movie house, and it also puts on one or two long plays a winter, which are acted not only at home but in surrounding towns. Last winter Haddon Chambers's "Passers By" was acted in several places, at twenty-five cents a seat, before audiences which were in large part composed of people who had never before in their lives witnessed a spoken drama! Professor Mabie's University Players similarly act as a sort of community troupe in their city, and last winter their most popular play was O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon." This seems almost incredible when you realize that "Beyond the Horizon," in spite of the fact that it won the Pulitzer prize in 1920, failed dismally when the professional theatre tried to send it on tour. The explanation is partially due, of course, to the appeal the play has in an agricultural community, and in part to the fact that when serious amateurs produce plays the audience accepts more willingly from them a high standard.

Next season there will probably be no less than eight little theatre groups producing plays in Iowa, and the State has organized, under the leadership of the Drama League, a little theatre circuit, so that these plays can interchange audiences and can also be booked in surrounding towns. None of the actors will be paid, and money-making has no place in the scheme. It is done absolutely as community service, to make life richer in the isolated Iowa towns. Those who act find, at last, an outlet for their artistic impulses, and those who witness have a chance—often the first and only chance they have ever had—to enjoy good plays. No doubt the plays could be far better staged and acted by professionals. But what good does that do Iowa? The Iowa farmer cannot spend his evenings on the Chicago Loop. Furthermore, the Drama League has already taken steps to organize similar little theatre groups into State circuits in Illinois, Oklahoma, and Missouri. The movement is young and untried. It has many difficulties to

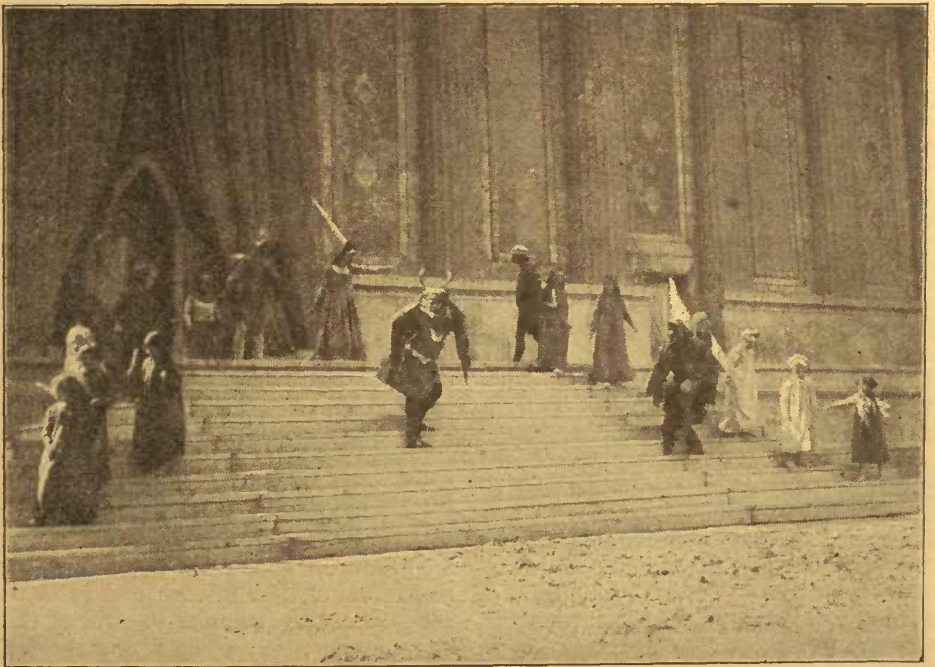
overcome. It has stubborn material to work with, human material without background, without any previous training in artistic self-expression. But the desire and the will are there. Little towns of only five hundred people wrote last winter to Professor Mabie asking him to send them community dramatic directors. One of Professor Bridge's graduates has already secured a position in her home town as a teacher, with the understanding that she is to produce both high-school and community plays.

Jump now to Missouri. In the Teachers' College (or Normal School) of Kirksville, Missouri, the training for teachers of English includes training in play production. The result is that in the county which that normal school supplies with teachers the old idea of a high-school play has quite disappeared, though it still flourishes in many a "cultured" Eastern community. No high-school board there would consider an English teacher who was not trained in play production, and who could not and would not insist on a high standard of play to produce. In that county is an annual "meet" of high schools, which features track athletics, domestic-science contests, and the like. To-day it also features a play-production contest. At the last meet eleven schools sent up companies, each trained in a good one-act play, and the best four were chosen for evening presentation before the entire community. Mr. Wise, the teacher of drama in the Kirksville Teachers' College, is putting into the consciousness of his region, via his teachers and the high schools, an entirely new idea of what "amateur dramatics" mean, and the abiding pleasure they can give.

Of course, in all isolated and even in some urban communities, the old-fashioned idea of "home talent" entertainment is the greatest foe of the theatre, and the high schools are generally the greatest sinners. Right in my own section of Massachusetts, when one of our high schools gives a play, it is not done with any educational end in view, with any sense of social service, above all with any faintest realization of what dramatic art means. It is done solely to raise money for some school purpose (such as uniforms for the basket-ball team), and



"Henry IV, Part I," Greek Theatre, University of California.
Directors, Samuel J. Hume and Irving Pichel.



"The Merry Wives of Windsor." Greek Theatre, University of California.
Direction of Samuel J. Hume and Irving Pichel.

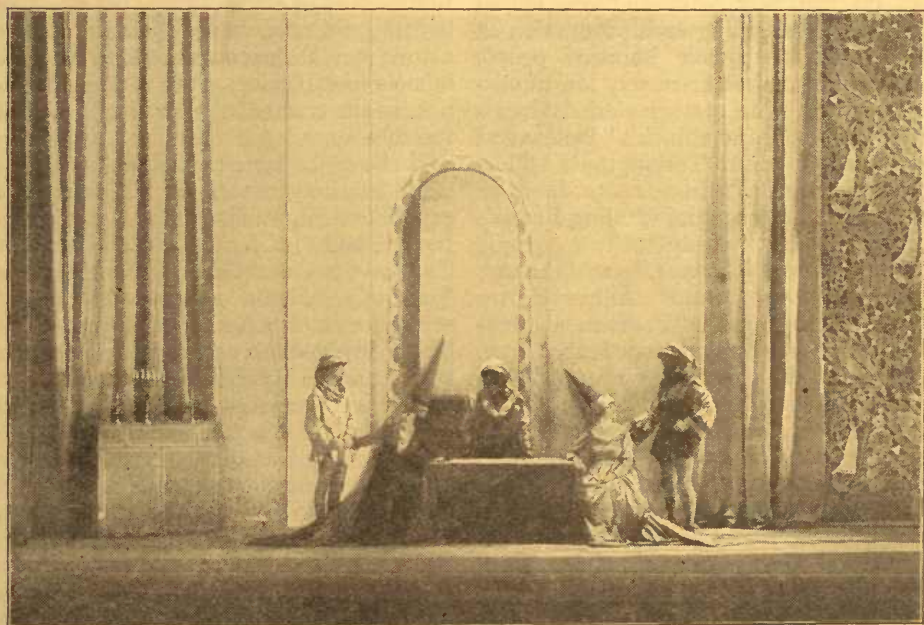
the cheapest sort of farce-comedy is chosen. Under the auspices of our education, the drama is commercialized as no Broadway manager ever dared to commercialize it. It is that idea of "home-talent" production which the new movement has got to fight, and to fight through the schools and colleges first of all. Last winter, in Ohio, a survey of three hundred high schools showed the most frequently chosen plays to be "Aaron Slick of Pumpkin Creek," "Fascinating Fanny Brown," and "Deacon Dubb's Second Wife." You need only the titles to tell you what horrid stuff these plays are. Only 40 per cent of the teacher directors had been in any way trained to put on plays. Almost all the productions were made to raise money (*i. e.*, they were commercialized). Very few schools had any facilities for production in the school buildings, and none had any properties or scenery of their own. All stages were reported as inadequate in size, in lighting, in scenery, in dressing-room facilities. Yet all the plays, without exception, were well patronized, due both to the pride of parents and friends, and to the fact that in so many cases these plays were one of the few, sometimes the only "unifying influence in the community." They would, of course, be equally well patronized if they were good plays, better done, with more adequate facilities and a definite idea behind them of the serious implications of dramatic art; and certainly thus they would be still more influential in the community. The three hundred replies to the questionnaire sent out by Mr. Hunter of the Ohio Wesleyan University, showed, he says, almost without exception, a desire to do better things but a pathetic ignorance of how to achieve them. There is need for an authoritative bibliography of good high-school plays to replace the present catalogues of trash, but above all is the need for teachers trained to produce, and trained to a different idea of the functions and possibilities of "amateur theatricals." Once the colleges have turned out such teachers in numbers, something almost like a revolution in rural and small-town life may very possibly take place. The growing awareness by educators of the need, and the quick response of young men and women, even

of whole communities, all over the country, is an extremely significant thing.

We have spoken so far chiefly of the dramatic awakening in remote communities. The so-called little-theatre movement, however, has of course attained far more artistic success, as yet, in the more sophisticated places. After all, the Provincetown Players, in New York, who gave Eugene O'Neill to our theatre, are a little-theatre group, and semi-amateur, as were the Washington Square Players, who developed into the Theatre Guild. The difference between a little-theatre group and the old-time group of amateur actors is primarily one of intention. The older amateurs got together now and then to exhibit themselves on the stage, as a sort of lark, and as an easy way to make some money. The little-theatre players of to-day organize to give performances at stated intervals because they are genuinely interested in the art of the theatre, and because they are, very often, dissatisfied with the professional theatre as it exists in their community, or with the complete lack of a theatre. In a town or city large enough to supply a sophisticated audience and a choice of players and scenic artists who possess real natural ability or training, such a group may readily develop into a theatre of serious artistic merit. Many have already done so in various parts of the country, though the little-theatre movement is yet scarce a decade old. I have heard it stated that there are already over two hundred producing groups in the United States, though I think it highly doubtful if half that number, or even a quarter of that number, are as yet measurably up to a standard which would justify them in going on even a semi-professional basis. That, however, is hardly the point. The point is that in scores of cities now there are amateurs who hold the art of the theatre in serious respect, who are willing to labor and study with regularity, who are producing good plays with increasing realization of their interest and value on the part of the community. Out of this in time will surely come a new theatre, not a theatre dependent on Broadway, but a permanent theatre local to each city large enough to support it, a true community theatre, in which the workers



"The Importance of Being Earnest." Detroit Symphony Society, music-drama season, September-October, 1921.



"The Merry Wives of Windsor." Detroit Symphony Society, music-drama season, September-October, 1921.

Samuel J. Hume, director.

will be paid, but in which the desire for service to the community and to dramatic art, not the commercial profit of a Broadway manager a thousand miles away, will be the ruling motive.

Take the case of Santa Barbara, California. It was but two or three years ago that a group of people in that city organized to present good plays, in order to supply what they felt was a need of the city, and in order, also, it may be inferred, to practise for themselves an art which interested them. That organization has developed, in this short time, into the Community Arts Association, maintaining a dramatic company, an orchestra, and a school of the allied arts. Not only that, but the association has just raised one hundred thousand dollars to purchase and rebuild the old Lobero Theatre, a Spanish Mission type of adobe building erected forty years ago, and once figuring in the artistic life of the city. The dramatic branch of the association in 1921 put on five long plays and one bill of one-act plays, acting each production at least twice to twelve hundred people an evening and at extremely low admission prices. The plays included Shaw's "Pygmalion," Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande," and Tarkington's "The Country Cousin." In 1922, to date, six plays have been acted, including Barrie's "Dear Brutus," Galsworthy's "Joy," Tarkington's "Clarence," and Shaw's "Arms and the Man." Albert Herter made the setting for "Pelleas and Melisande," which was acted four times. Meantime, the community orchestra, organized in 1921, has already given twenty or more concerts. Membership in the association costs but a dollar a year, and entitles the member to attend numerous lectures. The dues, of course, are used to maintain the essential offices and executive force. The acting, directing, scene-designing, etc., are all amateur (that is, volunteer) effort. On every programme is printed this legend:

"The Community Arts Association of Santa Barbara is affording opportunity for recreation, self-expression, and training in music, drama, and the allied arts. It is making Santa Barbara a pleasanter, happier place to live in."

When, in another year, the association

has a suitable theatre of its own, a true community theatre for which hundreds of citizens have subscribed, who can fail to feel that a different idea of the function of the theatre is coming into our American consciousness?

Pasadena also has an extremely active community theatre, under the direction of Gilmore Brown, which presents plays at frequent intervals and extremely well. Furthermore, Mr. Brown conducts a summer school for the training of teachers and other interested persons, in the theatre arts. A similar summer course is also given by Sam Hume, director of the Greek Theatre at the University of California. Such summer courses, indeed, are now common all over the country. The Drama League began a summer institute only two years ago in Chicago, in a one-room studio, and this season they have had to engage an entire schoolhouse. The desire to learn how to put on plays and pageants, how to design scenery and costumes, how to devise simple yet effective lighting systems, how to train amateur actors, etc., has of course created all these schools and classes. It is a mighty witness to the change in our attitude toward the theatre.

If the space were available, I could go on indefinitely describing the numerous experiments now being made in this country. There is, for instance, Le Petit Théâtre du Vieux Carré in New Orleans—entirely amateur, except sometimes a professional director is employed. The plays are given in a room seating less than two hundred people. Seven plays a season are produced, and each is acted five times, to accommodate the subscribers. Last season there were one thousand subscribers, each of whom paid ten dollars to witness the seven plays. The actors are chosen by their ability, and clerks and bankers, school-teachers and ladies of leisure, rub elbows in the casts. Last winter one of the most successful productions was Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon"—another example of how this tragedy, abandoned by the professional theatre, has been brought before the American people by the amateurs.

In September and October of 1921 the Detroit Symphony Society, in a hall seat-

ing two thousand people, gave a six weeks' season of repertoire, including three modern and three classic plays, without the slightest aid from Broadway, and at the end the public began to subscribe for another season next year! The orchestra supplied music for such of the plays as called for it, or could benefit by it—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Pelleas and Melisande." The other plays were "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Pygmalion" and (again!) "Beyond the Horizon." The directors came not from Broadway, but California—Sam Hume (an early pupil, by the way, of Professor Baker), his assistant, Irving Pichel, and Gilmore Brown from the Pasadena Community Theatre, who acted the comedy rôles. The sets were designed and built by two California pupils of Mr. Hume. All six plays were presented to the public for five dollars a seat, top price! Less than one dollar for the most expensive seat, of course, is no more than the better class of motion-picture theatres charge. This might truly be called an experiment in a people's theatre. Its success was so great that next season the repertoire will probably be lengthened. If three or four other cities should take up the same work, on a similar scale, the expense of productions could be divided, by making the plays interchangeable, and seats could probably be sold for even less than at present. It may very well be, indeed, that another decade will see several such ventures through the Middle West, which will mark the first steps toward true municipal theatres in America.

"Beyond the Horizon," produced by our old-line commercial professional theatre on Broadway, was abandoned by that theatre almost as soon as it left Broadway. From our brief and haphazard glance at the new amateur or community theatre of America, we have come upon this distinguished tragedy rescued from oblivion by the amateurs or community workers in such widely scattered places as New Orleans, Detroit, and Iowa. Does anybody think that would have

been possible even ten years ago, let alone twenty-five? What group of amateur actors in America twenty-five years ago would have had the knowledge or even the impulse to act a modern realistic tragedy in their community? This one incident alone shows the remarkable change which has come in our attitude toward the theatre. A generation ago, in most places even a decade ago, an amateur entertainment meant simply the presentation of piffle to pass away the time and raise money for the baseball team or the minister's salary (Unitarian, of course!) or the new Grange hall. Nobody considered it possible that an amateur production could compete with the professional theatre, or that a community denied the ministration of the professional theatre could achieve a theatre of its own. Indeed, very few Americans a generation ago, outside of the professional ranks, had any conception of what dramatic art means, and very few of them but were so hampered by self-consciousness that the mere idea of artistic self-expression was a thing strange and disturbing. There has never been a period in our national history, it seems to me, quite comparable with the last few years, when so many people, everywhere, have suddenly waked to the pleasure and profit of artistic self-expression through the medium of the theatre, and, lacking a professional playhouse, have set busily to work to supply a theatre themselves. America may in the past have contributed little to the arts, as numerous critics have told us. But there never was a time when so many of our people were creatively interested in any art as are at present creatively interested in the art of the theatre. And because they are creatively interested, not merely passive recipients of professional ministrations, the next twenty-five years may well see the art of the theatre move a long way forward in America. At any rate, it looks very much as if, through our new interest in this art, the life of the country would be richer and the old idea of drama as a commercialized entertainment would yield to something nearer the needs of civilized men and women.

The Arabian Lots Entertainments

ANOTHER BALLYHOO BUS STORY

BY BENJAMIN BROOKS

Author of "The Moulders," "The Power Planters," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE HARVEY



OF all the businesses in all the world, the easiest—in fact, the most inevitable—business to get into is the real-estate business in Los Angeles. As you approach the city with the intriguingly exotic name, the very warmth and color of the land invites one to dabble in it, as a calm, reflective pool tempts an urchin to throw stones. By the time you have given your trunk checks and your address to the local transfer man and the local transfer man has delivered the trunks to your apartment (if you can find one) and your address to the particular real-estate firm that subsidizes him to do so, the trap is set for you. By the time you have opened the trunk and your afternoon's mail and received in it a well-worded invitation to be the real-estate company's guest on one of its justly famous free sightseeing trips, you're a fair way toward the entanglement. After you have strolled once around the dusty little plaza called Pershing Square, droning in the sun with the sound of the park-bench socialists, and picked out the particular rubberneck excursion bus mentioned in the invitation, you have as good as put your foot in it; and the trap springs on you as the ballyhoo gentleman lays aside his voice and pins the seat number on the lapel of your coat. From this point on there is little use to struggle. You accept the megaphone version of the world's most thoroughly megaphoned city with philosophic abandon. You absorb the free hot ranch dinner under the big tent, and the beautiful oratory of the free lecture with the same inevitable stimulation as of wine or cocaine. Having actually stood with

your own feet on a warm half acre which it is proposed you buy, the reaction is just the same as that of "Tanglefoot" on the unwary insect. The sales-manager who awaits you in spider-like calm in the little canvas office has no difficulty in stunning you with his bland personality; and, when you come to, you find you have already signed on the dotted line.

Your impulses on the morrow's awakening are as natural and human as those of one who has just been put through an initiation. You see by your home-town paper that a friend is about to arrive from the East. You hurry to the station, you grasp his hand, you tell him what a beautiful climate it is, you try to sell him your lot—at a profit—and the next one to it on a commission! And there you are! Thus the fair city of Los Rubber Necks has come to have six hundred thousand real-estate agents—that is to say, six hundred thousand inhabitants. Some young ones there are who still struggle to get out of the real-estate business, but the gray old inhabitants realize that, were they thrust out of their charming captivity upon a cold world once more, they would shrivel up and die; so they retire to the mountains behind Hollyhood and build bungalows and live happily ever afterward.

Now in the case of Wallie Hart Hitt, here was a young soul still struggling. The vagaries of a fickle fortune that had made him accept a ballyhooship on one of the city's largest and yellowest rubberneck busses—he whose diffident voice had never raised itself obtrusively before—the luck that had made him, almost at a single stroke, the proud possessor of a lot (part paid for) and the beginnings of a house (part paid for) and his little bird woman of a wife whose saucy smile and

snapping black eyes contrasted so strongly with his own blond self—all this is another story.

Observe that I did not say his wife was part paid for, for, in the solemn opinion of the entire sales force, as well as to the most casual observer, the lady was destined to pay for herself many times over. It was even whispered that, with her charming tea-on-the-tract activities, she sold more lots for the outfit than Wallie himself.

At the point of this story the struggle was on in dead earnest. The house of the newlyweds had reared itself under the eucalyptus-trees on the beautiful new tract with the incomparable snow-crowned Sierra Madre for background—reared itself to the extent of a foundation and first floor and studding, and there it stuck. The hopes and fears of the newlyweds were temporarily sheltered under a large tent supported on this open framework and guyed out in pleasant protecting wings to the friendly fragrant trees. As soon as it stopped raining the rubberneck bus would run again and people would ride out and buy more lots, and Wallie would get more commissions and the contractor would get more payments and the house would get more materials and labor to finish itself with; but right now the Lares and Penates of the young couple presented themselves to all outdoors with the frankness of a Bagdad bazaar. These consisted principally of one handsome piece of tapestry, gift of the bride's folks, hung on the some-day-to-be wall for a background, a bearskin rug, gift of a hunter friend of Wallie's, for a foreground, the gilt clock with a gilt cupid on it, gift of the selling organization, and the bride's own college tea things arranged on a rustic table which was the gift of Wallie's own readiness with other people's tools and scrap lumber after the carpenters had gone home. These principal items were aided by a happy mixture of red-and-white plumes of eucalyptus blossoms and an indefinable something else known as "feminine touch."

One nice thing about California—when it is through raining it is *through* for a long, long time. With gladness and thankfulness the birdlet looked out from under the

spreading eaves at the great level expanse of soil warming and steaming in the semi-tropic sun and up at the wide sky all freshly done over in Italian blue, at the tall Sierra Madre wearing its spotless kerchief of snow just back from the laundry, and at the cloudlike peak of San Jacinto eighty miles away. All these things helped to sell Halcyon Halfacres to the people from the dreary plains.

The air was very still. The gray smoke plume of the latest "gaser" far over on the foothills rose straight and steady. A speck of yellow and a flash of windshield down the road told of the coming rubberneck bus. The world of real estate was in motion once more.

As the long, clumsy vehicle stopped at the big tent at the corner of the tract and the people piled out at the announcement that a hot ranch dinner was coming to them, she spied her Wallie cavorting goatlike across lots toward her. This was his way of blowing off steam after the dignified front he was obliged to maintain in exhorting the great American travelling public to climb on the bus and enjoy the world's grandest sightseeing tour to the most incomparable Halcyon Halfacres. Besides, he had not seen her for an age—almost four hours. "Hullo, petite oiseau, any more lumber come?"

"No, brave oiseau," she replied, "not a stick. But isn't it some day! You'll sell the whole tract a day like this."

"No chance," said Wallie ruefully. "I drew a paper-collared, land-poor, sour-faced fellow who is still moaning over the price he paid for a farm during the war. St. Peter couldn't sell him gold keys at ten cents a bunch."

"Well, never mind," she said bravely, manufacturing a smile that was difficult to contrive at just this critical point in the struggle. "Take your tray and sling around a little free lunch and keep your eyes open for a chance while I get out the flivver and see if I can capture a five-spot for taking some prospect around the tract."

"So this is that great noble stuff called salesmanship!" he soliloquized scornfully. "While we were away arguing it with the Germans they had to carry clubs to beat off the buyers. Now that we are back, you have to be a chauffeur, a

waiter, and a magician to get 'em to come out and look it over."

As he circled around the tables in the big tent he amused himself by imagining how his paper-collared prospect would wilt if he poured the pitcher of hot coffee down his neck.

The free lecture was short, the applause perfunctory. The travellers were still a bit sulky. All very well to go through six weeks of Middle West blizzard. That was to be expected; but to spend all that money and then go through a week's deluge of warm rain in California, the land of sunshine—that, of course, was not on the time-table and therefore an insult.

It took Wallie two minutes to make sure that his paper-collared man was not going to buy anything now—anything. Then he amused himself watching the distant oil-gusher and listening to the efforts of his fellow salesmen. Presently he pricked up his ears. Out of the confusion of conversation of the groups about the big tent he began to distinguish a particular silvery ringing voice all full of rich creamy foreign r's. He located the source. Then he had a big laugh all to himself inside. Bill the "Body-snatcher," the most successful evader of police and buttonholer of unwary pedestrians, and perhaps the least successful real salesman, was trying to sell a piece of undeveloped North America to a very much developed and evidently cultivated daughter of sunny France. The result was fore-ordained. Bill was getting angry, the woman was getting bored. The end came soon. She simply got up and walked off, leaving Bill addressing his map. Wallie approached the still sputtering Bill.

"Well, old top, how'jer make out?"

"Didn't sell her and I bet there ain't nobody in the bunch can sell her. I'm through!"

"May I talk to her?"

"Go to it, kid. Talk an arm off'n her. She's yourn."

"Give me her ticket."

The ticket indicated that the lady's name was Madame Henri du Castel, of Angers, Maine-et-Loire, stopping at a Los Angeles hotel; that she had been shown a half acre known as "three hundred and ten" and it had not been sold; reason—"Female frog-eater; no compree,"

according to notes by Bill the "Body-snatcher."

Wallie went over behind a tree, smiled politely at the oil-gusher and addressed it earnestly in the language of diplomats the world over. "Have you the green parasol of my great-grandmother? Have you the great parasol of my green grandmother? Have you of the cheese? Are you of the cheese?"

A few moments of this served to loosen up his palate so that his r's began to curdle and his n's took on the genuine Gallic tones of a cold in the head, as in the old days when he used the same sounds to wheedle an overcrowded populace out of a few more garrets and stable lofts for quarters for his men. Then he returned to the Frenchwoman and addressed her in a fair imitation of her native tongue.

"One will not return to the city until two hours. Meanwhile if madame wishes herself to seat here and read, no one will her disturb," and he offered the chair and the newspaper. Then he strolled off—but not too far off. Then he walked unconcernedly past her without looking, but his ears fairly wagged in her direction. When he had passed her, almost too far he feared, he heard what he was waiting for.

"Monsieur."

"Ah!" thought Wallie. "Attention obtained; curiosity aroused; now for the desire." Then, turning toward her with a very good imitation of the gallant bow of Douglas Fairbanks as one of the "Three Musketeers," he represented that he was entirely at her service.

"You speak very well French. You were therefore in France?"

"But yes," admitted Wallie. "During two years of the war."

"And the France, is it that you have her loved?"

"With all my heart," admitted Wallie, placing his hand on his left ribs, "and my California, is it not a land very charming?"

"So it eez, indeed," said the lady, breaking into English evidently for practice. "But she is very sudden. Yesterday a Spanish meeshion, to-day one grand excitement; to-morrow a meelion people. It eez too much. Ef I should build me a villa here w'om should I evaire meet in conversation? I leesened to



Bill the "Body-snatcher" . . . was trying to sell a piece of undeveloped North America to a very much developed and evidently cultivated daughter of sunny France.—Page 608.



Wallie . . . smiled politely at the oil-gusher and addressed it earnestly in the language of diplomats the world over.—Page 608.

your man on ze autobus with ze grand horn. 'Zeese,' he said, 'ees ze home of Fatty Shuebuckle; zeese ees ze home of Clara Kimbelle la Jeune; zeese ees ze home of Sharles Roi.' What, zen—are all ze grand houses belong to ze cimena and all ze leetle ones to ze pesants what I have talked to on ze autobus? Mon Dieu, eet ez too much. I should die of ennui."

"But madame has travelled enough to understand that one must choose the wheat from the chaff in any country. Permit me to show you a home which is neither that of a great cinema artist nor of a peasant—something modestly between the two—in short, my own."

"Comment! you have a 'ome here already? Ze great Los Angeles she is sudden. Yes, weez grand plaisir I weel visit your 'ome."

"This," said Wallie to his little wife, "is Madame du Castel," and then, in a little aside: "Highbrow tea. Stick the wings on the Victory again and mount her on the ice-box. Fish out the old art magazines from the bottom of the trunk. I'll be over with the bunch," and he left the ladies together.

Returning to the big tent, he selected a particular half-dozen of his fellow salesmen and retired with them to a distance.

"Now, here's the idea," he explained. "Bill the 'Body-snatcher' has spilled the

beans. You boys gotter help me pick 'em up again. Prospect is a charming French widow. You're all invited to a highbrow tea. Not a word about real estate, just something to entertain a lady. Get me?"

Tea was already on when they reached the house. "Ladies," said Wallie in his very best manner, "I have the honor to present to you Mr. Flores, naturalist from South America; and Mr. Buck, the well-known pioneer from our new province of Oklahoma; and Mr. Barker, our most celebrated practical psychologist; and Mr. Scraper, the violinist; and Mr. Dresser, one of our leading commercial artists."

"Eh bien, messieurs," exclaimed the Frenchwoman, "I am quite overwhelm'. And did you say from Sout' Amérique, Monsieur Flores? W'at brings a naturalist from ze beautiful Sout' Amérique to Los Angeles?"

"Dear madame," replied the naturalist, "the same thing finally brings all us travellers home—a feeling in our hearts that, having seen all the world, we are not tied to any of it. I once travelled from the tall-cliffed coast of Peru, where the tremendous surf roars under the wide verandas of the white hotels, across the silent desert where rain has never fallen to spoil the strange crescent-rippled sand, and up the terrible mountains to the deserted highlands where vines creep over the last strongholds of the vanished Incas and hide the pillars of the departed sun-worshippers whose hieroglyphics none may read; and beyond that again, through a vast wilderness of snow; then down the thousand flights of stairs, under the torrential rains where the tree-trunks are shaggy with long green moss and aflame with a thousand orchids. And there, in the mysterious regions of the rushing Maranon River, in that great forest of trees which stand in rows for hundreds of miles as though some prehistoric tribe had planted them, I kill a man. It was a needless thing. He was needlessly frightened at me and pierced my clothing with a spear, and I was needlessly frightened at him and pierced his thick head with a bullet. And that's all there was to it. But when I found I had come so far from the world that killing a man was

a mere inconsequential incident in the day my heart failed me and I made all haste back to it. Madame will understand my weakness, for nobody loves home better than the French."

"It ees well said," said the Frenchwoman, touching her eyes slyly with a tiny handkerchief; "monsieur has not only seen wiz hees eye but he has felt wiz hees heart."

"And you, Monsieur Pioneer, tell me also a story. Such stories of ze primitive one hears in Californie!"

"Primitive, eh?" responded the jovial Buck. "If it's the primitive stuff you want, lady, you ought to have seen us open up Oklahoma. I'll never forget one night while we were all camped out under the stars around the future town site of Lawton waiting for the government to let us in on the land. No houses, not even tents for most of us. The women slept on the baled hay and the men slept around in a circle to guard them. Nobody ever took his side-arms off. This one night a terrible storm swept the baked plains. I ducked down in my little dug-out and closed the door after me. Suddenly, under a terrible crash of thunder, the door blew away. A girl came running, her hands to her ears, and plunged down my grand staircase. The next moment a deluge poured in. We were standing nearly waist-deep in it when a flash showed the head and shining eyes of a rattlesnake swirling round and round in it. I warned the girl. I drew my gun, the snake struck at it and I fired. She fell trembling in my arms, and so I held her till the storm was over. This was all of our courtship. Next day we were married. The Indians brought us strange presents out of the forest and danced for us in the firelight. We were one of the first families in Oklahoma."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchwoman, her eyes as big as the teacups. "It is before ze Crusades, before Caesar built hees bridge into my native Angers. Anozzair story and we shall be at ze beginning of ze world!" And she turned expectantly to Barker the "psychologist."

"Sorry to disappoint you, ma'am," he began, "but understand that I am not a psychologist of books and science but of boobs and crowds. I study the psy-

chology of the mob with the idea of getting them into the side-show to see the bearded lady or the three-legged calf. Once when I was young and ambitious I traversed India to find some strange and beautiful thing that would whet their curiosity, travelled from the hot muddy Ganges to the airy whitewashed bungalows of Simla and the colorful country of Kashmir, with its azure skies and gorgeous flowers and its costumes out of the Bible; and down the Djehlum River in a sharp-prowed boat under its low, curved bridges, between its piled-up towns of crumbling pink stone hanging over the water and its houseboats and heaped rice barges like Noah's arks, and its peasants threshing grain or washing on the golden sand-bars in blue and copper colored rags under the red and white palaces of their betters.

"But I have found, madam, that the crowds don't come to the side-shows for beauty. Find them something hideous and strange and you've got 'em. After all my Indian wanderings I stumbled onto a mysterious dirty old box in a storehouse in Chicago that was being torn down. It contained a genuine and most horrible Indian mummy sent to Chicago for the World's Fair, and lost ever since. I paid five dollars a month storage on him for the intervening thirty years, secured clear title and authoritative letters from India as to his pedigree, and set out. This atrocious object is a fortune in summer when the circus is abroad in the land; and in winter—well, here I am."

"So zat eez psychology," exclaimed the Frenchwoman. "One finds zee most 'orrible objec', ze last sing in ze world one would wish to see and zen charges admission to see it. It eez droll, Amérique," and her merry laugh rang high and silvery among the whispering eucalyptus-trees.

"And now monsieur ze artist of commerce. Pray tell me what is ze artist of commerce."

"Well, madame," he began, "in my case it was a plain dressmaker to the most famous of our stage beauties, though why they call it artist is not evident. I ought to have been styled cooper, for, believe me, getting the average stage beauty into

her costume is like forcing the hoops on a barrel. This, however, did not apply to your charming countrywoman Anna Held. There was a *varie petite*. It was with the greatest pleasure possible to an artist that I fitted her with my own hands into her beautiful ten-thousand-dollar costume of white satin and *passementerie*, in which she could neither walk nor sit down."

"Wait, wait!" said madame. "Is it that you yourself, who talked in ze big horn so—'zees is zee home of ze famous'—weez your own hands you have made ze costume?" and again she made the trees shake with high, sweet laughter.

"It is a fact," replied the artist-cooper gravely, a little nettled at her merriment.

"Oh, a sousand pardons," said the Frenchwoman. "I laugh not weez scorn but weez surprise. I should indeed be overcome weez delight if you would create for me a costume, but I am too fat."

"Fat!" exclaimed he gallantly. "What envious female skeleton of a New England spinster dares call you fat! But if I might suggest, madame, a little garden with some vegetables to hoe so as to strengthen the shoulders and reduce the hips the merest shade; yes, a garden and vines upon a sunny wall and lettuce——"

At this point Wallie made a sign. The conversation stopped dead. Everybody understood that the moment had arrived, that moment for which all the adventurous students of human nature had been working. "A thousand pardons," he said politely, "if I inquire the name of madame's bank."

"My bank?" she asked in astonishment—"eet ez in New York, The Harri-man National, but why you ask?"

"Because it is necessary in preparing the check for you to sign, the first payment on the site for your villa. Pray do not deny that this morning your keen French thriftiness told you that such a piece of land at such a price is a great bargain; and this afternoon you have been interested. I have watched madame. She cannot deny that it is possible to find interest in the people of our new land. If one wishes a garden with golden fruit against the wall, a villa in the forest, even a salon among gentlemen adventurers—voilà. One signs here."



"And there, in the mysterious regions of the rushing Maranon River, . . . I kill a man."—Page 611.

"A salon!" exclaimed the French-woman in great merriment; "truly ze American audace ez charming! Yes, why not a salon in ze wilderness. And each day when ze autobus arrives you shall tell to me anozzair story. I will sign."

And she did.

"It desolates me to inform you," said Wallie after a polite interval and a final cup of tea, "that the big autobus is gone, but the sales-manager will be honored to take you home in his car."

And, preceding her to that august individual, he explained: "Lot 310 sold; twenty-five per cent down. French high-brow. If you can remember anything from 'The Arabian Nights,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' O. Henry, or any other

good liar, tell it to her in the first person."

Returning to his little hostess, his eye spied a certain familiar galvanized bucket on the rear stoop. This he began joyously kicking.

"Mercy," exclaimed the little wife, fingers in her ears, "what a racket! don't kick that; that's our best bucket, our laundry, our bath! What on earth——"

"Away, vile symbol of the despised primitive," he said, in mock melodrama, sending it sailing through the air with a final kick, "out with you. To-morrow we shall go 'La belle France' one better. With the commission on madame's villa site we'll order an honest-to-goodness American bath and some plumbing!"

The Human Boy and the Microscope

BY OLIVER LA FARGE



HE sages bend above their victims, wipe their glasses, and poke bony fingers into organisms that in their old bodies have long since dried to parch-ment. And we, their

victims, the schoolboys and students, suffer vivisection in the hope, ever vain, that they will learn therefrom somewhat of how we are made and how we should be treated. They never even really look, these men; by their words they must come from that half of the pedagogic world before whose eyes a score or so of years has drawn a veil shutting out all memory of the little tadpoles that they used to be, and that makes this year's crop of little tadpoles seem to them some alien race, dumbly to be studied, impersonally, as one would study bacilli through a microscope, and never, oh never, to be understood.

And then the victims read in the more thoughtful periodicals, analyses of ourselves denying us by their very tone any ability to speak for ourselves rationally or pertinently. Therefore, as one of these,

I wish to raise my voice. What I say is elaboration of notes made not two years ago, at preparatory school. They are the observation of schoolboys by one of them, and since a schoolboy's field is limited and his life busy, they must perforce have a personal note.

I am not referring to boys under sixteen. It is a long enough time since I was one of those for me to have forgotten a good deal.

We seem to the critics some alien race. Every now and then an article appears, usually entitled "Boys" (sometimes "Girls," but that is not our affair), analyzing us, expounding us, explaining us. The very tone of these articles proves the statement that begins this paragraph. We—I speak mainly of boys verging on manhood—are described as curious, colt-like animals, dominated by sex. Our processes of thought these sages destroy in a few clever paragraphs, and our curious and quaint reflexes are comprehendingly laid bare. Side by side with this gawky creature the sages should place, sometimes they do, if they would be consistent, the brawny lad who throws himself heart and soul into a game, hero

of some inconspicuous gridiron, lord of bat or of twelve-foot sweep, to whom the School is the greatest thing in life. Now the obvious explanation of this contrast is neat division of the juvenile race into two classes, the one upheld by Booth Tarkington, the other by Ralph Henry Barbour. The true explanation is that they are the same, that the pin-headed athlete and the moon-calf are equally rare, and that the average boy is neither. He is just exactly like the man to whom he will be father—only he has no experience. The number of boys who never have a calf-love is not small, it is far larger than the number of Willie Baxters. Willie happens to be a very ludicrous type, the other is disappointing, so every one reads about Willie and says, "How true!" Nor, in the majority of cases, is infantile adoration a product of a Freudian sewer, but a part and parcel of the boy's forecast of his son, the man. Again I repeat before I go further, we and the sages are the same. Our heads—at sixteen often large for our bodies—contain their regulation 1,400 cubic centimeters of gray matter; if we are going to be stupid, we are stupid now; if we are going to be clever, we are clever now. Simply, we are inexperience itself. Take this sex business, *exempli gratia*, and finish with it.

The average man who sees a pretty girl enjoys the sight. Experience has taught him a lot of disillusioning things, and so his enjoyment is tempered before ever he meets her, but the old impulse is there. The boy sees a pretty girl. He knows next to nothing about girls; his blood acts even as does the oldest sage's, but he has had no experience. She is a goddess forthwith, because to him everything that glitters is the very finest gold. He has found a brand-new perfection.

Did any statistician ever compute the number of first affairs ruined by hair in disarray or a momentarily lost temper?

The reaction, the despair, is also ludicrous; it is so deep over so trivial a thing. But it's not trivial—one of the world's finest illusions is being swept away. Fortunately, complete ignorance is lightened slowly, and so by degrees he learns, until he can see through glitter or exterior dullness. And even then, does not the average man, when he does fall in love, volun-

tarily deck reality in his own, self-made illusions? He is, after all, his own son.

So it is with this same youth when he stanches his bleeding nose with a hasty swipe of his sleeve, and prepares again to take the pigskin for a plunge between guard and tackle. As the school is the biggest thing he knows, and this game is the biggest thing in the school year, rightly he gives it his heart and soul. If he loses, he is ashamed to write home, he dreads the thought of facing boys from other schools that Christmas, all the world is black. Later he will learn why the faculty were not so gloomy, just as in time experience will teach him the real issues for which to spend himself.

The man smiles at the boy who breaks himself buying a sweater with a letter, meaningless to most of the world, sprawled across its front. Yet that man spends just as much on the incredible uniform of a secret society, or upon the regalia of a well-earned order.

There is no mystery about us; once we cease to be absolute children we are constituted even as the man. Our good brains cause us to write and say things valueless only because they take no reckoning of the hard, unknown facts. Our reasons lead us on to remorselessly logical conclusions—conclusions that may be idiotic or may be divinely heroic, and that fail only where all logic fails, in the ignoring of extraneous, uncomprehended facts. And if we have brains, then, and are human, why would it not be worth these sage's while to ask us about ourselves?

II

HAVING, then, proved to their own satisfaction that we are an alien and extraordinary race, the wise men go on to theorize about our education. Their theories are chiefly concerned with what and how to teach us. The first question is the old battle between science and the classics, a question that stands by the average school debating society when even the Panama Tolls and the Open Shop have failed. The second is the contest of the old, hard grind versus a system of playing your way to wisdom. More than one scholar and many masters have been driven insane by shifts in the official attitude toward the question.

I shall begin with the former, because it is a more well-defined topic, and, in a way, less important.

The scientist is like a man looking through a telescope. He sees distant things, the horizon, the stars. Some day nothing will be too distant. But his very instrument limits his view. The classicist, with weaker but more friendly vision, looks about him on near things and human, but he does not know what goes on out of sight.

The scientist's vision is powerful. He is, so far, the realization of rationalism, of the thing that stopped the burning of witches and the exorcism of ghosts. To the puzzles each man must answer for himself, typified to-day in the big question of atheism, he holds the solutions. His science gives him answers to the doubts it itself raises. He can trace man's history back to the "fortuitous concourse of atoms," he can follow the paths of physics from the infinite magnitude and power of the universe to the infinite smallness of the electron, and the more he studies the more inescapable becomes the presence of some power above nature. The classicist, whom the attitude of mind of the age has led to take for granted certain vague evolutionary theories, finds his beliefs shattered, yet knows not how to restore them because the destroyer is beyond his understanding.

Nowadays the churches busy themselves with moving pictures, dramas, and the proof that Christianity is not incompatible with being a good fellow; they organize revivals and campaigns, not realizing how utterly insufficient all that is. It is a spirit of new thought, not restlessness, that the church must meet; its old mysticism does not hold. How can we be satisfied by a clergy ignorant of the matters of our daily speech? God is too great to be shaken by a theory of evolution, or moved by a truth He created, but if those who bring Him to us cannot meet half-way those of our generation who think through the sciences, there awaits us a tragedy beyond words.

Our whole attitude of mind to-day, everything that stands for forward motion, is based on this habit of reasoned scepticism. Then do not the sciences fill the bill?

But wait; the classicist enters into the thoughts of men in far-distant times and far-off lands by the only way in which one can truly enter, by reading not only what they said about their thoughts, but what, unguardedly, they revealed in their unconsidered writings. He knows the evolution of our own thought from ancient times. By their aid the Sibylline Book of the past tells him, between its lines, what signify the omens of the present for us now, and in the years to come. Be he a disconsolate lover thinking his ailment unique and incurable, or a man despairing of the world's slow progress, these words of men long dead are as needful as counterweights to a balance. Without some store of this knowledge, a man cannot comprehend the ways of thinking of those in other countries, he cannot even thoroughly understand the history of his own country, and until he does that he is unfit to cast a vote, or ever to sit in judgment upon his fellow men.

It should not be necessary to defend beauty and the great refreshing power of its appreciation. Nor should one still learning expound to his masters the advantages of being able to express oneself vividly and concisely.

Speculation as to why and what we are, philosophy, is man's furthest advance. And that we can never understand without knowledge of the works of ancient Greece. Only through their inspiration do we escape the blissful, ignorant content of Adam and Eve.

To all these things the classics lead. It was the attitude of mind induced by them which enabled men of old to pile up, one learning from another, the wisdom that made knowledge possible. And to-day intelligent men of high ideals, lacking only this knowledge of things not visible or measurable, are able in all seriousness to make remarks incredibly devoid of sense.

Then the conclusion is obvious. We must have some of both, and neither stands alone. I once knew a teacher of English who sent us away from a lecture on Tennyson and Browning with renewed interest in our physics class. And the master of physics, worthy coadjutor—for they were great men both, to my mind—was first responsible for my reading "Locksley Hall."

Until instructors as a whole can do as they did, joining the broad vision with the far, there cannot be true knowledge. Again and again science shows us forces in balance, and the classics repeat with the Seven Wise Men, "Nothing too much." The answer to the dispute lies in the golden mean, a balanced education.

And now for the question of manner, the greater of the two; for it matters not how valuable the subject if it be not rightly taught. In this question also there are two schools: the one advocates instruction with an axe, the other that knowledge be stored in sugar-coated pills, and the boy allowed to browse his way to surfeit. If you took a moderately intelligent fifth-form boy and asked him in all seriousness what he thought of this latter method, he would tell you that it was rot. He knows that he is irresponsible, that the distant future when education is needed is far too dim to keep him hard at it, and that no boy over twelve could be fooled into thinking irregular verbs to be a game, or even fun.

Sound education does not consist of a series of smatterings; it consists of a good, firm knowledge of certain selected subjects; not so very few subjects, either. We have about twelve years before the college age in which to lay the foundation of a boy's education. When he gets to college—if he does go—most of what he really learns will be specialization in his chosen field. His breadth of education must be attained at school, and there also the faculty for acquiring depth. Yet more is this true if he does not go to college. In this space of time, during most of which the boy is pretty irresponsible, you cannot get him thoroughly to master alien tongues, to learn the fundamentals of the history of this earth and its people, to know its geography, and to get through the elements of mathematics with something retained, without making him work at work anything but pleasant. I defy any one giving a regular course in geometry to make enjoyable the proposition, with all its proof and multiple corollaries, concerning the disastrous results of drawing from the vertex of a right triangle a line perpendicular to the hypotenuse. One might quote a proverb here concerning the absence of a royal road to

learning. A boy may be enthusiastic over one subject, but to try to make an average large school, not a special small class, of average, growing boys rush enthusiastically in the pursuit of subjunctives, protozoa, ions, and surds would be to sink the trust of education in folly. However you may succeed in making little children play the Latin Game and the History Game and the Multiplication Game, to try it on a boy over twelve, an ordinary boy with a few normal, outside interests, in a class with a lot of other boys, is to do him an injury for which no court of law could devise adequate recompense.

In the first place, you are going to let him finish his education without learning, possibly, more than one thing well. You are going to make of him a smatterer, knowing each subject only in so far as it holds his interest. Never of his own volition will he dig deep into all those subjects, with their inevitable barren-seeming spots. And then when, later in life, he wants a few good, solid rocks of fact, beaten into his head at an early age, he will find there nothing but pebbles.

Long ago, to the grief of my parents and teachers, I hated Latin; but a long line of iron-willed gentlemen held me at it, until now I can read it, slowly, for pleasure. At the same early age I rather liked French, but had my instructor not been a man of steely eye, bass voice, and prominent jaw, I should never have had the solid grounding of grammar that is now so firmly beaten into my head.

Not that I advocate classroom frightfulness or pointed dullness. Far from it, for I count at least two subjects in which I have never progressed, one because of the terror in which, newly come to my school, an instructor held me; the other because the master was so damnably dull he destroyed all spark of life within his class.

And all this omits consideration of the awful harm that is done to the moral fibre of a boy who is never forced to plug at a disagreeable task, who never has to make himself stick to it. After such a nursing along the path of youth, to turn him loose in the world would be little short of murder.

Again, there is no royal road to learning. Yet no one need throw stones in the path. If the road be made interesting enough, and the guide be unrelenting in authority, the traveller will learn well, and grow rapidly in favor with God and man.

And if only, above all, the antique sages would climb down from their seats and join those masters, the majority,

thank heaven, who do not stop to talk much about us, but who understand us and realize that we are people, not a zoo; if only they would treat us as human beings and find out, from time to time, if we don't do a bit of thinking ourselves, then perhaps there would be an agreement among the pedagogues, peace on Olympus, and wisdom throughout the land.

Meadow's End

BY PHILIP BARRY



WHEN I came in that afternoon I found Mrs. Hoyt and her guests already in the thick of their discussion concerning Sir Horace Flood. It was brought on, no doubt, by an

announcement in the New York morning newspapers that "the eminent British philosophical scientist," gratified by the large American sale of his latest work (*An Analysis of Human Motive*), was contemplating a lecture-tour of the United States.

Mrs. Hoyt was making vague, finny gestures: "This 'Law of Elementary Causation'—it's apparently nothing more than simple cause and effect. Only—constructive, you know. He says it applies to individuals as well as to groups. Master the theory, and you can tell from a study of causes what's coming."

"He gave a first-class demonstration of it as far back as 1911," put in Doctor Ainslee, "—address before the Royal Society. Described the approaching war in intimate detail. He even went to the extent of sketching out the main campaigns. The Fellows were greatly amused."

There was a buzz of polite adjectives and ejaculations, followed by what seemed an interminable chatter about Flood's audacious theory. The first mention of his name had started my nerves to jumping again. These comfortable people here—a lot they knew! As the festi-

val of admiration increased, it was all I could do to refrain from flinging their folly in their faces.

It developed that Mrs. Brooke, the quiet English lady, had the honor of personal acquaintance with the great man. She was finally prevailed upon to give her impressions of him.

"Well," she began reluctantly, "he's a rather striking individual of about forty. Thoroughly upright—character *sans reproche*—altogether a most estimable person."

"Barring a bad habit," she proceeded, "of opening his eyes too wide and staring at you, his manners are very nice indeed. But the most extraordinary penetration! On the few occasions I've talked with him he's given me the rather dreadful sensation of appearing before the House of Commons with nothing on."

Mrs. Tennant frowned. These Englishwomen! "And his conversation?" she inquired.

"Not what you'd call diverting. 'Filling' expresses it better. Heaven is my witness, he'll give you a reason for anything." She laughed reminiscently. "Once, in a fit of desperation, I told him your delicious American verse about 'The Purple Cow,' and asked him if he could explain why it was funny. I give you my word that in just three deft strokes he had served the adorable beast up to me as prime ribs *au jus*!"

A little ripple of amusement, and some one asked the inevitable question.

"Ah yes—twice! The first Lady Flood died last spring. She was a mere girl, too—Irish, I believe—lovely creature. I recollect that some one said of her: 'She stands out among other women as a silver birch in a grove of maples.' Pretty, isn't it? They say he adored her—a very good husband. But he's the sort of man who needs a woman about—hence the Lady Alicia a scant four months afterward. I dare say she's better suited to him—older—no end of brains."

I leaned forward. Here was news, indeed! The hot words were out before I knew it: "In *my* opinion, Flood is as contemptible a rascal as ever went unhanged!"

For a moment they sat gaping at me, shocked into silence. I thought rapidly, realizing that the involuntary outburst required an explanation which I could not bring myself to give. Accordingly, I so obviously changed the subject that a return to the former one would have been a rudeness as palpable as my own. When I decently could, I left them.

The following afternoon brought a note from Mrs. Brooke. "I have learned," she wrote, "that your initials are 'R. C. L.' This fact, combined with what appeared in the *London Times* of May 18th last, regarding a monogrammed handkerchief, forms a puzzle too interesting to go unsolved. Won't you come and tell me the answer? I am discretion itself."

She, too, had seen and remembered that pitiful little paragraph in *The Times*! Well—there was only one thing to do. That evening I gave her as faithful an account as I could of the extraordinary experience I underwent the night before I left England.

Last May (I told her) the unexpected death of my great-uncle, Richard Carhart Lyon, for whom I was named, necessitated my return to America as sole executor of his very involved estate.

On May 11th a cable arrived from the Department of State, accepting my resignation as secretary of the London Embassy. I promptly booked passage on the *Aquitania*, to sail from Southampton on Wednesday, the 17th.

The previous Saturday found me up the Thames, a few miles north of Bray, on a house-boat owned by an Englishwoman

of my acquaintance. I had taken official leave of the embassy, and inasmuch as the party included several of my most intimate friends, I planned to remain with them until Wednesday forenoon, reaching Southampton in time to sail at four.

We dined early Tuesday night. One of the guests was to take the 9.08 from Taplow, back to town, and I had volunteered to motor him to the station. We took a small car from the garage on the river-bank. As luck would have it, a tire blew out on the way, and the car carried no spare. It was too late to go back. As it was, we limped up to the station only just in time.

It was still light when the train pulled out—a gorgeous May evening; perhaps, I told myself, my last in England for many years. The air lay in the palm of my hand fluffy and soft as a bunch of warm feathers. I wanted more of it.

So, leaving the crippled car at a repair-shop near by with instructions to send it down early in the morning, I proceeded to indulge my whim of returning to the boat on foot across the fields. I figured that it would take only an hour or so, and that bridge was certain to keep my friends awake until my arrival.

Darkness was slow in coming and everything went well until I reached the little churchyard of Bray. There, in great good spirits, I had paused long enough to sing for the delectation of the ghosts Gilbert and Sullivan's incomparable refrain "I Am the Vicar of Bray, Sir!"

Perhaps the celebrated vicar himself was there, and his long-harassed spirit itched to avenge the affront. At any rate, no sooner had I left the cluster of graying stones fifty yards behind than night began to close in rapidly and I found myself in the middle of a meadow, my always untrustworthy sense of direction gone from me like a faithless mistress.

I halted, and attempted to orient myself. It was no use. I couldn't even have told in which direction the river lay. A little uncomfortably, I started on once more, in the hope of striking a road or a farmhouse.

Suddenly I stopped again. You know how it is when, without expecting it, you run upon a person in semi-darkness. There, a few feet ahead of me to the

right, something was crouching. I can tell you it made my heart thump.

I was considerably relieved as the dim figure gradually resolved itself into that of a woman. I approached a few steps nearer. She took no notice of me. I saw that she was clad in an evening dress of misty blue, cut quite low, with a silver girdle brocaded in a deeper blue, and silver slippers. She was very slight, and her shoulders shone white against the screen of darkness at her back. The rising half-moon gave her hair the glow of tawny amber. Her head was bent so that I could not see her face. Her throat was a marvel. She appeared to be writing, very slowly, upon a piece of paper held against her knees. And as she wrote, two yellow roses nodded at her waist.

A sudden movement informed me that she had finished. Opening a diminutive sandalwood cigarette-case, she enclosed the paper, and shut it again, with a snap.

"If you'll pardon the intrusion—" I began, and waited for as commonplace a reply. None came.

"I want to find out the direction of the river from here," I went on stubbornly. That at least had the virtue of explicitness. But it evoked no answer. She merely lifted her head and contemplated me passively. Her eyes, set off by an oblique sweep of shadow beneath them, were the luminous gray of wet slate. They drooped a little at the corners, with the delicate brows above. Her nose was small and fine, carrying just a suggestion of an arch. Whimsicality lurked in the corners of her mouth. It was a face to give one pause.

After a decent interval, I pressed my question again, as I would a door-bell:

"I want to find—" She turned sharply away.

"Some one," she said, "is always wanting to find out something."

"That," I retorted smartly, "is a generalization—and this, a particular case—"

I got no further. Her quick inspiration of breath stopped me like a slap. Then:

"Please go on your way," she said. "Don't stop here. *You'll* find what you want, right enough."

"But it's a house-boat I'm looking for," I protested. "And I haven't the remotest idea how to get to it." Whereupon I stuck my stick firmly in the ground, put

my hat upon it at a rakish angle, and sat facing her, leaning back on my arms in the cool grass. The gray eyes had fixed me in a searching scrutiny. I smiled as ingenuously as I knew how.

"Can you tell me?—I shall wait until you do."

"Yes," reluctantly, "I can——"

"I'm listening——?"

"—But I don't think I shall."

No coquetry in it, mind you. A simple statement of fact.

"I've got to find it eventually. Why won't you tell me?"

"I—just don't want to."

"But *why*?" I insisted.

She turned in a flash: "Oh—*will* you stop *why*ing me! I'm simply not interested in telling you. Isn't that enough?"

"Are you interested in anything?" I inquired mildly.

"Naturally." The succinct rejoinder carried a tinge of scorn.

"Mind telling me what?"

"N-o-o-o——"

"Well——?"

"Would you rather know the road—or the things I find diverting?"

"Can't I have both?"

"Both's too many for just one night."

"You're—tired, then?"

Her eyelids half closed at the question. She seemed to sag, if you know what I mean, to sag horribly. Once more, a breath drawn quickly in. That was her fortification.

"A little—" Though she smiled as she said it, the words came wearily, in a thin, spent voice.

"After all," I reflected aloud, "a road's quite a usual thing. And you are a sure-enough whimsie. One runs on roads wherever he goes. Real whimsies are scarce as leprecaawns. If ever one has the rare luck to meet one, he's a fool not to find out the things her fancy follows——"

Sadly she shook her fair young head: "You wouldn't understand."

"I understand four languages."

"Not mine. Nobody ever did, nobody ever——"

"Try me," I urged, "I may be a seer—a sibyl——"

She regarded me uncertainly for a moment, her lower lip caught quizzically between her teeth. The examination appeared to satisfy her.

She counted them off rapidly on her fingers: "Ships—but not shoes. Sealing-wax, of course—heavenly stuff. Kings—but not cabbages. Yorick. Alligator-pears. Italian Primitives. Old tomb-stones, and little, new, yellow ducks. Mind you, now—not chickens! Chickens are less charming. Anatole France. Altars. Folk-songs—if they're unintelligible. Watteau. The contemplative, red-brown of old cows' eyes. Judas—I think he was an agent of salvation, and knew it all the time. John Keats. Opals—though they frighten me. What Dante's wife thought of him. The foot-prints dreams leave—" She threw her hands out, helplessly. "Oh," she cried, "I've more than a *thousand* things to interest *me*!"

Startling enough, to be sure. But I thought it delicious.

"And which do you find the most engrossing?"

She fell silent, thoughtfully crumpling one eyebrow. Finally:

"Well — fountain-pens, I suppose — when they don't catch and spatter. But they just about always do. I've given them up, I think."

"Mine doesn't!" I was eager in its defense. "It's an American make. Try it——"

I held it out to her, but she regarded it without fervor.

"It is impossible that it shouldn't," she said with a frown. "And anyway, you're much too glib with your tests. I've a particular aversion to tests." Somewhat disgruntled, I returned the fountain-pen to my pocket.

"Are you—an American make, too?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes—sailing to-morrow. To-night's my last in England."

A little exclamation escaped her. Her eyes began a leisurely survey of the fields about us. Then she turned them full upon me, smiling enigmatically.

"How funny!" she murmured.

"Is it?"

"Yes—very funny indeed. But you don't know why. Do you care much about 'whys'?"

"Not tuppence."

"No? Has no one ever pointed a finger at you and kept asking you '*Why* do you do this?—*why* did you do that?—

when you've really done nothing at all—and probably wouldn't know why if you had——?"

"Not since my fearfully tender youth."

"Ah—you've been lucky!" She hesitated before going on: "But don't you even *care* why—well, ah—why birds fly? I mean what *makes* them fly, beside the flap of their wings?"

"So long as they keep flapping," I laughed, "it's quite enough for me!"

She leaned a little forward. I felt—and it was a strange feeling—that my responses were being very important to her.

"But what about the—ah—'substratum of unconscious motive'?" She put the question severely. "—You can't get away from *that*, can you?"

"I can get away from anything I don't know the meaning of."

"You actually insist that the fact that birds were once dinosaurs, or something, and that their living in trees millions of years ago coerced the poor things into growing wings—means just—nothing at all to you?"

"They could have been lavender giraffes," I asserted, "with long magenta tails. They could have lived in old cabooses under the sea, for all the difference it would make to me."

She laughed delightedly: "And if they *had* been, I shouldn't keep throwing their past in their faces!" She snapped the clasp of the sandalwood case, with conviction. A brief silence. Then:

"I'm told that they always make troops break step when they're crossing a bridge. Do you know what would happen if they didn't?"

"I've heard a silly superstition that the bridge would go to pieces. But I don't believe one ever did."

"Splendid! Who cares if it would—or *why* it would?"

I assured her that I, for one, did not.

"It's miraculous," she whispered, "it's miraculous that you don't."

With a slender little finger she began tracing the fine lines in her palm. Her words were a chant: "Oh, grasshoppers hop, and field-mouses dig, and fools write books on isms, whys, and wherefores. And people live and people die, and the queer old world keeps turning just the same, same, same, same——"

"—And turning as it does," I put in

solemnly, "it cannot escape the fact that if all the tea-muffins consumed in the United Kingdom between four and six on a given afternoon were piled together in the shape of a pyramid in Trafalgar Square——"

"Oh!" she exclaimed in pain, "—you *wouldn't!*"

"—They would look ridiculous." I concluded gravely.

Her apprehension was mirth in an instant. She clasped her hands at the nape of her neck and threw back her head. Blue starlight flowed over her face, bathing her temples in artless beauty.

"I'd have sworn it was a statistic," she said. "—If you *knew* what statistics did to me!"

My manners unexpectedly gave way: "Tell me, Whimsie, what is your name?"

"Ripe olives are sublime," she informed the constellations above her. "—If they were hung on stars, I'd reach out after them."

Again my request, this time with more determination.

"My name is Norval," she crooned. "On the Grampian Hills I feed my flocks."

"In the English meadows you'll politely answer my question," I insisted doggedly.

"Ah yes—your question. Well—it's 'Mary'—simple but adequate—and you may call me it. I'm a person of no consequence, but very choosey. And my last name I choose to withhold. Yours I choose to know—first name, last name, middle name, all——"

"Richard Carhart Lyon." She repeated it several times softly to herself, as if tasting it. Then:

"Cœur de Lion," she cried excitedly. "Oh—that's very nice indeed! It sounds like the clank of a scabbard, and a voice *'en avant—pour le Roi!'*"

"And yet you're a singular man, Richard," she told a blade of grass she had picked. "One feels like a child with you. It's—an almost forgotten joy for me. It's——"

Her voice dwindled to a thin wisp, and then went out. She was biting her lip, as if to keep it from trembling. I groped vainly through old, shut closets in my heart for a way to tell her that whatever was hurting so awfully now, couldn't keep

hurting forever. She must have sensed a tautness somewhere, for when she spoke again it was in a manner that smacked of the polite clink of crystal chandeliers in a drawing-room.

"You're an American, you say. But how delightful! I'm not English, myself, you know——"

"Your feet would have told me that." My audacity crumbled her flimsy defense. Without a trace of embarrassment, she fell to studying her absurd little slippers.

"They're Irish feet," she murmured. "They've danced with the fairies on Ballangrah's Hill——"

"And it's putting the fairies to shame they'd be!" I declared, with a flourish.

Mary rose abruptly and flung one white arm out. "Will you run across the fields with me?" she cried. "They're flat, and smooth—and made to be run over——"

She held out the sandalwood case, bidding me tie it tightly to her wrist. I offered to find it a place in my pocket.

"No!" She shook her smiling head rapidly, a child aquiver with excitement. "Do as I say. It's——" The smile dimmed, and then returned, hesitant, uncertain, and much, much older. "It's—my little joke," she confided. Without understanding her, I bound it securely to her wrist with my handkerchief.

We ran. I had her hand caught fast in mine, and, with our chins up and our throats cool, and the moist smell of the grass sharp in our nostrils, we flew across the fields until I thought my heart would pound out of my body. Ahead, I caught the gleam of a flat gray stone, picked out by the moon like a great gem from its setting. The moment we reached it, I felt Mary's fingers tighten sharply. She stopped as suddenly as she had begun, dipped her hands in the air, palms upward, and levelled her face with the sky.

"Oh—we've *run!*" she cried. "We've run across the fields for just no reason at all. We've run because we *felt* like running—not to leave anything—not to get anywhere!" Her hand fell upon my arm, and her eyes implored me. "Richard—lad—can you even so much as guess what such a thing means to me?"

Even if I had comprehended, I could not have answered. My breath seemed

gone entirely. My head dropped dumbly upon her slight shoulder. Two of her fingers patted my cheek.

"How funny," she said, "how very funny that no one can—not even Richard himself."

When finally I raised my head, she touched the stone lightly with the tip of her slipper.

"I think," she announced, "that we'll call this 'Meadow's End.' Let's sit."

She throned herself with her knees hugged up, resting her chin upon them, sideways. A patch of moss on the ground offered me a comfortable seat. For a while we were silent. A white jack-rabbit bounded out of nowhere, cut across our vision like a bolt of flung white ribbon, paused a moment looking back at us with one ear cocked, and then diminished into the distance, in a sprightly ricochet. The moon climbed ponderously up its studded staircase. . . .

Then Mary sang for me. In a flute-like voice of little strength, but marvellously sure and sweet, she sang the Psalms of David to the tune of "Rosie O'Grady." However she managed it, I do not know. But I do know that it was very beautiful.

I sang for Mary—in a voice for which no good can be said—some Southern plantation songs that had charmed me as a boy. They were primitive, ecstatic things—"priceless," she pronounced them, and begged for more. As she listened, she busied herself scratching letters in the soft stone with a pocket-knife, detached from my watch-chain at her request.

After the songs, we talked nonsense—glorious, disconnected nonsense. Somewhere near by in a field, a cow lowed dolefully. We fashioned an ode to her—one furnishing two lines, for the other to cap the rhymes:

"Although my cow's not beautiful,
I love her just the same."

—That was my beginning. Mary continued it:

"Her ways are very dutiful—
And plainness is no shame."

It went on:

"Each morn I frisk her of her milk
And stroke her gentle side.
Her fur is warm, and smooth as silk,
Full length, and three yards wide.

She gives me butter, milk, and cream
—You'd scarce expect it of her.
With art like this, it will not seem
Grotesque, that I should love her."

There were other verses I can't remember now, despite the fact that they tripped through my mind for days on end. The final one sticks:

"She is so meek and diffident,
That, now my song is sung,
To cover her embarrassment
She hides behind her tongue."

We decided that, for ineffable beauty, "Kubla Khan" alone could compare with it.

The time had come, the Walrus said, to speak of many things. We found nothing more boring than train-schedules (she pronounced it with a soft "c"). We were agreed that new babies were rather revolting, but that nothing was quite so delicious as one of, say, seven months. We could not, try as we might, find anything about a vacuum repugnant enough to make Nature abhor it so. We marvelled at the strange Power that gives all post-men kind, sympathetic faces. We adored together the canny rook crouched in the base of Peter Pan's statue in Kensington Gardens. We concluded that the two greatest books ever written were "Alice in Wonderland" and the Book of Revelations; that the two greatest people who ever had lived, were ourselves. We scoffed alike at Darwin and Lamarck, at Newton and Einstein. "Though," said Mary, with a very conscious smile, "I prefer Newton and his rosy, red apple—I can get my *teeth* into that!" crying immediately afterward: "Off with her head!"

We had come to the end of our discussion as to whether or not Mahomet's followers are correct in their belief that the prophet's coffin still hangs suspended in mid-air (we decided that they are, though to save our lives we couldn't have told why—and were glad we couldn't), when I saw the inscription she was cutting in the stone. I read as far as she had got with it:

MARY'S DREAM
NATUM — 16. MAY 1921
OBIIT

Born May 16th—that very night! I waited in silence, to see the date, or the dash, that must follow the "OBIT." But:

"It is not finished," she said quietly. "I shall finish it later." Her words fell upon my ears with a curiously sad import. Very carefully she laid the knife upon the stone, opposite the ghostly word. Then she rose, and extended one hand to me.

"Come," she commanded, "—dance with me, Richard—while my eyes are still dry."

We danced. Not a sound left our lips, but the tune in our heads was still "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," over and over and over. Now and again she swirled off from me, dancing alone—her lithe young body bending and swaying like a wind-ripple over a spear of iris. Then she would return, holding fast to my hands, the tempo mounting higher and higher. At last—with a sudden little cry—she stopped and pointed out a light a short distance to our left.

"That's at the foot of your road," she said. "That's on a house-boat down there."

Her head sank for an instant upon my breast. "Good-by to you now, Richard Lyon," she said, "—and thanks—oh, thanks to you—thanks—"

Slowly she looked up at me. Her face was a white blur, desolate, stricken.

"Have you—a wife?" she demanded lowly.

I told her that I had not.

"—No one—who would care—at all?" I shook my head dumbly.

"Then kiss me," she said simply. "Kiss me as you would a forlorn little girl who's going a long way away."

Her frail body strained to me. I felt the kept-back sobs rise and fall against her shoulders—felt her chin trembling—felt the wet of her silent tears against my cheek—and kissed her as she bade me.

When she could, she smiled again. "Ah, lad," she said brightly, "it's very certain I can't go back now!"

I didn't comprehend at first. The words huddled together curiously. I took them as meaning that she would not leave me. A flood of entreaties came beating for voice. I saw my life an empty thing, without this whimsical, lonely girl along with me somehow, in any wise she chose to come. But before the thoughts could

shape, she was speaking softly and rapidly, as if she had divined them.

"No, Richard, no," she said. "If only things weren't as they are, one might live one's dream—instead of just dreaming it. It's—a little late, now."

A remonstrance sprang to my lips. "No," she repeated. "For if I did, I might sometime have to put a date on 'Meadow's End' instead of the brave word I can cut there now. That would be—too awful."

She tried her best to smile, but there was an infinite sadness in her words of parting: "Magnificent—we two. Magnificent—this night. But for Richard and Mary—it's—hail and farewell."

She brought my hand to her heart, bent and kissed it ever so lightly, rested her cheek upon it for the space of one breath—and was gone.

After a long while I became conscious of my feet moving and the light drawing closer. Then it seemed no time at all before my friends on board were plying me with apprehensive questions and begging to know what on earth had happened to make me look so white. I laughed their fears to rout, and immediately turned in. Singularly enough, I slept like a child.

In the morning, before it was time to leave for my train, I searched out "Meadow's End" once more. The inscription had been completed—the final word was there. It read:

MARY'S DREAM
NATUM — 16. MAY 1921
OBIT — NUNQUAM

The "NUNQUAM" was cut deathlessly deep, and my knife, with blades nicely folded away, lay on the stone beside it. It was good to know that Mary believed her dream born to immortality. It put to rest a sickening fear that had grown up during the night. I sailed at four that afternoon.

After a week in Baltimore, early June found me again in New York. It was in the library of the University Club there that I ran upon that brief and awful paragraph in the *London Times* of May 18th.

For a time it numbed my credulity. I assured myself that things like that sim-

ply didn't happen—leastwise, to me. Then the crass, inevitable truth of it suddenly struck out with all its stinging, black and white force. I give you my word, it nearly knocked the heart out of me.

How insanely stupid I had been! But Flood—surely Flood, with his uncanny penetration, must have seen it coming. Logic and reason—reason and logic! Heaven knows he'd had sufficient data in *this* case—he who insisted that he could point a reason for everything—and in advance, at that! Seeing its approach, had he made no attempt to avert the disaster? Was it even possible that he had coldly set out to be rid of her—constructing the causes himself, to assure the effect he wanted? Or was he, after all, a charlatan who couldn't really tell where things were going?

Well, of one fact I was convinced: whether his claims to scientific prophecy were truth or trash, the responsibility for Mary's death was his, and his alone. The message she left is an earnest of that.

When I showed Mrs. Brooke the clip-

ping again, she agreed with me. I think that you will, too. Here it is:

The body of the Lady Mary, wife of Sir Horace Flood, Bart., F.R.S., was taken from the Thames at a point about one mile south of the Bray Locks yesterday forenoon. The deceased disappeared, at about nine o'clock in the evening on the night of May 16th, from her home, Plandom Hard, where she and her husband have lived since their marriage four years ago. Lady Flood was but 24 years of age, and supposedly in excellent health. Sir Horace states that they were performing some psychological experiments together in his study, when she suddenly left the room, and did not return. He is insistent that the death was the result of an accident. Evidence to the contrary, however, was discovered in a small, silver-bound, sandalwood cigarette-case, fastened to her wrist by a large handkerchief bearing the initials "R. C. L." The case contained a piece of paper upon which was inscribed in indelible pencil, in what is acknowledged to be the authentic handwriting of the deceased, a single sentence: "There is no reason for this." The coroner has accordingly returned a verdict of suicide, with cause unknown.

Lanier in the Valley

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE

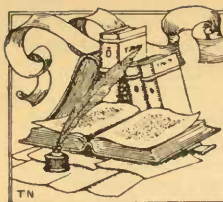
[Sidney Lanier died at Lynn in the Valley of the Pacolet, N. C.]

BECAUSE Lanier looked down the purple valley,
Its beauty wears for me a deeper glow;
From the sweet gloom of shadowy recesses
Some essence of his spirit seems to flow.

Sleeping, he dreamed of his beloved marshes,
Fancied he heard the ocean's organ tones,
Then waked to hear the whispering mimosas,
The laughing Pacolet among its stones.

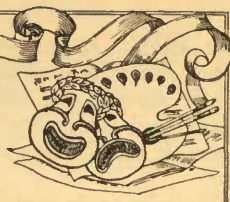
The flute he loved to play lay idle by him,
But for his comforting the hermit thrush
Flung once his liquid song upon the silence
And left to stars and night the perfumed hush.

Night slipped to dawn, and pain merged into beauty,
Bright grew the road his weary feet had trod,
He gave his salutation to the morning,
And found himself before the face of God.



AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



I HAVE often been asked this question: What is the most exciting novel you have ever read? The answer is not difficult. I have been thrilled by "The Three Musketeers," "Treasure Island," "The Adventures of Captain Horn"; but the most exciting novel I have ever read is "The Wings of the Morning," by Louis Tracy. It opens with a shipwreck, and from the first word in the first chapter to the last word on the book's last page, it never lags or sags. I will guarantee this story to all convalescents; and as an anæsthetic for railway travel, it is effective.

Typographical errors are becoming alarmingly common in contemporary English and American books; where are the proof-readers? Nearly every new book I pick up, no matter how exalted the name at the foot of the title-page, bristles with blunders. Sometimes these are unconscious but distinct contributions to humor. I suppose the last place one would look for a joke would be in the works of Herbert Spencer; yet in his *Autobiography* there is an account of one of the happiest errors imaginable. Inasmuch as the *Autobiography* fell flat, and is little read, I venture to repeat this. Spencer said there was a devout woman who wrote the following sentence: *Pour bien comprendre l'amour, il faut sortir de soi.* To her horror, the sentence appeared in the book, *Pour bien comprendre l'amour, il faut sortir le soir.* She must have dictated; it is difficult for any one not of the Middle West, to give the full and correct value to the French *R.* Mr. William Henry Bishop, the American novelist, who is an excellent French scholar, told me that once in a restaurant in Belgium, he ordered a lobster. When the waiter brought it, it was so small that Mr. Bishop regarded it contemptuously and said, as he supposed, *C'est pour rire!* To his amazement, the waiter instantly smelt of it, and said, *Vous avez raison, Monsieur; c'est paurri.* He carried it away with imper-

turbable gravity, and brought him another.

Apart from typographical errors, modern books contain many misspellings. The word most often misspelled by the best authors and publishers, is *ecstasy*; and the name that suffers most often is Shakespeare's *Jaques*. There is no authority for writing *ecstasy*; and to write *Jacques* is not only to give the wrong name, but to attack Shakespeare's rhythm. Yet in a work by that arch-corrector of other men, the late J. Churton Collins, I found *Jacques*; and in his book on *Hamlet*, published in 1922 by Professor Clutton-Brock of Oxford, I note the same ghastly blunder. There are two quite different men in "As You Like It" named *Jaques*, but there is no *Jacques*.

Professor Clutton-Brock's little book stirred up much dust in England, and while it is full of thought-provoking statements, and therefore valuable, it gets us really no nearer to the Prince of Denmark. You cannot capture the secret of his personality by psycho-analysis any more than you can expose a man's soul by an autopsy. Outside of the Bible, *Hamlet* is the most interesting character in the world; you can arouse more heated controversy about him than by discussing Woodrow Wilson or Theodore Roosevelt. Why should every one try to make him consistent, or to fit him to a formula? His essential humanity is shown in the fact that he was not consistent, not a personified type or abstraction. He is a college undergraduate of splendid mind, noble character, and irresistible charm; his self-reproaches are natural enough, for it is always good young men, like Milton, Emerson, and Jonathan Edwards, who are dissatisfied with their conduct and achievement; the selfish and lazy, although they waste much time, never waste it in remorse; they rather fancy themselves. As if to forestall adverse criticism, Shakespeare placed alongside

Hamlet another young man, Laertes, conventional and shallow; when his father is killed, he does exactly what many have insisted Hamlet ought to have done, and with disastrous results. No living character will ever act logically; he will act only chronologically. And when he is as interesting as Hamlet, it is fascinating to see what he will do next. All we know is that it will be something unpredictable.

There is one passage which no commentator and no actor has ever interpreted to my satisfaction. In the midst of his soliloquy on the possibilities of future existence—sleep or dreams—Hamlet sees Ophelia approaching, and he says, first to himself, and then to her:

"Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd."

Nearly all seem to think this should be spoken lightly, as a half-mocking formal compliment, with a touch of banter; for many men change the conversation from serious matters to nonsense when a woman enters the room, as though intellectual subjects were as much beyond her range as if she were the house-cat. Pretty creature! But consider a moment: what has Hamlet been thinking about? He has been obsessed by the dreadful thought of suicide, a thought a million times commoner than the act, but nevertheless dangerous. He knows his soul is in peril. Remember what Burton said in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," on this insidious idea. "Who knows how he may be tempted? It is his case, it may be thine: . . . God be merciful unto us all." In the midst of this horror of great darkness, Ophelia appears, and Hamlet says with an intensity of feeling strange to her ignorance of his peril:

"in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd."

"Oh, Ophelia, pray for me." Every young man needs the prayers of a good girl. There are times when he needs them desperately.

Hamlet is not treating Ophelia either with smiling or with tender condescension; he is in a mental attitude of supplication.

It should be remembered that even

Horatio, the man of iron composure and self-control, tried to commit suicide.

It is pleasant to observe that the new Vailima Stevenson, with family prefaces, the most complete that has ever appeared, surpassing in this and in some other respects the much-sought-after Edinburgh edition, was entirely sold by subscription before a single volume was printed, so that the set has already mounted to fancy prices. I say it is pleasant to observe this, not only because the Vailima edition is so beautiful as to be worthy of the beautiful art of the author, but because such an immediate response is sufficient answer to the present detractors of Stevenson, of whom there are enough to draw attention, not to Stevenson, but to themselves, which perhaps is their main purpose. To say that Stevenson was not a great writer is like saying that the sun is not shining, when it is. They who listen do not think of the sun; they regard with curiosity those who deny its light.

The same publishers whose monument to Stevenson is so admired are building another to John Galsworthy, who perhaps, among English novelists in activity, is most deserving of the memorial. Inasmuch as the Stevenson is a genuine limited edition, printed from type and the type distributed, which is the only satisfactory method, so in the case of an author yet alive, there should be some guarantee that his future works will be included. This undertaking has, I believe, been promised to those who buy the Galsworthy set.

I hope that the handsome New York edition of the works of Henry James will be completed. He is prevented by unavoidable absence from writing new prefaces, which added so much to the volumes he supervised; the same reason makes it impossible for him to revise the other books, and for this fact I am grateful. His alterations are not improvements. Simply compare the paragraph containing the death of Daisy Miller as he originally published it with the later version. As there is in England at this moment a complete set of his works in process of publication, there should be one also in the land of his birth, where by his own request, his ashes rest. There could not be a better way to accomplish this

than by continuing the New York edition.

I wonder how many agree with me that "The American" is Henry James's best novel, and that "The Turn of the Screw" is the best ghost story ever written? Probably not many; which does not shake my faith, though I wish there were more.

Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry, one of the real scholars in America, writes to me, "While everything else is going to smash, what tennis prevails!" Is not this the true reason why so many of the intelligentsia, on opening the morning paper, turn first of all to the sporting page? I remember once, during the war, while travelling on a train, a newsboy brought in the papers, which were eagerly bought. Sitting near me was a clergyman in clerical dress, who opened his paper feverishly, and turned instantly to the sporting page, without looking to see what had happened in France. Perhaps this habit, which is more common than some may think, needs no apology. The front page is covered with failures—failures of capitalists and laborers to avert disastrous strikes, failures of statesmen to bring peace to the world, failures in Ireland, failures of stock-brokers, failures of theatre-managers, failures of husbands and wives in the art of living together. All of these groups of people should be experts, and their pathetic failures are daily and depressingly recorded. How different is the sporting page, where we read of the glorious triumphs of Ty Cobb, Sarazen, Sweetser, Tilden, and Johnston! The sporting page is the Daily Hope. It advertises success rather than failure.

My friend Perry also makes a *mot* which should not be lost. Seeing a Harvard undergraduate with a huge H on his sweater, he remarked, "Yes, I see now what is meant by the way universities nourish the love of letters."

Many good Americans seem to be troubled about the vast number of English authors who come hither to lecture, are eagerly and copiously entertained, and then return to their native land with much money, for which in some cases they have given nothing except their digestion. The thing certainly has its amusing side, especially when the "lecturer" knows nothing of the art of speaking, looks at a crowded

and expensive audience quizzically, begins his remarks by stating that he has nothing to say, and then proves it to the satisfaction of all. But why take offense? Attendance is voluntary. Some say acidly, that if *we* sent *our* authors over *there*, *they* would not receive either money or hospitality. Perhaps not; yet Mark Twain found it easy to obtain both. Just now, we have no Mark Twain; and while reading Franklin the other day, I hit upon the possible reason why Americans entertain foreigners so lavishly. In a note appended to his "Remarks concerning the Savages of North America," Franklin said, "It is remarkable that in all Ages and Countries Hospitality has been allow'd as the Virtue of those whom the civiliz'd were pleased to call Barbarians. The Greeks celebrated the Scythians for it. The Saracens possess'd it eminently, and it is to this day the reigning Virtue of the wild Arabs. St. Paul, too, in the Relation of his Voyage and Shipwreck on the Island of Melita says the Barbarous People shewed us no little kindness; for they kindled a fire, and received us every one."

Why do old people eat so much? Many families have some aged and worn-out member, who has to be supported, and who seems to the supporters both a particular and a prodigious consumer of food. Old Isaac was swindled by that unscrupulous mother-and-son combination, Rebekah and Jacob—swindled through his lust for meat. The reason why the aged and the idle eat so much is simple enough. It is because meals are the chief events in the day. To an active man or woman good food is agreeable, but the eater is not primarily interested in it; he has been busy up to meal-time, and is thinking of what he has to do the moment the repast is over. Sometimes indeed, no matter how excellent the luncheon, it is an interruption in an absorbing occupation, which is why most Americans could not endure afternoon tea. Do you think I would stop my work or my golf for that? But to venerable and idle persons, who have nothing to do except look forward to the next meal, this is a sacred rite, not to be taken carelessly or hastily. Observe how particular every one (except the seasick) is about food on an ocean liner, or while

travelling anywhere. Some unsympathetic critics say that these who complain about their meals on shipboard probably have not very good ones at home. Of course; that is precisely why they complain when meals are all-important. It is not so surprising that tourists often remember a certain place in Europe because there they had a marvellous dinner. This is quite natural, otherwise it would not be such a common experience. And there is point to what Oscar Wilde said: "I hate people who are not serious about their meals."

A French gentleman, of whom I had never heard, recently went to London to see the English plays, and was so disgusted with them that he relieved his mind in *Figaro*. He saw Barrie's "Dear Brutus," and declared, "It is a charming play for a child of six to write." I remember reading somewhere how the attention of a group of squabbling men was called to a little child, with the remark that unless they could become as little children, they could not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Does not the inability of this Parisian to understand Barrie unconsciously help to explain the present condition of French drama?

In the last act of "What Every Woman Knows," when Maggie is trying to force John into imprisonment with Sybil, John says, "You needn't be in such a hurry. There are three days to run yet." Barrie adds in parenthesis, "The French are so different from us that we shall probably never be able to understand why the Comtesse laughed aloud here." I am afraid he understands them better than *vice versa*.

At the age of eighty-two, Thomas Hardy has published a new volume of poems, called "Late Lyrics and Earlier." It is fine to see such resplendent vitality, in one who, as Carlyle said of Goethe at the same age, is "beaming in mildest mellow splendor, beaming, if also trembling, like a great sun on the verge of the horizon, near now to its long farewell." These lyrics show no diminution of beauty, for most of his poems are of the afternoon. And his gospel of despair reveals the same ingenuity of torment, as in "After the War," where the lovers parted in 1914, with a premonition on her part that this

would be the last embrace. So it was; only he returned alive, to find her dead. The introductory prose Apology is, however, rather curious. He says, "And what is to-day, in allusions to the present author's pages, alleged to be 'pessimism' is, in truth, only such 'questionings' in the exploration of reality, and is the first step towards the soul's betterment, and the body's also." I find this preface doubly strange; first, that Mr. Hardy should feel persecuted, when his is the most universally honored name by old and young, and by all schools of thought, in the Anglo-Saxon world. He has reached an apotheosis, and so far as his literary art is concerned, he deserves it. What more could a man possibly ask of his contemporaries than Thomas Hardy has received? What more could even an optimist ask of life than eighty-two years of sound bodily and mental vigor, with the free exercise of his creative genius, amid the encouragement of the whole age?

In the second place, I cannot see why he should resent being called a pessimist. That is no term of reproach; it is a description of a respectable intellectual attitude. I think none the worse of a man because he is a sincere, honest, and convinced pessimist, and Mr. Hardy is just that. It never offends me to be called a Christian nor even a Puritan; and it is certainly more fashionable to be a Pessimist than a Puritan.

It is interesting to see Mr. Hardy dismissing the Catholic Church because it remains stanch in its faith; it has lost its chance for the future, he thinks. This statement will make good Catholics smile. Members of all branches of the Christian Church will not commit the folly of following the advice of those who never under any circumstances would join it. Yet to-day, as in past time, Christian people are daily in receipt of advice from enemies of their faith, which they may be pardoned for treating, even when it is well meant, with the consideration it deserves.

The fact is that Thomas Hardy, like so many others, cannot delete the Christian religion from his mind. And one reason is, that in charity, gentleness, good-will, and kindness to both men and animals, he

is in his heart filled with what the apostle of Christianity called the greatest thing in the world. The last poem in this volume, "Survivew," bearing the motto, *Cogitavi vias meas*, represents the old poet looking into the fire, and hearing therefrom his own voice talking to him, and telling him that he had not taught that which he had set about, that the greatest of things is Charity. Well, if he has not taught it, he has done something better; he has expressed it in his daily life.

The year 1922 has not been so good a year for novels as 1920 and 1921. Although the first half of the book is the author's best, as a whole "This Freedom" is inferior to "If Winter Comes": Booth Tarkington must know as well as anybody that "Gentle Julia" is not to be compared with "Alice Adams"; Edith Wharton's "The Glimpses of the Moon," looks almost cheap when placed by "The Age of Innocence"; Mrs. Burnett's "Robin" is a disappointing sequel to "The Head of the House of Coombe"; Wells's "The Secret Places of the Heart" is negligible; Marshall's "Big Peter" will not please the lovers of the Clinton family.

The best American novel of the year is "Adrienne Toner," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

I am glad to see that at last England is waking up to the fact that they have an important novelist in Archibald Marshall, whose works have been widely appreciated in America for the last seven years. In the August *Mercury*, there is an interesting essay on his stories, with an inquiry as to the reason for America's more cordial recognition of them. A full-page portrait in the same number will interest those who met Mr. Marshall in America in 1921.

Why is it that when Italy is flooded with Americans, so few of them go to Fano? Robert and Elizabeth Browning visited the little walled town in 1848, and finding in the church of S. Agostino a portrait of "The Guardian Angel," by Guercino, Browning wrote a poem which made this picture one of the most famous in the world. Yet no one ever goes there. In 1912, when I stood in front of the original, I found a resident Hungarian priest who had never seen an American before. Nor

did he know that Guercino's masterpiece had been translated into English song. I wrote a half-page biography of Browning for his instruction in such Italian that if Dante could see it, I should find myself moving in a very exclusive circle. In the year 1912 I had never met any person who had been in Fano; not even Sir Rennell Rodd, the British Ambassador, a critic of Browning and an original poet, had then seen Fano. People who knew everything else in Italy had never entered the gates of Fano. I therefore organized "The Fano Club." There are no initiation fees and no dues; the sole conditions for active and eternal membership are that the candidate shall go to Fano, write on a picture post-card, and send it to me bearing the Fano post-mark. The first to join was the distinguished American botanist, A. W. Evans; in the summer of 1922 my brilliant colleague C. B. Tinker and the Rev. Father McCune qualified; also Emily Whitney, daughter of America's foremost philologist. At present there are perhaps ten members. Who will be the eleventh?

No town in Italy is easier to visit, whether you take the train down the east coast from Venice, or across country from Foligno to Ancona, which latter town is highly interesting. There Browning not only wrote "The Guardian Angel," but also "A Grammarian's Funeral," as I learned by the source known in the Dictionary of National Biography as "private information."

In addition to founding the Fano Club, I have established what I call the Ignoble Prize; for which any one is at liberty to suggest the names of candidates. In order to be eligible for the Ignoble Prize, the thing—whether book or musical composition or building or painting—must have a high reputation, be commonly regarded as a masterpiece, and yet to the individual who submits it be lacking both in interest and appeal. Not for a moment would the works of a popular author with no true fame be accepted; the prime condition is that the object suggested must be both famous and respectable, so that the person suggesting it is in danger of damnation, which gives the game a particular little thrill of its own. Having more audacity than fear, I suggest the

Plain Tower of Chartres Cathedral, Raphael's "Transfiguration," Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," Thackeray's "Newcomes," and Dickens's "Little Dorrit" and "Tale of Two Cities." I admit that such a list is enough to take one's breath away; but for some reason, not one of these masterpieces has ever impressed me as the critics say it should. Does any one else dare speak his mind? The interior of Chartres is to me the most sublime interior in the world. But I have looked at that plain tower from every angle, trying conscientiously to see why the critics fall down and worship it. To me it is just a church steeple, matched a hundred times in Ohio or Indiana.

Are we going to have a censorship of printed books? Is it necessary to regulate all our mental food as it has been found necessary to supervise physical food? Even the most ardent advocates of license in writing would not, I suppose, disapprove of the Pure Food Law—in other words, no one has a right to manufacture and sell any food he pleases. For it is unfortunately true that there are plenty of men who would sell poison if they could make a legal profit by doing so. Their zeal has to be regulated. And although authors and publishers are as a rule respectable persons, there are plenty of both who would be willing to sell corruption to adolescents if they were not prevented by law. Is the soul less important than the body, or is freedom to injure the mind more precious than freedom to injure the health? The question is not so simple as all that. I do not agree with those who say immoral books hurt no one; I think they hurt every one who reads them, provided the reader is a normal human being with any imagination. The difficulty is to find the right censor, probably an impossible task. And until he can be found, the criminal law which we already have is perhaps the best method to deal with unsuitable publications. Liberty is the very soul of art; and we

want no cure that is worse than the disease.

Yet it should be remembered that if the censorship should be established, and we pass under arbitrary and irresponsible tyranny, it will not be the fault of the prudens and the reformers and the bigots. It will be the fault of those who destroy freedom by their selfish excesses. I should like to state in four words what I believe to be a natural law: *Excess leads to Prohibition*. It is not the fault of the Bolsheviks that Russia at present is such a hell; it is the excess of Tsarism lasting two hundred years and becoming intolerable. Had even the late Tsar ruled wisely and moderately, he might have died in his bed. The French Revolution was not the work of madmen; it was caused chiefly by Louis XIV, Louis XV, and their counsellors. In turn, the excesses of the revolutionists led to their abolition, as will probably be the case in Russia. Napoleon was not beaten by Wellington; no one but himself could ever have beaten Napoleon, and he did the job thoroughly. England and France are not the cause of Germany's downfall; she fell through the excess of her own pride and ambition. What is true of big matters is also true of little things. A man who smokes all the time eventually discovers that he cannot smoke at all. "The doctor told me I had to cut it out." Life is a dangerous game to play, and moderation is a rare virtue.

The absolute prohibition of beer and wine in America, which is theoretically an absurdity, came to pass not through the cranks and the teetotalers, but because so many people drank like professionals instead of like amateurs. So if a Dark Age of literary intolerance should come upon us, do not blame the bigots and the narrow-minded; put the blame where it should justly fall, on those who wrote so abominably that in order to silence them the army of wise and high-minded authors had to wear fetters.





THE POINT OF VIEW



THE past is disappearing so quickly that soon there won't be a patch of it left anywhere big enough to show the pattern. It is generally agreed nowadays that no past ever disappeared so speedily as our own past. Everything goes right on

From Kitchen to
Kitchenette

getting newer and newer every day, so that soon the only bits of yesterday that we shall be able to unearth will be found in the junk-holes of our own memories. Though we haven't time to enter them often, most of us have magic garrets where we go sometimes just to get our breath. And there are rooms in these garrets that have been lopped off modern houses, and people moving about in these rooms who would be cramped for space in the houses of to-day. One such room is a kitchen, and one such person is Aunt Cora.

I am ten years old again, and I am munching a cookie in Aunt Cora's kitchen. She was nobody's aunt in particular, but she was everybody's aunt in general, and had occupied that official position in the village for forty years. She had never had any children except other people's, and she always had cookies in a great stone jar with a noisy stone lid. It was the biggest, spiciest, cleanest kitchen I ever saw. Of course, it was a New England kitchen, for in those days there was a New England. There was always something simmering pleasantly on the big wood-range, ebony black and ebony bright. There were aromatic bunches of herbs hanging from the rafters, and fitches of bacon, too. There was a gay rag carpet on the floor, and gay geraniums at the windows, which missed nothing that happened on the street. There were high wooden rockers, cushioned in black and red chintz. The chief article of furniture was a large square table, serving varied purposes. The table always stood set for meals, but without cloth or doilies. At a guest's place was spread a napkin, at Aunt Cora's a piece of oilcloth, and directly across a newspaper for Uncle James. But the dishes and food were a mere incident on that table, which was neatly piled with books and magazines, for Aunt Cora read largely and wisely, and kept up with the big world—of course, it wasn't so

big as it is now. Aunt Cora wrote, too, for publication,—that would have seemed, for her, an undignified performance. She wrote letters to a wide acquaintance, who had all, at some time, found peace in visits to her and to her kitchen.

In that kitchen there had never been a servant, there had always been a mistress, a thin slight woman with screwed-back hair, and neat colorless dress. Her face was colorless, too, but keen. She always wore a small gray shawl and in winter—and it was always winter up there—stocking legs fashioned into mitts on her arms. She never changed the fashion of her dress or hair. She had bead-like black eyes as bright as flames that wink among the coals, eyes that saw into everything and into everybody. She had a tongue as quick and wise and kind as her eyes. She lived in that kitchen; the other rooms of her large house were mere offshoots. She was a spacious woman. They don't make such now. Perhaps such cannot be produced anywhere but in a consecrated kitchen, and they do not make kitchens now; they make kitchenettes.

As the two words stand there before me, kitchen and kitchenette, they seem, in themselves, to sum up all the differences between past and present. The word kitchen belongs to an age of leisure and permanence; the word kitchenette to an age of hurry and movement. A kitchen is a place where you have all the time you want to cook as much as you want. A kitchenette is a place where you cook the least possible food in the least possible time. The kitchen originated with the first settler's cabin, which was only one room, and that room a kitchen, comfortably including in its area bedrooms and library and nursery and reception-hall. The kitchenette, on the other hand, derives straight from the Pullman car. The tiny glittering cubby-hole, just large enough to encase a chef, was the origin of the kitchenette, which by the way grows steadily smaller, so that as the modern home tends always to be more modern, the modernest home of all will have a kitchenette stuck into the wall like an electric switch-board. Kitchenettes will soon

be small enough to be boxed and put into one's pocket, or at least into the pocket of one's automobile. If only our stomachs could be contracted to match the size of our kitchenettes, but our appetites remain as obstinately capacious as when I munched cookies in Aunt Cora's capacious kitchen.

You see, the kitchenette is one of our many modern evasions of plain human facts that the preceding generations accepted. The kitchenette denies the truth that all people enjoy eating, and that many women enjoy cooking, if only convention will permit them to obey that impulse. The whole theory of the kitchenette is that no woman likes to cook, and therefore wishes to spend as little time as possible in a room designed to cook in. And this matter of saving time and spending time bumps one right into an important distinction between yesterday and to-day, between kitchen and kitchenette. Every week some new invention for saving time is put on the market. The reason we have so little time is that we are so miserly about saving it that there is no longer any time in active circulation. Now the past age of kitchens like Aunt Cora's, and of women like Aunt Cora, descendants both from pioneer New England, was concerned not with saving time but with spending it. People felt that time was an exhaustless supply, and so they had every kind of invention for spending it. In those luxurious first-settler days they had leisure to squander on all sorts of self-indulgence like the self-indulgence of raising their own vegetables and their own babies, the self-indulgence of cooking their own food, above all, the self-indulgence of staying at home in their own cheery kitchens.

The inventors of the kitchenette argue that it affords opportunity for other things than housekeeping. I regard that argument carefully while at the same time I slip back into my ten-year-old self and also regard carefully Aunt Cora and her kitchen. Those other things, for which a kitchenette leaves a woman free, did not Aunt Cora have them? Reading? I know no one now who reads as widely as did Aunt Cora. Hospitality? I know no one now who has as many friends as did Aunt Cora. She entertained them always in the kitchen; she had a personality so compelling that friends of every social degree would have thronged to her even if she had entertained them in the ash-pan.

Recreation? Well, Aunt Cora was too placidly busy to think much about recreation. She had, of course, the refreshment of a change of work, for her kitchen was not continuously kitchen, it was sometimes a weaving room, sometimes, at hog-killing time, a butcher's shop, sometimes a laundry, sometimes a dressmaking establishment. Aunt Cora put more zest into these pursuits than most of us to-day put into recreation. Travel? No, Aunt Cora was tied too closely to her kitchen to travel. Yet, for her unspoiled imagination, the letters from far-travelled friends set Egypt and Cathay down in her kitchen. She voyaged farther than many a thick-brained globe-trotter.

The kitchenette has come and come to stay. Only in memory does Aunt Cora's kitchen exist, a room of spell and charm and personality. I wonder whether that roomy, spicy kitchen made Aunt Cora what she was, or whether Aunt Cora made the kitchen what it was. But I know that the word kitchenette evokes in my mind no aroma, no picture, no personality.

I LIVE on a street inhabited by opera-singers and musicians. At this moment

I can hear one soprano singing "Car-men," another the aria from "Madame Butterfly." The people below me, evidently a variety-theatre troupe, are indulging in a mixed chorus of "Hearts and Flowers," with restful piano inter-

Music
Half-Heard

ludes of barn-dances dating back some eight or nine years. From down the street a way some passages of a familiar Chopin nocturne come in with peculiar strength and the insistence of sincere emotion. And the ensemble of all these sounds is entrancing. I have but one fault to find: the effect would be improved if I did not know the names and characters of the various ingredients making up this musical deliciousness. Now and then I am lured off into the atmosphere of one song or another, and made temporarily forgetful of the rest, only to be jerked back into reality when some loud and tremulous lady cuts clear across the notes I am trying to hear with another series whose strong intent I can neither doubt nor avoid.

Yet I know that with proper practice I can train myself to hear what I hear and nothing more—to refrain from supplying a

well-known song with missing notes lost out in reaching my fourth floor front. The only mental additions I intend to allow are those few amalgamating elements of harmony that can turn the combined forces of "Carmen," "Butterfly," and "Turkey in the Straw" into a complex and masterful concerto, no part or theme of which intrudes with familiarity upon any other part.

Perhaps you think I am describing a particular sort of Bedlam, and have grown a little mad in the doing, from the effect of living in it too long. I hasten to assure you that I am not mad at all, and that from earliest childhood I have loved music mingled and half-heard. There is a mysteriousness in it never found in technically complete and perfect music. I have no sympathy with those hopeless people who "cannot stand the sound of practising." They lack imagination and constructive power. They lack, too, the thrilling associative and assertive skill that can link many fragments of sound to fragments of memory—that can recall with all the old keenness bits of emotional and æsthetic experience attached to all musical sounds, which enrich us as long as they remain unforgetten. They are unfortunate who miss the exquisite pleasure of inventing variations around and about repeated passages. They have never indulged in the crude but exciting pastime of whistling or singing a secondary theme, interlaced with the main theme of some one's composition, played over and over by a hopeful musician. They have never taken the golden chance to make use of a performer's repeated mistakes—to weave them into a new whole—to justify them according to the laws of music.

Many of us will recall the halls of music in our schools and colleges, the practice rooms bursting with concerted renditions of many melodies on some warm spring day, when the windows were open on grass beginning to show green, lilacs budding, and the rich smell of earth freed of frost. In later spring days you will remember these unnamed tunes, and always, when you chance to hear them practised by some one, in any weather, they will bring back to you the poignance of those other times. Often you would ask yourself "What piece is that?" and swear to ask the player if ever you should meet him, but you never did find out. To this day you don't know, and it doesn't matter. Sometime, on a concert programme perhaps,

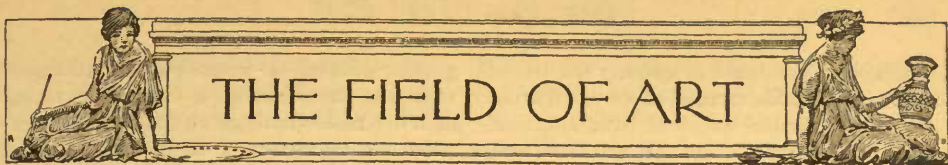
you will find out. Music doesn't get lost. It turns up again and again, and with it the gathered-up atmosphere of all the conditions under which you have ever heard it.

But I do not mean to pass too far away from conglomerate music, made up of just such fragments as you may have retained from college days, and renewed again on such streets as mine. A certain school lecturer of my childhood used to sit on the piazza of our practice-building and listen by the hour to the earnest thumps of many piano students and the earnest squeaks of as many beginners at violin.

"When I have time," he was wont to say, "I intend to write a symphony from this; only I shall have to leave out those three opening chords of the Rachmaninoff Prelude. You hear? Dum—*Dum*—DUM!—and so on. That's the only thing I know out of all they're playing, and it's too insistent. I'll have to wait until that student stops. It's sad, though. Some one's always playing that thing, and it spoils the rest."

So it is here in my apartment; some one is always singing the "Toreador Song," or drumming out a minor version of "The Love Nest," or struggling with a Bach fugue, or playing that same Rachmaninoff Prelude, and my uncreated concerto must wait until he stops. The other sounds, truly half-heard, fit together well enough. Very little in the way of connectives need be added to satisfy the laws of music.

Do I know anything about the laws of music? Nothing whatsoever. But that does not keep me from arranging my concerto, any more than it kept the school lecturer from planning his symphony. As I remember, he lectured on Greek history, and knew as much about symphonies as I do about concertos. But he and I and the rest of us who love music unnamed, conglomerate, and half-heard, have one advantage over all really musical people. We escape the exquisite torture they are forced to endure at every hand, and at every moment, if they happen to live on streets like mine. Their erudition renders them helpless, taunts them, and deprives them of the deep pleasure I am experiencing at this minute; for now, for the first time, the combined talent of at least ten people contributes to my rapt attention a concerto unmatched in the history of musical composition, wholly and satisfyingly unfamiliar, magnificent, and complete! If I could only write it down!



Gilbert Stuart and His Sitters

BY ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

Author of "Through Colonial Doorways," "The Life of Martha Washington," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY GILBERT STUART

GILBERT STUART from his originality, his wit, his whimsies, and his signal ability, is one of the most interesting characters in the history of early American art, as well as one of its most commanding figures. If it be true that *poeta nascitur non fit*, it may with equal truth be said of the true artist that he is born, not made. No more striking example of the truth of this axiom is to be found than in the life of Stuart, or of the eccentricities of the old fairy who is said to preside over the cradles of the sons and daughters of genius.

Even for those who make no special study of the effects of heredity and environment, the vagaries of the output of genius in certain families and amid uncongenial surroundings is a subject that cannot fail to interest the student of life and character. The English artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence, amusing himself by making pencil sketches of those whom he served with chops and potatoes in his father's inn, the White Lion, in Bristol, is even less remarkable than the evolution of the talent of Gilbert Stuart from a Narragansett snuff grinding-mill.

The ruins of the old house and mill near Saunderstown, where Gilbert Stuart passed his early years, are still to be seen or, as his

biographer describes them, at the head of Petaquamscott Pond in the Narragansett country in Rhode Island, shut in by trees and far away from the din and stir of the world stands an old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed and low-portalled house by the side of a tiny stream. At the snuff-mill, which was

afterward used for grinding corn, the elder Stuart, also Gilbert, presumably led an honest if somewhat wheezy existence, and to the little cottage near by he brought his bride, Elizabeth Anthony, a bright and beautiful woman. Here Gilbert Stuart, the artist, was born, December 3,



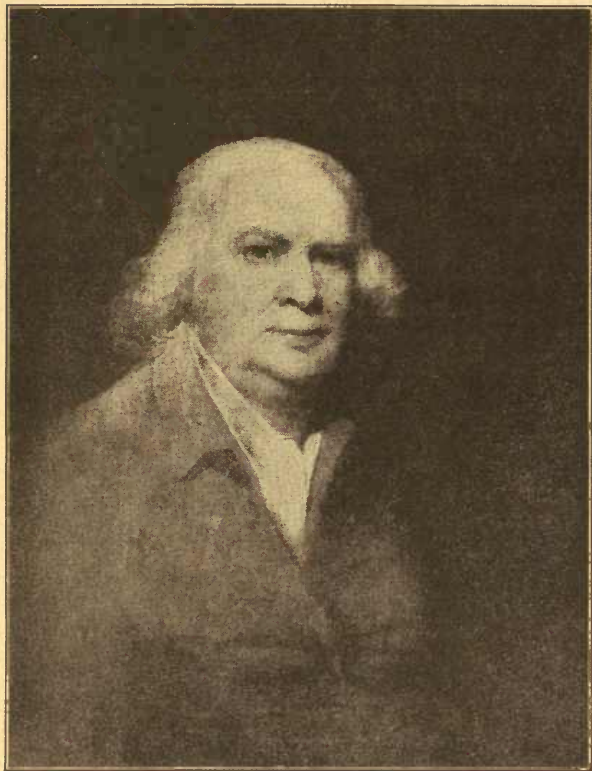
The birthplace and early home of Gilbert Stuart.

1755. From his mother he gained the rudiments of an education, and from her he seems to have imbibed something even better than actual learning, an ardent desire and ambition to acquire knowledge.

The first glimpse that we have of Stuart away from the snuff grinding-mill, is in Newport, where he was studying Latin under the Reverend George Bissit, assistant minister of Trinity Church, and making sketches in charcoal or chalk on every fence, slab, or tail-board that came within reach of his eager, skilful little fingers. As there was not money in the family treasury to give the clever lad the art education that he longed

for, he was fortunate in gaining the friendship and valuable counsel of a Scotch artist, Cosmo Alexander, who took Stuart to Scotland with him, where he studied some months in the University of Glasgow. His studies were, however, cut short by the

guests, offered to interview the stranger, who was described as a handsome young man in a fashionable green coat. This interview was a fortunate happening, as Mr. Wharton was a friend of young Stuart's uncle, Mr. Anthony. Thus introduced, Mr.



Robert Morris.

Owned by the great-grandson of Mr. Morris, Mr. C. F. M. Stark.

death of his patron, and he returned home to paint some portraits, among others those of his uncle, Mr. Joseph Anthony, a prominent merchant of Philadelphia, and of other members of his family.

Having a great desire to study under his countryman, Benjamin West, Stuart again set sail for foreign shores, arriving in London in 1775. The story of the young artist's introduction to Benjamin West is pleasantly told by Miss Jane Stuart. Mr. West was entertaining some of his friends at dinner when a servant told him that some one wished to see him, whose name he did not know but who was from America. Mr. Joshua Wharton, of Philadelphia, one of the

West, who was the soul of kindness, warmly welcomed the young artist, and learning of his desire to study with him invited him to make his home in his own family. In this congenial and delightful entourage Stuart met all the prominent English artists of the day and was associated with John Trumbull, of Connecticut, who was also a student of Benjamin West. So rapid was the progress made by Stuart that he was soon able to establish himself in his own studio. West, with his characteristic generosity, said to him, after he had painted a full-length portrait of himself, "You have done well, Stuart, very well; now all you have to do is to go home and do better," which advice the young artist followed to the letter, and soon outstripped his teacher.

Having had men so distinguished among his sitters as Benjamin West and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Stuart soon became the fashion of the hour. Money rolled in upon him as he received a price for

his portraits exceeded only by the sums paid to Sir Joshua and Gainsborough. It was said of him that in London the orders which came to him from distinguished men and women were more numerous than he could fill, and that at one time he limited his engagements to six sitters a day. Genial, witty, pleasure-loving, and with no idea of economy, all his industry and good-fortune failed to enable Stuart to keep pace with his extravagant expenditures. His house in London was upon a scale quite beyond his means. A curious story is related in connection with Stuart's dinners. He began by inviting forty-two guests to dine with him, poets, painters, authors, musicians,

actors, the most interesting men of the London of his day. Finding these large dinners unsatisfactory he explained to his friend: "I can't have you all every day, but I will have seven of you to dine with me each day in the week, and I have contrived it so that the parties shall vary without further trouble. I have put up seven cloak pins in my hall, so as the first seven who come in may hang up their cloaks and hats; the eighth seeing the pins full will go away and will probably attend earlier the next day. . . ." The compact was understood without the trouble of naming or inviting. A different company appeared every day, and there were no jealousies about a preference being given to any one.

Finding it necessary to change his mode of living, and having a great desire to paint a portrait of Washington, Stuart came to America in 1792. He remained in New York for some months and evidently painted some portraits there. Then, in order to carry out his cherished desire, he removed to Philadelphia while Congress was in session in that city. Although we find no entries in regard to the President's sittings in his diaries and letters prior to 1796, Stuart's biographer, Mr. George Mason, fixes the date of his arrival in Philadelphia from that given in a letter written by Mrs. John Jay to her husband, in which she says, November 15, 1794: "In ten days he [Stuart] is to go to Philadelphia to take a likeness of the President."

In a note written by the President to the artist, dated Philadelphia, April 11, 1796, he says: "I am under promise to Mrs. Bingham to sit for you to-morrow." While in the Quaker City, Gilbert Stuart had his studio at the southeast corner of Fifth and Chestnut Streets. It was probably in this studio that Stuart's first portrait of Washington was painted, but whether this was the Vaughan portrait, or the full-length, called the Bingham portrait, now in the

Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia, is a question still discussed by experts.

Stuart, who like all great portrait-painters, was a reader of character, was so impressed by the personality of the President that he quite lost his self-possession and



Mrs. Thomas Lea.

much as he had desired to paint the portrait of the great man, it was not until after several meetings that he felt himself sufficiently at home with his sitter to do justice to his subject. Although Mr. Stuart had met the President at a reception in his own house and been accosted by him with the dignified urbanity natural to him, the artist declared that no human being had ever awakened in him the sentiment of reverence to such a degree. Those who knew Stuart well said that he had the power of dominating his sitters, and so agreeably that they were not aware of the fact. His readiness as a talker, his fund of humor and anecdote, high flow of animal spirits, and wonderful insight into character enabled him generally to get his subjects

into exactly the unconscious expression of face and the pose which were natural to them. In this respect Washington baffled him, as he showed little or no disposition to relax his gravity of demeanor or to become sympathetic with the painter's conver-

anecdote illustrative of this observation has come to us from Miss Stuart, who said that her father remarked one day to General Harry Lee that Washington had a tremendous temper, but held it under wonderful control. A few days afterward Lee, while

breakfasting with the President, said: "I saw your portrait the other day, but Stuart says you have a tremendous temper." "Upon my word," observed Mrs. Washington, coloring, "Mr. Stuart takes a great deal upon himself to make such a remark." "But stay, my dear lady," said General Lee, "he added that the President had it under wonderful control." Then, with something like a smile, Washington remarked: "He is right."

Miss Stuart said that while her father was painting in Philadelphia, his studio was frequented by the most distinguished and interesting persons of the day. Louis Philippe d'Orleans, Counsellor Dunn (an Irish barrister), and the Viscount de Noailles were particularly fond of Stuart's society and were daily visitors. Here also came the British minister, Sir Robert Liston, and his wife, of both of whom Stuart painted portraits. The Listons, while



The Marchioness de Casa Yrujo.
Owned by the McKean family of Philadelphia.

sation. When, however, Stuart adroitly turned the conversation to rural life, and especially to horses, the sitter's reserve vanished and he became interested, easy, and natural. During the sittings Stuart became more and more interested in his subject, and his admiration and respect increased day by day. In speaking of Washington afterward he said that his features were unlike those he had observed in any other human being, that the sockets of the eyes were larger, the upper part of the nose broader than he had ever before noticed, that all his features were indicative of the strongest and most ungovernable passions and that if he had been born in the forest, it is probable that he would have been the fiercest man among the savage tribes. An

in Philadelphia, lived on Arch Street, then a fashionable quarter of the city. Bishop White, in his sympathetic picture of the farewell dinner given to the retiring President, said that Lady Liston shed tears when Washington lifted his glass, saying: "This is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man."

Another of Stuart's sitters, whose tears seemed to add to her charm, was Mrs. Joseph Hopkinson, of whom Tom Moore wrote, when his sympathetic rendering of one of his Irish melodies brought tears to her eyes:

"Like eyes he had loved was her eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song."

Stuart also painted a portrait of Judge

Hopkinson, the author of "Hail, Columbia," as a pendant to that of his beautiful wife.

The Chestnut Street studio was soon so overrun by callers that the artist decided to establish himself in Germantown in order to secure quiet and freedom from interruption.

In a house at 5140 Main Street, Stuart seems to have lived more or less continuously for three years. A two-story building at the rear of the house, originally a barn, the artist fitted up for a studio, having the interior lathed and plastered and the outside painted red. This house was surmounted by a big weather-vane in the form of an Indian with an extended bow and arrow. Until it was destroyed by fire, over fifty years ago, the interior walls bore marks of the painter's brush, which he had made in testing his colors upon their surface, or perhaps in cleaning his brushes. Quite near the old studio was an apple-tree, which was long preserved by the owner of the property, because Washington was wont to walk beneath its shade and eat the apples between sittings, for it was in this rustic studio, according to Miss Jane Stuart and Watson, the annalist, that Stuart painted the celebrated Athenæum portraits. The President and Mrs. Washington drove out to the Germantown studio, a drive of less than six miles from their residence on High Street, and according to Miss Stuart, Nellie Custis, Mrs. Law, and Miss Harriet Chew, afterward Mrs. Carroll, often accompanied Mrs. Washington, while General Knox, General Henry Lee, and other friends came to the studio with the President.

The Mrs. Law spoken of by Miss Stuart was Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, Eliza Parke Custis, who married Mr. Thomas Law. John Adams, seeing her in Philadelphia, wrote of her as a fine, blooming, rosy girl, who doubtless had more liberty and exercise than Nellie, who seems to have been always at her grandmother's side.

Eliza Custis's portrait is one of the most beautiful that has come to us from the magic brush of Stuart. The story, related by one of her relatives, is that the young girl came in from a run in the garden, or perhaps an excursion to the famous apple-tree, and



Mrs. Joseph Hopkinson.

stood in the old barn studio watching the artist while he painted, her cheeks flushed with exercise, her beautiful arms crossed upon her breast; looking up suddenly from his work, Stuart smiled and said, "Just so I will paint you," and thus the lovely face and graceful figure of Eliza Custis has come down to us in the most natural unstudied attitude.

The Athenæum portraits of the President and Mrs. Washington were never really finished, and perhaps to this circumstance they owe some of their delicacy and charm. That of Washington the artist kept in his Germantown quarters, making and selling numerous copies from it, calling it his one-hundred-dollar bill, and whether with the desire of making money by it, or because he

was attached to a work which was a true inspiration of genius, persistently excusing himself from giving it up, until Washington, realizing how much Stuart valued it, finally consented to accept a copy in place of the original.

Stuart painted a number of portraits in the Germantown studio, but the crowning glory of the place must ever be the characteristic and beautiful portrait of Washington, which, to use the words of Washington Allston, "is a noble personification of wisdom and goodness reposing in the majesty of a serene conscience."

In 1803 Stuart removed to Georgetown, in order to paint portraits of Jefferson and Madison, and it was at this time that he painted those of the charming Dolly, and of her sister Anna Payne. While the latter was sitting for her portrait, she and the artist had animated discussions as to which feature of the face was the most expressive. Stuart gave his opinion in favor of the nose, and to prove his point presented to his sitter a canvas upon which his own profile, the long nose somewhat exaggerated, formed the background of her portrait, inquiring, with a smile, whether he had not proved that the nose was the most expressive fea-

ture of the face. Miss Payne was so much pleased to have the profile of her old friend, that she insisted upon keeping it as the background of her portrait, and so it has come down to us to-day.

Miss Payne married Richard D. Cutts, whose portrait was also painted by Stuart, as well as those of Colonel and Mrs. John Tayloe of the Octagon, Washington, Archbishop Carroll, John Randolph of Roanoke, and many more distinguished residents of the capital city, among them, David Montague Erskine, minister from Great Britain, with his charming wife, Frances Cadwalader of Philadel-




Mrs. John Tayloe of the Octagon, Washington.

phia, and not the least decorative, the Spanish minister, the magnificent and gorgeously attired Marquis de Casa Yrujo, whose *beaux yeux* won the heart of Sally McKean, who, with her dark hair and eyes, as she looks out upon us from Stuart's portrait, seems more like a child of the South than her blond husband.

Artist and sitter have long since closed their eyes to the light of earth, but glowing canvases in galleries and homes, North and South, speak eloquently to the coming generations of the genius of the master and of the loveliness of many a fair ancestress of men and women of to-day.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 101.





THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Four Years After the War

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THE fourth anniversary of the ending of the war approaches under circumstances—so far as regards return to a normal political and economic position—whose influence on the public mind appears to be alternately that of creating extreme perplexity and of causing profound discouragement. Nearly as long a time has now elapsed since the armistice as was occupied by the period of warfare itself, yet the disorganization caused by the great conflict presents itself to the minds of many observers as having reached a stage of greater confusion than at any time since Germany laid down her arms.

Disappointments of an Anniversary

Possibly the events of the past few months have not produced the same sense of disappointed hopes as was caused by the situation of a year ago. The world had then hardly emerged from the period of mistaken inferences and premature hopefulness which had marked the first year of returning peace, when removal of earlier apprehensions of a general collapse of existing institutions had been followed by a twelvemonth's illusive commercial prosperity, due to over-expanded credit and to necessary purchase of goods to replenish exhausted stocks. To-day the more prevalent attitude may perhaps be described as one of cynicism over the prospect of any return to political or financial equilibrium.

TO this feeling the series of futile inferences by European governments, the increasing financial anarchy of Central Europe and the attitude of entire aloofness of the American foreign office toward the affairs of Europe, have been the main contributing influences. The fourth year of peace ends with all European paper currencies, excepting those of the neutral Switzerland, Scandi-

navia, and Holland at a discount from normal parity ranging from nearly 10 per cent in England to more than 99 per cent in Germany, Austria, and Poland.

In England it finds unemployed labor, although much reduced from the percentage of nearly one-quarter of the trade-union membership, which it reached in the middle of 1921, nevertheless running as high as 15 per cent, as against an unemployed percentage of barely 1 per cent in the first half of 1920 and an average of less than 2 per cent in 1913. The economic condition of Central Europe, where governments have resorted, with complete disregard of consequences, to meeting the public deficit by printing of new and increasingly depreciated paper money, has reached a stage so utterly unfamiliar to the present generation that the inference has been drawn, even in many financial circles, that there can be no end of the resultant wild confusion, except economic collapse, political disintegration, or both.

While this was happening, the conflicting ideas and policies of the French and British Governments regarding Germany seemed at times to be straining the Anglo-French Entente. The United States, though remote from these immediate complications, had been confronted with a labor dispute so formidable that at one time even government officials talked privately of a possible stoppage of all manufacturing industry and of a "social revolution." The absence of clear ideas of the economic situation and of our own country's relation to it had been shown, first by enactment of the highest tariff schedules in our history, at the moment when we were pressing European governments to pay to our treasury the war debt, which could not be paid except with the help of shipments of merchandise such as the tariff bill was endeavoring to prohibit, and next by a vote in Congress (for-

tunately blocked by the presidential veto) for distributing some billions of dollars to the soldiers of the European war, at a moment when one of the most difficult debt-refunding operations in our history lay immediately before the treasury.

I HAVE purposely emphasized these discouraging aspects of the economic situation, in order that the offsetting considerations—if there are any—may be fairly balanced against them. In such a discussion it is always necessary

Recovery
after
Other
Great
Reactions

first to keep carefully in mind the lapse of time which all past experience has proved indispensable to recovery from a great economic strain.

Even after one of those familiar financial and industrial crises, which recur in ordinary times at intervals of twenty years or so, and which result from over-expanded credit and production during times of peace, complete recuperation from the resultant industrial paralysis usually occupies at least half a dozen years. It was not until 1880 that the traces of the panic of 1873 had wholly disappeared. The wreckage of the panic of 1893 was not fully cleared away until 1900. When the great European war began in 1914 neither home nor foreign markets had entirely regained the ground lost in the economic reaction after 1907.

Yet these periods of forced readjustment were merely incidents of normal financial and industrial history. The lost ground which the economic world is nowadays laboring to recover was sacrificed under far more destructive influences. What we now have to make good again is the most prodigious waste of capital, between July, 1914, and November, 1918, which the world had ever seen; a wholly unexampled strain on public and private credit; diversion during four years from their normal channels of productive industry and international trade; and, along with this, such recourse to burdensome taxation and to paper money expedients as is quite without parallel in the history of the world.

WHEN, therefore, both political and economic unsettlement is seen today to be continuing—when the fourth

year after the armistice and the second after the break-down of the machinery of overinflated credit have elapsed without evidence of return to normal activities in trade, finance, and industry—it may at least be said that

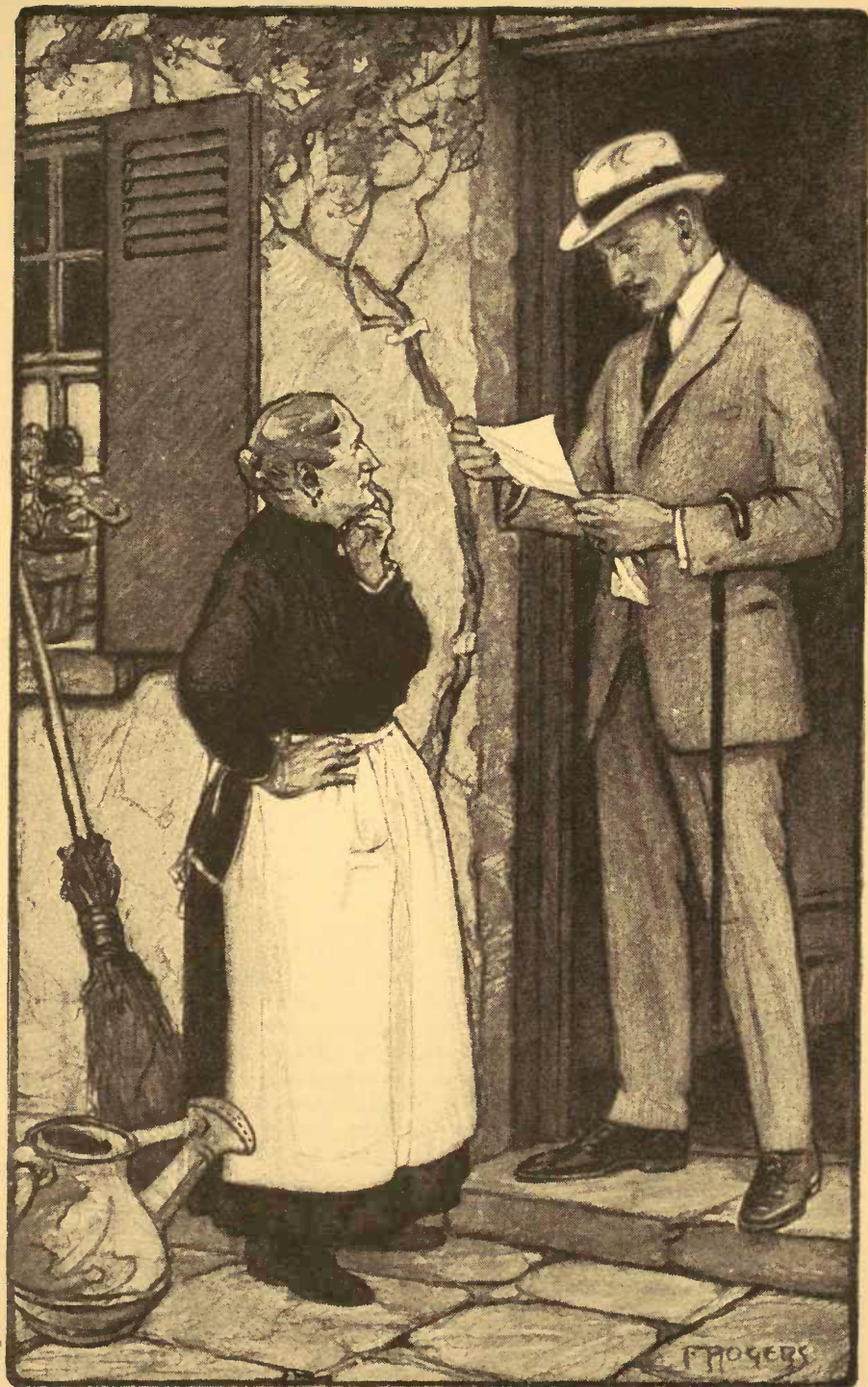
A Situation
Which
Repeats
History

we are only repeating history. If recovery from the reaction following what we call the recurrent financial crises in time of peace has been thus delayed, it would hardly be reasonable to look for an earlier recovery when we have not only to retrace the steps taken in a period of overdone speculation and promotion, but to rebuild the structure of capital and credit torn down in the economic recklessness of a great war.

Four years after return of peace is a short space of time for that achievement. It was in 1869, almost exactly four years after the ending of the Civil War, that the utter disorganization of our paper currency received its most powerful demonstration in the long-remembered "Black Friday" panic, when the gold value of the American paper dollar fluctuated wildly in a single day between 75 and 60 cents, and when mercantile business came temporarily to a standstill. The president of the United States, in a formal message to Congress, had officially declared it to be "just and equitable" that interest payments on our war debt should be stopped and the amount previously devoted to that purpose be applied to reduction of the principal. In the same year the House of Representatives, by a large majority, had resolved that, notwithstanding the heavy depreciation of the outstanding paper currency, "the business interests of the country require an increase."

Financial and economic conditions in Europe during 1819, four years after the ending of the long French war, were in many respects more confused and chaotic than at any time since Waterloo. England tried to resume gold payments on her currency during that year, and failed; the achievement did not become possible until three years later. France had borrowed in the London market the funds to pay the war indemnity assessed against her; as a consequence, the value of all other French securities had collapsed. Continental Europe was confronted with grind-





From a drawing by Frances Rogers.

IT WAS DATED DEAUVILLE, AND WAS NOT, AS HE HAD FEARED, FROM HIS SON.

"A Son at the Front," page 646.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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NO. 6

A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY FRANCES ROGERS

BOOK I

I



JOHN CAMPTON, the American portrait-painter, stood in his bare studio in Montmartre at the end of a summer afternoon contemplating a battered calendar that

hung against the wall.

The calendar marked July 30, 1914.

Campton looked at this date with a gaze of unmixed satisfaction. His son, his only boy, who was coming from America, must have landed in England that morning, and after a brief halt in London would join him the next evening in Paris. To bring the moment nearer, Campton, smiling at his weakness, tore off the leaf and uncovered the 31. Then, leaning in the window, he looked out over his untidy scrap of garden at the silver-grey sea of Paris spreading mistily below him.

A number of visitors had passed through the studio that day. After years of obscurity Campton had been projected into the light—or perhaps only into the limelight—by his portrait of his son George, exhibited three years earlier at the spring show of the French Society of Painters and Sculptors. The picture seemed to its author to be exactly in the line of the unnoticed things he had been showing before, though perhaps nearer to what he was always trying for, because of the exceptional interest of his subject. But to the public he had appeared to take a new

turn; or perhaps some critic had suddenly found the right phrase for him; or, that season, people wanted a new painter to talk about. Didn't he know by heart all the Paris reasons for success or failure?

The early years of his career had given him ample opportunity to learn them. Like other young students of his generation, he had come to Paris with an exaggerated reverence for the few conspicuous figures who made the old Salons of the 'eighties like bad plays written around a few stars. If he could get near enough to Beausite, the ruling light of the galaxy, he thought he might do things not unworthy of that great master; but Beausite, who had ceased to receive pupils, saw no reason for making an exception in favour of an obscure youth without a backing. He was not kind; and on the only occasion when a painting of Campton's came under his eye he let fall an epigram which went the round of Paris, but shocked its victim by its revelation of the great man's ineptitude.

Campton, if he could have gone on admiring Beausite's work, would have forgotten his unkindness and even his critical incapacity; but as the young painter's personal convictions developed he discovered that his idol had none, and that the dazzling *maëstria* still enveloping his work was only the light from a dead star.

All these things were now nearly thirty years old. Beausite had vanished from the heavens, and the youth he had sneered at throned there in his stead. Most of the people who besieged Campton's studio

were the lineal descendants of those who had echoed Beausite's sneer. They belonged to the types that Campton least cared to paint; but they were usually those who paid the highest prices, and he had lately had new and imperious reasons for wanting to earn all the money he could. So for two years he had let it be as difficult and expensive as possible to be "done by Campton"; and this oppressive July day had been crowded with the visits of suppliants of a sort unused to waiting on anybody's pleasure, people who had postponed St. Moritz and Deauville, Aix and Royat, because it was known that one had to accept the master's conditions or apply elsewhere.

The job bored him more than ever; the more of their fatuous faces he recorded the more he hated the task; but for the last two or three days the monotony of his toil had been relieved by a new element of interest. This was produced by what he called the "war-funk," and consisted in the effect on his sitters and their friends of the suggestion that something new, incomprehensible and uncomfortable might be about to threaten the ordered course of their pleasures.

Campton himself did not "believe in the war" (as the current phrase went); therefore he was able to note with perfect composure its agitating effect upon his sitters. On the whole the women behaved best: the idiotic Mme. de Dolmetsch had actually grown beautiful through fear for her lover, who turned out (in spite of a name as exotic as hers) to be a French subject, of military age. The men had made a less creditable showing—especially the big banker and promoter, Jorgenstein, whose round red face had withered like a pricked balloon, and young Prince Demetrios Palamèdes, just married to the fabulously rich daughter of an Argentine wheat-grower, and so secure as to his bride's fortune that he could curse impartially all the disturbers of his summer plans. Even the great tuberculosis specialist, Fortin-Lescluze, whom Campton was painting in return for the physician's devoted care of George the previous year, had lost something of his professional composure, and no longer gave out the sense of tranquillizing strength which had been such a help in the boy's fight for health. Fortin-Lescluze, always in con-

tact with the rulers of the earth, must surely have some hint of their councils. Whatever it was, he revealed nothing, but continued to talk frivolously and infatuatedly about a new Javanese dancer whom he wanted Campton to paint; but his large beaked face with its triumphant moustache had grown pinched and grey, and he had forgotten to renew the dye on the moustache.

Campton's one really imperturbable visitor was little Charlie Alicante, the Spanish secretary of Embassy at Berlin, who had dropped in on his way to St. Moritz, bringing the newest news from the Wilhelmstrasse, news that was all suavity and reassurance, with a touch of playful reproach for the irascibility of French feeling, and a reminder of Imperial longanimity in regard to the foolish misunderstandings of Agadir and Saverne.

Now all the visitors had gone, and Campton, leaning in the window, looked out over Paris and mused on his summer plans. He meant to plunge straight down to Southern Italy and Sicily, perhaps even push over to North Africa. That at least was what he hoped for: no sun was too hot for him and no landscape too arid. But it all depended on George; for George was going with him, and if George preferred Spain they would postpone the desert.

It was almost impossible to Campton to picture what it would be like to have the boy with him. For so long he had seen his son only in snatches, hurriedly, incompletely, uncomprehendingly: it was only in the last three years that their intimacy had had a chance to develop. And they had never travelled together, except for hasty dashes, two or three times, to seashore or mountains; had never gone off on a long solitary journey such as this. Campton, tired, disenchanted, and nearing sixty, found himself looking forward to the adventure with an eagerness as great as the different sort of ardour with which, in his youth, he had imagined flights of another kind with the woman who was to fulfill every dream.

"Well—I suppose that's the stuff pictures are made of," he thought, smiling at his inextinguishable belief in the completeness of his next experience. Life had perpetually knocked him down just as he had his hand on her gifts; nothing

had ever succeeded with him but his work. But he was as sure as ever that peace of mind and contentment of heart were waiting for him round the next corner; and this time, it was clear, they were to come to him through his wonderful son.

The doorbell rang, and he listened for the maid-servant's step. There was another impatient jingle, and he remembered that his faithful Mariette had left for Lille, where she was to spend her vacation with her family. Campton, reaching for his stick, shuffled across the studio with his lame awkward stride.

At the door stood his old friend Paul Dastrey, one of the few men with whom he had been unbrokenly intimate since the first days of his disturbed and incoherent Parisian life. Dastrey came in without speaking: his small dry face, seamed with premature wrinkles of irony and sensitiveness, looked unusually grave. The wrinkles seemed suddenly to have become those of an old man; and how grey Dastrey had turned! He walked a little stiffly, with a jauntiness obviously intended to conceal a growing tendency to rheumatism.

In the middle of the floor, he paused and tapped a varnished boot-tip with his stick.

"Let's see what you've done to Daisy Dolmetsch."

"Oh, it's been done for me—you'll see!" Campton laughed. He was enjoying the sight of Dastrey and thinking that this visit was providentially timed to give him a chance of expatiating on his coming journey. In his rare moments of expansiveness he felt the need of some substitute for the background of domestic sympathy which as a rule would have simply bored or exasperated him; and at such times he could always talk to Dastrey.

The little man screwed up his eyes and continued to tap his varnished toes.

"But she's magnificent. She's seen the Medusa!"

Campton laughed again. "Just so. For days and days I'd been trying to do something with her; and suddenly the war-funk did it for me."

"The war-funk?"

"Who'd have thought it? She's frightened to death about Ladislas Isador—who is French, it turns out, and mobilisable. The poor soul thinks there's going to be war!"

"Well, there *is*," said Dastrey.

The two men looked at each other: Campton amused, incredulous, a shade impatient at the perpetual recurrence of the same theme, and aware of presenting a smile of irritating unresponsiveness to his friend's solemn gaze.

"Oh, come—you too? Why, the Duke of Alicante has just left here, fresh from Berlin. You ought to hear him laugh at us. . ."

"How about Berlin's laughing at *him*?" Dastrey sank into a wicker arm-chair, drew out a cigarette and forgot to light it. Campton returned to the window.

"There can't be war: I'm going to Sicily and Africa with George the day after tomorrow," he broke out.

"Ah, George—. To be sure. . ."

There was a silence; Dastrey had not even smiled. He turned the unlit cigarette in his dry fingers.

"Too young for 'seventy—and too old for this! Some men are born under a curse," he burst out indignantly.

"What on earth are you talking about?" Campton exclaimed, forcing his gaiety a little.

Dastrey stared at him with furious eyes.

"But I shall get something, somewhere . . . they can't stop a man's enlisting . . . I had an old uncle who did it in 'seventy . . . he was older than I am now."

Campton looked at him compassionately. Poor little circumscribed Paul Dastrey, whose utmost adventure had been an occasional article in an art review, an occasional six weeks in the near East! It was pitiful to see him breathing fire and fury on an enemy one knew to be engaged, at that very moment, in meeting England and France more than half-way in the effort to smooth over diplomatic difficulties. But Campton could make allowances for the irritability of the tragic generation brought up in the shadow of Sedan.

"Look here," he said, "I'll tell you what. Come along with George and me—as far as Palermo, anyhow. You're a little stiff again in that left knee, and we can bake our lamenesses together in the good Sicilian oven."

Dastrey had found a match and lighted his cigarette.

"My poor Campton—there'll be war in three days."

Campton's incredulity was shot through with the deadly chill of conviction. There it was—there would be war! It was too like his cursed luck not to be true. . . He smiled inwardly, perceiving that he was viewing the question exactly as the despicable Jorgenstein and the fatuous Prince Demetrios had viewed it: as an unwarrantable interference with his private plans. Yes—but his case was different. . . Here was the son he had never seen enough of, never till lately seen at all, as most fathers see their sons; and the boy was to be packed off to New York that winter, to go into a bank; and for the Lord knew how many months this was to be their last chance, as it was almost their first, of being together quietly, confidentially, uninterruptedly. These other men were whining at the interruption of their vile pleasures or their viler money-making; he, poor devil, was trembling for the chance to lay the foundation of a complete and lasting friendship with his only son, at the moment when such understandings do most to shape a youth's future. . . "And with what I've had to fight against!" he groaned, seeing victory in sight, and sickening at the idea that it might be snatched from him.

Then another thought came, and he felt the blood leaving his ruddy face and, as it seemed, receding from every vein of his heavy awkward body. He sat down opposite Dastrey, and the two looked at each other.

"There won't be war. But if there were—why shouldn't George and I go to Sicily? You don't see us sitting here making lint, do you?"

Dastrey smiled. "Lint is unhygienic; you won't have to do that. And I see no reason why *you* shouldn't go to Sicily—or to China." He paused. "But how about George—I thought he and his mother were both born in France?"

"Yes—they were, worse luck. He's subject to your preposterous military regulations. But it doesn't make any difference, as it happens. He's sure to be discharged after that touch of tuberculosis he had last year, when he had to be rushed up to the Engadine."

"Ah, I see. Then, as you say. . . Still, of course he wouldn't be allowed to leave the country."

A constrained silence fell between the

two. Campton became aware that, for the first time since they had known each other, their points of view were the width of the poles apart. It was hopeless to try to bridge such a distance.

"Of course, you know," he said, trying for his easiest voice, "I still consider this discussion purely academic. . . But if it turns out that I'm wrong I shall do all I can—all I can, do you hear?—to get George discharged. . . You'd better know that. . ."

Dastrey, rising, held out his hand with his faithful smile. "My dear old Campton, I perfectly understand a foreigner's taking that view. . ." He walked toward the door and they parted without more words.

When he had gone Campton began to recover his reassurance. Who was Dastrey, poor chap, to behave as if he were in the councils of the powers? It was perfect nonsense to pretend that a diplomatist straight from Berlin didn't know more about what was happening there than the newsmongers of the Boulevards. One didn't have to be an Ambassador to see which way the wind was blowing; and men like Alicante, belonging to a country uninvolved in the affair, were the only people capable of a cool judgment at moments of international tension.

Campton took the portrait of Mme. de Dolmetsch and leaned it against the other canvases along the wall. Then he started clumsily to put the room to rights—without Mariette he was so helpless—and finally, abandoning the attempt, said to himself: "I'll come and wind things up to-morrow."

He was moving that day from the studio to the hotel de Crillon, where George was to join him the next evening. It would be jolly to be with the boy from the moment he arrived; and, even if Mariette's departure had not paralyzed his primitive housekeeping, he could not have made room for his son at the studio. So, reluctantly, for he loathed luxury and conformity, but joyously, because he was to be with George, Campton threw some shabby clothes into a shapeless portmanteau, and prepared to despatch the concierge for a taxicab.

He was hobbling down the stairs when the old woman met him with a telegram. He tore it open and saw that it was dated

Deauville, and was not, as he had feared, from his son.

"Very anxious. Must see you to-morrow. Please come to Avenue Marigny at five without fail. Julia Brant."

"Oh, damn," Campton growled, crumpling up the message.

The concierge was looking at him with searching eyes.

"Is it war, sir?" she asked, pointing to the bit of blue paper. He supposed she was thinking of her grandsons.

"No—no—nonsense! War?" He smiled into her shrewd old face, every wrinkle of which seemed full of a deep, human experience.

"War? Can you imagine anything more absurd? Can you, now? What should you say if they told you war was going to be declared, Mme. Lebel?"

She gave him back his look with profound earnestness. Then she spoke in a voice of sudden resolution. "Why, I should say we don't want it, sir—I'd have four in it if it came—but *that this sort of thing has got to stop.*"

Campton shrugged. "Oh, well—it's not going to come, so don't worry. And call me a taxi, will you? No, no, I'll carry the bags down myself."

II

"BUT even if they do mobilise: mobilisation is not war—is it?" Mrs. Anderson Brant repeated impatiently across the teacups.

Campton dragged himself up from the deep armchair he had inadvertently chosen. To escape from his hostess's troubled eyes he limped across to the window and stood gazing out at the thick turf and brilliant flower-borders of the garden which was so unlike his own. After a moment he turned and glanced about him, catching the reflection of his heavy figure in a mirror dividing two garlanded panels. He had not entered Mrs. Brant's drawing-room for nearly ten years; not since the period of the interminable discussions about the choice of a school for George; and in spite of the far graver preoccupations that now weighed on him, and of the huge menace with which the whole world was echoing, he paused for an instant to consider the contrast between his clumsy person

and that expensive and irreproachable room.

"You've taken away Beausite's portrait of you," he said abruptly, looking up at the chimney-panel, which was filled with the blue and umber bloom of a Fragonard landscape.

A full-length of Mrs. Anderson Brant by Beausite had been one of Mr. Anderson Brant's wedding-presents to his bride; it was as much a part of that kind of marriage as pearls and sables.

"Yes. Anderson thought . . . the dress was so dreadfully old-fashioned," Mrs. Brant explained; and went on again: "You think it's *not* war: don't you?"

What was the use of telling her what he thought? For years and years he had not done that—about anything. But suddenly, now, a stringent necessity had drawn them together, confronting them like any two plain people caught in a common danger—like husband and wife, for example!

"It *is* war, this time, I believe," he said.

She set down her cup with a hand that had begun to tremble.

"I disagree with you entirely," she retorted, her voice shrill with anxiety. "I was frightfully upset when I sent you that telegram yesterday; but I've been lunching to-day with the old Duc de Monthéry—you know he fought in 'seventy—and with Lévi-Michel of the 'Jour,' who had just seen some of the government people; and they both explained to me quite clearly——"

"That you'd made a mistake in coming up from Deauville?"

To save himself Campton could not restrain the sneer; on the rare occasions when a crisis in their lives flung them on each other's mercy, the first sensation he was always conscious of was the degree to which she bored him. He remembered the day, years ago, long before their divorce, when it had first come home to him that she was always going to bore him. But he was ashamed to think of that now, and went on more patiently: "You see, the situation is rather different from anything we've known before; and, after all, in 1870 all the wise people thought till the last minute that there would be no war."

Her delicate face seemed to shrink and wither with apprehension.

"Then—what about George?" she asked, the paint coming out about her haggard eyes.

Campton paused a moment. "You may suppose I've thought of *that*."

"Oh, of course..." He saw she was honestly trying to be what a mother should be in talking of her only child to that child's father. But the long habit of superficiality made her stammering and inarticulate when her one deep feeling tried to rise to the surface.

Campton seated himself again, taking care to choose a straight-backed chair. "I see nothing to worry about with regard to George," he said.

"You mean—?"

"Why, they won't take him—they won't want him... with his medical record."

"Are you sure? He's so much stronger... He's gained twenty pounds..." It was terrible, really, to hear her avow it in a reluctant whisper! That was the view that war made mothers take of the chief blessing they could ask for their children! Campton understood her, and took the same view. George's wonderful recovery, the one joy his parents had shared in the last twenty years, was now a misfortune to be denied and dissembled. They looked at each other like accomplices, the same thought in their eyes: if only the boy had been born in America! It was grotesque that the whole of joy or anguish should suddenly be found to hang on a geographical accident.

"After all, we're Americans; this is not our job—" Campton began.

"No—" He saw she was waiting, and knew for what.

"So of course—if there were any trouble—but there won't be; if there were, though, I shouldn't hesitate to do what was necessary... use any influence..."

"Oh, then we agree!" broke from her in a cry of wonder.

The unconscious irony of the exclamation struck him, and increased his irritation. He remembered the tone—undeniably compassionate—in which Dastrey had said: "I perfectly understand a foreigner's taking that view"... But *was* he a foreigner, Campton asked himself? And what was the criterion of citizenship, if he, who owed to France everything that

had made life worth while, could regard himself as owing her nothing, now that for the first time he might have something to give her? Well, for himself that argument was all right: preposterous as he thought war—any war—he would have offered himself to France on the instant if she had had any use for his lame carcass. But he had never bargained to give her his only son.

Mrs. Brant went on in excited argument.

"Of course you know how careful I always am to do nothing about him without consulting you; but since you feel about it as *we* do—" She blushed under her faint rouge. The "*we*" had slipped out accidentally, and Campton, aware of turning hard-lipped and grim, sat waiting for her to repair the blunder. Through the years of his poverty it had been impossible not to put up, on occasions, with that odious first person plural: as long as his wretched inability to make money had made it necessary that his wife's second husband should pay for his son's keep, such allusions had been part of Campton's long expiation. But even then he had tacitly made his former wife understand that, when they had to talk of the boy, he could bear her saying "I think," or "Anderson thinks," this or that, but not "*we* think it." And in the last few years, since Campton's unforeseen success had put him, to the astonishment of every one concerned, in a position of financial independence, "Anderson" had almost entirely dropped out of their talk about George's future. Mrs. Brant was not a clever woman, but she had a social adroitness that sometimes took the place of intelligence.

On this occasion she saw her mistake so quickly, and blushed for it so painfully, that at any other time Campton would have smiled away her distress; but at the moment he could not stir a muscle to help her.

"Look here," he broke out, "there are things I've had to accept in the past, and shall have to accept in the future. The boy is to go into Bullard and Brant's—it's agreed; I'm not sure enough of being able to provide for him for the next few years to interfere with—with your plans in that respect. But I thought it was understood once for all—"

She interrupted him excitedly. "Oh, of course . . . of course. You must admit I've always respected your feeling. . ."

He acknowledged awkwardly: "Yes."

"Well, then—won't you see that this situation is different, terribly different, and that we ought all to work together? If Anderson's influence can be of use. . ."

"Anderson's influence—" Campton's gorge rose against the phrase! It was always Anderson's influence that had been invoked—and none knew better than Campton himself how justly—when the boy's future welfare was under discussion. But in this particular case the suggestion was intolerable.

"Of course," he interrupted drily. "But, as it happens, I think I can attend to this job myself."

She looked down at her huge rings, hesitated visibly, and then flung tact to the winds. "What makes you think so? You don't know the right sort of people."

It was a long time since she had thrown that at him: not since the troubled days of their marriage, when it had been the cruellest taunt she could think of. Now it struck him simply as a particularly unpalatable truth. No, he didn't know "the right sort of people" . . . unless, for instance, among his new patrons, such a man as Jorgenstein answered to the description. But, if there were war, on what side would a cosmopolitan like Jorgenstein turn out to be?

"Anderson, you see," she persisted, losing sight of everything in the need to lull her fears, "Anderson knows all the political people. In a business way, of course, a big banker has to. If there's really any chance of George's being taken you've no right to refuse Anderson's help—none whatever!"

Campton was silent. He had meant to reassure her, to reaffirm his conviction that the boy was sure to be discharged. But as their eyes met he saw that she believed this no more than he did; and he felt the contagion of her incredulity.

"But if you're so sure there's not going to be war—" he began.

As he spoke he saw her face change, and was aware that the door behind him had opened cautiously and that a short man, bald and slim, was advancing at a sort of mincing trot across the pompous garlands of the Savonnerie carpet.

Campton got to his feet. He had expected Anderson Brant to stop at sight of him, mumble a greeting, and then back out of the room—as usual. But Anderson Brant did nothing of the sort: he merely hastened his trot toward the tea-table. He made no attempt to shake hands with Campton, but bowing shyly and stiffly said: "I understood you were coming, and hurried back . . . on the chance . . . to consult. . ."

Campton gazed at him without speaking. They had not seen each other since the extraordinary occasion, two years before, when Mr. Brant, furtively one day at dusk, had come to his studio to offer to buy George's portrait; and as their eyes met the memory of that visit reddened both their faces.

Mr. Brant was a compact little man of about sixty. His sandy hair, just turning grey, was brushed forward over a baldness which was ivory-white at the crown and became brick-pink above the temples, before merging into the tanned and freckled surface of his face. He was always dressed in carefully cut clothes of a discreet grey, with a tie to match, in which even the plump pearl was grey, so that he reminded Campton of a dry perpendicular insect in protective tints; and the fancy was encouraged by his cautious manner, and the way he had of peering over his glasses as if they were part of his armour. His feet were small and pointed, and seemed to be made of patent leather; and shaking hands with him was like clasping a bunch of twigs.

It had been Campton's lot, on the rare occasions of his meeting Mr. Brant, always to see this perfectly balanced man in moments of disequilibrium, when the attempt to simulate poise probably made him more rigid than nature had created him. But to-day his perturbation betrayed itself in the gesture with which he drummed out a tune on the back of the gold and platinum cigar-case he had unconsciously drawn from his pocket.

After a moment he seemed to become aware of what he had in his hand, and pressing the sapphire spring held out the case with the remark: "Coronas."

Campton made a movement of refusal, and Mr. Brant, overwhelmed, thrust the cigar-case away.

"I ought to have taken one—I may

need him," Campton thought; and Mrs. Brant said, addressing her husband: "He thinks as *we* do—exactly."

Campton winced. Thinking as the Brants did was, at all times, so foreign to his nature and his principles that his first impulse was to protest. But the sight of Mr. Brant, standing there helplessly, and trying to hide the twitching of his lip by stroking his lavender-scented moustache with a discreetly curved hand, moved the painter's imagination.

"Poor devil—he'd give all his millions if the boy were safe," he thought, "and he doesn't even dare to say so."

It satisfied Campton's sense of his rights that these two powerful people were hanging on his decision like frightened children, and he answered, looking at Mrs. Brant: "There's nothing to be done at present . . . absolutely nothing.—Except," he added abruptly, "to take care not to talk in this way to George."

Mrs. Brant lifted a startled gaze.

"What do you mean? If war is declared, you can't expect me not to speak of it to him."

"Speak of it as much as you like, but don't drag him in. Let him work out his own case for himself." He went on with an effort: "It's what I intend to do."

"But you said you'd use every influence!" she protested, obtusely.

"Well—I believe this is one of them."

She looked down resignedly at her clasped hands, and he saw her lips tighten. "My telling her that has been just enough to start her on the other tack," he groaned to himself, all her old stupidities rising up around him like a fog.

Mr. Brant gave a slight cough and removed his protecting hand from his lips.

"Mr. Campton is right," he said, quickly and timorously. "I take the same view—entirely. George must not know that we are thinking of using . . . any means. . ." He coughed again, and groped for the cigar-case.

As he ceased, there came over Campton a sense of their possessing a common ground of understanding that Campton had never found in his wife. He had had a hint of the same feeling, but had voluntarily stifled it, on the day when Mr. Brant, apologetic yet determined, had come to the studio to buy George's portrait. Campton had seen then how the

man suffered from his failure, but had chosen to attribute his distress to the humiliation of finding there were things his money could not purchase. Now, that judgment seemed as unimaginative as he had once thought Mr. Brant's overtone. Campton turned on the banker a look that was almost fraternal.

"We men know . . ." the look said; and Mr. Brant's parched cheek was suffused with a flush of understanding. Then, as if frightened at the consequences of such complicity, he repeated his stiff bow and went out.

A few moments later, when Campton issued forth into the Avenue Marigny, it came to him as a surprise to see the old unheeding life of Paris still going on. In the golden decline of day the usual idlers sat under the horse-chestnuts of the Champs Elysées, children scampered between turf and flowers, and the perpetual stream of motors rolled up the central avenue to the restaurants beyond the gates.

Under the last trees of the Avenue Gabriel Campton stood looking across the Place de la Concorde. No doubt the future was dark: he had guessed from Mr. Brant's precipitate arrival that the banks and the Stock Exchange feared the worst. But what could a man do whose convictions were so largely formed by the play of things on his retina, when before him, in the setting sun, all that majesty of space and light and architecture spread out undisturbed? Paris was too triumphant a fact not to argue down his fears. There she lay in the security of her beauty, and once more proclaimed herself eternal.

III

THE night was so lovely that, though the Boulogne express arrived late, George at once proposed dining in the Bois.

His luggage, of which, as usual, there was a good deal, was dropped at the Crillon, and they shot up the Champs Elysées as the summer dusk began to be pricked by lamps.

"How jolly the old place smells!" George cried, breathing in the scent of sun-warmed asphalt, of flower-beds and freshly watered dust. He seemed as much alive to such impressions as if his first word at the station had not been:

"Well, this time I suppose we're in for it." In for it they might be; but meanwhile he meant to enjoy the scents and scenes of Paris as acutely and unconcernedly as ever.

Campton had hoped that he would pick out one of the humble cyclists' restaurants near the Seine; but not he. "Madrid, is it?" he said gaily as the taxi turned into the Bois; and there they sat, under the illuminated trees, in the general glitter and expensiveness, with the Tziganes playing down their talk, and all around them the painted faces that seemed to the father so old and obvious, and to the son, no doubt, so full of novelty and mystery.

The music made conversation difficult; but Campton did not care. It was enough to sit and watch the face in which, after each absence, he noted a new and richer vivacity. He had often tried to make up his mind if his boy were handsome. Not that the father's eye influenced the painter's; but George's young head, with its thick blond thatch, the complexion ruddy to the golden eyebrows, and then abruptly white on the forehead, the short amused nose, the inquisitive eyes, the ears lying back flat to the skull against curly edges of fair hair, defied all rules and escaped all classifications by a mixture of romantic gaiety and shrewd plainness like that in certain eighteenth-century portraits.

As father and son faced each other over the piled-up peaches, while the last sparkle of champagne died down in their glasses, Campton's thoughts went back to the day when he had first discovered his son. George was a schoolboy of twelve, at home for the Christmas holidays. At home meant at the Brants', since it was always there he stayed: his father saw him only on certain days. Usually Mariette fetched him to the studio on one afternoon in the week; but this particular week George was ill, and it had been arranged that in case of illness his father was to visit him at his mother's. He had one of his frequent bad colds, and Campton recalled him, propped up in bed in his luxurious overheated room, a scarlet sweater over his nightshirt, a book on his thin knees, and his ugly little fever-flushed face bent over it in profound absorption. Till that moment George had never seemed to care for books: his father had

resigned himself to the probability of seeing him grow up into the ordinary pleasant young fellow, with his mother's worldly tastes. But the boy was reading as only a bookworm reads—reading with his very finger-tips, and his inquisitive nose, and the perpetual dart ahead of a gaze that seemed to guess each phrase from its last word. He looked up with a smile, and said: "Oh, Dad . . ." but it was clear that he regarded the visit as an interruption. Campton, leaning over, saw that the book was a first edition of Lavengro.

"Where the deuce did you get that?"

George looked at him with shining eyes. "Didn't you know? Mr. Brant has started collecting first editions. There's a chap who comes over from London with things for him. He lets me have them to look at when I'm seedy. I say, isn't this topping? Do you remember the fight?" And, marvelling once more at the ways of Providence, Campton perceived that the millionaire's taste for owning a library had awakened in his stepson a taste for reading it. "I couldn't have done that for him," the father had reflected with secret bitterness. It was not that a bibliophile's library was necessary to develop a taste for letters; but that Campton himself, being a small reader, had few books about him, and usually borrowed those few. If George had lived with him he might never have guessed the boy's latent hunger, for the need of books as part of one's daily food would scarcely have presented itself to him.

From that day he and George had understood each other. Initiation had come to them in different ways, but their ardour for beauty had the same root. The visible world, and its transposition in terms of one art or another, were thereafter the subject of their interminable talks; and Campton, with a passionate interest, watched his son absorbing through books what had mysteriously reached him through his paint-brush.

They had been parted often, and for long periods; first by George's schooling in England, next by his French military service, begun at eighteen to facilitate his entry into Harvard; finally, by his sojourn at the University. But whenever they were together they seemed to make up in the first ten minutes for the longest

separation; and since George had come of age, and been his own master, he had given his father every moment he could spare.

His career at Harvard had been interrupted, after two years, by the symptoms of tuberculosis which had necessitated his being hurried off to the Engadine. He had returned completely cured, and at his own wish had gone back to Harvard; and having finished his course and taken his degree, he had now come out to join his father on a long holiday before entering the New York banking-house of Bullard and Brant.

Campton, looking at the boy's bright head across the lights and flowers, thought how incredibly stupid it was to sacrifice an hour of such a life to the routine of money-getting; but he had had that question out with himself once for all, and was not going to return to it. His own success, if it lasted, would eventually help him to make George independent; but meanwhile he had no right to interfere with the boy's business training. He had hoped that George would develop some marked talent, some irresistible tendency which would decide his future too definitely for interference; but George was twenty-five, and no such call had come to him. Apparently he was fated to be only a delighted spectator and commentator; to enjoy and interpret, not to create. And Campton knew that this absence of a special bent, with the strain and absorption it implies, gave the boy his peculiar charm. The trouble was that it made him the prey of other people's plans for him. And now all these plans—Campton's dreams for the future as well as the business arrangements which were Mr. Brant's contribution—might be wrecked by to-morrow's news from Berlin. The possibility still seemed unthinkable; but in spite of his incredulity the evil shadow hung on him as he and his son chatted of political issues.

George made no allusion to his own case: his whole attitude was so dispassionate that his father began to wonder if he had not solved the question by concluding that he would not pass the medical examination. The tone he took was that the whole affair, from the point of view of twentieth-century civilization, was

too monstrous an incongruity for something not to put a stop to it at the eleventh hour. His easy optimism at first stimulated his father, and then began to jar on him.

"Dastrey doesn't think it can be stopped," Campton said at length.

The boy smiled.

"Dear old Dastrey! No, I suppose not. That after-Sedan generation have got the inevitability of war in their bones. They've never been able to get beyond it. *Our* whole view is different: we're internationalists, whether we want to be or not."

"To begin with, if by 'our' view you mean yours and mine, you and I are not French," his father interposed, "and we can never really know what the French feel on such matters."

George looked at him affectionately. "Oh, but I didn't—I meant 'we' in the sense of my generation, of whatever nationality. I know French chaps who feel as I do—Louis Dastrey, Paul's nephew, for one; and lots of English ones. They don't believe the world will ever stand for another war. It's too stupidly uneconomic, to begin with: I suppose you've read Angell? Then life's worth too much, and nowadays too many millions of people know it. That's the way we all feel. Think of everything that counts—art and science and poetry, and all the rest—going to smash at the nod of some doddering diplomatist! It was different in old times, when the best of life, for the immense majority, was never anything but plague, pestilence and famine. People are too healthy and well-fed now; they're not going off to die in a ditch to oblige anybody."

Campton looked away, and his eye, straying over the crowd, lit on the long heavy face of Fortin-Lescluze, seated with a group of men on the other side of the garden.

Why had it never occurred to him before that if there was one being in the world who could get George discharged it was the great specialist under whose care he had been?

"Suppose war does come," the father thought, "what if I were to go over and tell him I'll paint his dancer?" He stood up and made his way between the tables.

Fortin-Lescluze was dining with a party

of jaded-looking politicians and journalists. To reach him Campton had to squeeze past another table, at which a fair worn-looking lady sat beside a handsome old man with a dazzling mane of white hair and a Grand Officer's rosette of the Legion of Honour. Campton bowed, and the lady whispered something to her companion, who returned a stately vacant salute. Poor old Beausite, dining alone with his much-wronged and all-forgiving wife, bowing to the people she told him to bow to, and placidly murmuring: "War—war," as he stuck his fork into the peach she had peeled!

At Fortin's table the faces were less placid. The men greeted Campton with a deference which was not lost on Mme. Beausite, and the painter bent close over Fortin, embarrassed at the idea that she might overhear him. "If I can make time for a sketch—will you bring your dancing lady to-morrow?"

The physician's eyes lit up under their puffy lids.

"My dear friend—will I? She's simply set her heart on it!" He drew out his watch and added: "But why not tell her the good news yourself? You told me, I think, you'd never seen her? This is her last night at the 'Posada,' and if you'll jump into my motor we shall be just in time to see her come on."

Campton beckoned to George, and father and son followed Fortin-Lescluze. None of the three men, on the way back to Paris, made any allusion to the war. The physician asked George a few medical questions, and complimented him on his look of recovered health; then the talk strayed to studios and theatres, where Fortin-Lescluze firmly kept it.

The last faint rumours of the conflict died out on the threshold of the "Posada." It would have been hard to discern, in the crowded audience, any appearance but that of ordinary pleasure-seekers momentarily stirred by a new sensation. Collectively, fashionable Paris was already away, at the seashore or in the mountains, but not a few of its chief ornaments still lingered, as the procession through Campton's studio had proved; and others had returned, drawn back by doubts about the future, the desire to be nearer the source of news, the irresistible

French craving for the forum and the market when messengers are foaming in. The public of the "Posada," therefore, was still Parisian enough to flatter the new dancer; and on all the pleasure-tired faces, belonging to every type of money-getters and amusement-seekers, Campton saw only the old familiar music-hall look: the look of a house with lights blazing and windows wide, but nobody and nothing within.

The usualness of it all gave him a sense of ease which his boy's enjoyment confirmed. George, lounging on the edge of their box, and watching the yellow dancer with a clear-eyed interest refreshingly different from Fortin's tarnished gaze, George so fresh and cool and unafraid, seemed to prove that a world which could produce such youths would never again settle its differences by the bloody madness of war.

Gradually Campton became absorbed in the dancer, and began to observe her with the concentration he brought to bear on any subject that attracted his brush. He saw that she was more paintable than he could have hoped, though not in the extravagant dress and attitude he was sure her eminent admirer would prefer; but rather as a little crouching animal against a sun-baked wall. He smiled at the struggle he should have when the question of costume came up.

"Well, I'll do her, if you like," he turned to say; and two tears of senile triumph glittered on the physician's heavy cheeks.

"To-morrow, then—at two—may I bring her? She leaves as soon as possible for the south. She lives on sun, heat, radiance. . ."

"To-morrow—yes," Campton agreed.

His decision once reached, the whole subject bored him, and in spite of Fortin's entreaties he got up and signalled to George.

As they strolled home through the brilliant midnight streets, the boy said: "Did I hear you tell old Fortin you were going to do his dancer?"

"Yes—why not? She's very paintable," said Campton, abruptly shaken out of his security.

"Beginning to-morrow?"

"Why not?"

"Come, you know—to-morrow!" George laughed.

"We'll see," his father rejoined, with an obscure sense that if he went on steadily enough doing his usual job it might somehow divert the current of events.

On the threshold of the hotel they were waylaid by an elderly man with a round face and round eyes behind gold eyeglasses. His grey hair was cut in a fringe over his guileless forehead, and he was dressed in expensive evening clothes, and shone with soap and shaving; but the anxiety of a frightened child puckered his innocent brow and twitching cheeks.

"My dear Campton—the very man I've been hunting for! You remember me—your cousin Harvey Mayhew of Utica?"

Campton, with an effort, remembered, and asked what he could do, inwardly hoping it was not a portrait.

"Oh, the simplest thing in the world. You see, I'm here as a Delegate—" At Campton's look of enquiry, Mr. Mayhew interrupted himself to explain: "To the Peace Congress at the Hague—why, yes: naturally. I landed only this morning, and find myself in the middle of all this rather foolish excitement, and unable to make out just how I can reach my destination. My time is—er—valuable, and it is very unfortunate that all this commotion should be allowed to interfere with our work. It would be most annoying if, after having made the effort to break away from Utica, I should arrive too late for the opening of the Congress."

Campton looked at him wonderingly. "Then you're going anyhow?"

"Going? Why not? You surely don't think—" Mr. Mayhew threw back his shoulders, pink and impressive. "I shouldn't, in any case, allow anything so opposed to my convictions as war to interfere with my carrying out my mandate. All I want is to find out the route least likely to be closed if—this monstrous thing should occur."

Campton considered. "Well—if I were you I should go round by Luxembourg—it's longer, but you'll be out of the way of trouble." He gave a nod of encouragement, and the Peace Delegate thanked him profusely.

Father and son were lodged on the top

floor of the Crillon, in the little apartment which opens on the broad terraced roof. Campton had wanted to put before his boy one of the city's most perfect scenes; and when they reached their sitting-room George went straight out onto the terrace, and leaning on the parapet, called back: "Oh, don't go to bed yet—it's too jolly."

Campton followed, and the two stood looking down on the festal expanse of the Place de la Concorde strewn with great flower-clusters of lights between its pearly distances. The sky was full of stars, pale, remote, half-drowned in the city's vast illumination; and the foliage of the Champs Elysées and the Tuileries made masses of mysterious darkness behind the statues and the flashing fountains.

For a long time neither father nor son spoke; then Campton said: "Are you game to start the day after to-morrow?"

George waited a moment. "For Africa?"

"Well—my idea would be to push straight through to the south—as far as Palermo, say. All this cloudy watery loveliness gives me a furious appetite for violent red earth and white houses crackling in the glare."

George again pondered; then he said: "It sounds first-rate. But if you're so sure we're going to start why did you tell Fortin to bring that girl to-morrow?"

Campton, reddening in the darkness, felt as if his son's clear eyes were following the motions of his blood. Had George suspected why he had wanted to ingratiate himself with the physician?

"It was stupid—I'll put her off," he muttered. He dropped into an armchair, and sat there, in his clumsy infirm attitude, his arms folded behind his head, while George continued to lean on the parapet.

The boy's question had put an end to their talk by baring the throbbing nerve of his father's anxiety. If war were declared the next day, what did George mean to do? There was every hope of his obtaining his discharge; but would he lend himself to the attempt? The deadly fear of crystallizing his son's refusal by forcing him to put it into words kept Campton from asking the question.

IV

THE evening was too beautiful, and too full of the sense of fate, for sleep to be possible, and long after George had finally said "All the same, I think I'll turn in," his father sat on, listening to the gradual subsidence of the traffic, and watching the night widen above Paris.

As he sat there, discouragement overcame him. His last plan, his plan for getting George finally and completely over to his side, was going to fail as all his other plans had failed. If there were war there would be no more portraits to paint, and his vision of wealth would vanish as visions of love and happiness and comradeship had one by one faded away. Nothing had ever succeeded with him but the thing he had in some moods set least store by, the dogged achievement of his brush; and just as that was about to assure his happiness, here was this horrible world-catastrophe threatening to fall across his path.

His misfortune had been that he could neither get on easily with people nor live without them; could never wholly isolate himself in his art, nor yet resign himself to any permanent human communion that left it out, or, worse still, dragged it in irrelevantly. He had tried both kinds, and on the whole preferred the first. His marriage, his stupid ill-fated marriage, had after all not been the most disenchanting of his adventures, because Julia Ambrose, when she married him, had made no pretense of espousing his art.

He had seen her first in the tumble-down Venetian palace where she lived with her bachelor uncle, old Horace Ambrose, who dabbled in inferior bric-a-brac and cultivated an innocent Bohemianism. Campton, looking back, still understood why, to a raw youth from Utica, at odds with his father, unwilling to go into the family business, and strangling with violent unexpressed ideas on art and the universe, marriage with Julia Ambrose had seemed the perfect solution. She had been born in Paris, of a drifting and impecunious American couple, and educated there, after their death, in a fashionable convent. Thence she had passed to her uncle's guardianship; and all the ideas that most terrified and scandalized Camp-

ton's family were part of the only air she had breathed. She had never intentionally feigned an exaggerated interest in his ambitions. But her bringing-up made her regard them as natural; she knew what he was aiming at, though she had never understood his reasons for trying. The jargon of art was merely one of her many languages; but she talked it so fluently that he had taken it for her mother-tongue.

The only other young girls he had known well were his sisters—earnest young women with eye-glasses who thought he ought to come home—and a friend of Miss Ambrose's, a queer abrupt young American, already an old maid at twenty-two, and in open revolt against her family for reasons not unlike his own.

Adele Anthony, the queer girl, had come abroad to keep house for a worthless "artistic" brother, who was preparing to be a sculptor by prolonged sessions in Anglo-American bars and the lobbies of music-halls. When he finally went under, and was shipped home, Miss Anthony stayed on in Paris, ashamed, as she told Campton, to go back and face the righteous triumph of a family connection who had unanimously disbelieved in the possibility of making Bill Anthony into a sculptor, and in the wisdom of his sister's staking her small means on the venture.

"Somehow, behind it all, I was right, and they were wrong; but to do anything with poor Bill I ought to have been able to begin two or three generations back," she confessed.

Miss Anthony had many friends in Paris, of whom Julia Ambrose was the most admired; and she had assisted sympathizingly (if not enthusiastically) at Campton's wooing of Julia, and their hasty marriage. Her only note of warning had been the reminder that Julia had always been poor, and had always lived as if she were rich; and that was silenced by Campton's rejoinder that the Magic Mangle, to which the Campton prosperity was due, was some day going to make him rich, though he had always lived as if he were poor.

"Well—you'd better not, any longer," Adele sharply advised; and he laughed, and promised to go out and buy a new hat. In truth, careless of comfort as he

was, he adored luxury in women, and was resolved to let his wife ruin him if she did it handsomely enough. Doubtless she might have, had fate given her time; but soon after their marriage old Mr. Campton died, and it was found that a trusted manager had so invested the profits of the Mangle that the heirs inherited only a series of law-suits.

John Campton, henceforth, was merely the unsuccessful son of a ruined manufacturer; painting became a luxury he could no longer afford, and his mother and sisters besought him to come back and take over what was left of the business. It seemed so clearly his duty that, with anguish of soul, he prepared to go; but Julia, on being consulted, developed a sudden passion for art and poverty.

"We'd have to live in Utica—for some years at any rate?"

"Well, yes, no doubt—" They faced the fact desolately.

"They'd much better look out for another manager. What do you know about business? Since you've taken up painting you'd better try to make a success of that," she advised him; and he was too much of the same mind not to agree.

It was not long before George's birth, and they had intended, like prudent Americans, to go home for the event, and thus spare their hoped-for heir the inconvenience of coming into the world, like his mother, in a foreign country. But now this was not to be thought of; and the disadvantage to George was lost sight of by his parents in the contemplation of their immediate anxieties.

For a few years their life dragged along shabbily and depressingly. Now that Campton's painting was no longer an amateur's hobby but a domestic obligation, Julia thought it her duty to interest herself in it; and her only idea of doing so was by means of what she called "relations," using the word in its French and diplomatic sense.

She was convinced that her husband's lack of success was due to Beausite's blighting epigram, and to Campton's subsequent resolve to strike out for himself. "It's a great mistake to try to be original till people have got used to you," she said, with the shrewdness that sometimes startled him. "If you'd only been civil

to Beausite he would have ended by taking you up, and then you could have painted as queerly as you liked."

Beausite, by this time, had succumbed to the honours which lie in wait for such talents, and in his starred and titled maturity his earlier dread of rivals had given way to a prudent benevolence. Young artists were always welcome at the receptions he gave in his sumptuous hotel of the Avenue du Bois. Those who threatened to be rivals were even invited to dine; and Julia was justified in triumphing when such an invitation finally rewarded her efforts.

Campton, with a laugh, threw the card into the stove.

"If you'd only understand that that's not the way," he said.

"What is, then?"

"Why, letting all that lot see what unutterable rubbish one thinks them!"

"I should have thought you'd tried that long enough," she said with pale lips; but he answered jovially that it never palled on him.

She was bitterly offended; but she knew Campton by this time, and was not a woman to waste herself in vain resentment. She simply suggested that since he would not profit by Beausite's advance the only alternative was to try to get orders for portraits; and though at that stage he was not in the mood for portrait-painting, he made an honest attempt to satisfy her. She began, of course, by sitting for him. She sat again and again; but, lovely as she was, he was not inspired, and one day, in sheer self-defence, he blurted out that she was not paintable. She never forgot the epithet, and it loomed large in their subsequent recriminations.

Adele Anthony—it was just like her—gave him his first order, and she did prove paintable. Campton made a success of her long crooked pink-nosed face; but she didn't perceive it (she had wanted something oval, with tulle, and a rose in a taper hand), and after heroically facing the picture for six months she hid it away in an attic, whence, a year or so before the date of the artist's present musings, it had been fished out as an "early Campton," to be exhibited half a dozen times, and have articles written about it in the leading art reviews.

Adele's picture acted as an awful warn-

ing to intending patrons, and after one or two attempts at depicting mistrustful friends Campton refused to constrain his muse, and no more was said of portrait-painting. But life in Paris was growing too expensive. He persuaded Julia to try Spain, and they wandered about there for a year. She was not fault-finding, she did not complain, but she hated travelling, she could not eat things cooked in oil,

all blue-white too, from her cotton skirt to the kerchief knotted turbanwise above two folds of blue-black hair. Her round forehead and merry nose were relieved like a bronze medallion against the wall; and she stood with her hands on her hips, laughing at a little pig asleep under a cork-tree, who lay on his side like a dog.

The vision filled the carriage-window and then vanished; but it remained so



... And one day, in sheer self-defence, he blurted out that she was not paintable.—Page 656.

and his pictures seemed to her to be growing more and more ugly and unsaleable.

Finally they came one day to Ronda, after a trying sojourn at Cordova. In the train Julia had moaned a little at the mosquitoes of the previous night, and at the heat and dirt of the second-class compartment; then, always conscious of the ill-breeding of fretfulness, she had bent her lovely head above her Tauchnitz. And it was then that Campton, looking out of the window to avoid her fatally familiar profile, had suddenly discovered another. It was that of a peasant girl in front of a small whitewashed house, under a white pergola hung with bunches of big red peppers. The house, which was close to the railway, was propped against an orange-coloured rock, and in the glare cast up from the red earth its walls looked as blue as snow in shadow. The girl was

sharply impressed on Campton that even then he knew what was going to happen. He leaned back with a sense of relief, and forgot everything else.

The next morning he said to his wife: "There's a little place up the line that I want to go back and paint. You don't mind staying here a day or two, do you?"

She said she did not mind; it was what she always said; but he was somehow aware that this was the particular grievance she had always been waiting for. He did not care for that, or for anything but getting a seat in the diligence which started every morning for the village nearest the white house. On the way he remembered that he had left Julia only forty pesetas, but he did not care about that either. . . He stayed a month, and when he returned to Ronda his wife had gone back to Paris, leaving a letter to say

that the matter was in the hands of her lawyers.

"What did you do it for—I mean in that particular way? For goodness knows I understand all the rest," Adele Anthony had once asked him, while the divorce proceedings were going on; and he had shaken his head, conscious that he could not explain.

It was a year or two later that he met the first person who *did* understand: a Russian lady who had heard the story, was curious to know him, and asked, one day, when their friendship had progressed, to see the sketches he had brought back from his *fugue*.

"*Comme je vous comprends!*" she had murmured, her grey eyes deep in his; but perceiving that she did not allude to the sketches, but to his sentimental adventure, Campton pushed the drawings out of sight, vexed with himself for having shown them.

He forgave the Russian lady her artistic obtuseness for the sake of her human comprehension. They had met at the loneliest moment of his life, when his art seemed to have failed him like everything else, and when the struggle to get possession of his son, which had been going on in the courts ever since the break with Julia, had finally been decided against him. His Russian friend consoled, amused and agitated him, and after a few years drifted out of his life as irresponsibly as she had drifted into it; and he found himself, at forty-five, a lonely thwarted man, as full as ever of faith in his own powers, but with little left in human nature or in opportunity. It was about this time that he heard that Julia was to marry again, and that his boy would have a stepfather.

He knew that even his own family thought it "the best thing that could happen." They were tired of clubbing together to pay Julia's alimony, and heaved a united sigh of relief when they learned that her second choice had fallen, not on the bankrupt "foreign Count" they had always dreaded, but on the Paris partner of the famous bank of Bular and Brant. Mr. Brant's request that his wife's alimony should be discontinued gave him a moral superiority which even Campton's recent successes could not shake. It was felt that the request expressed the contempt of an in-

come easily counted in seven figures for a pittance painfully screwed up to four; and the Camptons admired Mr. Brant much more for not needing their money than for refusing it on principle.

Their attitude left John Campton without support in his struggle to keep a hold upon his boy. His family sincerely thought George safer with the Brants than with his own father, and the father could advance to the contrary no arguments they would have understood. All the forces of order seemed leagued against him; and it was perhaps this fact that suddenly drove him into conformity with them. At any rate, from the day of Julia's remarriage no other woman shared her former husband's life. Campton settled down to the solitude of his dusty studio at Montmartre, and painted doggedly, all his thoughts on George.

At this point in his reminiscences the bells of Sainte Clotilde rang out the half-hour after midnight, and Campton rose and went into the darkened sitting-room.

The door into George's room was open, and in the silence the father heard the boy's calm breathing. A light from the bathroom cast its ray on the dressing-table, which was scattered with the contents of George's pockets. Campton, dwelling with a new tenderness on everything that belonged to his son, noticed a smart antelope card-case (George had his mother's weakness for Bond Street novelties), a wrist-watch, his studs, a bundle of bank-notes; and beside these a thumbled and dirty red book, the size of a largish diary.

The father wondered what it was; then of a sudden he knew. He had once seen Mme. Lebel's grandson pull just such a red book from his pocket as he was leaving for his "twenty-eight days" of military service; it was the *livret militaire* that every French citizen under forty-eight carries about with him.

Campton had never paid much attention to French military regulations: George's service over, he had dismissed the matter from his mind, forgetting that his son was still a member of the French army, and as closely linked to the fortunes of France as the grandson of the concierge of Montmartre. Now it occurred to him that that little red book

would answer the questions he had not dared to put; and stealing in, he possessed himself of it and carried it back to the sitting-room. There he sat down by the lamp and read.

First George's name, his domicile, his rank as a *maréchal des logis* of dragoons, the number of his regiment and its base: all that was already familiar. But what was this on the next page?

"In case of general mobilisation announced to the populations of France by public proclamations, or by notices posted in the streets, the bearer of this order is to rejoin his regiment at —."

"He is to take with him provisions for one day.

"He is to present himself at the station of — on the third day of mobilisation at 6 o'clock, and to take the train indicated by the station-master.

"The days of mobilisation are counted from 0 o'clock to 24 o'clock. The first day is that on which the order of mobilisation is published."

Campton dropped the book and pressed his hands to his temples. "The days of mobilisation are counted from 0 o'clock to 24 o'clock. The first day is that on which the order of mobilisation is published." Then, if France mobilised that day, George would start the second day after at 6 in the morning. George might be going to leave him within forty-eight hours from that very moment!

Campton had always vaguely supposed that, some day or other, if war came, a telegram would call George to his base; it had never occurred to him that every detail of the boy's military life had long since been regulated by the dread power which had him in its grasp.

He read the next paragraph: "The bearer will travel free of charge—" and thought with a grin how it would annoy Anderson Brant that the French government should presume to treat his stepson as if he could not pay his way. The plump bundle of bank-notes on the dressing-table seemed to look with ineffectual scorn at the red book that sojourned so democratically in the same pocket. And Campton, picturing George jammed into an overcrowded military train, on the plebeian wooden seat of a third-class compartment, grinned again, forgetful of

his own anxiety in the vision of Brant's exasperation.

Ah, well, it wasn't war yet, whatever they said!

He carried the red book back to the dressing-table. The light falling across the bed drew his eye to the young face on the pillow. George lay on his side, one arm above his head, the other laxly stretched along the bed. He had thrown off the blankets, and the sheet, clinging to his body, modelled his slim flank and legs as he lay in dreamless rest.

For a long time Campton stood gazing; then he stole back to the sitting-room, picked up a sketch-book and pencil and returned. He knew there was no danger of waking George, and he began to draw, eagerly but deliberately, fascinated by the happy accident of the lighting, and of the boy's position.

"Like a statue of a young knight I've seen somewhere," he said to himself, vexed and surprised that he, whose plastic memories were always so precise, should not remember where; and then his pencil stopped. What he had really thought was: "Like the *effigy* of a young knight"—though he had instinctively changed the word as it formed itself. He leaned in the doorway, the sketch-book in hand, and continued to gaze at his son. It was the clinging sheet, no doubt, that gave him that look... and the white glare of the electric burner.

If war came, that was just the way a boy might lie on a battle-field—or afterward in a hospital bed. Not *his* boy, thank heaven; but very probably his boy's friends: hundreds and thousands of boys like his boy, the age of his boy, with a laugh like his boy's... The wicked waste of it! Well, that was what war meant... what to-morrow might bring to millions of parents like himself.

Hestified his shoulders, and opened the sketch-book again. What watery stuff was he made of, he wondered? Just because the boy lay as if he were posing for a tomb-stone!... What of Signorelli, who had sat at his dead son's side and drawn him, tenderly, minutely, while the coffin waited?

Well, damn Signorelli—that was all! Campton threw down his book, turned out the sitting-room lights, and limped away to bed.

“What Else Did Father Do?”

BY EDWARD W. BOK

Author of “The Americanization of Edward Bok”



MAN came to me not long ago who had decided to retire from business. “Six months ago,” he said, “I was unconvinced that I could safely leave my responsibility, but I have thought it over and reached exactly the opposite conclusion: that my business, which I have built up in thirty-six years, will be the better for it if I take my hands off and give my younger men a chance. I shall keep myself on call for consultation, but not for active participation.”

He was fifty-one years of age, and did a business last year of three million dollars.

“But,” he added, “I have made the mistake so common to most American business men. I have followed my business to the exclusion of all else, and now I have no inner resources. I cannot, with my active temperament, sit down and twiddle my thumbs, and to follow the seasons and play golf all year seems a waste of time.”

“Why should you?” I asked.

“It is all I know,” he replied.

“What has been your hobby outside of business?” I asked. I knew, but I wanted him to say it.

“Golf and going to the theatre twice a week for relaxation,” was his summary with a grim smile. “Pretty barren. I realize it now.”

“You have given your money liberally, though. To what particular charity or interest did you give most generously?” I continued.

He told me. I asked him to which one particular work he gave most. He cited three. When asked why, he explained that they interested him the more because of the practical work they were doing. “It wasn’t the up-in-the-air work that so many organizations do; it got down to bed-rock, to the people who needed it most,” he explained.

“Which one of the three appealed to you strongest, do you think?” I urged.

He pondered, and then named the one I hoped he would.

“Why don’t you go into that work, and supply exactly what they need in that work to make it more effective and expand it?” I asked.

“I know nothing about it,” he answered, “except that I have heard their story and given my money.”

I took a letter out of the drawer of my desk and handed it to him. It offered me the presidency of the organization. “They are coming to me for my answer to-morrow at eleven o’clock,” I said. “Come and sit in and listen.”

The next morning he came and heard the committee, two of whom he knew, explain the kind of man they were looking for as a president.

“In other words, you want a business man,” I said, “a man who can reshape your organization: put two or three new men in the more important places, inspire and direct their work; salesmen, in other words, who can sell your work just as commercial salesmen sell manufactured products; put the organization on a budget and conduct it as a man would his business, supplying ordinary common-sense, executive judgment and the ability to initiate and produce results through others.”

“Exactly,” said the committee as with one voice.

I had recited precisely what my friend had done with his business. He began to see with dawning clearness what so many business men fail to see: that what business demands in a man is precisely what the organizations outside of business demand and which if they had in their governing head the altruistic work of the world would be farther advanced. It is not a question of a different set of talents; it is exactly the same set of talents. No matter how thoroughly a man may have immersed himself in business to the ex-

clusion of all else, he still possesses the precise judgment, the exact faculty of sizing up men, the identical executive ability, and the "selling" quality that the organizations devoted to welfare stand in such crying need of. Instead of an utter submergence in business unfitting a man for successful public welfare work of any kind, it is the identical experience which fits him so completely for the problem. It is the clear, steady head, with the force and personality of the business man, sharpened and developed in affairs, that is so urgently needed in so many welfare organizations.

The business man concerned in the above incident became president. He has been in the harness now for eleven months. A happier man is scarcely to be found in New York. From the moment he took hold of his new work it responded to his touch. He revitalized the organization, reshaped it here and there; dropped not a single attaché, but encouraged and inspired them all; is working by a budget which cut the expenses 20 per cent, and last winter the organization did a quality and quantity of work unequalled in its history. And it was a going concern at that. All it needed was practical leadership to send it skimming along new and unseen paths which were at once obvious to the trained business mind.

A man had overexerted in his business during the war and broken down. Three physicians had worked their hardest to bring him round. They finally succeeded. "But," they warned, "no return to your old business. The mind must not get back into its old grooves. You can be as active as you like, but not there. Leave that to your associates. You go into some entirely new line; something that will absorb you as did your business; something, if possible, for the benefit of your fellow men. Go in for civics, education, the fine arts, welfare, anything, and go into it as far as you like. But keep away from the old grooves. Forget money-making. You've done enough of that."

"All fine enough," he said to me. "The doctors are probably right. But what will I get into? I have never known anything but my business. It's just been coal, coal, all my life."

We went over the same ground as I had with my friend of the previous paragraph, and naturally we emerged at the same point of clarity. This man is now likewise busy; as busy and as contented as any man I ever saw. "Wouldn't go back to business for the world," he said to me recently. "My only trouble is to let go, so as to get away this summer for a vacation."

"Happy in it, evidently," I commented. "Happy?" he echoed. "My dear fellow, never been so happy in my life. Never felt so well. I wouldn't have believed it possible how differently a man can feel working for the other fellow instead of working for himself."

The truth is, if men could realize what that feeling really is and what it means to a man's mental, physical, and spiritual being we would have just the right exodus from the business world that would be beneficial to it and into the world so full of waiting responsibilities and offering a quality of service where those men are needed, where the new and different work would add ten years to the lives of those men who, in business, feel burdened, depressed, and old before their time. They have become jaded from a lifetime of sameness.

What the average man cannot get through his head is the idea of dividing his life between two periods—one of requisition and the other of distribution. John D. Rockefeller sensed this and has reached the age of eighty-three doing it and playing golf, with his mind active enough with his distributions so as to keep him vitally interested, while all his other associates in Standard Oil who failed to do it have passed off. But Mr. Rockefeller had the divination to see that a time comes to a man who has acquired when he must cease taking out of the world and begin putting something into it. A man's life is like the soil of a farm: the point comes when he must put into the soil what he has taken out, else life becomes barren and unproductive.

We need not amass the fortune of a Rockefeller. His is an extreme case of enormous wealth. It is not so much the man who has made money in large quantities as the man who has large executive ability, who has used this gift from God to

build himself up and his family—who, having acquired ample means, is entirely able, if he wishes, to turn his ability from further personal aggrandisement to a similar achievement in a field where he will build up some effective instrument for others. The sooner this man realizes that no inner and complete satisfaction will come to him if he persists in his self-centred course, the sooner he gets the truth into his mind that from those to whom much has been given much is expected; the sooner it comes to him that what is his to-day has come to him from the public and should in a measure go back to that public; the sooner he realizes that we who are fathers will in the future be remembered by our children, not by the money we were able to make and pile up, but by what we did with it when we got it—the sooner we will see a more contented race of American men instead of a growing proportion of men who, in offices and on the street and on golf-courses, are dropping in their tracks from strains on their hearts overworked in the race for more power, more money, and more self-centred achievement.

When a man has developed a competence due to the energy and the development of his ability and experience he is apt to forget that he thereby owes a duty to some one other than himself. He owes a duty to his family who have stood by him, seen him through his troublesome years, and who sent him out into his world of achievement well fed, well cared for, and with the priceless stimulant of love to push him on. He owes it to that family to leave behind him, for them, a name that will stand for something else than the mere acquirement of money. For men must bear in mind that the next generation is going to have a clearer idea of the real meaning of life. Our sons and daughters are already beginning to see and discuss that there is something more to life than the mere making of money; that man cannot live by bread alone. These successors of ours are going to look back to our records and ask, as asked one son recently: "Yes, I know that father made a lot of money and built up a big business. But what else did he do?" That will be the acid test: "What else did he do?" That is the yardstick by which hundreds of fathers

will be measured, and our names and our works will mean to our children exactly what we make those names stand for and the works we fashion with our hands. And, as things are, it will be a merciless reckoning for some of us. The next generation is distinctly on the way to new standards of responsibility. Everywhere the signs are on the horizon. Talk with the future men and women who are leaving our colleges. It is no longer the sordid material mind that knows only the dollar-mark and nothing else.

The father who thinks the situation out at all and through, the older he gets the more does he realize that his children are all that he has; they are his hopes; in them lies the perpetuation that is so close to every man. What else in the future have we, as fathers, that is worth while? It is solely and singly what our son is going to be; the kind of woman our girl will be. Our hearts are centred on those thoughts; they are our dreams; our prayers are fulfilled or not as they develop or fail of development. It is all very well to expect much of them. But what do we give them to go by in our lives and our examples? A record of self-achievement? Creditable. A man's first thought and ambition, as it should be. But what more? "What else did father do?" How will our record bear that question—the scrutiny of the son or daughter with an awakened civic conscience which already believes, and will realize more fully than ever in the years to come, that for a man to live a four-squared life he must have made the world a little better because he lived in it? This is not idle theory: it is a fact, a condition, a state of mind already with us. It is already in the minds of the young, and the times ahead are going to be conducive to the elaboration and cultivation of this measurement of a man's life. "I know, I know," said a twenty-four-year old son impatiently to me the other day; "I have heard a lot about my father's ability to make money and the money he has made. But I have been watching him, and I don't see that he does much with it except to use it to make more money."

"I have been watching him." That is the first sign, and hundreds of fathers, devoted to their families and hopeful of

their sons, are to-day, unknown to themselves, being watched by their own flesh and blood and their measures taken. In the balance of the minds of their own children are they being weighed, and it is up to them, and distinctly up to them too, to decide how far or not they shall be found wanting.

Here is an authentic instance which shows the way our sons are going, and the kind of experience that an increasing number of fathers will have in the future.

A clear-eyed, clean-limbed young chap returned from his college graduation to his father's home in a large Western city.

That evening the father said: "Well, son, you're through college. Now what?"

"I should like to go into civics in the city, father," was the answer.

"Civics?" echoed the father, laying down his paper. "Why civics?"

"Well, it has seemed to me," said the son in a tone that left no doubt of its certainty, "that the people of the city have done a great deal for us, through your business; that it is from their hand, in an indirect way, that I received my education, and it struck me that if I have gotten anything out of that opportunity I should give it back to them. I have been reading the home papers at college for the last year, and general conditions do not seem to me to be getting any better. And I thought some one in this family ought to take a hand and try to contribute."

A slight flush came into the face of the father as he asked: "You don't think I do, then?"

"I haven't read or heard of your doing so, father. So I asked Uncle Ben and Aunt Jess the other day when they were at college, and they said that 'business was your long suit' and that you had never gone in for anything else. I don't mean for one moment to criticise, father; such a thing is farthest from my mind. Doubtless you have your reasons for hewing close to the business and giving all your abilities to its extension. But the people of the city certainly have been good to you, and thus to us, and if, as I heard you say the other day, your business was getting better all the time, and

if, as I get from the newspapers, the city is growing worse all the time, it seems to me there is something due from us. Am I too altruistic?"

"Not at all, my boy. On the contrary, I think you have a very good angle on the situation. I like it," added the father.

"I am glad of that, sir," fervently answered the son. "You have been mighty good to me, father; your hand has always been out to me when I needed it, and I don't want in any way to go against your plans or wishes for me. But I thought when you asked me 'What now?' you would like me to be frank."

"That's right, Bob," said the father, as he fixed a steady look on his boy's face, and then transferred it to that of his wife, who caught a world of meaning in it.

The following evening after dinner the father asked: "Going out this evening, Bob?"

"No, sir," answered the boy.

"Well, let's sit down and have a chat," said the father, lighting a cigar. "I have thought quite a little about what you said last evening, and the more I have considered what you said the better I like it and you."

"Thanks, father, a lot for saying that," said the boy.

"I mean it, boy," said the father as he gave his boy his straight, full eyes. "But you're the only succession I have, you know, for the business, and it would seem a bit unnecessary to let the business go into other hands when I have always hoped it might remain in the family. Tell me frankly, have you anything against my business as a business, or against business as a proposition?"

"Indeed, no; not for one minute," answered the boy. "On the contrary, I think you have built up a marvellous business, father, and everybody says you have built it up on the square deal with the public. Uncle says there isn't a dishonest nickel in it. No, no, father, I like your business, and I like business as a proposition. I have been reading along commercial and financial lines because mother has told me of your hopes for me, and I wanted you to find me as ready as a fellow can be with a theoretical knowledge at twenty-three."

"Very well said, Bob," smiled the father. "But you don't want it as an exclusive and all-absorbing job; you'd like a bit of civic on the side. Is that your idea?"

"Exactly. I am perfectly willing and ready to go into the business if you will let me, and work my hardest for it. But I should like a chance and time to do something on the side, as you put it, and then when I reach about your age I should like to go in for public welfare altogether. Do you see that as practicable?"

"Perfectly, son, perfectly. And it fits in exactly with a plan I want to propose. How would this strike you? Suppose you go into the business to make it for the present your major job, and take on some civic work in your off-hours. Let me play part of my job into your hands, increase the responsibilities of the three partners and their percentage in the business, and let me get gradually out, so that I can go in for civics, partly at first and in a year or three, say, altogether. To tell you the truth, Bob, I haven't been satisfied with myself for quite a while, and what you said has brought the whole thing to a head. I pleased your mother this morning when I told her. How does it get to you, son?"

"Simply wonderful, father. I could ask for nothing better. If you'll go in to do for the city, with your abilities and standing, there's no need for me."

And so it was arranged and so it came about.

That was twenty months ago.

The other day the son said to the father: "Well, father, you're certainly going it strong in your city work. You're on the first page again this evening. At this rate you're certainly going to have Sis and me remember you as something more than a money-getter."

Said the father to me later: "That was the phrase that got me, Bok: 'something more than a money-getter.' It was what it revealed to me: I had been talked over by my boy and girl as a mere 'money-getter'; those children had gone to my brother and sister to get a line on me and had been told that business was my long suit and, probably they had added, noth-

ing else. That talk with my son that evening was a red-letter day for me. My boy and I were always good friends, thank God, there wasn't much distance between us, but now we are pals. He awakened me."

And that is exactly what is going to come about: the new generation is going to awaken the old, and in proportion as it does it will redound to the betterment of men and to the advancement of the American social order. It is a new era of thinking that we fathers are facing with our sons, and the sooner we realize it the better.

The man who goes on and leaves a fortune to further build up his family, and contents himself with that achievement, perpetuating a name simply by the money he leaves behind, violates a healthful American tradition.

It is not meeting the case for a man to give his check or his name or the end of an exhausting day to the betterment of his fellow men. The spectacle that we see to-day of the presence of the names of a lot of capable business men on the boards or committees of organizations for social work—names that spell nothing else but names, names that mean a check and not even casual interest—is one of the most misleading factors in our whole problem of social advance in America. Infinitely better would it be for these men plainly to mark themselves as chasers of the dollar, solely and singly, than to mislead many who accept the presence of such names as evidences of good faith, of an interest in their fellow beings and a knowledge of the work, instead of ostensibly and palpably indorsing a work of which they know little or nothing and an organization of which they never or rarely attend a meeting. At least in our service for others let us be honest. If we are posted as directors let us direct or help to direct. But to fool the public, to perjure ourselves, is infinitely worse than to stand forth in honest declaration that the mart is our god, that the tape is our bible, and that we are indifferent to the judgment of our children when they ask in the years to come, when we shall be no more: "What else did father do?"



A Child's Christmas

Martha Baskell Clark

DECORATION BY BEATRICE STEVENS

Who has not loved a little child, he knows not Christmas Day—
The wondered, breathless waking through fir-sweet morning gray,

White tropic forests on the pane against the dawn-streaked skies,
The awe of faith unhesitant in lifted childish eyes;

The spluttered, spicy, teasing joy of kitchen-fragrance sweet,
The sting of frost upon his face, the snow-creak neath his feet;

The swish of runners, song of bells, the laughing-echoed call
From drifted hilltops, sparkling white; the blue sky folding all;

The holly-berried table top, the feasting and the fun,
With Christmas ribbons strewing all until the day is done;

The hush of candle-lighting time, the hearth-flame flickered red,
The warm soft clasp of clinging hands up shadowed stairs to bed;

The crib-side talk that slacks and stills on stumbled drowsy note,
The love that stings behind your eyes, and catches in your throat;

The hope, the fears, the tenderness, the Mary-prayer you pray—
Who has not loved a little child, he knows not Christmas Day.

My Princess

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I

I HAVE known but one princess in my day. . . .
I always knew that princesses would wear
Long strings of pearls wound through their golden hair,—
That they were young and delicate as some fay
Caught in mid-forest, and that smiles must live
Like sunlight in the swift blue of their eyes.
A princess, though a hunted fugitive,
Surely still trails her cloud of mysteries!
But this my princess was distressed and tired,
Her eyes were puffy and her hands were old;
She had forgotten all she once desired;
Eternal greyness held her in its fold:—
A sick old woman, shuffling down the way
That leads to where the story's end is told.

II

And yet a princess is a princess still,
Though she remembers, forty years behind,
The days when lovers to the Hollow Hill
Came for her sake; and lonely, bitter, blind,
My princess was my princess as she said—
“I will deny, while I have living breath,
All that is lonely, bitter, blind,” she said:
“I will allege life, though I look on death.
All things are nothing. Happiness is a dream.
Yet now that I am honored with the old
I will contest everything but that gleam
Which makes, a little while, the days of gold.
Spare me your kindness!— For my pennon shall stream,
Down to the place where the story's end is told.”

Taken Ship

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

TO-NIGHT, about the little town,
The lights will glimmer, golden-soft;
But I shall be horizon-down
Facing the stars that climb aloft.

And you, to-night, around the fire,
Will draw the curtains, pitying me—
When I have gained my heart's desire,
The wide wind and the swinging sea!



The Calling Road

BY MARY R. S. ANDREWS

DECORATION BY HENRY PITZ

MISTS of the springtime thicken the trees,
And the road calls;
Silver-vague bugles blow under the breeze;
The stream falls, falls.
Ever beyond a far, brown turning,
Where the road falls,
Is the heart's desire; an altar flame's burning,
A god calls—calls.

Then up to the saddle and follow, follow
The road's clear calling;
Hark to the hoofs on the sod in the hollow—
Quick, soft they're falling!
Mists of the springtime, light hoofs the earth spurning,—
Ever beyond the road's far turning,
Ever beyond, heart's desire of our yearning!
The stream sings,—falls;
And the heart's desire's always beyond the turning—
And the road calls.

Mountain Prayer

BY STRUTHERS BURT

God lift up the ragged rain
And let me see the hills again;
High and green and heart-compelling,
Where the windy hours are swaying.

Straight across the hidden land
All the little valleys stand,
And by evening will be sound
Of water falling to the ground:

Waters falling, and the singing
Of a thrush, whose overflinging,
Tawny notes enchant the pine,
The lupine, and the columbine:

The firs that gather all the light
To gild again the deepening night:
The small blanched flowers that are
strewn
Like a host of stars unknown.

Here come many shapes again
. . . God lift up the ragged rain. . . .
Let the dear dead mountain-lovers
Find the old warm bracken covers.

And the whispering and the wind,
And once more the seeking mind:
Break their old and utter peace,
But with solace and surcease.

For an hour they know the sweet
Weariness of eager feet;
For an hour they know the cool
Of a dusk-discovered pool;

Build anew with flameless fire
Their contented evening pyre.
Not for them the storm again.
God lift up the ragged rain.

In a valley rimmed with red
Crescent mountains overhead,
There are cedars and a grass
Stirred with lilies as you pass;

And a turf of moss and mint
Where a brook is imminent.
All night long my horses crop
To the bells that never stop;

Till I sleep a little moon
Dips the sky with silver spoon;

All night long the mist is white,
And trembles with a golden light.

God lift up the ragged rain
And let me see the hills again.

The Minor Poet

BY ETHELEAN TYSON GAW

I CLIMBED a holy hill
Sheathed in gold flame.
Down from that glory height
Wingéd I came.

I saw the smile of God
Born of Love's eyes—
Caught in my web of song
Love fainting lies.

I heard the morning stars
Croon to the sea—
Could I but snare in words
That mystery!

Oh, Psyche kissed my heart,
Phœbus my eyes,
But on my eager lips
Dumb magic lies!

Trail's End

BY HILDEGARDE H. JOHN

So this is the end of the long, long trail
That led us far apart—
A tiny house where a hearth fire glows
With tiny flames of gold and rose
To warm my hungry heart.

So this is the end of the weary path
That carried you away—
A little house, along whose lawn
The robins flutter in the dawn
And greet the happy day.

So this is the end of the drear gray path
That led across the sea—
A little house along whose walls
The ever faithful ivy crawls
And roses nod in glee.

The Barred Way

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

I WANT so to go back again,
It seems an easy thing to do—
To walk the green mile of the glen
And climb a little hill I knew.

A bird could fly there in an hour,
A child could stroll there in a day—
And I may never know the power
That holds my will and bars my way.

There's just a little hill to climb
And then—three poplars in a row,
Hearts do not break a second time—
I wonder why I cannot go

To Daphne, Knitting

BY ARTHUR S. HARDY

INTO the Future far she peers—
Mother of Prophets and of Seers!

Long before her store she stands—
Softest of fleeces from Eastern lands,
Webs of lace from Flemish hands,
Shimmering silks from Lyons looms,
Challenge to nature's rarest blooms—
Stands in thought, the while her fingers
Wander, searching, 'mong her treasures,
Shy as lover's touch that lingers—
Pauses, dreaming, hearing measures
Only known to Heavenly Muses—
Pauses, hesitates, and chooses!

Now she sits in rapt contentment,
And if, unseen, you find a moment
When her downcast eyes, unwitting,
Bend above her needles, lo!
You will see a woman knitting—
Something!

To and fro, to and fro
Deftly the moving needles go,
And in her shining eyes a smile,
Mysterious, wondrous, without guile.

Interpreter

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THERE is a subtle language—
Beside it words are vain—
The haunting tones of moonlight,
The silver glint of rain;
The broken spirit hears it
And on fresh wings again,
It rises to new rapture,
Forgetting the old pain.

The happy-hearted hearken
And answer it with song—
That whisper of the pine-trees,
Or waves the beach along;
The little children know it,
Whose wide eyes see no wrong;
Perhaps some maiden dreams it,
The mellow fields among.

And when the poet speaketh
A more than mortal best,
Returning from far journeys
On his immortal quest—
Oh, voices of the rainbow
And cloudy mountain crest!
He singeth near your language
And, hearing, we are blest.

The Spirit of the Dawn

BY BERTHA BOLLING

I MET the spirit of the dawn,
Amid the young spring hours;
And prayed that she would lead me on,
Unto her rarest flowers.

She led me forth, and yet afar,
Past wave and mountain blue;
Past many a lovely garden close,
Where sweetest blossoms grew;

Unto a field which red did glow
Amid all other things.
The spirit of the dawn bent low,
And touched it with her wings.

"Ah, no!" I cried, "and thus does dawn
Fulfill the night's demand?"
"The battle-field," she said; "and here,
The flower of the land!"

Home

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

NEVER a hearth, perhaps, with its soft light falling
Over the velvet depths of a cosy chair;
Only an unknown trail and the sea's far calling,
And a keen mist clinging like diamond dust to my hair.
Never a sound of church-bells chiming the hour,
Over the settled calm of a village place;
Only a perfect love in its rarest flower. . .
That—and your face!

Never the ease of a damask covered table,
Never the laughter of neighbors coming to tea,
Only a climb, for as long as we are able,
Only dim heights that our eyes alone can see.
Never a book of verse in a garden corner,
When a sun-dial catches the western sky's warm shine,
Only a prayer for the weak, and a laugh for the scorner—
Those—and your hand in mine.

Never an oaken door, when the dark comes creeping,
Stoutly barred to shut out the furtive night—
Only the stars to smile on our dreamless sleeping,
And the bow of the moon to give us a silver light.
Never the man-built laws to guard our resting,
Keeping us safe from fancied wrongs or harms;
Only the freedom of birds, when they are nesting;
That—and your arms.

Never a hearth, perhaps, with its soft light falling
Over the velvet depths of a cosy chair.
Only the voice of romance, ever calling,
Only the rainbow's end, and the treasure there!
Never a shield as we fight through life's stormy weather,
Only the knowledge, as love and living slips,
That we will win to a haven of rest, *together—*
That—and your lips!

Premonition

BY ALICE L. BUNNER

I THINK, perhaps, when I am old and gray
The barrier of the real will pass away
And I shall hear loved footsteps on the stair
See old familiar forms beside my chair.
I shall not know that those I see are dead
The years are gone and I am comforted.
And though in tender pity you may say
"She has forgot, she lives in yesterday."
Your eyes are holden and you cannot see
But I, who go one step beyond, am free.



“Buy My Sweet Lavender”

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

DECORATION BY HENRY FITZ

“Buy my sweet lavender!” I heard an old man crying
 In the grey streets of London on a warm Summer day.
 “Buy my sweet lavender!” the drab old stones defying,
 Crooned the ancient vendor as I walked my lonely way.

For one can be lonely in London!—that great city
 Where the people surge in thousands down the long, thin Strand.
 “Buy my sweet lavender!” It sounded like a ditty
 Sung in Summers long ago in Shakespeare’s blessed land.

And for a glad moment I was no longer lonely!
 I thought of wet lanes, and gardens hushed and cool,
 Where the blue flowers flamed, and the noisy street was only
 A dream, a forgotten thing; the fountain in the pool

The one sound I heard when the bright day started—
 Glorious remembrance in that hot, crowded street.
 “Buy my sweet lavender!” Oh, I was happy-hearted,
 For the flowers and the fragrance and the voice were piercing sweet!

City Rain

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

THE skies are etched with trceries of grey;
Gusts of white rain blow down between the walls;
With silver heaviness the torrent falls
From leads and gutters, shattering into spray
And hissing on the pavement. Oh, that clean
Harsh rain like this could break the stone-work in,
Crumple the city's towers, and begin
To wake from hidden earth its meed of green!

We are built on rock, and like the rock we rise
Sterile, defiant, when the spring rains come;
So hard of heart our stoniness resounds
With echoes of the storm, though we are dumb.
On our dead strength the splendor beats and pounds,
Dashing its living wonder in our eyes.

"The Swan of Tuonela"

BY JOHN FINLEY

(AFTER HEARING THE ORCHESTRA CONDUCTED BY SIBELIUS, THE GREAT
FINNISH COMPOSER, PLAY HIS SONG OF THE SWAN)

NINE seas—and then the River on whose tide
The Swan of Tuonela swims beside
The souls that pass to regions of the dead;—
With such sweet ferry song they know no dread.



From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

IV.—FROM GREENHORN TO CITIZENSHIP AND COLLEGE DEGREE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD PRINTS



THE Columbia boat-race victory at Henley occurred in 1878. By that time I had already with the assistance of Bilharz finished a considerable portion of my Greek

and Latin preparation for Princeton—or, as I called it, for “Nassau Hall.” My change of allegiance from Princeton to Columbia was gradual.

Columbia College was located at that time on the block between Madison and Park Avenues and between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets in New York City. One of its proposed new buildings was, according to report, to be called Hamilton Hall, in honor of Alexander Hamilton. When I learned this I looked up the history of Alexander Hamilton. One can imagine how thrilled I was when I found that Hamilton left the junior class at Columbia College and joined Washington’s armies as captain when he was barely nineteen, and at twenty was lieutenant-colonel and Washington’s aide-de-camp! What an appeal to a young imagination! Few things ever thrilled me as much as the life of Alexander Hamilton. Every American youth preparing for college should read the history of Hamilton’s life.

One cannot look up the history of Hamilton’s life without running across the name of another great Columbia man, John Jay, first Secretary of Foreign Affairs, appointed by Congress, and the first Chief Justice of the United States, appointed by Washington, and a staunch backer of brilliant Hamilton. Chancellor Livingston, another great Columbia man, administered the first constitutional oath of office to Washington; he also com-

pleted the purchase of Louisiana from France. The more I studied the history of Hamilton’s time the more I saw what tremendous influence Columbia’s alumni exerted at that time. Cortlandt Street being near Trinity Church, I walked there to look at the Hamilton monument in the Trinity churchyard. This monument was the first suggestion to me of a bond of union between Trinity Church and Columbia College. Before long I found many other bonds of union between these two great institutions.

Every time I passed Columbia College in my long walks up-town and looked at the rising structure of Hamilton Hall, I thought of these three great Columbia men. What student of Hamilton’s life could have looked at Hamilton Hall on Madison Avenue without being reminded of the magnificent intellectual efforts which two young patriots, Hamilton and Madison, made in the defense of the federalist form of the new American Republic? It happened thus that my memory of Nassau Hall at Princeton gradually faded, although it never vanished. The famous boat-race victory of a Columbia crew at Henley would not alone have produced this effect. It was produced by three great New York men of the Revolutionary period who were alumni of “Columbia College in the City of New York.” Columbia had at that time a school of mines and engineering, separate from the college. I was much better prepared for it than for Columbia College, thanks to the evening lectures at Cooper Union, and to my natural inclination to scientific studies, but I imagined that the spirit of Hamilton, Jay, and Livingston hovered about the academic buildings of Columbia College only.

Bilharz rejoiced when I informed him

of my decision to put on extra pressure in my classical studies preparatory for Columbia College, and congratulated himself, as I found out later, that he had succeeded in rescuing me from the worship of what he called scientific materialism. The good old fellow did not know that at that very time I was spending many hours of my spare time reading Tyndall's "Heat as a Mode of Motion," and Tyndall's famous lectures on Sound and Light, which he delivered in this country with great success in the early seventies. These popular descriptions of physical phenomena were the poems in prose to which I referred before. Another book of a similar character came into my hands at that time through the Cooper Union Library. I have a copy of it now, having received it over thirty years ago as a present from the late General Thomas Ewing. It is called "The Poetry of Science," published in 1848 by Robert Hunt. It starts with the following quotation from Milton:

"How charming is Divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

Tyndall's and Hunt's writings appealed to my imagination at that time in the same way as Milton's "Paradise Lost," or as Longfellow's "Hiawatha," or as William Cullen Bryant's "Thanatopsis." They convinced me that the Slavs were not the only people who, as I had been inclined to think, see the poetical side of science, but that everybody sees it, because science on its abstract side is poetry; it is Divine Philosophy, as Milton calls it. Science is a food which nourishes not only the material but also the spiritual body of man. This was my pet argument whenever I was called upon to defend science against Bilharz's attacks.

My progress in Greek and Latin grammar under the guidance of Bilharz was rapid even before I had decided to steer for Columbia. It was a question of memory and of analysis. My memory had had a stiff linguistic training during the several years preceding that date, in trying to master the English language with all its vagaries in spelling and pronunciation. These vagaries I did not

find in the grammars of the classical languages, which appeared to me to be as definite and as exact as the geometrical theorems in Euclid. Hadley's Greek Grammar did not differ much, I thought, from Davies Legendre's Geometry. Mathematics was always my strong point, and good memory is a characteristic virtue of the Serb race; I, therefore, had an easy road in my classical studies with Bilharz.

As time went on I saw that entrance into Columbia College was within easy reach so far as my studies were concerned. But here again the old question arose which I first asked myself three years before, when the train, taking me from Nassau Hall to the Bowery, was approaching New York. "Social unpreparedness" stared me in the face. I could not define it, but I felt its existence. I shall try to describe it. Columbia College, a daughter of great Trinity Church, an alma mater of men like Hamilton, Jay, Livingston, and of many other gentlemen and scholars who guided the destiny of these great United States—can that great American institution, I asked myself, afford to enroll a raw Serbian immigrant among its students; train me, an uncouth employee of a cracker factory, to become one of its alumni? I thought of the first sentence in the Declaration of Independence, but it did not persuade me that I was an equal of the American boy who was prepared to meet all the requirements necessary for entrance into Columbia College, because I was convinced that in addition to entrance examinations there were other requirements for which no prescribed examinations existed. The college of Hamilton and of Jay expected certain other things which I knew I did not have and could not get from books. A jump from the Cortlandt Street factory to Columbia College, from Jim and Bilharz to patriarchal President Barnard and the famous professors at Columbia, appeared to me like a jump over Columbia's great and venerable traditions. Old Lukanitch and his family and their American friends helped me much to start building a bridge over this big gap, but the more I associated with these people, who lived around humble Prince Street, not far from the Bowery, the more I saw my shortcomings in what I called, for want of a better name, "social prepared-

ness." "How shall I feel," I asked myself, "when I begin to associate with boys whose parents live on Madison and Fifth Avenues, and whose ancestors were friends of Hamilton and of Jay?" Their traditions, I was sure, gave them an equipment which I did not have, unless my Serbian traditions proved to be similar to their American traditions. My native village attached great importance to traditions, and I knew how much the peasants of Idvor would resent it if a stranger not in tune with their traditions attempted to settle in their historic village.

The examination of immigrants which I saw at Castle Garden, when I landed, had made me think that traditions did not count for much in Castle Garden. But my principal acquisition from my apprenticeship as greenhorn had been the recognition that there are great American traditions, and that the opportunities of this country are inaccessible to immigrants who, like Bilharz, do not understand their meaning and their importance in American life. Vila's mother on the Delaware farm, my experiences with Christian of West Street, and Jim's little sermons in the Cortlandt Street boiler-room impressed this idea upon my mind very strongly. The mental attitude of a young Serb from the military frontier was naturally very receptive to impressions of that kind. My respect for the traditions of my own race had prepared me to respect the traditions of the country which I expected to adopt, and hence I was afraid that my cultural equipment was not up to the standards of the college boys who were brought up in accordance with American traditions. My subsequent experience showed me that my anxiety was justifiable.

I have already mentioned that a short time before I ran away from Prague and headed for the United States I had read a translation of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It had been recommended to me by my American friends who gave me a free ride in a first-class compartment from Vienna to Prague. My mention of the name of this great woman, together with the names of Lincoln and of Franklin, as Americans that I knew something about, had won me the sympathy of the immigration officials at Castle Garden, who, otherwise,

might have deported me. Her name was deeply engraved upon the tablets of my memory. The famous Beecher-Tilton trial was much discussed in those days in the New York press, and when I heard that Henry Ward Beecher was a brother of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" my opinion of Tilton was formed, and no judge or jury could have changed it. Beecher's photographs, which I saw in my inspection tours on Broadway, confirmed me in my belief that he was a brother worthy of his great sister. Young Lukanitch and his sister knew of Beecher's fame and, although strict Roman Catholics, they consented to accompany me on my first pilgrimage to Beecher's Plymouth Church, and there I saw the great orator for the first time.

His face looked to me like that of a lion and his long gray locks, reaching almost to his shoulders, supported this illusion. The church provided a setting worthy of his striking appearance. The grand organ behind and above the pulpit supplied a harmonious musical background to the magnificent singing of the large choir. I felt that the thrilling music was tuning me up for the sermon which the great orator was about to preach, and I was right. The sermon was free from involved theological analysis; it dealt with simple questions of human life and its determination by human habits. It was a dramatic and poetic presentation of the little sermons which Jim preached in the Cortlandt Street boiler-room, but in a very plain form of statement. The fact, however, that I found many spiritual bonds between great Plymouth Church and Jim's humble boiler-room shows me today why Beecher touched the heart-strings of the plain people. He helped them to solve some of their problems of life just as Jim tried to help me solve mine. But Jim was not a cultured man and he delivered his chunks of practical wisdom in the same offhand manner in which he fed shovelfuls of coal to the busy fires under his boilers. Beecher, on the other hand, was a great orator and a great poet, and every little grain of wisdom stored up in human life was placed before his congregation with all the force of his overpowering personality and with all the embellishments with which the imagination of a poetical nature could

clothe it. I felt thrills creeping over my whole body as I listened and the effect was not only mental and spiritual, but also physical, undoubtedly because of the quickening of the blood's circulation produced by the mental exhilaration. Bilharz, although a rigid Roman Catholic, admitted, after hearing Beecher several times, that great sermons are possible even without any theological flavoring. "But," said he in his usual dramatic way, "everything is possible to a poetic soul which is propelled by the wings of a genius." A remarkable concession from a man of Bilharz's training and mental attitude!

Jim, who was a strict Presbyterian, rejoiced that I had picked out a Congregational Church for religious worship, and old Lukanitch confessed that if I persuaded his children to go with me to Plymouth Church very often they might desert the Roman Catholic faith of their ancestors. I felt assured, however, that St. Sava and the Orthodoxy of my mother would never lose me through the influence of Beecher's genius, because Beecher was preaching to all humanity and not to a particular creed. His words were like the life-giving radiation of the sun, which shines upon all things alike. I saw in him a living example of that type of Americans who, like Hamilton, Jay, Livingston, and the other great men of whom I had heard at the Philadelphia exposition, were the spiritual and the intellectual giants of the Revolutionary period. My study of the history of Hamilton's life had shown me that the number of these giants was large; many of them signed the Declaration of Independence. I did not fail to see in this a most propitious omen of a great future for the country. What a spiritual giant Lincoln must have been, I thought, when I heard Beecher refer to him with humblest veneration! Beecher was the sunrise which dispelled much of that mist which prevented my eyes, just as it prevents all foreign eyes, from seeing the clear outline of American civilization.

Four years previously I had for the first time attended an American church service in Delaware City, and had carried away the impression that in matters of public worship America was not up to the standards prescribed by the Serbian

Church. Beecher and his Plymouth Church changed my judgment completely. Beecher's congregation seemed to me like a beehive full of honey-hearted beings. Each of them reminded me of the Americans who had befriended me at the railroad station in Vienna, and had rescued me from the official dragon who threatened to send me back to the prisons of the military frontier. I firmly believed that Beecher was preaching a new gospel, the American gospel of humanity, the same gospel which his great sister had preached. Every member of his congregation looked to me like a faithful disciple of this doctrine.

One of those honey-hearted disciples was a Doctor Charles Shepard, of Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. He and his family were Unitarians, I think, but they often attended Plymouth Church on account of their great admiration for Beecher. Doctor Shepard's family was, in my opinion, a family of saints; generosity, refinement, and spiritual discipline filled the golden atmosphere of their home. When I disclosed my plans to the good doctor, he offered to help me carry them out. He was an ardent advocate of the curative powers of hydropathy in conjunction with proper diet and total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" was his motto, and by cleanliness he meant freedom from unclean habits of every kind. His theory was successfully practised in his hydropathic establishment, and he flourished, and his institution was famous. His very old father, over eighty years of age, who managed the office of the establishment, needed assistance, and Doctor Shepard offered me the position and spoke of getting a friend of his to help me prepare for entrance to Columbia. His friend was Professor Webster, who taught Greek and Latin at the Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn. I jumped at Doctor Shepard's offer, although the prospect of deserting Jim and Bilharz made me feel badly. But Jim applauded my decision and he recalled his prophecy that I should soon outgrow the opportunities of the New England Cracker Factory. Bilharz expressed his gratification that he had contributed to my progress, and he certainly had, both by what he praised and by what he condemned. He was sincere in

both, but his praise was founded upon a rare knowledge of classical literatures, while his condemnation was due to prejudice against science and against American democracy. The real secret of his grip upon my imagination I shall disclose later.

Professor Webster was an ideal pedagogue; his pupils were boys and girls from some of the best families of Brooklyn. Their teacher was to them an apostle of classical culture, in which they were much interested, partly because of their admiration for their beloved teacher. After a few private lessons he invited me to join his classes in Greek and Latin, where I was received with many signs of cordiality from both the boys and the girls. Like myself, they were preparing for college. I attended these classes three times a week and entertained them much by my continental pronunciation of Greek and Latin, which I had learned from Bilharz, who had also taught me to recite the Greek and Latin hexameter with proper intonation. This delighted the heart of Professor Webster and of his pupils. Recitations of Greek and Latin verses with faultless rhythm were all which at first I could offer to the entertainment of my classmates. After a while I entertained some of them with Serbian poetry and also with Serbian kolo dancing. I made every effort to make them forget that I was a Balkan barbarian, but everybody, as if reading my thoughts, assured me that I was contributing more to the Adelphi Academy than I was getting in return. I knew better. I felt that the association with those splendid boys and girls and with Professor Webster contributed much more to my preparation for Columbia than all the book work which I ever did anywhere.

Doctor Shepard and his family saw the rapid change in me, I thought, and many of their evidences of approval were very encouraging. When I first met Doctor Shepard he was strongly pro-Turkish whenever the Balkan war, which was raging at that time, was discussed. He had a notion that the Serbians were a rebellious and barbarous race. During the early part of 1879 he gradually shifted to the Serbian side, and I was bold enough to take all credit for it to myself. I considered his and his family's approval the

best test of the success of my efforts to understand the American standards of conduct. This success meant much more to me in my preparation for college than the success in my studies.

In an interscholastic athletic contest I volunteered to run in a ten-mile race without any previous training, and won. From that day on my friends at the Adelphi Academy regarded me as one of their number, and it was a liberal education to me to listen to their eulogies of *my loyalty to them and to their institution*, which, they said, I displayed when I fought under the Adelphi banner on the athletic field. Legends began to grow up among the Adelphi boys and girls about a Serbian youngster who won the ten-mile race without previous training. When your young and enthusiastic friends begin to indulge in legends about you, be assured that you are getting on some. But legends, like nursery rhymes, will lull you to sleep if you are not very, very wide-awake. This experience made me see clearly what young Lukanitch meant when he told me what oarsmanship might do for me at Columbia even if I did not know much Greek and Latin. I was confirmed in this when the boys of the Adelphi Academy who expected to enter Yale or Princeton used much of their persuasive powers to steer me to these colleges. It encouraged me much and diminished greatly my anxiety about "social unpreparedness." But my answer was that the college of Hamilton, Jay, and Livingston, in the City of New York, was the port for which I was sailing, and that Beecher's church in Brooklyn would be one of the anchors to keep me there, and that Beecher, as far as I was concerned, would be a part of Columbia College.

The summer vacation of 1879 was approaching, and I knew that all my academic friends in New York and Brooklyn would leave for the country. There was nothing to keep me in Brooklyn except my obligations to good Doctor Shepard. He excused me when I told him that I wished to devote all my time during that summer to study, so as to insure my passing with a high mark all my entrance examinations in the following autumn. A high mark would gain me freedom from all tuition fees at Columbia, a very seri-

ous consideration. Doctor Shepard approved, and I moved to what I called, jokingly, my summer "villa" on the Passaic River, near Rutherford Park, New Jersey. It was a tiny little cottage near the bank of the river; it had not been occupied for a long time, and it was looked after by an old Danish woman who lived quite near it. She kept two cows and a lot of chickens and ducks and sold butter and eggs and fowl. Her son Christopher peddled kindling-wood in Passaic, Belleville, and Newark, New Jersey. The old lady consented to let me live in the cottage until a permanent tenant should appear, and she was willing to take care of me for a certain payment per week. I accepted her terms on condition that she allow me to work off a certain part of the agreed amount by sawing kindling-wood from ten to twelve in the morning and from four to six in the afternoon. My suggestion made her thoughtful, and she finally confessed her fear that my exercises before meals might give me such an appetite that I would eat her out of house and home. We agreed to try the scheme for a week and we were both satisfied with the result. She took good care of me, and I furnished her with more kindling-wood for her son's trade than she had ever expected. Moreover, the regular help, who was hired for the specific purpose of cutting kindling-wood, increased his output, in order to keep up with me. I enjoyed the work hugely as means of splendid exercise and rejoiced in making the output as large as possible. The old lady was delighted with the unexpected result. Every two-hour period of sawing and splitting of kindling-wood was followed by a dip and swim in the Passaic River, and by the end of the summer I was all muscle and could have run a race of twenty miles without any previous training. This proved a very valuable asset in the beginning of my college career; muscle and brawn are splendid things to take along when one enters college, and have while in college. Several incidents in my college career bear upon the interesting feature of athletics in American college life, and I shall describe them later even at the risk of appearing egotistical. This feature is characteristically American and is quite unknown on the continent of Europe.

Eight hours each day I devoted to study: three in the morning to Greek, three in the afternoon to Latin, and two in the evening to other studies. It was a most profitable summer outing of over three months, and it cost me only thirty dollars; the rest was paid in sawing and splitting of kindling-wood. Whenever I read now about the Kaiser's activities at Doorn, I think of my summer activities in 1879, and I wonder who in the world suggested my scheme to William Hohenzollern!

During the last week of September of that year I presented myself at Columbia for entrance examinations. They were oral, and were conducted by the professors themselves and not by junior instructors. The first two books of the *Iliad*, excepting the catalogue of ships, and four orations of Cicero, I knew by heart. My leisure time at my Passaic River "villa" permitted me these pleasant mental gymnastics; I wanted to show off before Bilharz with my Greek and Latin quotations; to say nothing of the wonderful mental exhilaration which a young student gets from reading aloud and memorizing the words of Homer and of Cicero. The professors were greatly surprised and asked me why I had taken so much trouble. I told them that it was no trouble, because Serbs delight in memorizing beautiful lines. The Serbs of Montenegro, for instance, know by heart most of the lines which their great poet Nyegoush had ever written, and particularly his great epic "The Mountain Glory." I told them also of illiterate Baba Batikin, the minstrel of my native village, who knew most of the old Serbian ballads by heart. Besides, I assured the professors, I wanted to do in Greek and Latin as well as I possibly could, so as to gain free tuition. For the other studies I was not afraid, I told them, and they assured me that my chances for free tuition were certainly good. The other examinations gave me no trouble, thanks to my training with Bilharz and with the lecturers in the evening classes at Cooper Union. A note from the Registrar's office informed me a few days later that I was enrolled as a student in Columbia College with freedom from all tuition fees. There was no person in the United States on that glorious day happier than I!

The college atmosphere which I found at Columbia at that time gave me a new sensation. I did not understand it at first and misinterpreted many things. The few days preceding the opening of the college sessions I spent chasing around for a boarding-house, while my classmates were hanging around the college buildings, making arrangements to join this or that fraternity, and also solidifying the line of defense of the freshmen against the hostile sophomores. There was a lively process of organization going on under the leadership of groups of boys who came from the same preparatory schools. These groups led and the others were expected to follow without a murmur. Insubordination or even indifference was condemned as lack of college spirit. This spirit was necessary among the freshmen, particularly because, as I was informed later, there was a great common danger — the sophomores! I saw some of this feverish activity going on, but did not understand its meaning and hence remained outside of it, as if I were a stranger and not a member of the freshman class, which I heard described, by the freshmen themselves, as the best freshman class in the history of Columbia. The sophomores denied this in a most provoking manner; hence the hostility. Nobody paid any attention to me; nobody knew me, because I did not come from any of the preparatory schools which prepared boys for Columbia. One day I saw on the campus two huge waves of lively youngsters beating against each other just like inrolling waves of the sea lifting on their backs the returning waves which had been reflected from the cliffs of the shore. The freshmen were defending a cane against fierce attacks of the sophomores. It was the historic Columbia cane rush, I was told by Michael, the college janitor, who stood alongside of me as I looked on. It was not a real fight resulting in broken noses or blackened eyes, but just a most vigorous push-and-pull contest, the sophomores trying to take possession of a cane which a strong freshman, surrounded by a stalwart body-guard of freshmen, was holding and guarding just as a guard of fanatic monks would defend the sacred relics of a great saint. This freshmen group was the centre of the scrimmage and it stood there

like a high rock in the midst of an angry sea. Coats and shirts were torn off the backs of the brave fighters, some attacking and others defending the central group, but not a single ugly swear-word was heard nor did I see a single sign of intentional bloodshed. Members of the junior and senior classes watched as umpires. Michael, the janitor, who knew everybody on the college campus as a shepherd knows his sheep, was not quite certain about my identity. He asked me whether I was a freshman, and when I said "yes," he asked me why in the world I was not in the rush, defending the freshmen body-guard. He looked so anxious and worried that I felt sure of being guilty of some serious offense against old Columbia traditions. I immediately took off my coat and stiff shirt and plunged into the surging waves of sophomores and freshmen and had almost reached the central body-guard of freshmen, eager to join in its defense when a sophomore, named Frank Henry, grabbed me and pulled me back, telling me that I had no business to cross the line of umpires at that late moment. I did not know the rules of the game and shoved him aside and we clinched. He was the strongest man in Columbia College, as I learned later, but my kindling-wood operations on the banks of the Passaic River had made me a stiff opponent. We wrestled and wrestled and would have wrestled till sunset like Prince Marco and the Arab Moussa Kessedjia in the old Serbian ballads, if the umpires had not proclaimed the cane rush a draw. The main show being over, the side show which Henry and I were keeping up had no further useful purpose to serve and we stopped and shook hands. He was glad to stop, he admitted, and so was I, but he told my classmates that "if that terrible Turk had been selected a member of the freshmen body-guard the result of the cane rush might have been different." I told him that I was a Serb, and not a Turk, and he apologized, saying that he could never draw very fine distinctions between the various races in the Balkans. "But, whatever race you are," said he, "you will be a good fellow if you will learn to *play the game*." Splendid advice from a college boy! "*Play the game*," what a wonderful phrase! I studied it long, and

the more I thought about it the more I was convinced that one aspect of the history of this country with all its traditions is summed up in these three words. No foreigner can understand this country who does not know the full meaning of this phrase, which I first heard from a Columbia College youngster. No foreign language can so translate the phrase as to reproduce its brevity and at the same time convey its full meaning. But, when I heard it, I thought of the boot-blacks and newsboys who, five years previously, had acted as umpires when I defended my right to wear a red fez. To "play the game" according to the best traditions of the land which offered me all of its opportunities was always my idea of Americanization. But how many immigrants to this land can be made to understand this?

Some little time after this incident I was approached by the captain of the freshman crew, who asked me to join his crew. I remembered young Lukanitch's opinion about oarsmanship at Columbia, and I was sorely tempted. But, unfortunately, I had only three hundred and eleven dollars when I started my college career, and I knew that if I was to retain my free tuition by high standing in scholarship and also earn further money for my living expenses, I should have no time for other activities. "Study, work for a living, no participation in college activities outside of the recitation-room! Do you call that college training?" asked the captain of the freshman crew, looking perfectly surprised at my story, which, being the son of wealthy parents, he did not understand. I admitted that it was not, in the full sense of the word, but that I was not in a position to avail myself of all the opportunities which Columbia offered me, and that, in fact, I had already obtained a great deal more than an immigrant could reasonably have expected. I touched his sympathetic cord, and I felt that I had made a new friend. The result of this interview was that my classmates refrained from asking me to join any of the college activities for fear that my inability to comply with their request might make me feel badly. I had their sympathy, but I missed their fellowship, and therefore I missed in my freshman year much of that splendid training out-

side of the classroom which an American college offers to its students.

At the end of the freshman year I gained two prizes of one hundred dollars each, one in Greek and the other in mathematics. They were won in stiff competitive examinations and meant a considerable scholastic success, but, nevertheless, they excited little interest among my classmates. Results of examinations were considered a personal matter of the individual student himself and not of his fellow classmen. The prizes were practically the only money upon which I could rely to help carry me through my second year. The estimated budget for that year, however, was not fully provided for and I looked for a job for the long summer vacation. I did not want a job in the city. My kindling-wood activity of the preceding summer suited me better, and after some consultation with my friend Christopher, the kindling-wood peddler of Rutherford Park, I decided to accept a job on a contract of his to mow hay during that summer in the various sections of the Hackensack lowlands. No Columbia athlete ever had a better opportunity to develop his back and biceps than I had during that summer. I made good use of it, and earned seventy-five dollars net.

When my sophomore year began I awaited the cane rush which, according to old Columbia custom, took place between the sophomores and the freshmen at the beginning of each academic year, and I was prepared for it; I also knew what it meant to "play the game." This time my class had to do the attacking and I helped with a vengeance. The muscles which had been hardened in the Hackensack meadows proved most effective and the result was that shortly I had the freshmen's cane on the ground, was lying flat over it, covering it with my chest. The pressure of a score of freshmen and sophomores piled up on top of me threatened to squeeze the cane through my chest bone, which already, I imagined, was pressing against my lungs, my difficult breathing leading me to think that my last hour had come. Fortunately, the umpires cleared away the lively heap of struggling boys on top of me, and I breathed freely again. Some freshmen were found stretched alongside

of me with their hands holding onto the stick. An equal number of sophomores held on and, consequently, the umpires declared the rush a draw. Nobody was anxious to have another rush, and it was proposed by the freshmen to settle the question of class superiority by a wrestling-match, two best out of three falls,

had won Greek and mathematical prizes. They knew nothing about my strenuous mowing in the Hackensack meadows during three long months of that summer. The captain of the class crew approached me, felt my biceps, my chest, and my back, and shouted, "All right!" The wrestling-match came off, and the fresh-



Photograph of Pupin taken in 1883 when he graduated at Columbia.

catch as catch can. They had a big fellow who had some fame as a wrestler of great strength, and they issued a defiant challenge to the sophomores. My classmates held a meeting in order to pick a match for the freshman giant, but nobody seemed to be quite up to the job. Finally I volunteered, declaring that I was not afraid to tackle the freshman giant. "Do you expect to down him with Greek verses and mathematical formulæ?" shouted some of my classmates, who had grave doubts about the muscle and the wrestling ability of a fellow who

man giant had no show with a boy who had learned the art of wrestling on the pasture-lands of Idvor, and had held his own against experienced mowers in the Hackensack meadows. The victory was quick and complete and my classmates carried me in triumph to Fritz's saloon, not far from the college, where many a toast was drunk to "Michael the Serbian." From that day on my classmates called me by my first name and took me up as if I had been a distinguished descendant of Alexander Hamilton himself. My scholastic victory in Greek and math-

ematics meant nothing to my classmates, because it was a purely personal matter, but my athletic victory meant everything, because it was a victory of my whole class. Had I won my scholastic victory in competition with a representative from another college, then the matter would have had an entirely different aspect. *Esprit de corps* is one of those splendid things which American college life cultivates, and I had the good fortune to reap many benefits from it. He who pays no attention to this *esprit de corps* in an American college runs the risk of being dubbed a "greasy grind."

The sophomore year opened auspiciously. Eight of my classmates formed a class, the Octagon, and invited me to coach them in Greek and in mathematics, twice a week. The captain of the class crew was a member of it. I suspected that he remembered my reasons for refusing to join the freshman crew and wanted to help. The Octagon class was a great help in more ways than one. I also gave instruction in wrestling to several classmates in exchange for instruction in boxing. This was my physical exercise, and it was a strenuous one. Devereux Emmet, a descendant of the great Irish patriot, was one of these exchange instructors; he could stand any amount of punishment in our boxing bouts, which impressed upon my mind the truth of the saying that "blood will tell." Before the sophomore year was over my classmates acknowledged me a champion not only in Greek and in mathematics, but also in wrestling and boxing. The combination was somewhat unusual and legends began to be spun about it, but they did not turn my head, nor lull me to sleep, not even when they led to my election as class president for the junior year. This was indeed a great compliment, for, because of the junior promenade, the dance given annually by the junior class, it was customary to elect for that year a class president who was socially very prominent. A distinguished classmate, a descendant of three great American names, and a shining light in New York's younger social set, was my chief opponent and I begged to withdraw in his favor; a descendant of Hamilton inspired awe. But my opponent would not listen to it. He was a member of

the most select fraternity and not at all unpopular, but many of my classmates objected to him, although he was the grandson of a still living former secretary of state and chairman of the board of trustees of Columbia College. They thought that he paid too much attention to the fashion-plates of London, and dressed too fashionably. There were other Columbia boys at that time who, I thought, dressed just as fashionably, and yet they were very popular; but they were fine athletes, whereas my opponent was believed to rely too much upon the history of his long name and upon his splendid appearance. He certainly was a fine example of classical repose; his classmates, however, admired action. He was like a young Alcibiades in breeding, looks, and pose, but not in action.

Some of the old American colleges have been accused from time to time of encouraging snobbery and a spirit of aristocracy which is not in harmony with American ideas of democracy. My personal experience as student at Columbia gives competency to my opinion upon that subject. Snobs will be found in every country and clime, but there were fewer snobs at Columbia in those days than in many other much less exalted places, although Columbia at that time was accused of being a nest of dudes and snobs. This was one of the arguments advanced by those friends of mine at the Adelphi Academy who tried to persuade me to go to Princeton or Yale. The spirit of aristocracy was there, but it was an aristocracy of the same kind as existed in my native peasant village. It was a spirit of unconscious reverence for the best American traditions. I say "unconscious," and by that I mean absence of noisy chauvinism and of that racial intolerance by which the Teutonism of Austria and the Magyarism of Hungary had driven me away from Prague and from Panchievo. A name with a fine American tradition back of it attracted much attention, but it was only a letter of recommendation. He who was found wanting in his make-up and in his conduct when weighed by the best Columbia College traditions—and they were a part of American traditions—had a lonely time during his college career, in spite of his illustrious

name or his family's great wealth. Foreign-born students, like Cubans and South Americans, met with a respectful indifference so long as they remained foreigners. Needless to say that many of them adopted rapidly the attractive ways of the Columbia boys. But nobody would have resented it nor even paid any attention to it if they had retained their foreign ways. A hopeless fellow became a member of that very small class of students known at that time as "muckers." They complained bitterly of snobbery and of aristocracy. I do not believe that either the spirit of plutocracy, or of socialism and communism, or of any other un-American current of thought could ever start from an American college like Columbia of those days, and bore its way into American life. That type of aristocracy which made the American college immune from contagion by un-American influence existed; it was very exacting, and it was much encouraged. But when American college boys, accused of bowing to the spirit of aristocracy, have among them a Hamilton, a Livingston, a DeWitt, and several descendants of Jay, and yet elect for class president the penniless son of a Serbian peasant village because they admire his mental and physical efforts to learn and to comply with Columbia's traditions, one can rest assured that the spirit of American democracy was very much alive in those college boys.

My success with the Octagon class established my reputation as a doctor for "lame ducks." This was the name of those students who failed in their college examinations, usually examinations in Greek, Latin, and mathematics. Lame ducks needed a special treatment, called *coaching*. I became quite an expert in it, and presently I saw a flock of lame ducks gathering around me, offering liberal rewards for a speedy cure. My summer vacations no longer called me to the Passaic River to cut kindling-wood, nor to the Hackensack meadows to strain my back to the utmost trying to keep up with experienced mowers. Coaching lame ducks was incomparably more remunerative and left me also with plenty of leisure time for tennis, horseback riding, or swimming and diving contests. During the college sessions I usually had

in charge several bad cases of academic lameness, cases that could not be cured during the summer vacations, but had to be carefully nursed throughout the whole academic year. Financially I fared better than most of my young professors and I saved, looking ahead for the realization of a pet dream of mine. My coaching experience was remunerative not only from the material but also from the cultural side; it brought me in touch with some of the best exponents of New York's social life, where I found a hearty welcome, a friendly sympathy, and many lessons, which I always considered as being among the most valuable acquisitions in my college life. One of them deserves a special mention here.

Lewis Morris Rutherford, a trustee of Columbia College, was at that time the head of the famous Rutherford family. He was a gentleman of leisure and devoted himself to science and particularly to photographic astronomy, just as did his famous friend, Doctor John William Draper, the author of the "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe." Rutherford was a pioneer worker in this field of astronomy, and his photographs of the moon and of the stars were always regarded by the scientists of the world as most valuable contributions to astronomy. The historic Rutherford mansion, with its astronomical observatory, was on Eleventh Street and Second Avenue. Rutherford's sons Lewis and Winthrop were my fellow students at Columbia; Lewis was a year ahead of me and Winthrop was a year below me. Through their cousin, a chum and classmate of mine, I became acquainted with them. No handsomer boys ever sat in Hamilton Hall: tall, athletic, and graceful, just like two splendid products of the physical culture of classical Greece. One of them held the American championship in racquets, and the Long Island hunt clubs counted them among their best steeplechase riders. Lewis just squeezed his way through college, but Winthrop, owing to circumstances beyond his control, threatened to drop by the academic roadside; the load of some seven conditions was too heavy and too discouraging.

My chum, Winthrop's cousin mentioned above, was a brilliant raconteur,

and he used to spin out with wonderful skill many a funny tale about my coaching experiences, describing in a grotesque manner how an audacious youngster, straying over here from a Serbian peasant village, was bullying young aristocrats of New York, and how these aristocrats were submitting to it like little lambs. Rutherford, senior, who was my chum's uncle, heard some of these humorous tales. He enjoyed them hugely, and they suggested to him a scheme for diminishing somewhat his son's heavy load of conditions. He and his family were to spend the summer of 1882 in Europe, and he suggested that Winthrop and I go to his country place, where we could rule supreme and spend the summer preparing for Winthrop's autumn examinations. Winthrop consented, in order to please his family, and he agreed to the definite programme of work which I prescribed. Rutherford, senior, was anxious that Winthrop should breathe the atmosphere of Columbia College for four years, even if he should not get the full benefit of the college curriculum. He had a view of college education which was somewhat novel to me and made me understand more clearly the question which the captain of the freshman crew had addressed to me in my freshman year: "Study, work for a living, no participation in college activities outside of the recitation rooms! Do you call that college training?" But I shall return to this a little later.

"Winthrop is very fond of you," said Rutherford, senior, before he sailed for Europe, "and if you fail to pull him through, that will be the end of his college career. Your job is a difficult one, almost hopeless, but if you should succeed you would place me under a very great obligation." I was already under great obligations to him, for he had disclosed a view of the world of intellect before my eyes such as nobody ever had prior to that time. New York never produced a finer type of gentleman and scholar than was Lewis Rutherford. His personality impressed me as Henry Ward Beecher's had, and I could easily have persuaded myself that he was the reincarnation of Benjamin Franklin. I vowed to spare no effort in my attempts to "place him under a very great obligation."

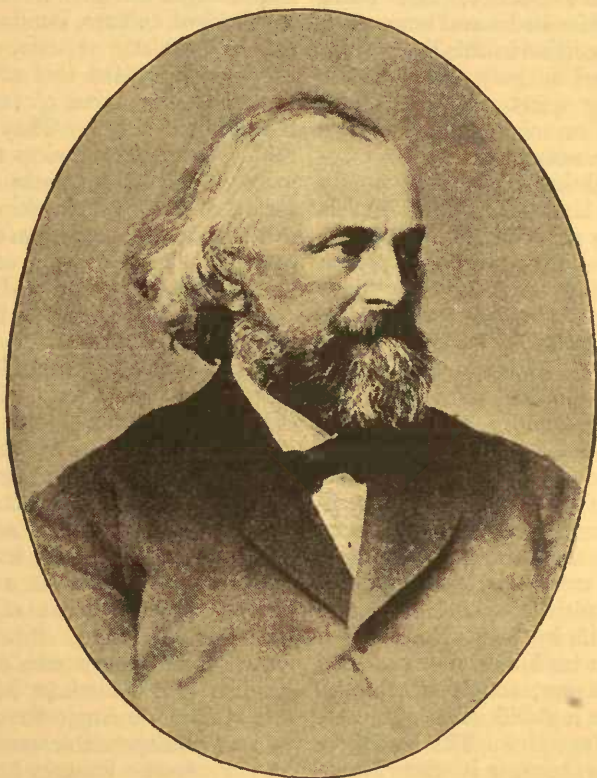
Winthrop co-operated at first. But

Winthrop's friends at the Racquet Club, at the Rockaway Hunt Club, and at Newport were puzzled, and they inquired what strange influences kept Winthrop in monastic seclusion at the Rutherford Stuyvesant estate in the backwoods of New Jersey. Besides, a stableful of steeplechasers, which had won many prizes, stood idle and looked in vain for their master Winthrop to train them. Even the servants on the estate looked puzzled and could not decipher the mysterious change that had come over their young autocrat. A foreign-born youngster, a namesake of Michael, the Irish gardener on the estate, seemed to be supreme in authority, and that puzzled the servants still more. Winthrop was making great scholastic efforts, in order to please his distinguished father, but he was a high-strung youth and after a while his behavior began to suggest the fretting of a thoroughbred protesting against the bit handled by the heavy touch of an unskilled rider. I saw a crisis approaching and it finally came. Winthrop suddenly refused to do another stroke of work unless the programme of work was greatly modified, permitting him to make occasional trips to the Racquet Club, to the Rockaway Hunt Club, and to Newport. I knew what that meant and promptly refused; a hot discussion followed, and some harsh words were spoken, resulting in a challenge by Winthrop; I accepted and agreed that the best man was to have his way during the remainder of the summer. Winthrop, the great racquet player of America, the famous steeplechase rider of Long Island, and the young aristocrat, kept his word and responded eagerly to my calls for additional scholastic efforts. He was a noble, handsome, and manly American youth whose friendship I was proud to possess.

In the autumn Winthrop got rid of most of his conditions, proceeded with his class, and eventually graduated from Columbia in 1884. My imaginative chum, Winthrop's cousin, composed a great tale describing this incident and he called it: "A Serbian Peasant versus an American Aristocrat." Those who had the good fortune to enjoy the humor of this tale (and among them was F. Marion Crawford, the novelist and cousin of my chum)

pronounced it a great literary accomplishment, and they all agreed that Winthrop was the real hero of the story; he played the game like a thoroughbred. Mr. Rutherford, senior, enjoyed the tale as much as anybody, and he was delighted with the result of our summer work. Winthrop's behavior did not sur-

scholar, and famous scientist, became my mentor. Winthrop's success was to place him under very great obligations to me, he said before he sailed for Europe in the spring, and after his return his actions proved that he meant even more than he had said. A father could not have been more solicitous about my future



Lewis Morris Rutherford, November, 1875.

prise him, because, he assured me, Winthrop played the game as every American gentleman's son would have played it. "Every one of your classmates," exclaimed this trustee of Columbia College, "would have done the same thing; or he would be unworthy of a Columbia degree." The first function of the American college, according to him, was to train its students in the principles of conduct becoming an American who is loyal to the best traditions of his country.

My senior year opened even more auspiciously than my sophomore or my junior year did. Lewis Rutherford, trustee of Columbia College, gentleman and

plans than he was, and his advice indicated that he understood my case much better than I did myself. At the beginning of my senior year I was still undecided as to what I was to do after graduation, and I began to feel anxious; my mentor's advice was most welcome, and it certainly was one of the determining factors for my future plans.

In my preceding account of my preparations for college and of my life in college there is much which sounds like a glorification of muscle and of the fighting spirit. I feel almost like apologizing for it, but do I really owe an apology? My

whole life up to this point of my story was steered by conditions which demanded muscle and the fighting spirit. To pass six weeks during each one of several summers as herdsman's assistant in company with twelve other lively Serb youngsters as fellow assistants, meant violent competitions in wrestling, swimming, herdsman's hockey, and other strenuous games for hours and hours each day, and one's position in this lively community depended entirely upon muscle and the fighting spirit. Magyarism in Panchevo and Teutonism in Prague produced a reaction which appealed to muscle and to the fighting spirit, which finally drove me to the land of Lincoln. Muscle and the fighting spirit of the bootblacks and newsboys on Broadway met me on the very first day when I ventured to pass beyond the narrow confines of Castle Garden, in order to catch the first glimpse of the great American metropolis. No sooner had I finished serving my apprenticeship as greenhorn, and advanced to a higher civic level, than I encountered again muscle and the fighting spirit of the college boys. In the beginning of my college career I found very little difference between the pasture-lands of my native village and the campus of the American college. The spirit of playfulness and the ferment of life in the hearts of youth was the same in both, and it manifested itself in the same way, namely, in athletics which encourage a glorification of muscle and of the fighting spirit. This was most fortunate for me, because it offered me a wide avenue by which I could enter with perfect ease into that wonderful activity called college life. Other avenues existed, but to a Serbian youth who but a few years before that time was a herdsman's assistant, these other avenues were practically closed. I have described the avenue which was open to me, but with no intention to indulge in an egotistical glorification of that avenue.

Rutherford, my mentor, scholar, and scientist, and trustee of Columbia College, did not believe as some people do that athletics would ever cause our colleges to degenerate into gladiatorial schools. Athletics in the form of wrestling and boxing did not interfere in the least with my scholarship. Healthy young people and healthy young nations are

prone to worship the heroic element in human life, thought trustee Rutherford, and, according to him, the Greeks prevented this exuberance of youth from degenerating into brutality by cultivating the art of physical culture. He was longing forty years ago, and I am still longing to-day, for the time when American colleges will have a four years' course in physical culture, conducted by medical and athletic experts. His sons, he thought, practised this art by their devotion to the game of racquets and of steeplechase riding. They were splendid athletes, but nevertheless they were mellow-hearted and gentle youths. The fact that their scholarship was not high did not disturb their learned father, because much of his own scholarship and scientific learning, he told me, had been acquired long after he had graduated from Union College.

Many of my fellow students were, just like myself, very fond of athletics and of other activities outside of the college curriculum, and yet we were enthusiastic students of Greek literature, of history and economics, of constitutional history of the United States, and of English literature. But here was the secret: Professor Merriam was a wonderful expounder of the great achievements of Greek civilization; Professor Monroe Smith made every one of us feel that English and American history, that is the history of Anglo-Saxon civilization, was an indispensable part of our daily life; Professor Burgess made us believe that political economy was one of the most important subjects in the world; and Professor Richmond Mayo Smith's lectures on the Constitutional History of the United States made us all imagine that we understood the spirit of 1776 just as well as Hamilton did. These professors were the great scholars of Columbia College when I was a student there, and they had most attractive personalities too. The personality of the professors, like that of the famous Van Amringe, and their learning, like that of the venerable President Barnard, were the best safeguards for students who showed a tendency to devote themselves too much to the worship of muscle and the fighting spirit, and of activities outside of the college curriculum. Fill your professorial

chairs in colleges with men of broad learning and of commanding personality and do not worry about the alleged evil influences of athletics, and of other college activities outside of the recitation-room. That was the recommendation of trustee Rutherford forty years ago; to-day I add: the college needs great professors just as much as the various research departments of a university need them; perhaps even more.

Literary societies, college journalism, glee-club practice, and exercises in the dramatic art consumed, when I was a college student, just as much of the college student's time as athletics did. They and athletics constituted the outside college activities. The recitation-room brought the student into touch with the personalities of the professors; college activities outside of the recitation-room, whether they were athletics or anything else, brought the student into touch with the personalities of his fellow students. Each one of these influences had, according to the experiences of my college life, its own great value, and contributed its distinct share to what is usually called the character-forming of the college student, but what Rutherford, the Columbia College trustee, called training in the principles of conduct becoming an American who is loyal to the best traditions of his country. Neither one nor the other influence can be weakened without crippling seriously that great object which trustee Rutherford called "the historical mission of the American college."

There was another educational activity which should be mentioned here. My regular attendance at Plymouth Church I considered as one of my most important college activities outside of the recitation-room. Beecher's sermons and Booth's interpretations of Shakespeare were sources of stirring inspiration. They occupied a very high place among my spiritual guides. Beecher, Booth, and several other men of genius who were active in New York in those days were, as far as my college training was concerned, members of the Columbia College faculty. This is what I probably meant when I said to my friends at the Adelphi Academy that "Columbia College in the City of New York" was the port for which I was sailing and that Beecher's church in

Brooklyn was a component part of Columbia College. Taking college activities in this broader sense I always believed that the spiritual, intellectual, and artistic activities in the city of New York were component parts of Columbia College; they certainly contributed much to the fulness of my college life. I often wondered whether this was in the minds of those who framed the official name "Columbia College in the City of New York," when the old name "King's College" was abandoned in 1787.

I have nearly finished the story of my college career, and I am aware that it is silent on a subject which was always dear to my heart; that subject is science. A young lad who was stimulated so much by the lives of the scientific men represented in the Cooper Union library painting, entitled, "Men of Progress"; by the splendid scientific exhibits in Philadelphia in 1876; by Jim's boiler-room demonstrations supplemented by Cooper Union lectures on heat; by Tyndall's and Hunt's poetic descriptions of scientific achievements; and above all by his own visions concerning physical phenomena on the pasture-lands of his native village—that lad goes through college, and the story of his college career is nearly closed without saying anything about his scientific studies at Columbia College! That certainly looks strange and suggests the inference that after all Bilharz had finally succeeded in tearing me away completely from, what he called the worship of scientific materialism. Bilharz did not succeed in that, but what he actually did is worth relating here.

After my departure from Cortlandt Street Bilharz felt quite lonesome and tried to get companionship and consolation from a Tyrolean zither which he managed well in spite of his stiff fingers. Knowing my fondness for Homer's heroic verse and for the lyric verse in the chorus of Greek dramas he practised reciting them with zither accompaniment. He thus imitated most successfully a Serbian gouslar's recitations of old Serbian ballads, accompanied by the single-string instrument, called *gousle*. In recognition of the success of his clever scheme which, I was sure, he devised for my special benefit I called him the Greek gouslar. He who has

seen huge multitudes of Serbs assembled around a blind gouslar in the midst of some great festive gathering, listening by the hour in spellbound silence to his recitations, will understand how Bilharz managed to attract me to many a neighborhood gathering on the top loft of the Cortlandt Street factory. Every time I listened to the zither accompanying his chanting of familiar Greek verses I imagined that Baba Batikin's spirit was transferred from the little peasant village of Idvor to the great metropolis of America! Whenever I told him that, he seemed to be immensely pleased, because the life of a blind gouslar appealed to him much. Professor Merriam was certainly a great Greek scholar, but Bilharz was a great Greek gouslar, and when he chanted the verses of the Iliad with zither accompaniment I was tempted to imagine that he was a reincarnation of Homer. Between Bilharz and Merriam I could not help devoting much of my time in college to the study of Greek. I have never regretted it, but I do regret that the academic halls of the American colleges of to-day do not resound any more with that solemn Greek rhythm which I first heard on the top loft of the Cortlandt Street factory. Bilharz disappeared from Cortlandt Street a short time before I graduated, and he left me his zither as a souvenir and also an old edition of Homer's Iliad by the famous German philologist Dindorf. I have not seen him since that time, but I shall never forget him. He was the first to call my attention to an old and magnificent civilization, the spiritual beauty of which appealed to my young imagination with increasing force as my knowledge of it increased. I often recall his almost fanatical dislike of mechanisms, and wonder what he would say to-day if he heard the pianola, the phonograph, and some of the distortions of radio broadcasting, to say nothing of the dramatic atrocities of the kinematograph!

On the other hand, again, the growth of my understanding from the very first day of my landing at Castle Garden was due to my feeding upon the spiritual food which was offered to me daily by a civilization in which I was living, and which I wished to understand but did not understand. My preparation for college lifted here and there the mist which prevented

my vision from seeing the clear outline of American civilization. Columbia College brought me into touch with the college life of American boys and with men of great learning and wonderful personalities and they helped me to dispel every particle of that mist, and there in the clear sunshine of their learning I saw the whole image of what I believed to be American civilization: a beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother, which is the Anglo-Saxon civilization. The memory of this vision always recalled to my mind the ode of Horace which opens with the line:

"O matre pulchra filia pulchrior!"

The study and the contemplation of these two civilizations, the ancient civilization of Greece and the new civilization of the Anglo-Saxons, which appealed to me as the two greatest civilizations of human history, made every other study in my college curriculum appear as insignificant, although I gained several prizes in the exact sciences, and although I never gave up the idea that my future work would be in the field of science.

But there is another and perhaps the most potent reason why science figures so little in the preceding part of the story of my college career. Instruction in the exact sciences in those days was most elementary, not only at Columbia College but also in most American colleges. For instance, laboratory work in physics and in chemistry was not a part of the Columbia College curriculum, and the lecture-room told me less about physics than I had known from my studies of Tyndall's popular publications and from the Cooper Union instruction before I entered college. The question, "What is Light?" I brought with me from the pasture-lands of my native village, and the professor of physics at Columbia College offered no answer to it except to refer to vibrations in an ether, the physical properties of which he admitted he could not describe satisfactorily. On this point he did not seem to be much wiser than my humble teacher Kos in Panchevo. My mentor, Rutherford, was always interested in this question, as in many other advanced questions in science, and he took much delight in discussing them with me. He was the first to inform me that the great

question, "What is Light?" will probably be answered when we understand more clearly a new electrical theory which was advanced by a Scotch physicist, Maxwell by name, who was a pupil of the great Faraday.

One day toward the end of my senior year I told my mentor, Rutherford, of a lecture-room experiment performed by Rood, his friend, and at that time professor of physics at Columbia College. This experiment was the first announcement to me that Faraday was one of the great discoverers in electrical science. The experiment was simplicity itself, and consisted of a loose coil of copper wire, held in the left hand of the lecturing professor, the terminals of the coil being connected to a galvanometer supported on the wall of the lecture-room, so that its needle could be seen by every student in the room. When Rood, like a magician manipulating a wand, moved with his right hand a small magnet toward the coil, the distant galvanometer needle, impelled by a force which up to that time was a mystery to me, swung violently in one direction, and when the magnet was moved away from the coil the galvanometer needle swung just as violently in the opposite direction. When one terminal, only, of the coil was connected to the galvanometer, and thus the electric circuit of the coil was broken, the motion of the magnet produced no effect. "*This is Faraday's discovery of Electromagnetic Induction,*" said Rood with a deep sigh, and ended the lecture without any further comment, as if he wished to give me a chance to think it over before he added additional information. Rutherford knew Rood's picturesque mannerism, and my description of the experiment amused him. He suggested that the good professor was very fond of mystifying his students. I certainly was much mystified and did not wait for the next lecture to clear the mystery, but spent all day and most of the night reading about Faraday's wonderful discovery. It was made over fifty years before that time, but I never knew anything about it, although Edison's dynamos in his New York Pearl Street station had been supplying for over a year thousands of customers with electric power for incandescent lighting. Colum-

bia College was not one of these customers for a long time after my graduation. When I finished my description of the experiment, and assured Rutherford that it was the most thrilling physical phenomenon that I had ever seen, and that I had remained awake almost all night after seeing it, he looked pleased, and informed me that this very phenomenon was the basis of Maxwell's new Electrical Theory.

That was the experiment which helped me to decide a very weighty question. Professor Rood had informed me that in recognition of my high standing in Science as well as in Letters I could choose either of two graduate fellowships, one in Letters or one in Science, each worth five hundred dollars a year. Either would have meant an additional three years of graduate study at Columbia. I was much tempted to turn to Letters and continue my work with Merriam, the idol of all Columbia College students, including myself, who had felt the wonderful charm of his personality and of his profound and at the same time most picturesque classical scholarship. But the magic experiment which had told me the first story of Faraday's great discoveries, and had aroused my dormant enthusiasm for physics, caused me to bid good-by to Merriam and turn to science, my first love. Nevertheless, I did not accept the fellowship in science and stay three years longer at Columbia; I preferred to take up the study of Faraday and of Maxwell in the United Kingdom, where these two great physicists were born and where they had made their great discoveries. Trustee Rutherford and his young nephew, my chum and classmate, John Armstrong Chanler, applauded my decision, and promised to assist me in my undertaking whenever assistance should be needed. Rutherford assured me that I should certainly succeed as well in my scientific studies in European universities as I had succeeded in my general cultural studies at Columbia College, if the revelations of the new world of physics, certainly in store for me, could arouse in me the same enthusiasm which had been aroused by the revelations of that new spirit and that new current of thought which had given birth to the American civilization. That this enthusiasm would not be wanting was

amply demonstrated, he said, by the effect which Faraday's fundamental experiment had produced in my imagination.

Richmond Mayo Smith, my teacher in constitutional history, had assured me, toward the end of the senior year, that I was fully prepared for American citizenship, and I had applied for my naturalization papers. I received them on the day before I was graduated. Two ceremonies which are recorded in my life as two red-letter days took place on two successive days; it is instructive to give here a brief comparison between them. The ceremony which made me a citizen of the United States took place in a dingy little office in one of the municipal buildings in City Hall Park. I received my diploma of Bachelor of Arts in the famous old Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street on the following day. There was nobody in the naturalization office to witness the naturalization ceremony except myself and a plain little clerk. The graduation ceremonies in the Academy of Music were presided over by the venerable President Barnard; his luxuriant snowy-white locks and long beard, and his luminous intelligence beaming from every feature of his wonderful face, gave him the appearance of Moses, as Michael Angelo represents him; and the academy was crowded with a distinguished and brilliant audience. The little clerk in the office handed me my naturalization papers in an offhand manner, thinking, apparently, of nothing but the fee due from me. President Barnard, knowing of my high standing in the graduating class and of my many struggles to get there, beamed with joy when he handed me my diploma amidst the applause of my numerous friends in the audience. When I left the naturalization office, carrying my precious multi-colored and very ornate naturalization papers, the crowd in City Hall Park was moving about as though nothing had happened; but when I stepped down from the academy stage, with my Columbia diploma in hand, my old friend Doctor Shepard handed me a basket of roses with the best wishes of his family and of Henry Ward Beecher; Mr. and Mrs. Lukanitch were there, and the old lady kissed me, shedding tears copiously and assuring me that if my mother were

there to see how well I looked in my academic silk gown she also would have shed many a tear of joy; numerous other friends were there and made much fuss over me, but all those things served only to increase the painful contrast between the gay commencement ceremonies and the prosy procedure of my naturalization on the preceding day. One ceremony made me only a Bachelor of Arts. The other made me a citizen of the United States. Which of the two should have been more solemn?

There was a picture which I had conjured up in my imagination when first I walked one day from the Cortlandt Street factory to Wall Street to see the site of old Federal Hall. The picture was that of Chancellor Livingston administering the constitutional oath of office to President Washington. To me it was a picture of the most solemn historical act which New York or any other place in the world ever had witnessed. When the little clerk in the naturalization office handed me my naturalization papers, and called upon me in a perfunctory way to promise that I would always be loyal to the Constitution of the United States, the picture of that historical scene in Federal Hall suddenly reappeared to me, and a strange mental exaltation made my voice tremble as I responded: "I will, so help me God!" The little clerk noticed my emotion, but did not understand it, because he did not know of my long-continued efforts throughout a period of nine years to prepare myself for citizenship of the United States.

As I sat on the deck of the ship which was taking me to the universities of Europe, and watched its eagerness to get away from the busy harbor of New York, I thought of the day when, nine years before, I had arrived on the immigrant ship. I said to myself: "Michael Pupin, the most valuable asset which you carried into New York harbor nine years ago was your knowledge of and profound respect and admiration for the best traditions of your race . . . the most valuable asset which you are now taking with you from New York harbor is your knowledge of and profound respect and admiration for the best traditions of your adopted country."

(To be continued.)

An American Citizen

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

[These articles about "REAL PEOPLE WHO ARE REAL SUCCESSSES," depict those whose achievements, founded on character, have made them valuable and respected citizens. The test is not money or fame.]



He gives you at once an impression of solidity; a person not to be jostled or pushed. Of good height and substantially built, at seventy-eight he still carries himself erect-

ly; walks with the air of a man who knows his destination and will arrive on time. The color of health is in his smooth-shaven cheeks. His smile is worth waiting for and his laugh has the ring of honest mirth. You feel that here is a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows. A prosperous farmer you might say, in town to sell cattle; or if you met him in a seaport you might think: here is a fine type of the mariner, a retired captain perhaps, still capable of going down to the sea in a ship which he will most certainly carry to its destination and bring back to the home port in safety.

Such a man is Lucius B. Swift, an American citizen.

In a vote conducted recently by the *Indianapolis News* to determine the ten greatest citizens of the Hoosier Commonwealth my hero did not, I believe, receive a single ballot. And this is not surprising. His achievements are not of the sort that speak strongly to the popular imagination. Nothing spectacular: no loud trumpetings; no fireworks; unknown indeed, even by sight, to a large majority of the three hundred thousand inhabitants of the city where he has lived for forty-three years. Money has never figured importantly in his scheme of things; if it had, he might be rich. His ideals of what constitutes a fame worth the winning are not those of that considerable number of persons who are convinced that getting there is the main business of life. And yet, I feel that my hero has arrived, though not by the usual means of transportation or acclaimed in the common terminology of the heralds of success; yet, somehow, he has attained an altitude that makes it necessary for us to lift our eyes a bit if we would rightly see him.

I shall not commit the indiscretion of

attempting to estimate the number of American citizens who always put their country first; but I shall say without a moment's hesitation that Lucius B. Swift is entitled to sit in the front row of any gathering of such patriots. And if an investigation should be made to disclose just how many of those present really had made tangible and concrete sacrifices for their country's good and for the good of humanity, I am sure that my hero would be singled out for special praise, though he would be deeply embarrassed to find himself thus singled out for attention.

So far as my contemplation of the human species has gone, Mr. Swift is unique. I have never known a man who would risk so much for a cause as he. A foolish man, it may be said, to have spent so much time working for the public interest where there was not the slightest chance that he would be thanked for it; where, in fact, in most cases, he laid himself open to abuse or ridicule in undertaking disagreeable tasks which were, as he often heard, none of his business. Herein lies the admirable, the distinguishing thing about him: a conviction, deeply inbred in his nature, that democracy presupposes the sincere interest and devoted service of every individual, and that the public business is every citizen's concern.

I picture him as a serious, earnest, plodding boy in his early years spent on the farm in Orleans County, New York, where he was born; and we may be sure that he made the most of his opportunities at the Yates Academy, less than a mile away, where he laid the foundations of his education. Directly descended from William Swift who settled on Cape Cod in 1637, a good deal of American history had passed into his blood when he began to hear of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the bitter controversies of the fifties centering at last in the name of Lincoln. At the first call for troops Lucius, then sixteen, enlisted, but after drilling for many weeks was rejected because of his age. His company went away without him; whereupon he borrowed money from a neighbor to carry him to its camp in

Maryland, where by a patriotic fiction his age was put down as eighteen and he was accepted. I shall say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that this is the first and only time in the course of his seventy-eight years that Lucius B. Swift ever lent himself to duplicity. I had known Mr. Swift ten years before I learned that he had served three years as a private soldier in the Civil War, and then the fact was mentioned casually that he might testify to the spirit of democracy that animated the men in the ranks.

I doubt whether any other private soldier in that war saw it with quite Swift's detachment. The attitude and demeanor of his comrades interested him; he weighed and considered the merits of his commanders—saw the whole business from the view-point of a serious lad capable of understanding that he was participating in a great episode of history. In a paper he prepared several years ago, Mr. Swift gave his impressions as an enlisted man of life in the army just before the battle of Chancellorsville. By this time he was a seasoned soldier with battles in the Valley of Virginia against Stonewall Jackson, sixteen weeks in Southern prisons, and two winter campaigns behind him. The end of the second day at Chancellorsville saw him again Jackson's prisoner, followed by a magical parole from Libby Prison after twelve days. He writes:

"On the evening of Sunday, April 26th, the order was issued to march next morning, each man to carry eight days' rations and sixty rounds of cartridges; three days' rations and forty rounds were the usual load. Next morning each man was left to judge for himself the amount of food which would last him eight days. I counted three meals a day, with three hard-tacks and one slice of bacon for each meal. I therefore carefully arranged in my haversack seventy-two hard-tacks, twenty-four slices of bacon, twenty-four tablespoonfuls of coffee and the same number of sugar, a quart cup, a spoon, a towel, a comb and soap. In my knapsack I had one suit of underclothing, one pair of socks, and a blanket, and my overcoat was rolled in my piece of a dog-tent and strapped on the outside. The march began, the 11th corps now under General Howard taking the lead, and then we followed and after us came the

5th corps under General Meade. This was the flanking column. We were now 40,000 strong. Our route was west up the Rappahannock. After a few miles began the usual casting off of winter surplus, which always occurred on the first spring march and the road was strewn with overcoats, blankets and articles of every kind to lighten the load. The dogwood was in blossom and the grass was green in the fields, but there were no signs of cultivation; the country was sleeping, waiting for the war to cease. We felt well and marched easily. There was in my company a sprinkling of all kinds of spicy Irishmen and a few Germans. The rest were mostly American farmer boys like myself and included twenty school-teachers. With such a combination there was no lack of conversation and jokes, and the march was not always dull plodding. To a great extent officers and men were school and village comrades. The officers of my regiment, as a rule, were men of substance and character at home and were respected by us. Our colonel was a real father of the regiment and our other officers, although often our schoolmates and boy companions and but a single remove from actual comradeship now, were yet officers having the right to command, and no enlisted man ever for a moment trespassed upon that right. Our captain often urged the sergeants to keep a line between themselves and the other men, but we could not bring ourselves to do it with old schoolmates and when off duty we were simply comrades with them. But on duty, the matter was different; we expected to be obeyed without demur and I never knew of but one case of disobedience."

All this was discipline, preparation for other tasks that were to engage his interest. Honorably discharged in June, 1865, Sergeant Swift having, in a manner of speaking, already taken his postgraduate course in the school of war, took up what was by contrast the rather prosaic business of completing his preparation for college. He had saved something from his army pay, and on his discharge in June he went back to school, at the same time assisting in the labor of the home farm. He chose the University of Michigan as his college, it being at that time one of the few American institutions that did not re-

quire Greek, which he lacked. He was graduated from Michigan in the class of 1870 and returned to Medina, near the home farm, where he spent two years in a law office. Having left the university in debt, he decided to teach until the debt was paid. The authorities of his alma mater recommended him for appointment as teacher in the public schools of LaPorte, Indiana. There in due course he became superintendent, and in 1876 he married Miss Mary Ella Lyon, a graduate of Elmira College, whom he had brought to LaPorte to join his teaching staff. Meanwhile Mr. Swift put in his leisure reading law. By 1879 the Swifts, by their joint labor, had accumulated twenty-five hundred dollars. They removed to Indianapolis, where Mr. Swift passed the examination for admission to practise in the United States courts. He knew only one person in the Hoosier capital, the state superintendent of public instruction. His receipts for the first year were thirty-five dollars. In the second year he did much better and felt encouraged to hang on. Mrs. Swift taught in the high school for a year and then became, and continues to be, her husband's self-effacing co-worker, as zealous in public service as he.

In those days the bar of Indianapolis was unexcelled in the West, numbering among its distinguished members Benjamin Harrison, William H. H. Miller, John M. Butler, John T. Dye, William P. Fishback, Joseph E. McDonald, and Thomas A. Hendricks. Indianapolis society at that time was rather a tight corporation. It counted for much that one's folks could boast pioneer ancestors or at least had lived on Hoosier soil through the Civil War period and been identified with the valiant host that upheld the Union under the banner of the war governor, Oliver P. Morton. It was not easy for any newcomer without social or business connections to get a foothold. But the clients who began to find Mr. Swift in Room 2, Hubbard Block, clung to him. Many of them were Germans, who liked his industry and forthright speech and the care he brought to even the smallest commission. Note here this fact, that as his list of clients lengthened, those who brought him the most business were Germans, for we shall come back to this.

It was the way of the Swifts to make

haste slowly. They lived for eight years in three rooms, where Mrs. Swift did her own housework in addition to assisting at the office. Before I knew them I marked the couple in their goings and comings in our streets, accompanied usually by a dog that spent the day in the law office. Sometimes there was a market-basket, too, and books. Lucius B. Swift's name adorned the same door in the Hubbard Block till the building was torn down; and the story-and-a-half cottage on a side street where they still live has been their home for thirty-four years. If you pass that way you will know the place by the vines and flowers that all but hide the house.

Fierce partisanship, a characteristic of the Hoosiers from the days of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, has always made it more comfortable for an Indiana man to align himself with one or the other of the political parties. This is emphasized in the case of a lawyer, who may be assisted in developing a practice by participating in party affairs and gaining an office that will widen his acquaintance and create business contacts. Politics had been a subject much discussed in Mr. Swift's boyhood on the New York farm. Horace Greeley's *Tribune* was the family newspaper, and youthful interest in the slavery issue had been visualized for impressionable youth by the occasional appearance at the back door of the Swift home of a fugitive slave. Swift, the school-teacher and Civil War veteran, was disposed to take his politics seriously. He was influenced by the reading of the New York *Evening Post*, and *The Nation*, then conducted by E. L. Godkin, and *Harper's Weekly* under George William Curtis's editorship. Definite ideals of politics took form in his mind, strengthened by criticisms of Grant's two administrations, and the scandals of the Tweed ring in New York. Bossism, plunder, the bestowal of offices upon faithful henchmen, struck him as wholly irreconcilable with the spirit and promise of American institutions. It occurred to him that the nation he had carried a musket to preserve might still have some work for him to do.

While traditionally a Republican, he had done a good deal of thinking about politics when in 1884 Blaine was nominated for the presidency. To live in In-

dianapolis and affiliate with the Mugwumps was not calculated to promote a newcomer's fortunes either professionally or socially. The animosities left by the Civil War were still so bitter that to be a Democrat was a social disqualification, but to be a Mugwump was to be "queer"—at best the object of amused or cynical curiosity. It may be said of the Indiana Republicans who bolted the Republican presidential nomination of 1884, that they were fit though few. Mr. Swift was of that company, and he established enduring friendships with men he was to be associated with in other contests. Indiana rocked under the furious struggle. It was in that battle that Mr. Swift first displayed his fighting qualities as a civilian. He became chairman of the Indiana Mugwump Committee of One Hundred, and gave time sorely needed for his own affairs to assist in defeating Blaine. I find in one of his speeches a particular emphasis laid upon Cleveland's promises with respect to the merit system, a matter which had already attracted Mr. Swift. An address he delivered before the Freidenker Verein of Indianapolis, January 8, 1885, was I believe the first public utterance on this subject in Indiana. It was a vigorous and effective discussion of the spoils system in American politics, and it is not surprising that Horace White should have brought it to the attention of Carl Schurz and George William Curtis, and that Curtis should have remarked that it was the best thing he had seen on the subject, adding: "Isn't it strange that the cause should take root in Indiana?" It was strange indeed, stranger even than Mr. Curtis knew!

While watching Cleveland's struggle with the importunate job-hunters, very hungry and very thirsty by reason of their long exclusion from federal office, Mr. Swift addressed himself to the business—which was not strictly his business any more than it was that of any other citizen—of exposing the evil features of the management of the Indiana benevolent institutions. These were then operated under laws which made spoils of the jobs and gave the contracts to political favorites. There was now an Indiana Civil Service Reform Association, and under its auspices the Indiana Hospital for the Insane was subjected to a merciless scrutiny.

Having read himself out of the Republican party by supporting Cleveland, Mr. Swift did not hesitate to arouse the ire of the Indiana democracy by showing in what manner the party was using the hospital to strengthen the party machinery. A Republican legislature was not averse to laying bare Democratic iniquity, and an investigation was ordered. Mr. Swift, without pay, gathered and produced before a committee of the senate testimony in support of the charges. The committee's report, with this evidence, made a volume of one thousand three hundred and thirty-five pages! Not only was there a plain showing of favoritism and dishonesty as to contracts but there were cases of drunkenness and immorality among the attendants; helpless patients had been beaten and taunted by their guardians and rotten food was served to them. Mr. Swift spent three weeks, working day and night, presenting the evidence to the committee. This investigation initiated the processes by which the Indiana benevolent institutions were taken out of politics and established upon a business and humanitarian basis. Apart from the satisfaction of performing thoroughly and effectively a public duty, with resulting permanent benefit to his state, Mr. Swift got nothing for his meddlesomeness except, he once remarked to me with his characteristic chuckle, the loss of one valued client, a business man who had been one of the favored contractors!

President Cleveland, with the best intentions in the world, was unable to protect the classified service; and in September, 1886, we find Mr. Swift writing a pamphlet of fifty-three pages in small type, setting forth the manner in which the Pendleton civil-service law was being evaded in Indiana. It may here be said of Mr. Swift's speeches and pamphlets that they are excellent reading. For direct straightforward narrative the literary student would have difficulty in finding their equal. When he went after the management of the Indianapolis post-office in the first Cleveland administration he had, as usual, fortified himself with facts. When, among other things, he stated in Document No. 2 of the papers of the Indiana Civil Service Reform Association that a job had been found in the post-office for a man under indictment for a felony, he

did not merely make a statement; he presented the record of the criminal court to prove it. When he declared that, owing to the reduced efficiency of the post-office, sacks of mail were let lie undistributed so long that the rats ate into them, he knew what he was talking about. A difficult adversary is a man like Swift, who never loses his temper; who, with no motive but to render an honest public service, acts on the principle that a public office is a public trust; who is unmoved by criticism and goes tranquilly on his way, mildly amused when men inquire just what he expects to gain by projecting himself into matters which clearly are none of his business—such a man is indeed puzzling and disturbing to those who view with alarm the intrusion of idealism into politics.

Owing to the tremendous pressure for place, Cleveland had been unable to fulfil his pre-election promises as to the merit system, and in 1888 Mr. Swift supported General Harrison in the hope that the Republicans would stand for a stricter enforcement of the existing civil-service laws. His share in the fight on Blaine had made his name known to the leading Eastern Independents, who were not without curiosity as to the gentleman who had now begun at Indianapolis the publication of the *Civil Service Chronicle*, a journal conducted without profit or the hope of profit. They invited Mr. Swift to Baltimore to a conference of men interested in elevating the tone of American politics. It was then that he first met Theodore Roosevelt, in the office of Charles J. Bonaparte. This was the beginning of a cordial and intimate friendship that continued to the end of Roosevelt's life. Roosevelt was appointed to the Civil Service Commission by Harrison, and in 1889 visited Indianapolis at Swift's request to investigate the conduct of the post-office. On this occasion Roosevelt had luncheon with the Swifts in their cottage on Fourteenth Street, and Mrs. Swift cooked the meal.

The hope of the reformers centred again in Cleveland after his re-election in 1892, and in a long letter to Swift, dated November 28, 1893, Roosevelt wrote:

"I had a talk with the President the other day. It was mostly, however, about the disagreements in the commission: but

I am bound to say that the President, on the whole in the conversation, proved much more amenable to reason as regards civil-service-reform matters than President Harrison ever did. I personally never felt the hope, that so many reformers did, that President Cleveland would make a radical departure in favor of the reform. I thought that as regards the non-classified service he would do just about what has proved to be just about the case. President Cleveland is himself, I think, a much stronger friend of the reform than President Harrison but his party is much more hostile to it than was the Republican party, (I mean of course, the politicians who represent the parties here in Washington and elsewhere) and in consequence the net outcome has been very much the same in the two cases. Cleveland goes rather ahead of his party but does not think well enough of the reform to be willing to go so far ahead as to in any way jeopardize his party standing. Harrison, on the other hand, did not care to go ahead at all; he merely wished to keep abreast of his party in this respect; and so, as I said before, he and Cleveland stand about on the same plane in the matter."

But, in spite of this see-saw, Mr. Swift continued at his work of arousing sentiment favorable to the merit system, which was not, it must be said, a popular reform. Whenever opportunity offered, he delivered his lecture on American Feudalism, illustrating his points with concrete instances of the destructive results of the abuse of political power in Indiana and other states. Meanwhile he kept constantly in touch with Roosevelt, Bonaparte, Richard Henry Dana, and others of the Eastern reformers.

I am quoting the following letter, dated April 27, 1895, because it not only shows a charming side of Roosevelt's character but gives hints of his sense that his Indiana friend was a man of sympathy and understanding, willing to stand up and be shot at for a cause he believed to be right. Mr. Swift had written to express his regret that Roosevelt had resigned from the Civil Service Commission to become police commissioner in New York, and Roosevelt replied:

"No letter that I have received about my change to New York has pleased me as much as yours, for you are the only

correspondent who has understood how I felt about the Civil Service Commission here. I have for six years given all my energy and all my heart to the work. I can honestly say that I think I have accomplished something, and that the cause has made during those six years far more progress from the moral than even from the material side, though the latter, as shown by the figures in the increase of the classified service themselves, is sufficiently great. Now, I entirely share your belief that the Commission must not be dependent upon any one man. In the first place, I think the whole spirit of the Commission has changed. Mr. Procter has been on with me a year and a half. He is as high-minded and upright a man as I ever met, and our methods and desires are identical. I know that he will continue the work when I am gone precisely as he and I have carried it on while I was here. I can't help believing that any new appointee or appointees will do the same. I am continually receiving letters from men who say that they don't see how the Commission will get along without me; that I am essential to it, etc. In the first place no man is essential. There are always plenty to fill his place; and secondly, I think it unhealthy to encourage a feeling that a given man is all-important.

"As for what I can do in New York I confess I feel rather doubtful. The legislature has refused to pass the police bills which it ought to have passed, and I haven't any certain knowledge of how much power I will have. Of course very much depends also upon who my colleagues are. Then I fear that the reformers, in following the lead of Dr. Parkhurst, may expect too much. There are certain evils which I fear cannot possibly be suppressed in a city like New York in our present stage of existence. I shall do my best to find out how to minimize them and make them least offensive, but more than this I fear cannot be done. As for my own course, I am, as you know, in national matters a strong Republican, and differ from most civil-service reformers, I think, in being an advocate of a vigorous foreign policy; but as Police Commissioner I am sure I do not have to say that I will be quite incapable of considering any question of politics in the execution of my duty, whether in the ap-

pointment or removal of a man, or in the adoption of a line of policy.

"Pray remember me warmly to Mrs. Swift, and again let me thank you heartily and sincerely for your letter, which I shall keep."

It is apparent from the tone of Roosevelt's frequent letters to the gentleman in Room 2, Hubbard Block, that these two men, so unlike in temperament, antecedents, and training, had formed for each other the warmest admiration. Later, on occasions when Roosevelt visited Indiana and was overwhelmed by the "thunder of the captains and the shouting," I was amused to remember that Swift was the first man in the state to know him and rightly appraise his qualities. During his years in the White House, whenever Roosevelt wanted absolutely fair and just judgments of Indiana men who sought preferment, he consulted the unassuming, plain-spoken gentleman in Indianapolis. Mr. Swift, with no axes to grind, would, with the slightest encouragement, tell the truth!

Once an Indiana congressman had been at great pains to keep Mr. Swift's name off the list of prominent Hoosiers who were to meet the President, on one of the occasions when Roosevelt paid a visit to Indianapolis. But on the train the President remarked to Vice-President Fairbanks that he very much wished to see his old friend Swift, of whom he spoke with characteristic heartiness. A telegram was immediately despatched, inviting Mr. Swift to the Fairbanks residence. There the congressman and other leading Republicans saw the President greet Swift with a cordiality the least bit dismaying in view of the fact that the modest attorney—a "snivel service reformer"—was a rank outsider who didn't speak the Indiana Republican language at all! In vigorous fashion the President said in a tone audible throughout the room: "There's no time to talk here. I shall be in Oyster Bay shortly; I want you to come down to see me as soon as you can conveniently make the trip!"

Mr. Swift was not to remain an unhonored prophet in the land of his adoption. His fellow citizens began to respect him even where they continued to be puzzled by his sturdy independence, his bothersome stirring up of things that had pre-

viously been permitted to pass as the mere routine of politics.

In his quiet, determined way he was establishing in Indiana a new standard of political service and patiently but stubbornly insisting upon its acceptance. Patriotism, in his view, is not wholly an affair of gunpowder, but, rightly interpreted, offers its daily opportunities and duties to all lovers of good government. As one of the chief protagonists of the civil-service cause he may be pardoned for pointing with satisfaction to the fact that when he became interested in the subject in 1883 there were only 14,000 positions in the classified service; now there are 400,000. The volumes of the *Civil Service Chronicle* (there's a set in the Harvard Library) are mighty interestin' readin' for the student of American politics.

In a modest way the Swifts prospered. Their circle widened slowly, but it embraced the people of the community best worth knowing. It was an honor to be bidden to dine, or for Sunday-morning breakfast, in the Fourteenth Street cottage. You were sure to find there interesting people and stimulating talk. If the Swifts acquired a rare print or a new set of spoons, or if Mrs. Swift created a new salad, it was a privilege to be asked to share in the celebration of the event. A cheerful outlook on life has always distinguished the Swifts, but at their table and at their fireside the serious problems of life and society and the trend of world affairs have never been neglected. The breadth of their interests is indicated by a few names of distinguished visitors to Indiana who have enjoyed their hospitality—Julia Marlowe, Carl Schurz, Charles J. Bonaparte, Richard Henry Dana, Professors Taussig of Harvard and Farnham of Yale, and Colonel Henry Lee Higginson. With all their keen interest in public affairs the Swifts kept young. They have always been particularly hospitable to ambitious young men and women. It occurred to them rather late in life that they had never danced, having been too busy in their youth for much recreation. So they established a Saturday-night supper with an hour of dancing.

While Mr. Swift never figured in spectacular cases, he established on a solid basis a good law practice. His participation in politics served to plant him in pub-

lic esteem as a man of absolute integrity. There was never any malice in his prodigings of the incapable or corrupt; to those of us who have known him long he is endeared by a certain sweetness of temper and a delightful simplicity.

Never wasting ammunition or shooting merely to attract attention, he has through all his years in our town stood up stubbornly for clean politics and honest public service. When in 1899 a street-railway franchise was to be granted, he published a pamphlet on the subject warning the people against yielding their rights without an adequate return. He was right in his warning, though few realized it then. His protest passed unheeded, and his fellow townsmen are the poorer for their heedlessness.

In the first Bryan campaign he was at once active, speaking and writing against silver. He asked to be assigned to small meetings in country districts, where he could maintain a conversational tone in discussing his subject and invite and answer questions. He gave his whole time to the campaign. The receipts of his law office between Bryan's nomination and election day were exactly ten dollars!

When the German legions started across Belgium in 1914, Mr. Swift grew restless, and before the sinking of the *Lusitania* he saw clearly that the struggle was not one of nations but an assault upon democracy. The attitude of men of German birth or descent in America in upholding the German cause aroused his indignation and he wrote an essay, a calm consideration of the war in the light of German history. This, read before the Indianapolis Literary Club and elsewhere in 1916, was widely circulated as a pamphlet. Like all of Mr. Swift's utterances, this address contained no abuse; there was no calling of names; his information was drawn largely from German sources. His utterances were resented by his many German friends; the more influential of his German clients immediately withdrew their business. Only a few intimate friends knew of this, as it has never been Swift's way to whimper or covet the martyr's crown. He was more hurt by the severing of old ties of friendship than by the shrinking of his practice. A number of men who shared his feeling that Germany was wrong and that America "slept a base sleep beside

an idle spear," while all civilization was menaced, gave him a dinner in 1916. Roosevelt sent the following letter:

"I very sincerely wish that I could be present at the dinner in honor of Lucius B. Swift on May 2d. Mr. Swift has combined to a peculiar degree the qualities we like to think of as typical of American citizenship at its best. I have never met in public or private life a more entirely fearless and disinterested foe of every form of political corruption. Moreover, unlike many reformers of fearlessness and zeal, he has always kept a sane and well-balanced judgment. Recently he has been fighting against what is even a more deadly foe to this country than political corruption, for he has been fighting against the peculiar baseness of moral treason which, under the guise of hypphenated Americanism, has been attacking what is best and most necessary in our national heritage. There has been an organized anti-American propaganda, very powerful politically and even financially; and against this Mr. Swift has warred fearlessly, at a time when most men held their peace. I wish I could be present at the dinner in his honor."

When America entered into the war, Mr. Swift volunteered for service and was made chairman of the District Board at Indianapolis, a court of appeals for thirty-seven local draft boards. It was like him to take the difficult job seriously, giving to it long hours in a conscientious effort to deal justly with every case. In 1919 Mr. Swift was offered a place on the Sanitary Commission at Indianapolis, a board of three members about to erect a sewage-disposal plant for the city at a cost of two and a half million dollars. Having satisfied himself that the board was designed to do its work without political interference, and that the law protected the members from the axe of the spoilsman, he accepted. In 1921 the General Assembly added the collection of ashes and garbage to the duties of the board.

A political upheaval soon landed the Honorable Samuel Lewis Shank in the mayor's office, and he publicly announced that Swift must go. The commission employs many men, and Shank's followers clamored for jobs. In a statement issued to the public Mr. Swift said:

"I have other work suspended that I would rather do; and I could resign and have peace. But the law does not intend that a commissioner shall resign in the middle of his term because a mayor comes demanding an opportunity to turn the department into a political nest and I won't do it. Besides, for more than thirty years I have fought against using the civil service to pay political or personal debts, and I will not now turn my back upon my professions and by resigning aid the mayor-elect to beat the law and complete his Tammanyization of the entire civil service of the city."

At this writing Mr. Swift continues a member of the Sanitary Board, the only political office he has ever held, and this not of his seeking. The force of ash and garbage collectors, taken over from another board, consisted of colored men, every one a master politician, each with his pull. Their superintendent, a white man, carried a ward in the hollow of his hand. Another member of the board cooperated with Mr. Swift and step by step they have freed the entire department from every vestige of politics, the first instance of the kind in the history of Indianapolis. The helpless mayor has started a movement to get the board legislated out of office. Mr. Swift regards it as one of the greatest triumphs of his life to have been able to demonstrate that nothing is easier than to exclude politics from city government.

I shall not incur the wrath of the subject of this sketch by pointing to him with a fine gesture as an example worthy of all emulation. In his long life he has cared as little for praise as for blame. He was pleased, though, when in 1919 he was recalled to his alma mater to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws in recognition of his unselfish and untiring efforts in behalf of clean politics. Here is a man who has never sought the easier way or evaded a responsibility. A full life, a life of usefulness, void of low aims or mean ambitions. After years of conflict he remains an optimist—the cheeriest man I know.

"I have no complaints about anything," he said the other day; "if I had to go to-morrow it would be all right. I've had a mighty good time!"

Loaded Dice

BY SHANE LESLIE

Author of "A Study in Smoke," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BASKERVILLE



I WAS recently passing a few days at Monte Carlo, tempted more by the weather than the spirit of gambling. I was mooning about in the sunshine, if I may so describe a very pleasant though unproductive manner of spending the time. The hothouse plants and tropical trees which grow out-of-doors in the Riviera are alone worth the pleasure of the trip. The principality of Monaco needs no foreign loans to run its government, for the tax paid by the Casino is sufficient to balance its expenses. The flowers benefit by the local affluence, for their beds are as carefully made as though they were occupying a royal suite, and they themselves receive as much toilet as ladies of fashion. Palms, prickly-pear cactus, and all kinds of thick, watery-fleshed plants thrive in the dry terraces between the mountains and the Mediterranean Sea. The top-heavy, gouty, black-fibred palm-trees give a ludicrous impression of old elephants' legs suffering, if such a medical horror is possible, from the disease called elephantiasis! The fruit of the prickly-pear looks like lumps of colored putty temporarily stuck upon the gawky leathery leaves. Another amusing plant with stiff spiked leaves a yard long looks, when it begins to wither, like strips of zebra hide cut into ribbons. Sun and dew work hand in hand all winter to make the vegetation as delightful to passing visitors to Monte Carlo as it must be consoling to constant losers!

Whether one hazards a stake or not, it is always interesting to sit outside the Casino and watch the different types who frequent that most levelling of institutions. Fortune is the most democratic of divinities, and often tosses into the lap of the humble what she has filched from the purse-proud. Great or small, adventurer or aristocrat, sharp or flat, she has a levelling effect on them all in time. They are all at the mercy of her infinite and ironical whimsicality.

Monte Carlo has this in common with

certain other places in the world, like Charing Cross Station, the Piazza of St. Peter's, and Niagara Falls, that the world, with or without his wife, passes there sooner or later. If you wait, you will soon run into an acquaintance, and already you have a curious feeling that half the people you have ever known have passed that way. For once I sat waiting an hour without recognizing a face. It was like a long run of the *rouge* at the table. The *noir* seemed more and more certain to come. The next to pass must be a friend. So it was, for I recognized the worn, old-fashioned features before me. But where had I met them previously? The name came back to me with an effort. I remembered now. It was an old friend of my father's, and we had met in Hyde Park twenty years before, when I was a boy at Eton. I never forgot the gold sovereign he gave me to take back to school. I remembered, too, my father having pointed him out to me as the greatest gambler of his generation. I vaguely knew that his whole fortune had disappeared at the tables.

I was feeling lonely, so I followed him into the gambling rooms and claimed acquaintance, which he was polite enough not to refuse. He was not gambling himself, so he had time to take me round the tables and explain to me in theory one or two unfailing systems for breaking the bank. In practice I afterward found out, and even suspected at the moment, they had as often bankrupted the would-be raptors of the bank, but he only remembered the one or two brilliant moments in his career when he had cleared out a table and left it closed for the day. I found it more interesting listening to this old-time player than watching the motley crowd who clutched the gold-spangled skirts of Fortune as she slipped by, in silences only broken by the mocking formulas of the croupiers and the whirling of the fatal ball. At the tables were sitting girls who had better been playing drafts in their schoolrooms, and hawk-eyed beldames who seemed ready to stake the price of their coffins on the winning

number. Only when they won did a muscle relax in their tired faces. The presiding croupiers were a perpetual lesson in the art of concealing emotions. But as they were never allowed to join in a stake, they shovelled the money like so many beans. What perfect flunkies they would have made for the Sphinx! "*Messieurs faites vos jeux*," sang the croupiers, and a minute later came the warning signal, "*rien ne va plus!*" followed in a few long seconds by the announcement of the winning number, red or black, odd or even, and the swift scraping in of the lost stakes. And so it would be all afternoon and into the night and the next day again and the day after . . . crack! a sudden shot broke through the great room and everybody who was not watching a stake rushed into a corner, where some unknown plunger had just taken the last plunge into eternity by blowing out his brains. The attendants collected from every corner and formed a hedge round the dead man. Quickly and soundlessly they began moving him out by a side-door, while gamblers picking up their stakes ran to dip a finger in his blood for luck. In five minutes he had disappeared as though he had fallen off a liner into a boiling sea. Monte Carlo cannot afford to have scandals on the premises any more than any well-established and well-connected institution, and is generally more successful than others in concealing them. Blood is soon mopped up, especially if the passers believe that it is a charmed fluid. The roulette ball was soon spinning round again, and the only trace of the tragedy was the struggle of a dozen gamblers to sit where the suicide had been sitting all the afternoon. It was a superstition that the dead gambler's spirit does not leave the rooms immediately with death, but remains to avenge his ill luck on the bank; and against the unknown forces of the underworld even the bank cannot win.

I had had enough of it, and we strolled out on the terrace, my companion becoming amused to talk to such a novice in gambling matters as I then was. From the altitude of twenty years' experience he began to give me his views on Luck, which some call Providence and some the Deuce. "Gambling," he said, "is worth while to me whether I win or lose. When I win I cannot spend my money more pleasurably

than by playing it again till I lose in the end. The bank must win. Let it!"

We sat down and looked across the Mediterranean as the sun slowly sank. The horizontal rays crossed eighty miles of sea, and for a moment the ghostly glimmer of Corsica appeared like a mirage and then disappeared under the claret-colored flood. My companion talked on: "For me it has always been better to have played and lost than never to have played at all. That is even the reason I never married. I felt I had a perfect right to lose all I had, provided I had no dependents. I had very few friends either, and I have managed never to borrow, and I have played for twenty years. I have nothing on my conscience or, for the matter of that, on my bank-account now. I have had my great days and known the ecstasy of sudden wealth as no gold-digger has ever felt it—thousands made in one evening. I have taken zero twice running with a doubled stake. You have no idea what transcendent bliss that brings a gambler's brain. I have done best when I trusted to the inspiration of the moment. There is luck, and there is bad luck, but that is really as far as I have ever been able to get. And luck often comes to those who feel the fascination of the table least. I have seen a man casually back the winning number and stroll off before it was declared. People are always forgetting their stakes, curiously enough, and there are always harpies who watch on the chance of claiming them. The croupier cannot refuse a claim. I do not think I ever forgot a stake. I can remember all the winning numbers on my great days still."

I asked him what the pleasures of memory meant to him, and he confessed that they were considerable. I asked him if he believed in any gambling superstition, whether he thought sitting round a gambling-table ever produced any result one could compare with spiritualism; for instance, the result of touching a dead gambler's blood, which we had witnessed an hour or two before.

"No," he said, "but I have come to the conclusion that it often makes a difference to the luck at a table who is sitting at it. Some people cause others to win. That is how it works out." I asked him if in all his experience he could think of an



Drawn by Charles Baskerville.

"Messieurs faites vos jeux," sang the croupiers.—Page 700.

instance when a psychic influence had been at work. He sat back thinking. Then he said quietly: "I do not answer your question. I cannot say yes or no, so I say nothing." "Then you must have met something that was inexplicable," I pressed. "Perhaps," he answered; "but I have never told anybody." I knew my only chance of hearing it was to say nothing leading the conversation elsewhere, so I just waited. He got up and began walking again. When we came in front of the pigeon-shooting green, which juts like a tiny grass-green arena into the sea, he stopped and pointed to a corner of the fence. A pigeon popped out of a trap, took flight, and fell to an invisible gun. Another flew out, but fell the wrong side of the fence into the open sea, where fishermen were waiting to retrieve it from boats. Each marksman was allowed two shots to bring the pigeon down. It seemed deadly monotonous. Then my friend spoke: "That is where the first incident happened." I knew now I had only to keep silent to hear what he had to say. "I used to shoot pigeons a good deal in company with a friend of mine. When we lost at the tables we often made good by winning the prize for shooting. I sometimes won, but my friend never. Whatever he gambled at, he lost, roulette, *chemin-de-fer*, baccarat, and dice. He fell into the hands of the sharpers, a gang who induced him for a long time to believe that he was winning. Then they played him with loaded dice and he lost a fortune. One evening I was with him and the dice fell six times the same against him and every time for double or quits. He challenged the dice and they agreed to saw the ivory cubes asunder. A third party was called in and in breathless silence the dice were broken up. My friend picked up each piece with a face whiter than ivory himself, but there was no suspicion of a fraud to be found. If they had been playing with loaded dice they had substituted others. Sleight of hand can work wonders. I have no doubt my friend's challenge had been perfectly justified, but he was up against the deliberate wickedness of this world. For a moment he turned over the fragments of the dice. The scoundrel who had been playing with him smiled and murmured: '*C'est drôle, pas un grain de plomb*' ('That's

funny, not a grain of lead'). My friend put down his bank-book and went out. That evening he killed himself.

"After I had seen to his burying I felt miserable and went for a long trip. When I returned I instinctively made my way to Monte Carlo. I could not change my thoughts or get my friend out of my mind, so I decided to return to the scenes of our long companionship. I immediately found that my luck had improved at the tables. Then a very strange thing happened. I sent for my guns and entered for the *grand prix* at pigeon-shooting. I found myself in winning fettle. You always know at the tables or on the green if you are in a successful mood. On the first day I killed fourteen pigeons out of fifteen. The second day saw me in the running for the championship. If you miss five birds you have to withdraw from the shooting, and soon only four guns were left. In the end two of us were left. We had each shot twenty-four out of twenty-six. Then the other missed and I only had to kill one bird to win. Seconds are long on such occasions and my eye was caught by a little sailing-boat out to sea. I could not get my eye off it and out flew the pigeon, not like an easy owl but like a flighting snipe. Ping! I missed my first shot and he swerved. Then I fired to the other side. Ping! I thought, in fact I was sure, I had missed, but no, I had just done the trick. As he flew over the fence he suddenly shot low as though something rose in his path, struck the top of the fence, and fell stone-dead on the right side of the line. I was heartily congratulated by every one on my prowess. I can tell you it was one of the good moments of my life and, as the retriever brought back my last bird, I strolled to the man in charge to see where I had hit my lucky bird. The dog man was handling the pigeon all over. I asked him if I hit the head or the body. He began plucking the feathers. When the bird was bare he looked up with a perplexed grin and said: '*C'est drôle, pas un grain de plomb!*' As soon as I heard the fatal words I walked away feeling sick. I did not shoot a pigeon again for many a long day, not until I was absolutely in want of money. And for months I tried to get those words out of my head.

"Years passed, but I never would let



Drawn by Charles Baskerville.

'C'est drôle, pas un grain de plomb.'—Page 702.

my mind dwell too long on the reason why that last pigeon could have shied and knocked its brains on the fence for my special benefit. It was possible that my last shot passed close overhead and drove it downward with the shock it caused in the air. I have heard of duck being killed by the sheer force of a gun's explosion without being struck by the pellets. So I attributed my good fortune to a combination of natural reasons and my own skill. And the years passed. I went on gambling and gambling, and I must say I had begun to forget my companion of other days. But one evening at Monte Carlo sitting at a table I caught sight of a face opposite which instantly telegraphed my friend's back to me. It was the scoundrel who had cheated him at dice of all his money and indirectly of his life. He was obviously down on his luck, shabbily dressed and playing small stakes with furtive apprehension. I know that look so well. A man often has it the first time he throws a stake. He generally has it when he throws his last. I could see that he had not recognized me, but to my horror, when I had a run of luck, he took special notice and came up to address me. He began talking about a system of his own in which he suggested that I should take a share. However, my own was working very well that day and I played on till I had won five thousand francs.

"When I came back to my hotel I was surprised to be told that a friend of mine was waiting in my room for me, and even more so to find that this ugly customer had followed me out of the Casino and somehow discovered where I was staying, for while I strolled home he had skipped ahead and imposed on the concierge with some trumped-up tale. Anyhow, he had been admitted and was there, staking his life and liberty on the chance of making me disgorge a little of my winnings. As he had a revolver pointing at me from the moment I entered my room, I would have been inclined to buy him off as cheaply as I could. But I remembered what he did not, that I had a blood feud with him of many years' standing. My revolver was in my outside pocket and we fired about simultaneously. I missed him, shattering the window behind, but he hit me in the shoulder. His pellet ran under my shoulder-blade like a knife. We stood

facing each other and aiming. I was trying to fire, but something held me like a vice, and I could not. Every second I expected he would shoot me through the head. I could see his fingers twitching round the stock of his gun. But as I covered him I noticed a horrible look come into his features, and if I was held, he was held doubly. Though I had missed him clean, a look of fear shot through his eyes, not the fear of a coward or a fool, or even the fear of one man of another, but the veritable fear of the evil for the Evil One when he cheats them at the end. He was staring over my shoulder into the empty bedroom behind me with glazed eyes and a tremor running through his body. He never said a word but fell back dead!

"Just then the concierge and the police threw open the door and I found myself arrested. I declined to tell my story except in the presence of a British consul, and was taken first to a doctor, who found my wound slight, and then to the guard-house, where I was detained for the night, but I must confess I never slept with a lighter conscience. In the morning there was an inquiry before the authorities and I saw from the first that I had matters in my own hand. It was shown that I had left the Casino a winner and my assailant a heavy loser, that he had made his way on a false excuse into my room and that I had been found wounded. There was every suspicion that he had provoked the quarrel. I was only anxious that the affair should be taken down in black and white for my future good name, and I was quite ready to be accused and saddled with an act of justifiable manslaughter. The magistrates after consultation with the police said that they would be delighted to release me, but that they would be much obliged if for the purposes of their report I would tell them exactly how I had killed the deceased. I pointed to my revolver lying on the commissary's desk. 'No, *monsieur*,' I was politely told, and they all shook their heads mysteriously. 'No, *monsieur*, you may have fired, but you must have killed him in some other way.' I looked bewildered. Then the commissary went on in a quiet voice to say that they had found no bullet-hole, and he ended: '*C'est drôle, pas un grain de plomb!*' But whether from loss of blood or excitement, I had fainted."



Tortola Boatman.

These boatmen are tall, finely proportioned men; some refuse to learn to swim because of their pride in their wonderful seamanship in handling the boats.



The Virgin Islands

A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS DONE ON LINOLEUM

BY LOWELL L. BALCOM

MR. BALCOM, a Middle-Western artist, last year visited the island of St. Thomas in the West Indies, one of the Virgin group recently acquired by the United States.

He was much impressed by the odd combination of the old Spanish and native architecture, as well as the wonderful color everywhere.

Charlotte-Amalie, a beautifully clean place (they even scrub the gutters), is the only town on the island of St. Thomas, and has attractive, narrow, hilly streets, some of them all steps, and quaint houses painted or stippled light blue, green, even pale pink, and sometimes a mixture of pearly tints.

The natives are ninety per cent colored—tall, slender, well-built people, very kindly and courteous. They speak English in a plaintive running monotone.

Besides painting, Mr. Balcom made many sketches, which he has reproduced in linoleum prints.



The Coffin-Bearer.

The day of the funeral the carpenter builds the coffin out of pine boards and packing-boxes. When finished he hoists it to his head and carries it to the home of the deceased.



The Pop-Seller.

A typical pop and Dutch beer vender of Charlotte-Amalie, St. Thomas. The bottles are always open and foaming out over the neck.



The Boat-Builders.

Boat-builders on Water Island looking north to Charlotte-Amalie. The native builders are very fine carpenters and do beautiful cabinet work.



Cha Cha Town.

A little village a few miles from Charlotte-Amalie, settled by the French; the natives are the fishermen of the island.



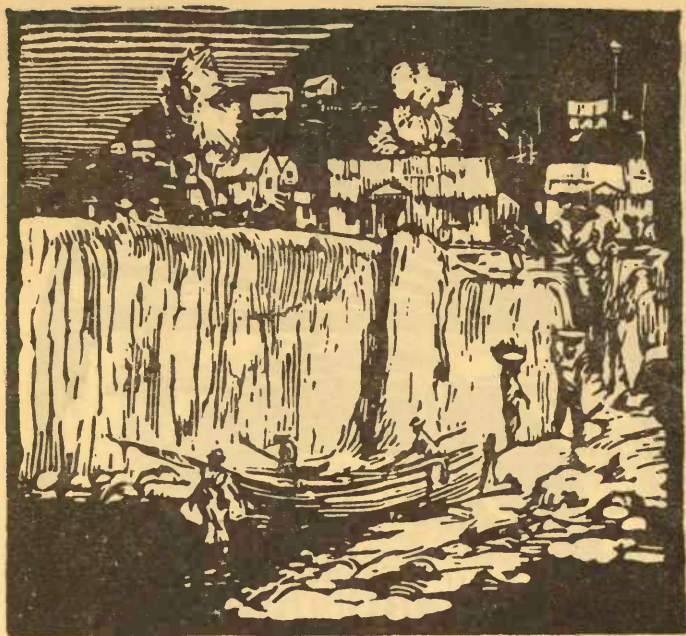
Up Frenchmen's Hill.

A little view on Frenchmen's Hill, one of the three on which Charlotte-Amalie is situated.



Courtyard in San Juan, Porto Rico.

The fascinating courtyards with their many arches, where the people sit out and carry on their daily work, cooking, laundry work, broom-making, etc.



The Sea-Wall.

On the island of St. Thomas is a sea-wall where the fishing-boats come in. The fishermen sell their catch on the street on the top of the wall.



Milk-Boats of San Juan.

Little boats that carry freight around Porto Rico. Their rigging system is an ancient one, being called "a one-masted lateen rig," and is the same as that used for hundreds of years on the boats of the river Nile.



Coral Bay.

A bay on the island of St. John. It probably took its name from the beautiful coral that can be seen in the water all round the islands.



Market Wall.

A beautiful old Spanish iron-work gate in the wall of the market of Charlotte-Amalie, on the east side of the square, where the venders sell their fruit, fish, vegetables, and sweetmeats, spread out on wooden trays.



"Who was the blamed idiot done it?"—Page 715.

Marley's Cove

BY CARY GAMBLE LOWNDES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

I

"**S**O, this is old 'Marley's'?" I said.

Brent Sullivan, who had recently bought the abandoned ducking-shore, was showing me about the house.

"Yes," said he. "President Cleveland was often here. The newspapers were full of his trips to Marley's—the reporters dogged him, even in the blinds. He wrote his Venezuelan message in the dining-room. That was his bedroom, across the hall."

"Washington slept here, of course?" I said, looking into another room, on the west side.

Brent laughed.

"No," he replied, "the ubiquitous

George overlooked Marley's. That's a spare room, and we use it only in summer. A light would frighten the ducks in the cove. Some are there now, very likely. Take a look." I opened the shutters and saw, through a line of trees about three hundred yards distant, the shimmering surface of the cove, black with ducks.

"What are they?" I asked. "Black-heads?"

"Redheads," he answered, "with a sprinkling of widgeon and black duck. Redheads have been scarce for years, but last month they came back to their old grounds. Yonder comes Captain Dawson in his buggy—he was in a collision, and has sworn off on automobiles. He's a rough diamond but a good sort—if you don't ruffle him. After supper, when he gets a couple of drinks under his belt, I'll get him started, and you'll hear some duck talk. If there's anything about

ducks that he doesn't know, it's not worth knowing."

He introduced the captain, who was associated with him in the development of the property, and we went into the dining-room. I wandered about, looking at the sporting pictures. The two played cards.

"Brent," said the captain, "your friend seems sort of restless."

"He's just getting over a cold," replied Brent, "and the ride from the city has chilled him. He needs warming up. I prescribe Scotch. If that doesn't warm him, we'll try a tole. Which is it, invalid?"

"Scotland forever!" I answered. "Have you a toling-dog? I thought they had passed out with the old ducking-club days." The captain leisurely cut the cards.

"I never saw but one or two dogs that was worth a damn," said he. "Mostly, they ain't dependable. Like as not they'll bark and act dog too natural. A flag's the thing."

"Get a towel," said Brent. "I didn't intend disturbing the cove this afternoon, but it looks as if there'd be no shooting to toling. It's warm and sunny, the water is quiet, and there's no breeze. Put on your shooting duds, Barton."

While I was dressing, an argument took place as to whether to use a clean towel for a flag or a soiled one. They decided to use a clean one. The captain tied it on the end of a stick about eight feet long. We went down the road, crossed a field, and reached an oak wood, of which the line of trees fringing the cove was the continuation.

"Now," said the captain, "I've brought you in a good piece below the ducks. I'm not taking any chances. It's so ca'm you can hear them squittering 'way off here."

In the stillness, we heard black duck splashing and quacking, and the sound of many redheads mewing.

"Shaw," said the captain, "the whole thing depends on keeping quiet and out of sight. Once they hears or sees hide or hair of us, it's all up. It's going to be a tough crawl. Keep next to me." We gained a short distance, stooping. Then we

dropped on hands and knees. After thirty minutes, through boggy wild-rose and greenbrier thickets, the captain, whose ample rear obscured my view, suddenly sank down.

"Quiet!" he whispered, his swarthy face aflame. "Come up, Brent." Brent crawled up. We lay like Comanches at a water-hole.

"Quiet!" the captain warned. "Creep after me till we get to that log on the shore."

We reached the log, which was hidden by tall reeds.

"Guns across the log," whispered the captain. "Nobody shoots till I give the sign."

Another minute found us in position.

The captain took his quid from his mouth and stuck it on a stalk of grass. Then he thrust the flag through the reeds and began to flop it about on the sand. He did not raise it much above the ground, but flopped it up and down, over and over. He put a good deal of wrist-work into the flopping. The towel looked like a white rooster with its head cut off.

Far out, in the middle of the cove, several hundred redheads were bunched. Apparently, they took no notice of the towel. Presently a drake came, flying slowly, very low, turning his neck from side to side, and evidently looking for a private feeding-spot. The sunlight glittered on his glossy back and vivid head. He passed us and was going on, when he saw the towel in its mad gyrations. Instantly he checked his course, set his wings, alighted, and swam toward it. The flock, meanwhile, had been watching him, and when they saw him swim they started swimming after him. Numbers of other ducks, farther up the cove, seeing them in motion, swam after them. Beyond these still others, noticing the excitement, set out singly or by squads to join them. Then a large flock, flying over from the river, alighted. Soon the entire sheet of water was dotted with wild fowl all making for a common centre—a much-soiled towel. When they were just beyond gunshot, they stopped. All the nearest, forming into a compact squadron, began swimming back and forth, parallel

with the shore, but always keeping at a certain fixed distance. At times they passed out of sight, down the cove—with a constant stream of stragglers hurrying after—but they returned in the same order, keeping at the same fixed distance. Finally they came in. There was no hesitating now. The rear ranks were so eager to come to close quarters that

scratched forehead. "Hell!" he repeated, looking from Brent to me. "Who moved? We'd have killed a hundred if we'd shot on the water. Who was the blamed idiot done it?"

There was no answer.

We laid the game, in a long row, on the sand. There were thirty-nine. They were heavy birds; their full, fluffed breasts



I went down the shore to watch for a legendary otter.

they would not wait. Rising and barely clearing the heads of the front ranks, they would splash down and swim forward. This excited the displaced front ranks still more. They would rise, alight in front of the usurpers, and swim faster. Now and then a sort of frenzy seized them, and all stood on their tails and thundered with rapid wings. All were splashing, all were mewling and twittering—a thrilling sound, together with the soft ripple of so many paddling feet. At last they were close. Fierce little yellow eyes peered curiously through the reeds. They stopped. A reed rustled. They rose. It was as if a vast, gray curtain rolled violently upward. We fired. The water foamed with falling ducks—nearly all dead. They were too close for wounding.

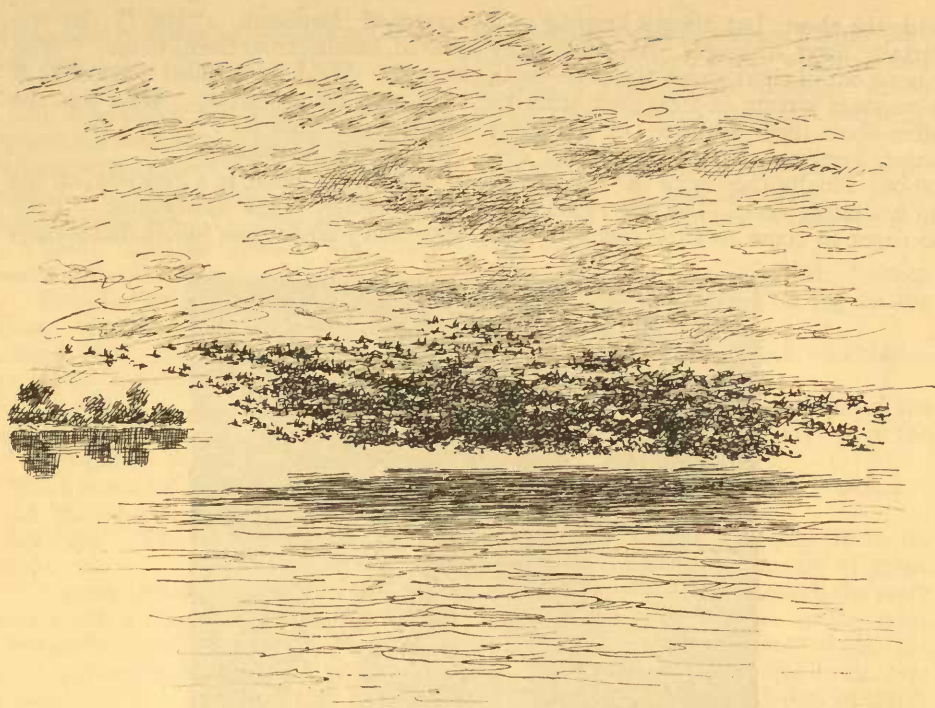
"Hell!" The captain jumped to his feet. The swollen veins stood out on his

beaded with shining drops; their rakish heads, with the crests still erect and bristling.

II

WE put out three hundred decoys, at a blind, on the edge of the woods. Then we went to the house, hung up the ducks, and ordered six roasted for supper.

After a jolly "feed," Brent, despite my protests, insisted that I make third hand in a poker game. Five minutes' painful experience convinced him that I told less than the truth when I declared that I did not know poker from golf. So they chased me out. I went down the shore to watch for a legendary otter, which the cook said had drowned his dog. I got a long wait and a good soaking in a muskrat-hole. When I returned, at twelve, the



A volcano of ducks belched skyward.—Page 717.

card enthusiasts had retired. The captain was snoring the snores of the bayman, and Brent was a close second. Enduring the duet for two hours, I determined to prepare for an early start. In the vacant bedrooms I found several alarm-clocks. Some were broken, but by patient tinkering I succeeded in fixing them so that nearly all would ring. Putting them into a tin wash-boiler, I covered it with a dishpan and set it on the stove. Then I went to bed and spent the remainder of the night alternately burying my head beneath the blankets and getting up, striking matches, to see what time it was, and hoping that the alarm-clock brigade was going to be "on the job."

At four the clocks went off. And kept going off. The windows rattled. Brent swore and threw a pillow. The captain bounced out of bed. Grabbing my clothes, I went down-stairs and dressed in the kitchen. The cook was still lamenting his departed dog, but I promised him

a beagle puppy, and he brightened sufficiently to have breakfast at five. As we passed the stable, the captain stopped, put down his gun, struck a match, looked at his watch, and wet his finger, to feel the wind.

"Tell you what," said he, "it's this way. There'll be no shooting in the cove to-day—it's too still. All the ducks went out when we shot, and they went clear to the bay. They're coming back the way they always come; but they'll cross the bar and swing up and bed in the river. I'm going to hitch up my buggy and beat it down there and get some overhead shooting. Come along, Shaw. We'll get a wagon-load before Brent gets a shot. I know all there is to ducks."

But Brent did not think so, and as the captain was not to be argued with, we wished him good luck and let him "beat it."

It was still dark when we reached the blind. The tide had flooded it knee-deep; so we sat on the backboards and swapped

yarns. This whiled away some of the waiting. The sky began to lighten. We pulled up our boot-tops and stood in the water. We had not heard a duck, but with the first graying of the water they

they came. It looked as if it would never stop. The quarrelling island began to take on huge dimensions. It was now daylight, but of all the noisy host, none noticed our broad stool of decoys.



When he saw the storm coming, he . . . ran for the blind.—Page 718.

came—not from the direction of the bay, but overland, rushing, high overhead and far out over the cove, and then with a long dropping curve they circled and alighted, forming a noisy island, constantly growing. Now the flight was on in earnest. Around us sounded the mewing of redheads and the querulous “Hew! Hew! Hew!” of widgeon; the hoarse quacking of black duck mingled with the flapping and honking of geese; everywhere was the thunder of wings, as new-coming flocks circled and alighted. Still

“It’s going to be an off day,” said Brent. “They are packing. I’m glad we made the tole. I’ll stir them up—they’ll never decoy while that big bunch is out there.”

He fired. A volcano of ducks belched skyward. The wooded shores shook as with thunder. Hurling above the trees, they vanished. There was not even a “dipper” left to break the hazy expanse.

After an hour’s wait, I proposed exploring the shore-line. Brent was too sleepy

to move; so I left him nodding in the blind. Mallard were feeding in a slough in the woods. I stalked and shot two, but it was a hard job getting them. When I returned to the shore, the sky was heavily overcast, and it had become very cold. I went on. A puff of wind came over the water; another followed; tiny ripples chased each other ashore; dry oak-leaves rustled; over the marshes suddenly fell the sullen hand of winter. Rounding a point, I stopped. Up the bay labored a steadily rising sea; arching waves, breaking into tumbling whitecaps, drove shoreward. Long lines of swan drifted past; for all their efforts, they could not keep moorings; afar they blew, like tossing, snowy scarfs. To the southeast something caught my eye. Thin ribbons of black rose from the spume—ducks, struggling for a lee shore. I ran toward the blind. The sand was heavy, and my boots hurt. I took them off and ran on. The wind grew wild. The cove became as rough as the bay. Ahead, an oak fell, its top crashing into the churning water. From the west stung a spit of snow.

"It's coming!" Brent shouted as I came up. "We'll have our day. Put on your boots, you lunatic! I'm going to the house and get every cartridge I can find."

Brent is a good sprinter, but by the time he returned, a furious squall was raging—snow, sleet, hail, and breaks of sun.

The first to appear was a flock of gulls. Gliding and crying, they drifted about before settling in the marsh. Anxiously we watched the wooded point shutting the cove from the river. At last, swinging around it, came a flock of ducks, low over the water, buffeted by wind and wave, and barely making headway. Catching sight of the decoys, they wheeled, and, borne onward by the wind, spun past, turned, and came in. With lowering feet and arched necks, fluttering and hovering amid the hissing snowflakes, down they swarmed into the tossing decoys. A drake, getting a bump from a decoy, at once attacked the stolid aggressor. Four ducks dropped on the rise.

"Watch the point," said Brent. "If another flock swings around it, instead of keeping on up the river, it's ten to one that every duck that was here two hours ago will follow. Yonder goes another

bunch! Get down! Here come thousands! Get down, can't you! They'll see you if you bat an eyelash."

I smothered a laugh. His head was bobbing up and down, trying to keep his eyes on four flocks at once. It made no difference. We stood up and fired steadily, hardly noticing the singles; we were too busy with the flocks.

"This is one on the captain," said Brent, tearing open another box of cartridges. "He's in a fine humor, if he hears the shooting."

A few minutes later somebody appeared. And in a slight hurry. It seemed that the captain didn't know "all there is to ducks." They had fooled him. Not one had flown within two miles of where he had said they would fly. When he saw the storm coming, he galloped back, turned the horse loose, and ran for the blind. Here he came, crowding in. The blind was built to hold three at a pinch; the captain weighed two hundred and fifty pounds; I, being in the middle, began to feel the pinch. We had bagged twenty-six ducks before he arrived.

We had several "darts," and fired more than a dozen shots, even while the captain was crashing through the reeds and crowding in; but he had hardly got into position when the squall died and the ducks stopped decoying. Either the muzzle of his big gun—so long that it projected above the blind—discouraged them, or they had determined to keep on demonstrating that he didn't know "all there is to ducks."

"You wait!" he said, panting. "Darn you, Shaw! Move over and let me get at my whistle—it's in my vest-pocket."

The whistle was made of the brass heads of two eight-gauge cartridges, fitted together and roughly soldered.

"Watch them redheaded rascals out there in the middle," said he. "I can't do nothing with them while they're sitting. But let them rise! Yonder's a flock of baldpates, circling. They'll likely start them."

He placed the whistle against his teeth. "Hew! Hew! Hew! Hew!" The imitation was perfect. The circling widgeon wheeled and slanted directly toward the blind. The redheads rose.



In another minute the redheads swarmed in, started to alight, and then towered.

"Don't bother with the baldpates," said he. "Let them go by. Paste the redheads."

Over they came, barely grazing the inner decoys. In another minute the redheads swarmed in, started to alight, and then towered. We fired. Sixteen fell.

"Judas Priest!" yelled the captain, frenzied. "Didn't I knock 'em that time! Did you see 'em rain when my old gun talked?"

Brent winked at me and said something; the captain did not hear it, but put his hand into my pocket, pulled out my plug of tobacco, and bit off a liberal chew.

The volley made a considerable racket,

but the ducks minded it no more than if we had thrown so much water at them. They dashed in from every direction.

In a little while we stopped shooting, for the game was drifting away. With the exception of the ducks which Brent and I had bagged before the captain arrived, none of us could say he had shot a duck at which no one else had fired.

It was not necessary to use a boat. I volunteered to pick up. Caught in the reeds, where the wind and tide had drifted them, for a great distance along the shore, lay the game, lapping and tossing. Heavily they bumped against my legs, while, with slush-ice pouring in over my boot-



I waded on, slinging the ducks ashore.

tops, I waded on, slinging the ducks ashore. At last nearly all were retrieved, and we went to the house. Tying the ducks in pairs, we spread them on the dining-room floor, and drank a toast, in glasses of hot whiskey-punch, to the memory of that true man and sportsman—Grover Cleveland.

The bag consisted almost entirely of male redheads, in full winter plumage. Hardly a female marred the glorious color effect. There were eight widgeon; and one little blackhead—a lump of coal, amid all the brightness.

"Brent," said the captain, holding out his glass, "fill her up again. Shaw, take another slug. You're tougher 'n you look, but if you ain't in the pneumonia ward by to-morrow night, I'm a nigger. We'll let the cove rest till next week. But I sort

of hate to stop. This is duck day, and we'll never get another chance like this. Damn the redheads! (He was still angry about his mistake.) They're all coming back hell bent for election this evening—they can't stay in the bay—they're coming now—the cove's lousy with them—and they're going to decoy crazier 'n ever. It ain't eleven o'clock yet. If I knowed what to do with any more ducks! We can break the records for fifty years back, if we want to. I know all—What's that you said, Brent?"

"Captain," I interrupted, "we'll go rabbit-shooting. Brent's only joking. You do know all there is to ducks; and no man can beat you. I want to ask something. How close have you ever toled ducks?"

"So close," he answered, frowning, "—when there wasn't no finicky fools along to scare them—I've had them come ashore and peck the flag."

The Imperturbability of Pick

ANOTHER STORY OF "VAN TASSEL" AND "BIG BILL"

BY HENRY H. CURRAN

Author of "Hey, Toolan's Marchin'!" "Callahan of Carmine Street," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY



WHEN the hands of the big clock finally crept around to the earnestly awaited hour of three, Pick was just one of the legion of small boys that gushed forth from the old school in Greenwich Avenue. They came out pell-mell, shouting and pulling at one another, as they filled the sidewalk with knots of squirming freedom, and then gradually evaporated into the neighboring streets for a long afternoon of play. But Pick was different. He was only nine years old, but he was already a business man, and he trudged off by himself, with becoming gravity. More than that, Pick was an athlete. He possessed a gray cap with a blue peak, and it came down over his tow head in a way that only the professional baseball player ever really acquires. You could hardly see the blue eyes and the rather pale face underneath; and the white shirt and patched corduroys clothed a frame that seemed scarcely as big as the cap itself. But Pick more than made up for these defects of stature by the professional indifference of his gait. No star could have crossed the Polo Grounds with more weary self-consciousness than Pick affected as he progressed from school to business.

At the news-stand in Eleventh Street, Pick called, "H'lo, pop," cast his little cube of old school-books into a corner, with a swing of the tight-hauled strap, and went to work. There were papers to be sorted, papers to be sold, business a-plenty to be transacted about this minute pebble in the stream of the city's affairs. For Pick's "old man" had only one leg, and there was some trouble about rheumatics in his back, besides. He had

found it harder to move, as the days went by, and more and more he came to lean upon his little lieutenant, and to look for the hour when school closed and reinforcements should arrive. Then the work would go more easily. When the evening-paper rush was over, the two would board up the stand for the night and go home together, the "old man" with his crutches and Pick alongside. Not that it was much of a home—just a top-floor room in the little house in Bank Street—but "pop" had tried to keep it as it was before Pick's mother died, and it was still home to them both. The "old man" would doctor his ills as the evening began, and watch Pick until the boy fell asleep over his school-books. Then they would turn in—and that would be another day gone by.

It was late in May when the alderman of the district first came upon Pick, just squaring off at the afternoon's business. Alderman Van Tassel was young and comely, with a pair of dark eyes that looked straight at you and usually laughed a little. He was of athletic build himself, and there were other ways in which he defied the established traditions of the city fathers. He looked down at Pick and hesitated. He had to look a long way down, and all he saw for sure was the gray cap with the blue peak.

"*Dispatch* and *Clarion*," said the alderman.

Pick handed up the two papers, and left a waiting palm upstretched.

"Haven't you any later edition?" inquired Van Tassel.

"Ain't up yet," came the reply, with businesslike crispness. The palm still hovered in the neighborhood of Van Tassel's belt.

"Oh, all right," and the alderman fed the coppers into the waiting treasury. He

started to move off, and then changed his mind.

"What team are you on?" he asked suddenly. Pick looked up suspiciously. But something in the alderman's eyes satisfied him, and he assumed a nonchalant air.

"Jeffersons," he replied carelessly. The business man had become the athlete.

"That's a good name," continued Van Tassel, by way of conversation.

"Yeah. Named after de jail—" Pick bobbed his head slightly toward Jefferson Market tower, where the jail is. "It's de fellers in de block," he added.

"Oh, yes," commented Van Tassel, with a queer expression in his eyes, though he maintained a properly respectful demeanor. "And where do you play?"

"Right here—in de block!" Pick looked suspicious again.

"No, I mean what position do you play?" exclaimed Van Tassel hastily.

"Oh, catcher."

"That's a hard position."

"Yeah," replied the catcher, indifferently, as he turned away. But Van Tassel stayed. He was looking at the crippled man at the other side of the stand. As their eyes met they exchanged a little smile behind the athlete's back.

"Er—what's your name? Do you mind telling me?" Van Tassel pursued, addressing himself to the boy again, with some trepidation.

"Pick. What's yours?"

"Jimmy!" replied Van Tassel, laughing.

"A'right, Jimmy," returned Pick, as he began sorting the papers again.

"All right, Pick!" And Van Tassel walked hastily away, lest in some way he offend against the dignity of the catcher of the Jeffersons.

At the district club that evening Van Tassel asked Big Bill Baker, his best friend, about the news-stand in Eleventh Street.

"Oh, the one-legged feller," responded Big Bill. "Yeah, I know him. Tomkins—lives in Bank Street. Lost his leg when the scaffoldin' gave way on that new loft buildin' in Fourteenth Street. Then his wife died. Never been the same since. We got 'im the news-stand. That's his kid works with 'im."

"Oh." Jimmy paused.

"Did yer lamp the baseball cap on the kid?" laughed Big Bill.

"Yes—a little big for him, isn't it?" Jimmy smiled at the recollection.

"Couldn't get none ter fit 'im any closer," was the unexpected reply. "Head's about as big as a button—"

Bill's protest suddenly lapsed into silence as Jimmy looked curiously at him. The big man's gray eyes gave back look for look, but he was plainly flustered as he ran a big hand through his grizzled hair. "Well, I suppose yer got me again," he said, as Jimmy began to smile. "Yer know, it's different when y'ain't got none o' yer own." A district captain came over to join them, and Bill moved off.

"He's a queer feller, mom," Big Bill said to his wife that night. "Likes dogs and kids—an' the funny thing is, they all like him! Now, he's askin' 'bout Tomkins' kid at the news-stand—yeah, he's a queer alderman, livin' in that big house in Park Av'nyer, with all the money them Van Tassels got—"

"He's a good boy," said "mom," and that settled it.

The next day Jimmy went out of his way to buy the *Dispatch* and the *Clarion* from Pick at the stand in Eleventh Street. At the corner he waited and looked. The battery of the Jeffersons was warming up in the roadway. The pitcher was a mite bigger than Pick, but not a whit more serious. The blue peak of Pick's cap was down over his left eye as he scooped in the out-drops and up-shoots. He stood squatting with feet far apart, and occasionally he would stop a wide one on the left with a single gloved hand. Or the gloved hand would reach all the way across Pick's small body, to the right and beyond, just in time for the ball to meet it and rest there. Then Pick would look bored. He returned the ball to the pitcher with dignity, but straight and true, and with a flick of the wrist that promised trouble at second should any misguided runner try to steal a base from the catcher of the Jeffersons.

Jimmy watched the warming up delightedly, and then made his purchase from "pop." As he passed the battery in his departure, he ventured a greeting from the curb. "Hello, Pick!" he called.

The catcher looked up, with ball poised in his right hand, ready to throw. "Hello, Jimmy!" he called back, then turned and flicked the ball back to the pitcher, hard. The interruption was over. It was hard enough going for the battery of the Jeffersons, with those trucks and taxis crashing by as they did, every few minutes, without having business acquaintances butting into a man's athletics.

But Jimmy came to be more than an acquaintance; he went out of his way more than once. On one occasion he even helped "pop" with the papers for a busy ten minutes that the Jeffersons might not want for a practised battery. He never saw the Jeffersons play, although Pick said they had cleaned up some strong teams over on the "farm"—that bleak expanse of wagon-strewn asphalt that borders the docks on the North River. Jimmy could never be quite sure that there was a real, whole, nine-player team called the Jeffersons; Pick was always a little vague when games were mentioned. But the alderman forbore too close inquiry.

Furthermore, he was very busily engaged this spring and summer, not only as alderman of the district, but also as the helplessly devoted fiancé of Miss Sally Skeffington, of Washington Square. Horse and foot, he had waged his campaign for the hand of that charming young person until he had conquered—or so he thought, on that evening back in January! But it was surrender he had ridden into—whole-hearted, blind, enchanting surrender—and the nearer he came to that October day the less he understood himself. "Lost—wholly lost," his bachelor friends said mournfully, "never see him again!" It was not unnatural that from time to time he secured copies of the *Dispatch* and the *Clarion* in company with the trim little figure with the dark hair and eyes, whose chin tilted up so saucily at the aldermanic grandeur that stalked beside her. Sally had been prepared for the catcher of the Jeffersons.

"Hello, Pick!" hailed Jimmy, as they approached the stand. "This is my friend, Miss Skeffington."

Pick looked up and blinked. "Sally—that's easier!" added Miss Skeffington, quickly.

"Oh—Sally." Pick looked from one to the other. A mounting little blush began to set off the laughing black eyes. Even Jimmy began to feel confused. "She your gal?" asked Pick, resting a careful eye on the alderman.

"I hope so, Pick," replied Jimmy, beginning to blush himself.

"A'right, Sally." Pick announced his approval with businesslike decision as he turned to fish up the *Dispatch* and the *Clarion*.

From that moment Sally enjoyed the favor of the catcher of the Jeffersons. Once she went to the little room in Bank Street, and when Pick and the "old man" arrived there in the evening they found flowers and a large chocolate cake. But the attention that sent Sally up to the top notch of Pick's approval was the purchase of a brand new catcher's mit for the backstop of the Jeffersons. Curiously enough, it was Sally, and not Jimmy, who first noticed the vanishing flimsiness of the old bit of leather that Pick called a glove. Perhaps the household eye sees farther than the athlete's. In any event, it was Sally who put through the glove project, and accomplished the presentation ceremony. Pick nearly lost his balance when the big blob of brown leather was placed in his arms—not quite, but nearly.

"Gee, Sally!" That was all he could say. But when he went to work behind the mythical batter, and the hosts of the block's little people, boys and girls alike, looked their silent admiration from the curb, Pick had easily recovered his poise. The glove looked bigger than the whole of the little white shirt that no necktie had ever defiled, but Pick handled it like a veteran, casually. He seemed even a trifle bored.

"If I could once get a rise from that young man!" Jimmy mused, when Sally told him the tale of the glove. "He's the most imperturbable person I've ever encountered!"

The opportunity came sooner than he expected. It was the latter part of September, and in two short weeks—but that was a matter of purely local interest! The crisis that had upset the whole town was to be resolved, not in a church, but at the Polo Grounds, on that very after-

noon. It is not to be expected that great-aunts of office boys should survive a duel of the leading teams for a big league baseball championship in large numbers, but this time the mortality had become a massacre. The Giants were down to cross bats with the Cubs in their neck-and-neck race for the pennant! And Wall Street held its breath. So did Broadway, and the Bowery—and Eleventh Street. So did Pick. He knew the batting and fielding average of every player on both teams, he knew the bush leagues of their origin; and the intricacies of infield flies were an old, sad story to the catcher of the Jeffersons.

But the Honorable James Van Tassel knew something better than all that. He knew that the two pasteboard affairs in his inside pocket called for two good seats back of home plate, and he was not concerned with the very considerable outlay that their purchase had involved. Strangely enough, he had no idea of looking upon the battle between the Giants and the Cubs with his own eyes—he had a much more important engagement on hand for that afternoon! But he had conceived the plan of sending Pick to the ball game, with Big Bill as a sheltering escort, and both of those gentlemen had joined in the plan with the greatest enthusiasm. As they left the news-stand together Jimmy had called after them: "Keep your eyes open, Pick, so you can tell me about it!"

"A'right, Jimmy," Pick had replied. "I know how dem guys pull, up dere!" He was self-possession itself. If he had known the cost of the tickets it would have made no difference.

"To-morrow I'll see what he says," thought Jimmy as he walked away. "The Giants and the Cubs—that ought to get him!"

At the Polo Grounds there were forty thousand fans. Outside the gates there were twenty thousand more. At tickers and bulletin-boards, from Maine to California, there were thousands and hundreds of thousands, collected in the name of the great god Baseball. Business in Wall Street was at a low ebb. The nation waited.

Back of the plate were Big Bill and Pick, chewing gum furiously. A bag of

peanuts rested in Pick's lap. And then the game began. "Str-r-ike one!" bawled the umpire, with arm jerked back, as the Giants' pitcher put over a high in. "H'ray—h'ray-y-y!" The roar of the fans rolled up from the stand to Coogan's Bluff and beyond. Over mountain and plain, from State to State, to the Golden Gate, it reverberated, until it fell moaning into the deep Pacific as the nation waited for the next ball. Pick was silent. He shifted his gum as he studied the pitcher's delivery. He was the catcher of the Jeffersons.

"Str-r-ike tuh!" The fans leaped in air as they gave tongue. And so from ball to ball, from bat to glove and back again, the game went on, through all the long nine innings. It serves not here to sing the story of that contest. Long years ago it passed to history's embrace, with unsung tilts of ancient chivalry, and all the hosts of the games of men in field, arena, stream, and ring.

But there are those who still tell of that ninth inning, when two were out and the game was tied, one to one—in the last half of the ninth! Commuters had gone their homeward way, cursing the inflexibility of the five-fifteen. The fans sat tight—none more so than Pick and the big man beside him.

If there had been nobody on base the agony would have been less rending. But there were Giants on base! McCormick was venturing his lumbering form a few feet off third, as he watched the ball and swayed anxiously toward home, then prudently back toward the bag, lifting first one foot, then the other. Oh, for the hit, the one little crackling hit that would send him to the plate! To make it worse, big Merkle, across the diamond, was galumphing up and down off first, arms wide apart to balance a tiptoe start toward second or a back slide to first, as the event might decree. Two on, two out, and the last half of the ninth, with the score tied—is fate kind? Must hearts thump, and break, as fans wait and suffer, from bleachers to ticker, from ocean to ocean? Or will there be relief?

Yes! Bridwell, the trim little short-stop of the Giants, has dropped one of the two bats he has been swinging, and is stepping up to bat. Unconcerned, me-



THOMAS FOGARTY

Pick handled it like a veteran. . . . He seemed even a trifle bored.—Page 723.

thodical, ever neat, the little last hope is knocking the bat carefully against his cleated shoes. Now he is at the plate. And Bridwell is a pinch hitter besides, as many a big league flinger knows to his cost. And the fans—yes, they know it too! And they are saying so! The stands are a ferment, the bleachers a riot. "Home run—Bridwell—ataboy, Bridwell—oh, you Bridwell!" The whole great arena is a confused roar, with shrill cries from cracking nerves punctuating the turmoil here and there. Beyond the bleachers the elevated trains stand mute, massed for the coming exodus. The tall stack of a river boat moves placidly down the Harlem, evenly, quietly, just the top of it visible over the massed trains. Above, the sky is a bright blue. And, within the encircling stands, the smooth turf shines like a great emerald, with only the brown base-lines, and here and there the gray dots of the players, tense and still, to give sign of the crisis at hand.

Well—they called two strikes and three balls on Bridwell, and now the stands are a pandemonium of hoarse cries and stamping feet. The Cubs' pitcher is fondling the ball carefully, seriously, as he ponders. He winds up, comes through a convulsion, and the white pellet leaves his hand in a straight line. The Moment has come. And Bridwell, the neat little pinch-hitting short-stop, is ready. He bends over, puts his back into a sharp swing, and—crack! The ball sails low and clear, over second, like a bullet, and still it is rising, rising! Now it seems to pause, then falls gradually, in a wide arc, and Artie Hofman, in centre field, is closing in to catch it on the bound. But it's a single—yes, a smashing base hit, as clean as a whistle! And Bridwell is nearing first. Now he is there, just as the ball reaches Hofman, out in centre. He touches the bag, lightly, as he goes straight on, headed for the club-house back of right field—Bridwell, who never wastes a step—Bridwell, the immaculate, who has won the game! For McCormick is home, in a rush, waving his arms as he crosses the plate—the game is over! "Giants win"—can you hear the wuxtries? Ah-h! There are hearts that have been damaged by the strain of that base hit, there are hands that tremble. The fans are al-

ready over the barriers, on the field, and racing after the players toward the clubhouse.

But wait! Johnny Evers of the Cubs is standing on the bag at second, holding the ball that Hofman has thrown in to him, with the base-line umpire beside him, and a throng of fans fast joining the knot of players who surround him. Argument succeeds talk, and excitement follows argument. There is trouble, sure enough—over something! But the game is over. The fans have filled the field. There will be no more baseball this day.

"What's the trouble?" Big Bill found himself asking, of no one in particular, as the moments passed. Then he looked down beside him—oh, yes, there was, Pick, who had been there all the time. The catcher of the Jeffersons was looking disgustedly out to sea, his hands in his pockets.

"Ah, Merkle didn't touch second," he replied scornfully—"de big bonehead! He's forced out and McCormick's run don't count."

Big Bill's face was a study in astonishment—he was almost frightened. "How d'yer know?" he gasped.

"Ah, didn't I see it?" The catcher of the Jeffersons looked up at Big Bill with quiet indignation—as though he didn't know enough to watch Merkle while he swerved, twenty feet short of second, and, with a look over his shoulder, sprinted toward the club-house, in the belief that the game was already over, and with never a thought of touching second.

"Come on home, Bill," said Pick. "Tie game—nobody wins." And they went home together.

When Jimmy read the morning papers next day and then heard the clamorous talk of the town as the day wore on, he realized that the biggest thing in baseball had just happened, at the Polo Grounds. His eyes danced as he thought of Pick. "The little rascal," he mused, "I've got him this time!" He paid an early afternoon visit to Eleventh Street.

"Well, how did you like it, Pick?" he inquired eagerly.

"Punk," said the catcher of the Jeffersons, with decision. Jimmy stared, aghast.

"But—I mean—the ball game," he stammered.

"Yeah—bum game—'at Merkle's a bonehead—solid ivory."

Jimmy recovered slowly. "Did you have a good time?" he inquired faintly, after a pause.

"Yeah—t'anks, Jimmy—all except dat Merkle. He couldn't get a job on de Jeffersons, you bet!"

Jimmy crooned something to himself about "imperturbability," as he walked hazily away. But that was too long a word for Pick, even if he had heard it.

When Jimmy received Big Bill's report on Pick's trip to the Polo Grounds, he had to admit, finally, that Pick had not been "stumped" at any stage of the proceedings. That evening he recounted the adventure to Sally, almost plaintively.

"But that shows how much he really enjoyed it," she had said, as she comforted him. "And, you know, when he came back from that fresh-air trip we sent him on in July, he was just the same—although it put a little color in his cheeks."

"Yes," said Jimmy, and then they took up other matters, of great importance to themselves.

It was natural enough that Jimmy should ask Big Bill to take Pick to the wedding. "He'd like it—the music and all that," he had said, "and the church will be filled, I guess. It will be a new one for him." He paused. "And, you know, he's one of my friends," he added—"the little rascal!"

Bill laughed. He knew how well Jimmy liked kids, as well as dogs. He was subject to the same eccentricity. "All right, I'll look out for him," he said.

Jimmy wished that he could look forward to the ceremony with the calmness that he knew would possess Pick on that occasion.

Then the day came—at last—and he was ready. As the towers of St. George's cast their lengthening shadows across the sunlit trees in the old square, the people came, in myriads of twos and threes that filled the church to the doors, long before four o'clock. It was one of those crisp October days in New York that sets the whole world a-tingle, and the whole world was a-tingle, in Stuyvesant Square, that afternoon! Rich and poor, from east side and west side, they were all there; and not one but wished an armful of hap-

piness to the two who would soon be "joined together" that day, in St. George's. In a pew near the door sat Big Bill, with Pick beside him on the aisle, in a clean white shirt, still free of necktie annoyance. They waited quietly, while the organ played and the church filled.

Suddenly the deep-toned bells sounded from above. It was four o'clock. There was a little rustle and ripple at the door, and then the organ swung into the beginnings of the march, ever so gently, gathering volume, then dying away to a whispering melody, and now returning again, in round full tones. In the chancel the rector was standing, his keen brown eyes under the shock of black hair seeming to include the whole assemblage in their comprehensive kindness. And Jimmy, with another man, was standing and waiting, near by. Pick had seen them at once. "Dere's Jimmy," he exclaimed quickly, half rising. "Sh!" said Big Bill gently, as he put a hand on the little fellow. A few heads, near by, turned around and smiled. Even Jimmy smiled. But he could not have heard. He was glimpsing the great churchful, with a quick glance. Beyond the pews of the families and their intimates, were friends by the score, and, among them, the throngs who knew Jimmy as an alderman, or, rather, just as Jimmy. There were cops and a few firemen, all in uniform; the sidewalk folk—here and there the little stand-keepers, men and women, from the street corners; a delegation of aldermen, looking very uncomfortable in their black habiliments; and, above all, the "district," old and young, from every block in the neighborhood. Jimmy felt an overpowering emotion taking hold of him as his eye took in this outpouring of a simple friendship, within the shadows of the old church. Then the march began, and every one rose.

When the ceremony was over, and the rector's last resonant words had rung gently into every corner of the church, Pick noticed with surprise that there were tears in some of the eyes about him, and that even Big Bill seemed strangely silent. He could not understand this. He had been very still while the music was sounding, though he could not tell why; and



"Now stand still—I want to give you a flower before we go."—Page 729.

then, while they were murmuring up there in the chancel, so far away, he had been busy looking up into the shadows under the eaves, craning his little neck as he yielded to the fascination of those nooks of mystery. But now the music was in full, festive swing, and there was Jimmy, smiling as he came down the aisle, with that beautiful, snowy person beside him that must be Sally, and—why, it was a parade! And yet there was a little old lady in front with her eyes so wet—Pick couldn't understand it at all.

Then Jimmy and the beautiful snowy thing were suddenly right alongside, and Jimmy was looking down, and saying, "Hello, Pick," with the merriest sort of a twinkle in his eye.

"H'lo, Jimmy," said Pick; and Jimmy put out a hand to pat the little shoulder. Before Big Bill could stop him, Pick slipped out of the pew, and, as he had often done before, put his arm up through Jimmy's, and proceeded to accompany him down the rest of the aisle. On the other side, Sally was looking over and laughing a little, and Jimmy was marching straight ahead, utterly at a loss what to do. Pick escorted them to the sidewalk, as imperturbably as ever, despite the smiles and chuckles of amusement that followed the trio through the door.

At the curb stood the horses and carriage that the Skeffingtons had always kept, despite the advent of automobiles; and near by a mounted cop sat his glistening bay, in all the splendor of policeman's blue and cavalry yellow. The cop was grinning broadly at Pick, down there on the curb, in his white shirt and patched corduroys. Jimmy stood uncertainly, his arm still linked in that of his little friend, wondering how to leave him and still save his feelings.

It was Sally who, with all her bride's difficulties of long train, stepped quickly into the awkward moment.

"Come here, Pick," she said, smiling and beckoning. Pick advanced cautiously, and looked up.

"Gee, is dis you, Sally?" he asked incredulously as she bent over him.

"Yes, Pick—it's Sally. Now stand still—I want to give you a flower before we go." She was smiling, as she took a sprig of lilies-of-the-valley from the great bouquet and fixed it in a buttonhole of the little fellow's white shirt. Pick suffered this to be done, with quiet patience, for he trusted Sally. But, as he stood, he kept looking at the snowy veil, and the creamy dress, and the orange blossoms in Sally's dark hair. Most of all his wondering look dwelt on Sally's laughing eyes and the little flush of excitement that covered her pretty cheeks. Pick had never seen anything so beautiful—this could not be Sally, who had given him the big catcher's glove!

And then something quite unexpected happened to Pick. Sally gave a final twitch to the flower, and suddenly, with a quick little caress, she leaned forward a few inches farther and kissed Pick lightly on the cheek. "Good-by, little friend, we'll come to see you soon," she said.

As the carriage drove away, with the beautiful dream in it that must be Sally, Pick just stood and looked. Once he half raised his arms, as though pleading to be taken along. But then the carriage whirled around the corner; and he was left standing there alone, still looking, as though he saw something far away, and asked for it. Yes, Pick was "stumped"—at last—but, after all, was it Pick's fault? Or was it just that accident of life that had left the old cripple to be father and mother both, the best he could, in the top-floor room in Bank Street?

When Pick finally looked up and saw Big Bill on the church steps, he thought it queer that Bill's lips should be trembling in such a curious way, although his face seemed so quiet. But when the big man came over and took Pick by the hand, the catcher of the Jeffersons put up with that additional indignity, as they trudged quietly off toward Eleventh Street.



The Party of the Third Part

BY PHILIP CURTISS

Author of "The Fakir," "The Gum-Shoe," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE



His wife's letter, stark, grim, and white in a high relief against the dull gloss of his study table struck Calvin Moore's eye the instant that he entered the cottage.

"DEAR CALVIN:

"By the time that you get this, I shall be on my way to New York. I have gone for good, Calvin, and I do not think that it will be necessary to tell you why.

"I have tried so hard to be contented here, but apparently nothing has been able to convince you of the fact that a woman of my age must simply die by inches in the kind of life that you have imposed on me. I admit it frankly. I am starving for color, for gaiety, for people of my own kind. I feel as if I had so few years left of youth that I simply must seize them before they are gone.

"I shall be at Margot's for the present, but please do not make any attempt to follow me. I have fought this out with myself for months and my mind is absolutely made up. There is nothing that you can do and I expect nothing. My own little income will be quite sufficient. I shall probably go to Italy this winter and remain there until—things are settled.

"Forgive me, dear, for I know how cruelly this will hurt you. In fact, it is only the knowledge of how deeply you really do love me that has kept me from doing this long before, but, if your love really is big enough, it can best show itself by allowing me to go on as I have determined.

"Good-by, Calvin.

LEILA."

Before his eye had taken in the dim blur of the opening sentence, Calvin Moore felt himself swept by a sudden

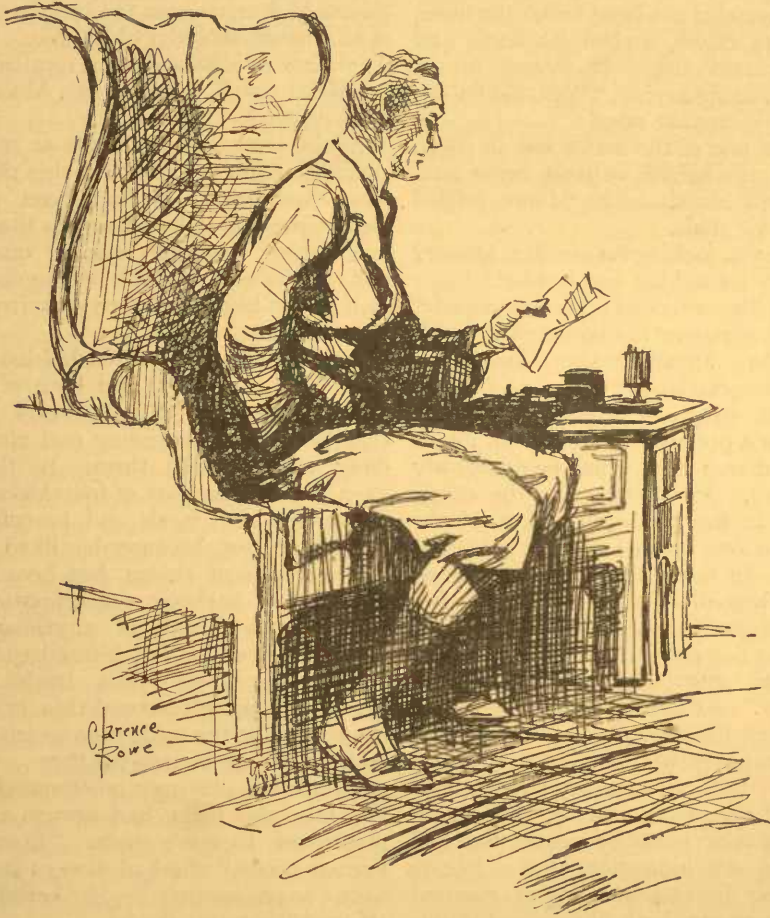
and sickening faintness. By the time he had finished the letter he found himself in his big study chair, without the slightest recollection of having moved from the window where he had first torn it open. It was not that he was unprepared for this. The instant that he had caught sight of the prim, square envelope, formal and ominous, he had known what it contained. He had, indeed, probably sensed it the moment that he had entered the house and found it so strangely silent; but months, years of preparation never lessen the actual blow of a thing of this kind. The physical shock would have been just the same if his wife had told him, an hour before, what she intended to do. The physical shock *was* just the same, in spite of a huge, grotesque fact—that Calvin Moore's wife had done exactly what, in his heart of hearts, he had been for years subconsciously hoping that she would do.

Calvin Moore, however, was a man whose intellect came into play never more than a second behind his nerves or emotions. Reading it over a second time, he realized perfectly well how often, in his secret imagination, he had visualized just such a letter as this. Strangely, the only thing about it now that appeared unreal was the mere handwriting. Leila's round, firm, society hand always gave him that same shock of unfamiliarity. It looked so much more mature than she did. His wife's mind and soul Calvin Moore knew inside and out. He had probed their depths before they had lived together a week—an hour would be a more exact statement. It was only occasional startling little physical facts about her that ever surprised him after all these years, as one is startled at moments by unexpectedly mature acts or gestures in a child—uncanny hints of a purely biological evolution in which Nature alone

plays any part. A new hat or veil put on for church on a Sunday morning had sometimes amazed him more than any word that his wife had ever said in her life.

A suddenly renewed realization of that

room and the halls, it amazed Moore to find how few reminders he found of Leila. None at all, in fact. The house had been his long before he had ever known her and, inwardly or outwardly, she had



Strangely, the only thing about it now that appeared unreal was the mere handwriting.—Page 730.

same chill silence which had held the house when he had first entered brought Calvin Moore to his feet in what was again a faintly physical alarm. Could it be possible that the servants also had left? Had the whole household taken this absurd moment to pick up its skirts and play "Doll's House"?

His senses unnaturally alert to impressions as he walked through the sitting-

brought few changes into it. Chairs, sofas, the row of old china stacked over the dining-room mantel, all had for him associations far older, more potent, than any connected with the woman who had lived there eleven years as his wife. She had been gone an hour and already the gap was closing. A curious decade-long incident.

The kitchen reassured him for the mo-

ment, at least. It was ridiculous in the perfection of its homely melodrama—not a pot or a pan out of place, the brass and zinc scrubbed like the deck of a yacht, even the kettle peacefully singing over the fire—actually singing. That was almost overdoing it on the part of the kettle. The cat crawled out from under the oven, spread its claws, arched its back, and yawned luxuriously. It looked up at him, practically saying, "Well, old fellow, and what's on *your* mind?"

Neither one of the maids was in sight, but the gray-haired waitress came anxiously into his study as Moore settled down in his chair.

"Were you looking for me, Mr. Moore? Was there something you wanted?"

Calvin Moore looked up at her vaguely, his mind grasping the scene as a whole better than anything she was saying. Again there came over him a cool sense, uncannily clear, of gradually slipping back into a previous existence—of an incredible dream from which he was slowly awakening. Annie, too, like the chairs and the tables, had been a part of the household long before Leila had been even a name. In those days, indeed, she had been the household complete—and at frequent intervals since. Cooks had come and cooks had gone, intolerable to, or intolerant of, Leila; but Annie, deft, faithful, and dour, had always remained. Like her master, for eleven long years she had seen her peace of mind torn daily to shreds by the chaos and shallow impetuosities of her young mistress; but, again like her master, never by word or sign had she given one indication of it. Facing each other in this first empty moment after the storm, both Moore and Annie could have absolute reassurance that neither by word nor deed had either one of them forced or hastened that final event.

In Moore, however, the first narcotic sense of familiar peace was suddenly broken by a colder wave of actual fact. He looked up again at the housemaid standing anxiously in the doorway.

"Annie," he announced, with a gruff reserve, "Mrs. Moore has gone to New York for a few days."

The gray-haired servant never changed expression. "Yes, sir," she replied, "Mrs.

Moore told me that Mrs. Willets was ill and had asked her to come."

Both spoke, or tried to speak, in a studied perfection of casualness, but in the voice of each lay a faint overtone of unmistakable wavering. How like Leila, thought Moore, blandly to believe that she could deceive even the servants, most of all shrewd, sensitive old Annie. It was Annie herself who suddenly recalled him.

"What would you like, Mr. Moore, for your dinner?"

Again came a sharp wave of reminiscence, startlingly vivid, but this time almost humorous. It had been eleven years since Annie had stood in the doorway asking *him* that familiar question, but now he and she took up the dialogue as if it had been continued only from the day before.

"A rare steak and French fried potatoes?" he suggested, and both of them grinned outright. Eleven years before that had been a standing and almost a daily joke between them. In the old days, three times out of four Moore had answered "rare steak and French fried potatoes," not because he liked them more than most things, but because, in his helpless bachelor preoccupation, he could seldom think of anything else. Now, however, he felt himself suddenly famished for Annie's thick, tender steak, garnished with lettuce and thin, crisp potatoes; but at the same time he felt oddly guilty, disloyal, in ordering them. It was too much like playing a quick march after the funeral. Leila had always refused pointblank to serve them. "Steak and French fries," she had always insisted, were "so restauranty." She herself liked things with cream sauces.

But Annie still hesitated in the doorway. "Mr. Moore," she suggested cautiously, "there is still one bottle of old Bass ale in the cellar——"

Annie, too, as her master knew, was haunted by that same faint dread of unseemliness. In her good heart she was merely the atavistic old Irishwoman, pandering to the whims of her men-folks, even when those whims were vices; lighting their smudgy pipes and pressing on them their drop of "the craythur"; but at the same time, with a vague, refined apprehension, she feared that she was also making

it painfully obvious that she had been saving that one lone bottle of Bass for some dreamed-of day when Leila was not, when her mistress had ceased from troubling.

Old-womanlike, Annie knew but one way to end the embarrassing moment. In growing confusion she decorously fled, but even her master did not realize that she would still be obliged to put on her bonnet and trudge, herself, a long half-mile to the village to get his steak, as many a time, eleven years before, she had willingly done it. Even the silence which again settled down in the house failed to tell him that.

The sane presence, however, of Annie and her subtle, unspoken support had been a healthy note in the atmosphere; and Calvin Moore sat back in his arm-chair to face his problem deliberately.

Leila Moore had been twenty-two when she had married, one of those pretty, kittenish girls who can seem so amazingly everything that they are not. She had worn an old-fashioned gown, with tiny puffed sleeves around her bare arms, the first time that Calvin had seen her. He had been thirty-eight at that time; then, as now, a tall, gaunt man, prematurely gray, with the atmosphere of a country squire and the calm, distinguished face of a scholar.

Fundamentally he had married her for the reason that most men marry—because the momentary desire to marry and the financial ability to do so had, for the first time in his life, come at the same moment. Why Leila had married him had been even more obvious. Few men have “aristocrat” stamped in their every line as plainly—almost as absurdly—as had Calvin Moore. His wife had first met him in a group of people whose opinion she deeply respected and who knew him to be what he actually was, a very great man in a certain limited field. Even his hermit-like manner of living had offered her a distinct and romantic fascination, for, like most Americans, Leila Moore had a passion for all the apparatus of country life—except the country.

In a year Leila Moore had been thoroughly disillusioned. Unconsciously, her whole dream of married life had been one of coming frequently to New York, look-

ing very English and very “tweedy”—a hint of pewter and fox-hunts in her background—of sailing into affairs like the Waldorf musical mornings and hearing people whisper: “That’s Mrs. Calvin Moore!” Her dreams had even gone so far as to include the answer: “What! Not that child!”

It had been a bitter and terribly final thought when she had at last slowly realized that to be the wife of a famous, successful writer of erudite studies of the human mind was not at all the same thing as to be the wife of a famous tenor. It appalled her and at first it angered her to find out how many people there were in the world who had never even heard of Calvin and were not particularly impressed when they did hear. Gradually, but in her case inevitably, this gave her, herself, a contempt for his work. He labored over it with such minute pains and really it brought him so little. Because years of married life had made her familiar with all of her husband’s grotesque incongruities—the awkward way in which he tied his cravats and the stitched initials on his underwear—she came to believe that she had at least punctured the myth of his tremendous intellect. She found that it gave her an air of amused, sophisticated superiority to boast openly that she never read a line of his books; and secretly she began to brand as charlatans those who said that they did.

Calvin Moore, for his part, could hardly say that he had been disillusioned by his married life, because in strict terms he had never been illuded. It was inconceivable that a man of his quick perceptions could ever have supposed that Leila would be an intellectual companion. What he had expected to get from his marriage had been a merry, roguish companionship—a blithe, deft presence. That had been, of course, the very last thing that he had ever found. Minnows like Leila Moore are charming when flashing around in a school of their kind, but one minnow alone is apt to present rather a wilted figure.

But there was no use now in raking up the dismal issues of those eleven endless years. Leila, in her letter, had left them decently vague; and Calvin Moore, sitting there in his study, found no in-

clination to review them. To-morrow, to-night perhaps, he would have to begin the formal, perfunctory attempts to get in touch with his wife. In the passion of leaving he knew that she had been quite genuine when she had begged that he make no attempt to follow her. Leila's grand gesture about a winter in Italy he did not take too seriously. In Italy, without a party of six or eight of her kind, she would be as miserable as she had been in his cottage in the Berkshires. Paradise for Leila meant endless liberty to shop up and down Fifth Avenue, lunch at a confectioner's, take in a *matinée*, then dine at some noisy place with her blonde, scented friend, Margot Willets, and the latter's free-spending, broker-type husband. For three hundred and sixty-five days in the year Leila could do that with perfect abandon.

A month from now, or six months, Calvin knew that his wife might be even more resolute in her freedom. He was perfectly prepared for that, but in the meantime the merest decency required that he make at least some efforts to offer a reconciliation. Marriage did not end with any such charming informality. As yet, however, his wife could not even have reached New York. Even the most stringent conscience could not forbid him coldly to lean back now and frankly enjoy the first real hour of exquisite calm that he had known since he could remember.

But exquisite calm does not come at any such call and beckon. Calvin Moore lighted a fire on the hearth, already feeling a forlornness which he had not expected. For a minute or two the blaze flashed and roared through the kindlings, then suddenly died out entirely, refusing to spread to the heavier logs. He felt too indifferent, too numb, to start it again; but twilight was coming on and the dying down of the flare had left the room dark and cheerless. Moore snapped on his student's lamp, then snapped it off again. For years the noise and confusion of the house had been a torment to his studious, contemplative habits, but now, once again, he became acutely conscious of the silence. He began to wonder how far Leila had got by this time, whether she had enough money, how long Margot Willets had been abetting and inciting her.

He wondered how Leila had got to the station. Had she sent for O'Ryan's delivery car, and what had she taken with her?

That question in itself offered one outlet for his restlessness, and a moment later he was pacing nervously through the neat white bedrooms of the second story. Here his heart began to misgive him, for here, indeed, were signs of Leila—not signs of her presence, but a vacant, echoing sense of her absence. Leila had always been one of those women who dress in three or four rooms at a time and hang their spare clothes in all of the others. To Calvin, who was as neat as an old soldier, this had been an incessant cause of annoyance; but now the sparse, blank bureau tops and the staring, wide-open closets began to fill him with a ghostly apprehension. He peered into one closet after another, pulled out drawers of the bureaus, and quietly whistled in his amazement. Leila certainly had done her work well. It filled him with an odd, unrestrained admiration. Not even a hairpin or crumpled slipper remained. She must have spent furtive weeks in doing it, and he had never suspected a thing. It gave him an uncanny sense of elaborate plot and also a cold stab of finality.

A door opened and shut down-stairs and Calvin Moore's heart stopped beating. Then he heard a shuffling of plates in the kitchen and realized that it was only Annie. From the sheer horror of those empty rooms he went down to join her.

The kitchen was as cosy and warm as the rooms above had been bleak and vacant. It was brilliantly lighted. An open grill of red broiling coals glowed cheerily at one end of the range and familiar odors of flour and hot butter rose up about him. Calvin Moore found his nerves suddenly stilled and his first resolution suddenly strengthened. Again there began to creep over him a warm sensation of bachelor snugness.

Already Annie was bustling around in cap and apron, the thick, red steak lying in an open paper on the porcelain table. As Moore entered the room she crossed to the range and moved a big iron kettle of fat to the open coals. A spatter of grease slapped over the side and burst into sizzling flames that shot half-way to the ceiling. With an exclamation of

fright Moore started back, but Annie nonchalantly beat out the flames with a kitchen rag and they both began laughing. Calvin lighted a cigarette, put his foot on the oven fender, and watched Annie drop the bits of potato one by one into the boiling fat. The smoke of the cigarette, mingling with the tart smoke from the kettle, acquired a delicious, outlandish flavor, one long forgotten, one redolent of camp-fires in the open.

The cook and the chore boy, it was explained, had gone to a dance at the West Hill schoolhouse. There probably *was* such a dance, and no doubt the cook had been glad enough to attend it, but really, Moore knew, it had been Annie who in her mothering kindness had sent her away, in order that he might not be distressed by the inevitable atmosphere of whispers and questionings out in the kitchen. The realization of her kindly tact made him suddenly teary.

As Annie began to skim the potatoes out of the fat, she looked at him, hesitating. "Mr. Moore, are you going to dress? There'll be just about time before I put the steak on."

Moore started. The idea had never occurred to him, would not have occurred on this night of all nights. In his bachelor days he had always dressed scrupulously for his solitary dinners, but after the first few months of his married life the custom had rather languished. Both punctilious before they had married, Leila and he had together sunk into slackness.

Reading again his inquiet memories, Annie hastened to justify her suggestion. "I only asked because you used to say that it rested you—that it made you feel better——"

This was not at all Annie's real motive, but in itself it was true enough. "Why not?" thought Calvin. No matter how life might shape itself on the morrow, to-night he might as well take it as it offered.

He dared not linger too long in those empty rooms on the second floor, but even in the few minutes before he came down Annie had worked facile magic. In the dining-room his old glass candlesticks had replaced the silver ones which Leila had brought as a part of her wedding outfit. Just what else Annie had done to the room he could not distinguish, but the

whole scene of the waiting table, with its place for one, was a startling resurrection. Annie, in fact, had done her work almost too well. Agreeable as it was, it gave Moore an uncanny feeling of walking among the dead.

From the study he saw a dull gleam and found that Annie had relit the fire, but otherwise left the room dark and shadowy, just as he had always loved it in the old days, in the quiet moments before dinner. He strolled in and stood luxuriously before the tall, flickering and-irons, his feet, through the thin soles of his pumps, treading the familiar softness of the bearskin hearth-rug. Automatically his hand passed along the dark mantel until it rested on a tiny Chinese pipe, which in his most luxurious moods took the place of a pre-dinner cigarette. In the semidarkness, his hands guided only by slowly reawakening habit, he filled the thimblelike ivory bowl and searched the pockets of his dinner-jacket for a match. Out in the dining-room he heard a familiar *plop!* as Annie dropped the ice into the water-pitcher. Infallibly, within thirty seconds she would appear at the door to call him. Smiling, he waited to give her the importance of doing it.

Then suddenly Calvin Moore felt every nerve in his body grow taut. The match in his hand was stopped short in its progress. His eyes were staring at the windows. Outside, in the darkness, he saw a long pencil of light, now rising, now falling, then suddenly growing diffused and illuminating the fence and the shrubbery. Calvin's ear caught the slap and rattle of O'Ryan's livery-car coming over the hill, then stopping, with a *thump* of the tonneau door, by his own gateway.

Instantly he was outside the house, but quick as he was, Leila, very demure in her blue travelling suit, was inside the gate before he could reach her. With stiff composure she tipped the O'Ryan boy who carried her bags to the door, but the instant that he had gone she turned and flung herself into Calvin's arms. A moment later they were standing together in the merciful shadows of the firelight. Poor Leila made no attempt to explain, merely lay in her husband's arms racked with inarticulate sobbings.

Then suddenly Moore felt her body



Drawn by Clarence Rowe.

"The best I can do now will be eggs and bacon."—Page 737.

stiffen. She sprang away and both of them moved about, self-consciously, looking at the doorway.

Annie was standing there, once more prim, stiff, and dour. Leila tried to greet her with forced, hysterical gaiety.

"Good evening, Annie. You see I've come back before I expected."

Annie did not reply, and Leila lifted her head, sniffed playfully.

"Oh, Annie, that smells so good! What is it? I'm famished for dinner."

From beyond his wife's shoulder Calvin looked toward the door with a smile, then suddenly stopped in amazement, for Annie's face had grown hard as stone and bitter as acid.

"I had a steak," she muttered in a monotone, "but I left it on too long. It was burned to a crisp. The best I can do now will be eggs and bacon."

Almost in hostile defiance she met her master's astonished gaze, and her tone was so sharp that even Leila felt forced to be ingratiating.

"That doesn't matter, Annie, at all," she exclaimed.

She turned to her husband. "Really, dear, I'm so exhausted I couldn't eat very much." She paused and then added wistfully: "You don't suppose, just to celebrate, you could find a drop——"

Calvin smiled—tried to smile—and looked tentatively toward the doorway. "I think," he said gently, "that Annie has saved one last bottle of genuine Bass. If you like——"

But already Annie had brusquely turned down the hall, and as her voice came over her shoulder there was something in it almost like a sob.

"I broke that bottle," said Annie.

Derelict

BY LOUIS DODGE

I HAVE done a little of so many beguiling things:

Related stories, sung a little, and played on the guitar;

I have gardened when the spirit moved through a score of pleasant springs;

I have loved often and strangely; I have even gone to war.

But I've never given my whole heart to any great emprise;

I have walked without resistance where enticing pathways led;

I never went into battle with the fires of wrath in my eyes—

Always in my haversack was a book and a bit of bread.

I have walked down lanes where Love dwelt alone in a little hut,

But I have dallied dreamily where a rivulet was in flood;

And I have never minded much that the gates of Love were shut,

But have felt a childish ecstasy at the willow boughs in bud.

I have held a store of jewels in my hand—my very own;

I might have tossed them and laughed to see them in the sun;

But I've fallen into a muse until the light of day had flown,

And have aimlessly turned my hand and dropped the jewels one by one.

When I come at last in my travels to the gardens of Paradise

I shall find a spot that is lovely, where angel hosts have trod;

And there I shall go on dreaming, neither utterly foolish nor wise,

And forever I'll be unsoured—but alas! unseen—of God.



The Coward

BY W. R. LEIGH

Author of "A Day with a Navaho Shepherd," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR



QOSLITSOI (cactus with yellow flowers) was a coward; she was eleven years old, and yet when, with her father's herd of goats and sheep, she went to the big water-hole in

the neighboring canyon and encountered there other herds, in which there were particularly large ugly-faced he-goats with long beards and shaggy necks and legs, or huge rams with immense curling horns, she sidled off timidly and kept as much distance as possible between them and herself.

To be sure, there were just such beasts included in her own herd, but she knew

them and all their peculiarities, which were as various as those of so many humans. These she would grab by a horn or a hind leg, and overthrow without a moment's hesitation, when occasion demanded. Or when in a frolicsome mood she would even jump astride one of them and ride him around the corral, amid the plunging and struggling herd and in a stifling cloud of dust, much to the edification of her baby brother, who peered between the rails of the enclosure and gurgled with delight.

But these strange brutes, who swaggered by with such insolent effrontery, and in passing paused and fixed their bold, unblinking eyes on her, were different. They looked so wild, so savage, so

perfidious; and they sniffed and snorted as if in derision, and they shook their heads as men might shake their fists, and grunted, and stamped with their front feet, as though with intent to insult and attack her.

Then, too, she was afraid of the big mongrel dogs that followed some of the other herds, who were as unkempt and disreputable looking as were the mangy old buzzards that hissed and battled for positions at their nauseous feasts. These dogs had a mean, truculent way of skulking and showing their teeth, or of suddenly leaping upon one of Qoslitsoi's unoffending canines and beating him up frightfully. On these occasions she would scream in a frenzy of grief and terror, until somebody came to part the belligerents, or, what was more frequent, until the allies of both sides joined in, and the fight became general and wore itself out.

Again, she stood in dread of the rebellious and treacherous half-wild horses that the men rode who herded the gangs of ponies and cattle. It was distressing to her when one of these beasts, taking advantage of an unguarded moment on the part of its rider, would begin to buck; everybody else on such occasions would laugh and cheer, including the rider himself, often, if sure enough of his seat. Only the little girl looked on with anxious, troubled eyes; and when sometimes the rider was thrown she did not rush forward like the rest, but stole away. True, she had once seen a man thrown in this way. His foot had got caught in the stirrup, which resulted in his being dragged and kicked to death; but Navaho girls are not supposed to become chicken-hearted because of such trifles.

And then the bulls that led the bands of cattle, how they terrified her! When down the trail toward the water-hole they came, bellowing and pawing the sand in great showers over their backs, or when, dropping their fore-quarters down, they wallowed their huge necks and shoulders in the dirt and then rising shook the dust

from their heads, she hurried her herd toward the rocks and sought shelter. But when two of these brutes engaged in a battle, and the ground shook with the pounding of their massive hoofs, and great gashes were torn in it, the exhibition of Titan strength appalled the faint-

hearted girl to such an extent that she trembled, and deserted her flock to hide.

But it was not dumb brutes alone that she feared, this cowardly little Navaho maid; she dreaded greatly the demented old man who wandered perpetually from hogan to hogan, all over the country. His dull-greenish eyes had a bleary wildness and restlessness about them, as if they saw awesome things in space that were invisible to others. And his cavern-

ous mouth, with its two or three yellow snags left, that moved and mouthed ceaselessly, seemed to be speaking an unearthly language known only to himself and the eerie spirits with whom he communed.

Then, too, the albino man, with his mop of straw-colored hair and his



... ugly-faced he-goats.
—Page 738.



... huge rams with immense curling horns.
—Page 738.

bleached skin and pink eyes, was a fearsome apparition to her. He sometimes tried to be friendly, which alarmed her all the more and made the albino smile, and her father upbraid her.

Besides these, she stood in terror of the ragged Piutes who rode by sometimes, and, with insolence and cruelty stamped on their ugly faces, made cynical and contemptuous remarks that she



His cavernous mouth . . . seemed to be speaking an unearthly language.—Page 739.

could not understand and laughed loud, raucous laughter.

But not even these complete the list of the things she feared, for most of all she lived in mortal horror of darkness.

When in the dead of the winter nights she lay on her sheepskins, rolled in her blankets with her wee brother, and listened to the great storm winds—while her widowed father, on the opposite side of the hogan, muttered in his sleep—she trembled.

When the snowflakes came in gusts and spasms whirling down through the smoke-hole, and hissed as they perished in the fire—the fire that struggled so desperately to keep alive—she shivered.

With shaking hand she added fuel, as one who succors a friend; for it was her friend, that fire, fighting for her; and it needed food to keep alive, just as did her goats and sheep; it was fighting against the demons outside the hogan that were prowling so near—prowling, prowling!

She could hear them conspiring and plotting; she could hear them raging and raving!

With red eyes like those of mad dogs—

with yellow eyes like those of treacherous coyotes—with green eyes like those of gaunt wolves that steal lambs—they raced and careered and pranced. Like wild horses they galloped and plunged and stampeded; like wild cattle they pawed and wallowed and charged! As the sand-storm whistles and howls—as the flood-storm crashes and roars—so they whined and yowled and bellowed and growled!

Yes, yes, they tiptoed away sometimes, ever so softly, just to see if they could fool her—to try if they could catch her off her guard—ha! ha! Oh, yes, they were sly—so sly!

They stole away across the dreary, weary wastes—away, far—far in the black, bleak night! Away to where the desolate weather-contorted rocks mutely begged for mercy; to where the tortured cedars

writhed in voiceless agony. Down through the dismal canyons with yell and with shriek—down into the narrow arroyos with maniacal shout they plunged, churning up the powdery snow in vast



The albino man . . . was a fearsome apparition.
—Page 739.

clouds and piling it in mountainous drifts.

Ah, yes! they ranted and cavorted and played hide-and-seek amid the boulders and pinnacles; they circled round and round in crazy circles and vast loops, but ever back at last to the lone hogan, with implacable hate in their hearts they came!

Oh, the cruel, crafty, crazy demons!

Back they came stealing with stealthy steps, and with sudden pounce and with savage claws they ripped and battered and slashed and gouged at the walls!

Oh, the cruel, crafty, crazy demons!

They came whining and sobbing and pleading at the door, in hopes she might open it, believing some lost and perishing soul might be there; but she was too wise for them, ha! ha!

They muttered and laughed like the old crazy man, and they bawled and brayed like locoed burros, outside the door!

And they twisted and squirmed and squeezed to get in at the smoke-hole, and gnashed their teeth and screeched and groaned in their disappointment!

And it was they—the villainous rout—who hurled in handfuls of snow in hopes of putting out the warm, friendly fire!

And the little coward hugged her wee brother closer to her heart, and pulled the blankets more snugly about her and trembled.

But storm winds were not the only things which could make darkness terrible; there were living creatures that were

nocturnal and secret in their habits. It chanced that one evening in spring, before Hosteen Libitse (Mr. Horse-tail), the father, had moved from his winter to his summer hogan, supper was rather later than usual. The twilight was fast merging into night, and the evening star

which had reigned in solitary splendor was now being joined by other pale and timid sisters here and there venturing forth, who had been encouraged by the example of their radiant queen.

The baby was nodding on his sister's lap already, and the father, who had a friend sitting with him before the fire, outside the hogan motioned Qoslitsoi to retire.

She carried the youngster into the hogan, and in the almost total darkness was putting the blankets over him when, with a start, she heard a noise at the smoke-hole.

Hosteen Libitse, glancing up just then, saw one of the large desert owls alight on the top of the hogan and sit upright and stiff like a post. The eerie bird was a black silhouette against the sky, which the bats gave a wide berth.

The child inside listened breathlessly; her brother already slept. With heart pounding audibly Qoslitsoi peered up at the smoke-hole; she could see on the edge two feet with long, formidable claws and a part of the speckled breast of the bird; she knew that it was an owl, but she had never been so near to an owl before. She remained rigid, as in a vise, peering. The bird began to mutter and mouth in low tones that resembled the half-pro-



Hosteen Libitse.

nounced mumblings of a lunatic. As if some implacable and fiendish enemy—invisible to the rest of the world—were close at hand, the uncanny fowl sat; and as though each were unable to vanquish the other, the two roved about, perpetual companions, each hoping for an opportunity to annihilate his adversary, and meanwhile reviling and denouncing him.

To the mind of the child came visions of forlorn and dismal canyons in unexplored wilds, with walls that touched the sky, and which led to unimaginable places, where mortal never yet had trod; of inaccessible caves in the faces of appalling cliffs; of gloomy chasms where the bones of luckless cattle and horses mouldered.

Was this baleful beast asking aid of the spirits of darkness?

Was it swapping lies with some ghoulish crony of the spirit world?

Was it babbling, idiot-like, of some murder it had witnessed?

The bird's pulings trailed off into a querulous, peevish whine, and then burst suddenly forth in maudlin expostulations, like those of old men in their dotage complaining of imaginary ills. Again it sank into an incoherent jumble of maledictions and whimperings, and then once more rose to a creepy series of unearthly whoops, like the laugh of a madman.

The child's hand started toward a stick of wood; she would drive the hideous apparition away!

Instantly the acute senses of the fowl warned it, and its two great staring eyes were focussed on the shrinking girl; her hand stopped, poised in air, her whole body frozen to rigidity by the spell exercised by those malevolent, unblinking green globes. A moment only she stared back into those eyes; then, seized with uncontrollable panic, dashed from the hogan with a piercing shriek of terror, and covered beside her father, trembling like an aspen leaf.

There was no doubt about it, she was a coward—an arrant coward!

Hosteen Libitse noted these symptoms with concern; how disgusting to see a great big girl eleven years of age so weak! To be sure she could cook and wash and tend the herd as efficiently as her late

mother had done, and could even weave very creditable blankets; so good, in fact, that no suspicion existed at the trading-post but what they were from the hand of a grown-up person, and the proceeds from them bought most of the family groceries.

Yet a coward is a coward, and a disgrace to a family.

Hosteen Libitse was, however, a patient man, a moderate and prudent father who seldom scolded his children, and never nagged; so life in the lone hogan was reasonably peaceful.

It was on a fine August morning at break of day that Hosteen Libitse arose, intent upon finding that day a fine horse which the day before was missing from his band; little did he dream that this day was the one Fate had selected upon which to bring to him a great surprise.

In the dim light Qoslitsoi started a fire under the slab of sandrock, propped up upon four stones, which served as a stove. The evening before she had secured green corn from the patch, and these, in the shuck, she placed among the hot ashes to roast. On top of the stove a kettle filled with kid's meat was put to boil, and a coffee-pot for the father beside it.

Sheepskins were laid, upon which to sit during breakfast, the ground being mossed from a shower during the night.

Meanwhile a number of kids and lambs, with the restlessness and venturesome spirit of youth, had mounted to the topmost rails of the corral, where they strutted with the perfect balance of tight-rope walkers, while their mothers and fathers below gave evidence of waking up by sneezing, coughing, and bleating.

Above, the darting and diving bats grew fewer, and the crows on their way to the feeding-grounds croaked cheerful observations to each other, while the almost invisible bullbats in the zenith sent down faint bellowings. Simultaneously the stars paled and went out, while the moon became wan.

Then, peeping over the eastern shoulder of the world, the great sun sent long horizontal shafts of rosy radiance across the wide terrain, and a dew-studded cobweb in the bleached branches of a dead sage snag gleamed like a necklace of priceless jewels.

Breakfast over, the father proceeded to where a sturdy pony stood saddled and bridled and hitched to a post, ready for his expedition; it would probably be an all-day ride, so a wicker jug, covered with pitch and filled with water, and a rawhide lariat hung from the pommel; the good man had also filled one pocket of his blue overalls with jerked meat, and into another he had put his cigarette tobacco and paper. He mounted and rode away.

The daughter, a piece of rope in hand, approached with business-like deliberateness the burro, who always came during meals to beg for cobs, shucks, melon rinds, and the like; the animal, with a sleepy disinclination to be captured, none the less halted in his break for liberty, conceiving himself lassoed when he felt one end of the rope fall athwart his back. The rope was made fast about his neck and front leg; the limit of burro ingenuity was reached. Persuaded that escape was impossible, he abandoned himself to servitude.

Now the heap of brush which closed the entrance to the corral was drawn aside, and the impatient beasts rushed out with their usual eagerness and disregard of dust. The burro's profound cogitations were undisturbed while Qoslitsoi loosened the rope from his leg and mounted him; but when a stick was brought down with a smart whack on his rump he obediently walked to the side of the corral, upon which the little boy had climbed, and stood while the latter crawled on behind his sister; whereupon, with the pinto dog in tow, he fell in automatically behind the herd.

Hour after hour the busily nibbling herd moved on and on across the huge expanses of purple sage-brush; the sun

rose higher and higher, and the shadows grew shorter and narrower. The dazzling light rebounding dyed the nether surface of every object with delicate pink, gold, and lilac reflections. The atmosphere quivered and palpitated upward from the panting earth, that with parched and crack-seamed surface appeared to suffer like a living thing. Big cumulus clouds, all pearl and silver, sailed grandly across the ethereal main; like rafts bearing unimaginable treasures from the land of dreams they floated, each casting an inky shadow on the great stretches below, until the plain, flecked over with vivid spots, resembled a vast and sumptuous leopard's skin.

Miniature tornadoes, churning up the dust into writhing spirals, danced and leaped in freakish spurts, like panic-stricken wraiths, as they raced across the sear and thirsty wastes.

Ceaselessly the prowling hawks skimmed and wheeled, just clearing the tallest sage; ceaselessly the prairie-dogs chirped their warnings, and, with the rabbits and rats, dived into their holes.

Butterflies bobbed about where the yellow sage and cactus, the wild sunflower and Indian paint-brush bloomed; and bees and humming-birds went their rounds. Far away on the horizon a system of magical cliffs shimmered and scintillated; of rose-pearl and pale amber, of opal and delicate sapphire, they towered in fairylike splendor—spires and pinnacles, towers and domes, bastions and battlements. And at their foot sparkled an enchanted lake, tremulous, like an iridescent vision, whose shores, all emerald slopes and lovely groves, basked in the brilliant light.

But the girl had seen that sight too often to be in the least excited, and the



One of the large desert owls.

erudite burro blinked at it only in his indolently philosophical fashion, and promptly forgot it.

The nannies and ewes interrupted their industrious nibbling from time to time to call to their offspring; the bellwether kept his position in the lead, as if conscious of weighty responsibility.

The prevailing color of the herd being white, it formed a moving patch on the face of the landscape, sometimes in cloud shadow, sometimes in light, always amid a column of dust.

Behind it the red dress of the little girl was visible from afar, glowing like a distant camp-fire.

About noon a visit to a water-hole was necessary; it was a deep pool at the foot of a wet-weather cataract; a place little resorted to by other herds, and chosen for that reason. There were alkali and mud and myriads of wigglers in the water, but it was all there was.

After drinking, the animals needed shade, but this was almost as scarce as water; the herd was headed for a canyon not far distant.

The canyon was a wild and little frequented place; one of those spots where all of nature's pristine savagery made itself felt. On its brink—eloquent of perseverance—sprawled crippled and contorted cedars, which, despite the bitter storm-winds and crushing snows of uncounted winters, still from bowed and dying trunks lifted scanty yet indomitable clumps of green toward the sky and sent out, tentacle-like, their naked roots, groping blindly over the denuded rocks, to gather in crack and fissure what meagre sustenance might still be found.

Many, long since outmatched in the quarterless battle for existence, still clung, bleached and ghastly, like upstanding skeletons; while others, prostrate and broken, cumbered the uneven rocks, rotting in the crevices and clogging the gullies. Back from the brink, where a scanty soil lingered, trees of more vigor stood like the rear-guard on a battle-field, viewing the havoc of their comrades stoically.

The shade offered by this scattered growth was not sufficient to tempt the herd, with the vastly better shade to be found in the canyon, so near at hand; the

animals made their way by giddy benches and hazardous leaps, amid enormous masses of tumbled rock and slippery shale slopes, down to where overhanging ledges gave them protection from the heat.

Qoslitsoi tied the burro in the shade of a cedar, and taking her brother by the hand, followed the precarious trail of the animals, her practised eye and bare feet serving to bring them safely down to the first shoulder of a ledge which was at the foot of the sedimentary rock, fifty feet thick, and a sheer wall. This layer of pinkish-yellow sandrock rested upon a stratification of pigeon-blue clay six feet thick, which, being softer, weathered away faster than the rocks above it and beneath, occasioning frequent shallow cavities. In these, tracks of many kinds remained where the wind had not disturbed the dust; mice, rats, squirrels, lizards had passed and repassed; owls, hawks, wood-chucks, skunks, and rabbits, even bobcats, foxes, and coyotes, had here and there found refuge from the sun or rain.

All these records the girl could read as though it were a printed page. At the point where they had arrived, she noted such signs as were present, calling the name of each creature for the instruction of her brother.

From where they sat they could see the herd crowding in compact knots and bunches under the shelves and behind the leaning boulders.

Qoslitsoi drew a chunk of sun-dried mutton from a piece of gunny-sack wrapping she had taken from the saddle, and the two regaled themselves leisurely; the boy was soon busy building toy hogans and corrals with bits of stick and stone, and his sister presently joined him. They placed pebbles in the corrals to represent goats and sheep, and there were black and brown and yellow and white ones, each representing distinct animals in their herd. Then there were sticks stuck up before the hogans to designate each member of the family, and a lively discussion to determine which should be which. Also the dog, who had made himself comfortable under a bush and gone fast asleep, had to be remembered. and the burro, of course, and even the cat.

After a while they discovered an antlion's pit in the sand, and, capturing an ant, dropped it into the little conical trap, and watched the ferocious little beast at the bottom seize the unfortunate and drag him out of sight.

Then they espied a bat hidden in a crevice of the overarching rock, and prodded him with straws; it amused them to hear the minute chatter that he made in his rage, as he gnashed his tiny teeth.

Anon a rock squirrel mounted on the summit of a boulder and, bolt upright on his haunches, like a peg stuck in the top of the rock, began a most strident and audacious series of remarks; they were doubtless sound and timely warnings to the other rock squirrels of the neighborhood, together with observations and comments not fit for publication. And, as answer in kind, the children began hurling stones at him, and with such accuracy that he was constrained to take refuge in flight. Even here his evil estimate was justified, for the impish little Indians pursued him along the ledge with eager hilarity, making the canyon walls re-echo with their glee.

The chase led for some distance and took them around a bend in the rock wall, out of sight of the herd; it ended when the squirrel disappeared in a deep crevice, and, the children, breathless and excited, paused to rest.

Then with a sudden creepy fear the girl beheld a little farther on a cliff-dwelling wedged in between the roof and floor of the ledge, which she had never seen before. Many a cliff-dwelling she was familiar with, and many were the stories she had heard told about them, when her father and his friends squatted about the fire at night. There were speculations as to the nature of the race of men or spirits who had erected these strange habitations, and the time and reason for their disappearance.

Some maintained that it was a race of men whom the fathers of the Navahos had exterminated after many years of bitter warfare; others held that it was a race of sprites who had existed in the distant past; still others declared that a tribe of devils was responsible; indeed, one, old Hosteen Lichai (Mr. Dog), asserted persistently that on one occasion

during his youth he had seen some of these sprites. He had come upon them unawares, and beheld them gnawing the flesh from the bones of one of his father's sheep—a ghastly and revolting spectacle, for they fought over it like coyotes—and he had almost died of fright. Hosteen Lichai was a notorious liar.

Still there were some who lent his story some credence, for had they not seen corn-cobs and even bones in some of these dwellings?

These talks had filled the imagination of the timorous child with misgivings and apprehensions, so that now she stood staring at the square black door of the boxlike building, which was in almost perfect condition.

Inside of that dark doorway it seemed to her unearthly shapes must be lurking, peering at her through crannies and around corners of the door from the gloom within. Looking more intently, she saw—or fancied she saw—two faintly luminous spots far back in the dark, like two eyes, that stared unblinkingly at her. She turned and would have retraced her steps, but the little boy had dropped upon hands and knees, and was looking at a painting on the rock wall. It was a thunder-bird, on an oval shield, done in dim yellow, maroon red, and black.

The picture seemed to wield a fascination, for as the eyes of the girl espied it she too squatted down and became absorbed.

The little fellow lifted one chubby hand, and, touching it with his finger, asked what it meant; his sister was about to attempt some childish explanation when her glance chanced to fall upon the ground. She halted; there before her was a large track. It was too large to be the track of a Lober wolf, too round to be that of a bear.

Once before she had seen such a track. It was when she was only five years old, on an occasion when her parents had made camp for the night in a dense forest; they were awakened in the dead of night by a blood-curdling yell; it seemed to freeze the very marrow in their bones!

Hosteen Libitse had shouted, fired his gun, and waved a firebrand, and the cry was not repeated. But in the morning he had found this same kind of track; yes, and he had named the monster that

had made it, but in the mind of Qoslitsoi no very definite idea concerning it had shaped itself, other than that it was a beast greatly to be feared. She rose to her feet, intending to hasten from the place, when she suddenly perceived, only three feet away, a huge puma standing. It had come from the ruin, but so stealthily that the effect on the child was like the paralysis that the appearance of an apparition might cause. The boy, sensing something unusual, turned, and was likewise petrified.

The great cat stood perfectly still, its yellow eyes fixed upon the lad, its long tail moving slightly in an irresolute manner, as if its owner were undecided as to what to do next.

Meanwhile Hosteen Libitse, having found and roped his stray horse, was proceeding leisurely homeward, with two rabbits tied to his saddle. At this particular moment he was skirting the canyon exactly opposite the cliff-dwelling, and, chancing to glance across the abyss, he beheld the appalling position his two children were in.

Instinctively his hand leaped toward his revolver, but with a sinking heart he remembered that he had exhausted his ammunition while killing the rabbits. The distance would have been too great for the carry of the revolver, anyhow, but the report might have been effective; he was about to shout, yet hesitated in an agony of indecision; what if the sound should cause the children to move? The slightest movement, he feared, might precipitate an attack. He knew the eccentric character of the beast; if the children remained perfectly motionless there was no telling but what the cat might turn and leave them.

He had heard of such occurrences.
He hoped.

Thus the father and the two children, all transfixed, awaited in breathless suspense the next move on the part of the puma; the latter, the most whimsical of all the wild animals that inhabit the wilderness, stood, apparently debating within itself just what it ought to do with these miserable enemies, for once so completely at its mercy.

With long, lithe body, its tawny coat undulating with muscles more perfectly responsive and doubly as capable as those of the most adroit pugilist—a miracle of adaptability to the art of slaughter—the awesome creature stood; its head almost on a level with that of the girl, its great, brilliant eyes unwavering; no hint of its intent was discernible.

Some innate instinct of self-preservation warned the children not to budge, not to make the slightest sound, not even to wink an eye.

The tension was terrific.

It was broken by the feline in a most unexpected way: it moved suddenly forward, and, just as the panic-stricken boy attempted to move, seized him between its wide jaws, and, passing the girl by, stalked calmly off along the bench. The lad was too terror-paralyzed now to resist; the cat seemed to be moved by some unfathomable purpose—some quixotic fancy that could never be born in any brain but that of a puma—but killing seemed not to be a part of it; it merely carried the youngster along the ledge without mangling him.

But now, in an instant, a seemingly miraculous transformation had taken place in the little girl: her shivering, abject cowardice had vanished!

Here was the baby—whom she had mothered for three years, since the night his mother gave him life, and died—here was the baby—her baby—in the jaws of a puma!

Fury—savage, reckless fury—surged through her veins.

Without an instant's reflection Qoslitsoi seized a sliver of stone and darted after the cat.

The ledge was narrow—so narrow that in passing the beast she was in imminent danger of being crowded over the cliff—yet she ran ahead of the brute and, wheeling, began dauntlessly hacking and slashing at its face with the sharp-pointed stone.

The puma halted; it snarled a deep, ominous snarl; it could have crushed her frail body with one stroke of its powerful paw; it could have extinguished her life with one snap of its terrible jaws; it laid its ears back and its eyes shot a livid green glare at its assailant.



Without pause the girl pounded and hammered at the face.

Without pause the girl pounded and hammered at the face; till the eyes had to close; with frenzied strength she battered and banged.

The cat released its hold on the boy; it bared its terrible fangs; it hissed!

Its hot breath fanned her face; still the girl stood firm; it raised one paw as if to strike—the five deadly claws were

unsheathed, spread, poised—when the pointed stone struck the point of the creature's nose, and cut a gash.

A hoarse, guttural roar shook the air, and the beast shrunk back a step; the girl advanced a step. The brute cowed, wheeled, and, with the sliver of stone flying after it, slunk off toward its lair in the ruin. The boy, limp with fright,

but none the worse for his experience, needed no urging to quit the place with all haste.

A shout from their father reassured the pair, as they neared the herd, where all was peaceful and serene; the knots and clumps of animals, with panting sides, still stamped and kicked at the flies in the shadows of the rocks; the pinto dog, aroused from his slumbers by the cat's roar and the man's shout, had gotten on his feet, ready to investigate the cause.

Hosteen Libitse, descending the can-

yon wall in break-neck leaps and bounds, soon joined the children; in one sentence he indicated that he had witnessed what had transpired; he grinned.

The herd was hastily driven out of the canyon and away from the vicinity, and the father, though he stayed with them for the remainder of the day, maintained a grave silence.

However, it was remarked by the albino man later that Hosteen Libitse seemed to take an unwonted pride in his daughter.



"Beakers of Blushful Hippocrene"

BY CHARLES B. SHAW

New York State Library School, Albany, N. Y.



THOSE of you to whom the title comes as an old familiar friend will recollect that when the poet longs for his beaker full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene, he also dreams of "the warm South."

"The warm South!" What a glow of desire those words strike through us! "Flora and the country green, dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth!" Our hearts, too, ache; a drowsy numbness pains our senses; and with him we long for some melodious plot of beechen green and shadows numberless, where the bird in full-throated ease will sing to us of summer.

This apotheosis of the South was not the product merely of an idle fancy, a vagrant mood, or a careless whim. It was the sincere expression of an earnest, time-strengthened longing. Among the many false *dicta* of smartly epigrammatic Oscar Wilde is one which declares that "All bad poetry springs from genuine feeling. To be natural is to be obvious and to be obvious is to be inartistic." Its untruth is proved (if, indeed, proof of its falsity be needed) by this very poem. Of the sincerity of the poet's emotion there can be no doubt, and we may be equally sure that his apostrophe of the nightingale is one of the masterpieces of English poetic art.

Keats was not alone in his longing for the South. Byron, no more like him than is Judy O'Grady like the colonel's lady, was impelled by the same desire. "Sligo," he writes to Tom Moore concerning a friend's proposed trip, "is for the North; a pleasant place, Petersburg in September, with one's ears and nose in a muff, or else tumbling into one's neckcloth or pocket-handkerchief! If the winter treated Bonaparte with so little ceremony, what would it inflict upon your solitary traveller? Give me a *sun*, I care

not how hot, and sherbet, I care not how cool, and *my* heaven is as easily made as your Persian's."

"A Persian's heaven is easily made—
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade."

Or, in more exalted mood, among the stanzas addressed to his sister, verses which belong to the few he wrote that bear the unmistakable stamp of honesty and emotional vitality, he cries:

"I but ask
Of nature that with which she will comply—
It is but in her summer's sun to bask."

How speedily when social England barred him out he, like Keats, sought that temperate and salutary land of summer washed by the Southern sea.

In more modern times, strange, gifted, neglected Lafcadio Hearn, drifting down from the Queen to the Crescent City, from Cincinnati to New Orleans, writes to his elderly printer friend, Henry Watkin, urging him, too, to seek the South. Here the brand strikes nearer home. New Orleans, city of Creole and subtle charm, has ever been a potent name to conjure up dreams of romance and to inspire in us mystic ecstasies. "Oh, you must come to New Orleans some time—no nasty chill, no coughs and cold. The healthiest climate in the world. Eternal summer." A like strain is continued through many letters. "Life here is so lazy—nights are so liquid with tropic moonlight—days are so splendid with green and gold—summer is so languid with perfume and warmth—that I hardly know whether I am dreaming or awake." A more definite invitation enumerates specific delights. "I think you had better come here next October. . . . Think of the times we could have—delightful rooms with five large windows opening on piazzas shaded by banana-trees; . . . visiting sugar-cane plantations; scudding over to Cuba; dying with the mere delight of laziness; laugh-

ing at cold and smiling at the news of snow-storms a thousand miles away; eating the cheapest food in the world—and sinning the sweetest kind of sins. . . . You know that you are lazy and ought to be still lazier. Come here and be lazy. Let me be the siren voice enticing a Ulysses who does not stuff wax in his ears. Don't go to horrid dreadful Kansas. Go to some outrageous ruinous land, where the moons are ten times larger than they are there." In still another invitation he promises his friend "a long rest by running streams, near mountain winds and in a climate like unto an eternal mountain springtime. Dream of voices of birds, whisper of leaves, milky quivering of stars, laughing of trees, odors of pine and of savage flowers, shadows of flying clouds, winds triumphantly free." One more quotation from Hearn—a letter of Ozias Midwinter which appeared in the *Cincinnati Commercial*. "Christmas Eve came in with a blaze of orange glory in the west and masses of lemon-colored clouds piled up above the sunset. The whole city was filled with orange-colored light just before the sun went down; and between the lemon-hued clouds and the blue were faint tints of green. The colors of that sunset seemed a fairy mockery of the fruit booths throughout the city, where the golden fruit lay piled up in luxuriant heaps and where the awnings of white canvas had been replaced by long archways of interwoven orange branches with the fruit still glowing upon them. It was an Orange Christmas." Verily it is a scene much to be desired, this light that never was on Northern sea or land.

The longing for the Southland is not merely a vagary of literary genius: it is part and parcel of us all. Mr. Charles Macomb Flandrau in a tragic little essay describes the lure of the tropics for two young men, one an electrician, the other a driver of a grocery wagon. Surely not temperamental souls! "Down there!" The words began to mean wonderful incommunicable things to both of them. 'Down there' was the shimmering, beautiful, hot, mysterious and seductive end of the earth." Mr. Edmund Gosse, narrating the tragi-comedy of his youth, tells of his father's lifelong yearning and his

endeavor to fulfil it by proxy in the person of the son. He discusses the parent's plan for his future, saying: "My father, who had lived long in the tropics and who nursed a perpetual nostalgia for 'the little lazy isles where the trumpet-orchids blow,' leaned toward the field of missionary labor." Like Tennyson, writing in chill and dreary Edinburgh his eulogy of the daisy, and recalling the halcyon hours in the lands of palm and Southern pine, of orange blossom, of olive, aloe, and maize and vine, his fancy, too, "fled to the South again."

Many are the lotos-eaters; many are they who have visited the sunny countries of the earth and in those visits lost their hearts. Waller, Milton, Landor, Hunt, Gray, Gibbon, Walpole, Swinburne, Wordsworth, whose Michael "heard the South make subterraneous music"; Moore, who writes as he leaves Bermuda, "I should love to live there, and you would like it too, dear mother; . . . and though set apart from the rest of the world we should have found in that quiet spot and under that sweet sky enough to counterbalance what the rest of the world could give us"; the Shelleys, who found in the Euganean Hills their green isle in the deep wide sea of misery; the Brownings. Browning, ardent lover of England and all things English, is moved not so much by patriotic fervor as by delight in the coming of the season of warmth and birds and flowers "when the hounds of spring are on winter's traces." It's "Oh, to be in England *now that April's there*." Even Tennyson, when he asks himself why, though ill at ease, he remains in the land where his spirits falter in the mist while they languish for the purple seas, cries out (after a properly laureate glorification of Britain's freedom, wealth, power, and conservatism) in a most unlaureate way—

"Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South."

Stevenson composed a charmingly persuasive but insincere essay on *The Enjoyment of Unpleasant Places*. Nevertheless, he writes to his mother from Switzerland, "The cold was beyond be-

lief. I have often suffered less at a dentist's." His happiest hours, despite the moral of his essay, were spent, not in "the bleak and gusty North," but at Vailima, in the South Sea Islands, where, another poet tells us,

"Warm perfumes like a breath from vine and tree
Drift down the darkness . . .
Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea."

Many, indeed, are the lotos-eaters!

Candor compels me to display both halves of the moon. These earlier records have painted a picture like India's coral strand "where every prospect pleases." The following quotation, though long, is—if you will but have the patience to read it—a lurid description of our own Georgia. Goldsmith (strange that the creator of the affable vicar should descend to such bitter words!) has been lamenting the miserable fate of the once loveliest village of the plain. The erstwhile innocuously happy villagers have been scattered and dispersed, some even

"To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,

Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake,
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies."

What a detestably ludicrous libel of the hills of Habersham and the valleys of Hall! Canny Byron proved his artistic insight when he said to Moore: "I could not write upon anything without some personal experience and foundation." Neither could Goldsmith. Sidney Lanier, native son and ardent lover of the South's Empire State, tells a truer and a kinder story when, like Ruth, "sick for home amid the alien corn," he cries,

"Oh, might I through these tears
But glimpse some hill my Georgia high uprears,

Where white the quartz and pink the pebble shine,
The hickory heavenward strives, the muscadine
Swings o'er the slope, the oak's far-falling shade
Darkens the dogwood in the bottom glade,
And down the hollow from a ferny nook
Bright leaps a living brook."

"Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge," from the pen of a gallant Southern soul.

Like the Tampa robin, "I'll south with the sun and keep my clime." Dearly loved land of warmth and sunshine, eternal green and blossoming flowers, how gentle you seem to weary pilgrim and vagrant feet; how cordial your welcome to those who with all their hearts truly seek you and strive after you. Yea, they shall ever surely find you, and in finding you shall rest serene in your haven of sweetness and light.

"I'll south with the sun!" Reader, I spoke but figuratively. 'Tis only on imagination's viewless wing that I shall go my journey. I'll share my method with you. 'Tis neither new nor strange.

Says Swift,

"Geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns."

Those were entertaining charts but no more enticing than our own. Critics, I know, would scoff at mere atlases, but for me they are fascinating literature. "Away with your fictions of flimsy romance," I cry. There's romance and to spare in these gayly colored pages. Compared with these gorgeous sheets Sargents and Tintoretos do but stand "mocking the air with colours idly spread."

My affections are centred, I confess, on our eight or ten southeastern States. What a proudly compact little group they are! How serenely in its azure robe the misty, cloud-capped Blue Ridge towers over the encircling valleys and flowery fields and dales! What a noble arch is the Gulf, where—

"The sun from meridian height
Illumines the depth of the sea,
And the fishes beginning to sweat,
Cry 'd—— it! how hot we shall be.'"

With what a transcendent, majestic sweep assuasive Florida extends her

balmy domain! How lovingly and submissively the Keys cling to her!

As we gaze and dream the printed page becomes a living land. We hear the sea with its eternal whisperings around desolate shores; we glimpse the ships that sail past harbor-mouths and palmy highlands for sunny isles, lonely ever-verdant isles with quick-changing skies and rose-tinted sands washed by delicate blue waters; we smell the sweet odors of lilies and the fragrance of orange blossoms. Or, in the twinkling of an eye, we are at the mountains, basking in the good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth, and, breathless with adoration, watching the amber light on the rare blue hills or the dim veils of mist like vaporous amethysts vaguely vanishing away.

How the very names intrigue us! Tal-lahassee, Fernandina, Micanopy, Umatilla—mere cities and dwellings of men! Ocklockhonee, Econfinia, Withlacoochee, Fahkahnatchee, Okeechobee—rivers and lakes by comparison with which Alph, Arethusia, and the Vale of Tempe fade into commonplace oblivion. In such names lies the never-dying poetry of earth.

Mr. Charles Stephen Brooks, in one of his essays, indulges his middle-aged self in reminiscent conversation with his lost youth. He confesses that in salad days he was wont to collect time-tables. He makes the admission somewhat shamefacedly. There was no need—one of Mr. Flandrau's most ancient and honorable gentlemen was a like collector. Of such, too, am I. 'Tis a most delightful hobby. One needs only to walk to the nearest railroad station, assume an unwonted prosperous and *blasé* manner, casually ask a genial ticket-agent the running time between — and Jacksonville or Mobile or Atlanta or New Orleans or Memphis, demand the time-cards and descriptive pamphlets necessary to the planning of the trip and one has acquired the nucleus of an ever-growing treasure. On successive days the destination is changed, and soon one's library meets every demand that can be made of it.

Then, seated in our easy chairs, what trips we plan! How swiftly we travel!

How comfortably we lounge in our dirtless, joltless train! Across swale and savannah we go, past dotted fields of cotton, among palmettos fantastically draped with delicate gray-green Spanish moss, into misty purple hills. Out with the time-cards! Whence shall we start? Whither shall we go? By which route shall we travel? How long will it take? When shall we arrive? What shall we see? . . . And a dreary evening melts away in our ecstatic plans and pipe dreams.

When maps and time-cards fail us there is yet another resource. Mr. Augustine Birrell has written his praise of it: "To travel in Italy with Montaigne or Milton, or Evelyn or Gray, or Shelley, or, pathetic as it is, with the dying Sir Walter, is perhaps more instructive than to go there for yourself with a tourist's ticket." To see a land through the observant eyes and fluent pens of those that know and love it is often to make it more genuinely our own than to whisk ourselves about and with tired, dull, jaded senses endeavor to absorb its manifold beauties. Too often, in time, in money, in energy, we thus lay waste our powers: little, then, shall we see that we can make our own. For everything we are out of tune, and never can be moved.

Better far this quiet and peaceful mode of vicarious travel. Sit you down, my masters, in your chosen easy chair. Stretch toward the fire and settle your books and folders around you. Cheerfully and calmly on winter nights when the Frost Spirit rages "let us meet him as we may." With books and dreams and visions splendid let us "laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by." So shall we join that enchanted caravan which moves to those delightful realms of green and gold and azure. Transported on our magic paper carpets to the fruitful glowing lands of the South, in joyous and fervid revery we shall while away the creeping mournful midnight hours, until at last we waken from our dreams to comfort ourselves with the trumpet of a prophecy:

"O Wind,

If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"



AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE younger generation, like every younger generation since the Garden of Eden, is filled with the spirit of revolt; a very good thing, too, for it keeps the older generation awake. I do not know how many people are afraid of the younger generation, but I know I am not; for forty years I have lived with them, and there is nothing about them terrifying. Their eagerness rather calls for affection and sympathy. Ibsen speaks of the younger generation knocking at the door, which shows how old-fashioned he was; for they enter without knocking, and if the door is locked, they burst it open. A child accepts its parents and its environment with the pathetic unquestioning faith of a dog; I dare say a child brought up on a lonely farm in Montana is as happy as a child in New York—I don't know, because I had neither experience. Then when the boy or girl begins to struggle out of the slough of despond called adolescence, he or she sees many things that ought to be quite different, and proceeds to shout revolution in religion, politics, and art. These doctrines are often modified in later years, not by age—for age should bring more rather than less enthusiasm—but by responsibilities. A foot-loose, irresponsible young gentleman has a rather different attitude toward life and institutions from that held by one who owns a house, pays taxes, is the father of a family, and engaged in a bread-winning occupation.

Although I have many sins on my back, I am innocent of one great transgression. I have never laughed at the younger generation, though I have sometimes found it impossible to restrain merriment in reflecting over things they have said. But I have never greeted the passionate opinions of youth with ridicule, or with a condescending grin. Most people, both young and old, are more afraid of being laughed at than of anything else; and though it is a sin against the Holy Ghost

to laugh at the ambitious dreams of young men and maidens, it is well that they should remember that no one can make an intellectual advance until he overcomes the fear of ridicule. I mean he must not only be unabashed by ridicule from others, he must triumph over his own ridicule of himself. For while the sense of humor is a healthful check on egotism, and enables one to derive vast, secret enjoyment out of watching the human comedy, it may destroy the soul. Every person engaged with all his heart in any occupation looks slightly ridiculous to an immaculate spectator; if he begins to look so to himself, he is lost.

My meditations on this subject have been stirred by the fact that three prominent members of the younger generation—every one an important spokesman—have, without any collusion, made a simultaneous revolt against the sense of humor. All persons suffering from an attack of maturity, who cannot understand why the younger generation are so white-hot with rage, should read the Preface to Robert Nichols's drama, "Guilty Souls." Mr. Nichols is a strictly typical case, though his talent for expression is exceptional. He is an Oxford man who took a post-graduate course in the war, and is still under thirty. In this Preface he cleanses his bosom of much perilous stuff, and I am truly sorry for any old man who cannot read it with sympathy. He hits out in every direction with all his might, and there are two things he hits hardest of all—Good Taste and the Sense of Humor. He is not afraid of making an ass out of himself, for he has come to see that that fear means intellectual and moral suicide.

"For on one thing I am set: I will be what I am and say what I wish to say whether the result be popularity, derision, or indifference, though the foggy, Good Taste, and the boggy, a Sense of Humor, would say me nay. For I am profoundly of the opinion that there are those of us

who have had enough, and a good deal more than enough, of that infernal pair. . . . There is not in my play a single character with a sense of humor or good taste. And I am glad of it. The Prince of Darkness knows how many souls—more especially in England—are lost through Good Taste. . . . Slay Humor ere Humor slays you. In the name of what do you submit to such tyranny?"

This strong English voice is an unconscious echo of that voice of Gascony that restored the heroic drama to France twenty-five years ago; when Rostand was admitted to the French Academy he made a similar onslaught against the humor of mockery, and we know who the villain is in "Chantecler."

At the same moment which saw the appearance of Robert Nichols's declaration of war on humor, Compton Mackenzie, in his remarkable novel, "The Altar Steps," made his young hero write to the rector as follows: "One hears of the saving grace of humor, but I'm not sure that humor is a saving grace. I rather wish that I had no sense of humor. It's a destructive quality. All the great sceptics have been humorists. Humor is really a device to secure human comfort. Take me. I am inspired to become a preaching friar. I instantly perceive the funny side of setting out to be a preaching friar. I tell myself that other people will perceive the funny side of it, and that consequently I shall do no good as a preaching friar. Yes, humor is a moisture which rusts everything except gold."

Strictly speaking, A. S. M. Hutchinson does not belong to the younger generation, since he has recently entered the roaring forties, but his books are so filled with the spirit of youth that he may here be classified with his juniors; indeed, there are pages in "This Freedom" that are childish. He might easily have been a professional humorist; humor is the ground quality of his first novel, and rises to the surface in three of the others. But in "This Freedom" he not only threw aside the motley of the jester, he repeatedly begs his readers not to laugh—evidently obsessed by the same terror of humor felt by Nichols and Mackenzie. He knew in advance that one snicker would be fatal, and his fears have been justified.

When I read an advance copy of "This Freedom" last June, I thought during the first half of the story that the author had surpassed his best previous efforts—those early chapters are amazingly well done! Then as I approached the end of the book I was taken by acute dismay—if I, a sympathetic reader, with all the good-will in the world, could not swallow this hysteria, what on earth would the professional reviewers do with it, nay, do *to* it? They did exactly what I thought they would do. The book was formally published on the first of September, and during the latter days of August I could distinctly hear the sharpening of beaks all over the country—the reviewers were getting ready to bite. The novel seems to invite ridicule, the author's guard is down, and there are vital points so easy to attack that the reviewers could not miss them. It is a long time since they have had such a morsel, and with what rapture they devoured it! It was a certainty that "This Freedom" would be received with derisive laughter.

Yet, while Mr. Hutchinson has only himself to blame for his hysterical style, crazy rhetoric, ridiculous overemphasis, and absurd anticlimax, it is not altogether his fault that the driving idea of his novel has been so generally misunderstood. I am grateful for the book with all its faults. In the earlier chapters there are displayed such beauty, force, and penetration as could come only from the inspiration of genius; and even if the latter half were negligible or worse, nothing can destroy the excellence of its high points. Now the reviewers seem to think he tried to prove one thing in the first half of the book and exactly the contrary in the second half. I do not see this at all. The House of Men is all wrong—it contains no place for girls and women. But the House of Cards is all wrong too; it contains no place for mothers and children. Nowhere does the author intimate that the last state should have been like the first. What he makes clear is that in obtaining freedom for oneself, one cannot escape the responsibilities forced on one by both nature and religion. In both cases he attacks individual selfishness, showing that it leads to ruin. Trained experts cannot take a mother's place, and a mother has no right to let them try.

Only in service is there perfect freedom.

Mr. Hutchinson has attacked, perhaps, the greatest of all modern problems, the home. Ask any school-teacher what he or she thinks of the importance of home influences. Many children are inexplicable to their parents; they are an enigma, a source of chronic anxiety. Parents vainly hope that the school-teacher will succeed in a job where they have failed, or which they have shirked. "My boy cannot concentrate." They hope for a miracle, that somehow the boy, or the girl, who has done exactly what pleased him at home, will in school be transformed by discipline. As we can understand religion, art, and music only through love, so parents and children can reach an understanding only along that road. Now that road means self-sacrifice on the part of parents, but if they bring children into the world, they ought not to transfer their responsibilities. I have seen scores of boys that betray instantly the fact that they have come from a good home, where their relations with their parents have been frankly intimate. And I have seen others where the boy has evidently lived in one world and his parents in another, with no means of communication. Headmasters dread the Christmas holidays, knowing that some boys and girls will come back to school jaded, listless, exhausted, unfit for anything.

Mr. Hutchinson's excess of earnestness made him overshoot his mark; but if his detractors would stop jeering, they might learn something. They might learn, for example, that what parents need is vital, ardent, unaffected religion, expressed not in sanctimonious stock phrases, which disgust any healthy boy or girl, but in mental attitude and daily conduct. The first-fruit of religion should show itself in consideration and respect for another's personality, even if that other should happen to be your own child.

It is a difficult thing to bring up children, because the hardest task on earth is to set a good example, and here it must be done every day. If a father tells his boy not to lie, and then lies to the railroad ticket-agent about the boy's age, that man's religion is vain.

Although Robert Nichols's defiant pref-

ace is more interesting than the play which follows it (true also of certain productions by Dryden and Shaw), "Guilty Souls" is decidedly worth reading. It is significant that so passionately Christian a play should come from a man living in Japan. He speaks with hostility of the church; but his hostility to that institution is caused by the belief that it is not sufficiently Christian. Sin and the accusing conscience and redemption of the soul here and now by Jesus Christ are the themes of this strange drama; the fact that the injured person is the tempter of the sinner reminds one infallibly of "The Scarlet Letter." Mr. Nichols was never so ardent a Christian in England as he has been while occupying the chair of English literature in the Tokio university, a suggestive fact. It is fashionable among certain groups of Englishmen and Americans who hate Christianity to advocate the superior claims of Buddhism and Mohammedanism. The best way for them to recover from this phase is to live awhile in the East. That admirable young poet, James Elroy Flecker, used to profess an ardent admiration for Mohammedanism; he was cured by living in Constantinople, and died a Catholic. And now we find another young poet, Robert Nichols, living in Tokio, and exalting the Cross as the symbol of salvation.

In his new novel, "Babbitt," Sinclair Lewis has exchanged whips for scorpions. With the possible exception of the shadowy young radical attorney, there is not a single character in the book who combines intelligence, charm, and character. (And yet how many excellent men and women I know in Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York, and New Haven.) There is not a person in this novel who is as useful to society as Doctor Kennicott, in "Main Street." Mr. Lewis said in his haste that all men were liars, and after mature reflection sees no reason to revise the statement. The city is, if anything, worse than the village—the centres of corruption being not the red-light district, but the church and the Rotary Club. It is interesting to observe just now that the contemptuous epithet *Victorian* is, among certain groups, being replaced by *Rotarian*. If they wish to convey the idea that such a one is both pompous and

hypocritical, they call him a Rotarian. That he is also an active church-member goes without saying. It takes some grace for me to appreciate the beauties of "Babbitt," for I am both a Rotarian and a church-member. To belong to either organization places one beyond the pale of the intelligentsia; but to belong to both is intellectual damnation. Yet I have no intention of resigning. When a certain orator resigned from Ford's peace-ship party, and told the reporter that the association was made up of cranks and fools, the agile reporter asked Henry Ford to comment on this criticism; over the telephone Mr. Ford told him that there might be something in the remark, but that it was clear the situation was being improved by a process of resignation.

All Rotarians and church-members should read "Babbitt," for it may do us good; others will read it with smug complacency, thanking themselves that they are not as other men are. There is subtle flattery in "Babbitt" and in "Main Street" for all persons whose major occupation is criticism, and what a lot of them there must be! We who are working on the inside know that Rotary and the church are not so bad as they are here represented; but if that is the way we appear to outsiders, we ought to realize the fact, and perhaps do something about it. The ideals of the church and of Rotary are presumably the ideals of Mr. Lewis—individual and community betterment. What, then, is wrong, and in what way shall it be made right?

Mr. Lewis seems to think that the unpardonable sin is "boosting," but perhaps this depends partly on what is boosted. There never was a time in my recollection when popular novels were boosted as they are now; and I do not know any class of business men who have a more chronic itch for publicity than young writers. Nor have I ever seen groups of business men more eagerly engaged in boosting one another and themselves than is observable among some groups of poets and novelists. Still, I have no desire to take refuge in the *tu quoque*, nor in complacent optimism. Sinclair Lewis hits the big town as Booth Tarkington hit it in "The Turmoil," because the wrong gods are worshipped. Size, population, noise, traffic,

factories on the water-front, enormous and frequent "turn-overs"—instead of quality, removal of causes of disease, sound, enlightened, and honest school administration, cleanliness and sanitation that shall give dignity to all forms of labor, the recognition of beauty as an essential element in life.

Those who thought Mr. Lewis was a man of one book will have to revise their opinion. Had they read his first novel, "Our Mr. Wrenn," they would have known better. "Babbitt" is an improvement and an advance on "Main Street." The latter was an encyclopædia of the small town, and those who complained that the novel was too long might, with equal justice, complain of the length of the dictionary. Its abundance of detail is an essential part of the scheme, and therefore artistic. But there is more development, more of a story, in "Babbitt." It would be a finer realistic novel if it were not so exclusively a satire. Various persons are exhibited merely to show their intellectual and moral filth. If Babbitt were really the typical business man, then our business men are mainly dwarfs in intellect, giants in conceit, and degenerates in morality. Babbitt is not the typical business man, but an ironical and exceedingly clever caricature.

Mr. Lewis's greatest talent is mimicry. He is an amazingly brilliant mimic. He can take a train from New Haven to New York, and reproduce in manner, voice, and intonation a half dozen types on that train so that they are visibly recreated. The mimic is usually a caricaturist and a satirist; and Mr. Lewis is no exception to this rule. Caricature, by overemphasizing certain peculiarities, makes the picture more convincing, for such are the salient characteristics that separate the victim from other men. The satirist has little appreciation of the virtue of co-operation, of sinking one's interests in the endeavor to advance the general welfare. To him organized effort is ridiculous. So long as he has enough to eat, he is an individualist.

Doubtless he would be the first to disclaim any attack exclusively on *American* small towns and cities. Nearly every country has its Main Street and its Zenith. The solution is that every person who

would lead the life of the mind and of the spirit must make his own world, and neither depend on his environment nor surrender to it. Those who, like Emerson, would live in the spirit are pilgrims and strangers on earth; but if their aspirations are backed by energy, they can live a full life in either Gopher Prairie or Zenith.

Some of our new novels begin well, continue well, and end with distressing anticlimaxes. "Babbitt" has a last page that is wholly admirable, which required for its conception and execution not only a satirist but an artist.

The fact that these uncompromising satires of Mr. Lewis vie with Harold Bell Wright in popularity would seem to indicate that Americans are not all typical Main Street residents, or typical Babbitts. So there is practical comfort for the author and hope for the world.

Willa Cather's "One of Ours" is a disappointing book, for after the first part, which is filled with sharp delineations of character and pungent exhalations from the farm, the novel becomes a sentimental, conventional, commonplace story of the war, with the familiar formulas. She exercises her privilege as a novelist in making the pacifist a hypocritical, profiteering sneak, just as Mr. Lewis takes it out on church-members. There is no use in being a novelist unless you can make potshots at your favorite detestations.

As a war story with the scenes in France, "One of Ours" does not compare with Warwick Deeping's "House of Adventure," and as a picture of the West it is inferior to Herbert Quick's "Vandemark's Folly," where the characters are not compelled to do sentry-go for abstractions.

American novels of the year that I recommend for their fidelity to life are "Certain People of Importance," by Kathleen Norris, where the members of a huge family team are driven through five hundred pages by a skilled charioteer; "For Richer, for Poorer," by Harold H. Armstrong, an honest story of married life, where the irresolute hero is finally redeemed by a great passion, just as he is damned like an ill-roasted egg in Webb Waldron's "The Road to the World." (This latter novel has a unique interest for me, because the Michigan town where

most of the scenes are laid is called Huron City, by which I suppose he means Bay City; at this blessed moment I am writing in the real Huron City, which was fifty years ago a lumbering town on Lake Huron, and is now happily without a railway, post-office, or telegraph. Huron City is my earthly paradise, and I may be pardoned for my excitement in seeing it for the first time in a novel.)

Another admirable American story is "Bennett Malin," by Elsie Singmaster. The hero is an original person, though his crime is like unto that committed by Mr. Milne's Blayds; the hero's wife is a triumph of delineation. There is a quiet distinction in the style of this book which indicates that the author knows exactly what she is about. I predict that Elsie Singmaster will stand high in contemporary literature.

Novels of no great literary merit, but prodigiously exciting to those who love excitement, are "Captain Blood," by Sabatini, written in the manner that Stevenson called "horrid fun"; "The Whelps of the Wolf," a Hudson Bay story by George Marsh; and "The Van Roon," a thrilling narrative by the accomplished J. C. Snaith. It is a trifle in comparison with his magnificent "Broke of Covenden," but an altogether charming trifle.

Those who worry about the occasional big sale of a book that is worthless or worse, should remember that the standard works are continuously the best sellers. One of the most colossal undertakings of modern times is "Everyman's Library," Mr. Dent's proudest achievement. The "Loeb Classical Library" has a distinction all its own; the Oxford Press "World's Classics" are irresistible little volumes where one may be stimulated by Tolstoi or soothed by Trollope; Scribner's "Modern Student's Library" is an epitome of English literature in handy volumes; Boni and Liveright's "Modern Library" keeps the more important modern books easily accessible. Nearly every publisher has a pet series, where masterpieces are reprinted in clear type, attractive binding, and sold at low prices. The Nelson series is a public benefaction. These little cloth-bound books, feather-weight and with large print, are to be found all over the world; but does every one know of the

Nelsons in French? Here you can read in the original Dumas' "Trois Mousquetaires" and "Monte Cristo," Victor Hugo complete, and scores of other authors. Whether in French or in English the Nelsons are the best books for train-reading; the volumes are so small and the type is so big.

To a party of four or five travelling together, who wish to read on trains and when marooned by storms, and whose baggage must be rigorously limited, I recommend the following method: Buy a book of one of these "series," let one member of the party read the first two pages, tear them out and hand them to his neighbor. In a few moments five persons are reading the same copy of the same book at the same time, can throw the finally read pages out of the window, and can all have the pleasure of discussing the work at dinner that evening while it is still fresh in every one's recollection. This is better than reading aloud, for when one is reading aloud, the others fall asleep.

Nothing is more untrue than the famous epigram, "Sleep is an opinion." Often we fall asleep, not when we are bored, but when we are interested; our minds are taken off our troubles and worries, which keep us awake, and we glide into slumber. I do not know, after a prolonged experience with both evils, which is worse: to go to sleep in public when you wish to stay awake, or to lie awake alone when you would give everything to be asleep. Mrs. De Morgan was more interested in her husband's stories than in anything else; when he read the manuscript to her, she usually fell asleep.

For those who wish children to become familiar with the constellations and the planets, I know of no better books than Gaylord Johnson's "The Star People" and "The Sky Movies." These are copiously illustrated, the language is skillfully adapted to children, and thus I find it at the right level for my own mind, most works on science being to me incomprehensible. Many years ago I was invited to teach elementary mathematics, and I declined, because there are no elementary mathematics. With these two books by Johnson, supplemented by Mil-

ham's "How to Identify the Stars," and armed with a pocket flash-light, youth and age may together find the skies at night interesting.

Although book-reviewing is often carelessly and hastily done, I do not think, outside of my own writings, I have ever seen a more badly composed sentence than the following, which I discovered in a review of Hergesheimer's "The Lay Anthony," in the London *Times* Literary Supplement for July 27, 1922: "Various women in various situations make determined assaults upon his senses, but the scent of white lilacs wins in the nick of time and the poor fellow sets out anew, always without a cent." Read that phrase aloud, and see if you do not agree with me that the hero of the novel should now be called Scent Anthony.

It is good news that Stanislavski is coming to America in January, with the Artistic Theatre Company of Moscow; I have never seen them, but if what Maurice Baring, Granville-Barker, Oliver Saylor, and other visitors say is true, their performances are the finest in the world. I look forward with eagerness to seeing Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," with the author's widow playing the rôle she created in 1904. I wish that in the repertoire Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" might be included, for this theatre in Moscow had the honor of giving the world's *première*. We are promised other plays by Chekhov, and Gorki's masterpiece, "In the Depths." The company should make a good normal school for other managers and actors.

Maurice Baring's immensely interesting autobiography, "The Puppet Show of Memory," which I find both stimulating and amusing, should be reread at least in the Russian chapters, in preparation for the Moscow Expeditionary Force.

Why is it that in America we have so seldom an opportunity to hear one of the greatest of all operas—Mozart's "Don Giovanni"? Lytton Strachey quotes Stendhal as saying: "I can imagine nothing more distasteful to me than a thirty-mile walk through the mud; but I would take one at this moment if I knew that I should hear a good performance of 'Don Giovanni' at the end of it." So would I.



THE POINT OF VIEW



Some Distance
Under Their Skins

LAST week two of the women's organizations in our town discussed the same subject. One meets on Tuesday evening and the other on Wednesday afternoon. The Tuesday organization is composed of young women between seventeen and twenty-five, has dues which, although smallish, seem large to those who pay them, and is always struggling to increase its membership. The Wednesday association is made up of much older women, asks large dues, which are a small item in the members' budgets, and has a waiting list. It meets at three o'clock in the afternoon in a building erected for the purpose at a cost quoted with pride by our press. The Tuesday organization, that of the younger women and the smaller dues, has a down-town address on the edge of the wholesale district. In that neighborhood the principal streets rumble with traffic all day, but by eight o'clock when the meeting is called they are dark and deserted cañons where the passer-by hears his own steps. In the side-streets are old dwellings not yet rebuilt for the uses of trade, and here struggling undertakings find the housing they can afford. One such dwelling is the trade-union headquarters where meets our Tuesday organization—a women's union.

As one enters the building from the silent dark it seems to explode with tumult and light. In the one-time parlor a meeting is heroically persevering in English against a persistent temptation to relapse upon Yiddish. The chairman is vainly attempting to shout down an impassioned speaker. A little man near the unruly orator violently jerks a thumb toward the chair and hisses, "Ain't he tole ye to sed down?" Other voices thickly object, "Led 'im vinish!" "Shure we wand' a hear whad he zays!" Suddenly a stout, stolid young woman who has been listening with impassive face jumps to her feet to contradict the speaker. "Thad ain't the way it wuz!" She swings and rolls her heavy head in negation and sweeps her fat hand to and fro as though to erase his offending words. "Tell 'em the gan all speag under 'new bizniz,'" calls a

thin youth smoking a smelly cigar. "Are yous the chairman?" snaps back that offended officer. "Sed down and be quiet—all of yous!" he shouts, fairly dancing up and down as he takes to pounding the speaker's desk frantically, with a book held at arm's length in both hands. A newcomer would think the meeting on the verge of disruption, but the bonds that hold it are strong, though feeling runs high; and this is nothing out of the way.

Beyond this noisy room five Italians stand in the hall in a circle that looks like conspiracy. Heads bent, shoulders raised, they are simply trying to protect themselves from the babel by their own unresponsive backs. An Irish-faced messenger-boy passes them and goes up-stairs. In the second floor back, at the head of the stairs, there is a class in English, but in the front room we at last find the women's union.

Their quarters are in sharp contrast to those built for the organization that meets on Wednesday. Its unstained floor is carpetless, and paper is here and there hanging loose from the walls. It is furnished with squeaky new folding-chairs and with but two other objects. The larger of these is a big blue satin banner, embroidered with the insignia of the union, which hangs in a deep-glazed frame above the empty mantel. The other, also framed and hung, is a testimonial from another union thanking this one for a gift.

Some thirty young women sit on the folding-chairs, feet planted wide or crossed far before them, shoulders drooped, heads tilted in attitudes about equally derived from weariness and the current fashion-plates. None wear torn or patched garments or broken shoes, few are really shabby and many are smart, but the whole assembly nevertheless looks muffled in its clothes and uncouth. There is little chatting and no air of expectation.

The chairman, a small, sharp girl with a homely, clever face, calls the meeting to order; and the minutes are read with a strong accent and some faltering. The girls keep dropping in until nine-thirty. The last to arrive have been at night school after

their day in the factory. Business proceeds in groping English, relieved only by the familiarity of stock phrases in regard to motions, amendments, and points of order. The chairman reports that a fund is being collected to endow a newspaper so that it can be independent of advertisements and able to tell the whole truth. This union has been asked how much it will contribute. Nominations are in order for delegates to the national convention of the union. A bill before the legislature is summarized and discussed. It is resolved to oppose it and so report to the State Federation of Labor. There comes a knock on the door and a man from the noisy meeting belowstairs asks for the floor. He announces a benefit dance. When he has withdrawn the eager discussion goes on, but now the topics are of more specialized interest—how to deal with a certain establishment that is evading union rules; what shall be the assessment to meet a printer's bill. The meeting is then open for discussion.

One of the two or three older women present rises and speaks a few words, flounders hopelessly, and turns an appealing look on the chairman, who nods the desired permission to use Yiddish. Then the woman suddenly leaps to life. Now her voice swells in a rhythmic sing-song, and now she breaks off suddenly to put sharp questions and answer them herself all in a breath. She trembles with excitement and stretches tense arms above her head. When at last, flushed, breathless, elated, she sinks into her seat, the chairman, for the benefit of some colored girls and the few other native Americans, gives the gist of her speech in English. How brief and how humdrum it is stripped of her glowing urgency! She wants people from other branches of the union admitted here without a new initiation fee. But she was thrilled with an apostolic zeal. Her mind was suffused with the glamour of faith in a vague but imminent triumph of the labor movement—the movement that has succeeded to her disappointed hopes of America's "promised land."

It is after eleven when the meeting adjourns, but the girls still stand about arranging bits of business for which one and another have agreed to be responsible. Only after midnight do the last of them go creaking up-stairs in distant parts of the city.

LESS than eight hours later the girls are already in the factories again as there come down to breakfast in a hundred comfortable homes the women who are to gather at three o'clock for the meeting of the Wednesday club. At half-past two the hospitality committee comes to see that all is in readiness in their handsome quarters.

The Wednesday
Club Meets

Soon other members begin to arrive, well-groomed, prosperous-looking people in expensive-looking clothes. There are bright smiles of greeting and the sounds of eager, gushing talk. Places are saved for late comers, and there is much proffering of seats with explanations and effusive thanks. When the chairman mounts the platform there is a pretty flutter of subsidence, and the audience lapses into pleased expectancy. The chairman is a middle-aged woman with a manner of unshaded enthusiasms and restless, unobservant eyes. She has laid aside fur coat and long gloves, and in a manner that contrives to be both cosy and sententious calls upon the speaker of the afternoon.

The handsome, excited speaker is all form. First she adverts to the mingled sense of pride and embarrassment with which she addresses such a gathering, and then goes on to say: "I have been asked to speak on some of those industrial questions with which as voters women are now called upon to deal. So far the *women* of this great industrial state have known little about the factories where are made the things that used to be made by *women themselves*. This club *alone* among the women's organizations of our city every year devotes a meeting to *industrial relations*. Great is our responsibility in this day of women's enfranchisement. The agitator will now concern himself with the women's vote, and we can only meet him by bringing a knowledge of the true America to the *ignorant* woman and the *foreigner*. It is we who must inform them of the real conditions of American life." Then she passes with a swift, sure touch to domestic service and unemployment, the high cost of living and waste, labor unrest and red propaganda, and the need for Americanization, ending with a plea that each woman "by her own life set an example of loyalty and frugality to the women of the lower classes."

Every one is impressed with the serious-

ness of the outlook and the demand that she set an example. An opportunity is given for questions, and some suggestions are made. But no one asks *who* now make in the factories the things once made by *women themselves*, or in what sense the America known to this assembly is more *real* than that experienced by the *ignorant* woman and the *foreigner*, nor, indeed, which is the more dangerous ignorance, the sort labored under by the Tuesday night meeting bringing its little all to bear on realistic discussion of pending legislation, free press, and industrial relations in the concrete, or the unconscious and really unconcerned ignorance of the Wednesday afternoon meeting that thinks of itself as the only women's organization giving a thought to these things. It seems a pity these ladies do not really know how interesting, how dramatic, and how picturesque are the easily accessible open meetings of the ignorant woman and the foreigner a few blocks away—even if they are not drawn by any more neighborly attraction.

The speech has been given with untroubled assurance and meets with much applause. It is followed by tea and delicious little cakes. Everything has been perfectly done and the whole tone of the meeting was as gracious and secure as that of Tuesday's gathering was uncouth and grasping.

But its flattering amenities are still-born. One has nothing to carry beyond the threshold of that so pleasant room. The raw daylight in the open doorway gives one a sense of unreality. Who *are* these able women who look like ordinary people who have walked with life and death for forty years? Surely they must be flesh-and-blood citizens in this town of which they are so amazingly patronizing—and so ignorant! Yet they remind one of those dwellers in the Elysian Fields of ancient mythology, who discussed life upon earth though they could no longer join in the jostling human procession or forge links in the endless cycle of cause and event. Why do these lively ladies behave like those poor ghosts, touching large subjects with a light, irrelevant hand as though each graceful motion were predestined to sink impotent, each sweetly spoken sentence faint in their own exclusive atmosphere, the act and the speech of creatures consigned to a social Elysium? Last night's meeting seems a thousand miles away; one or the

other must surely be a dream! A notice in the vestibule gives the subject of the next lecture—"Our Sisters in Japan." Is there no traveller to traverse the short half-mile between the rooms of the Tuesday and Wednesday meetings and bring to each some knowledge of the other?

I AM one of many thousands, city-pent, who for many years have dreamed of a little home somewhere in the hills or within sight of the sea. Every year the urge grows stronger and every year the little place seems more hopelessly out of sight. The city is a big place, but the country seems bigger, and where to look and how, ever more perplexing. I have told all my friends that I am looking, and asked them to give me a tip if they hear of any place that they think I might like or can afford to buy; and now and then I hear of the perfect place, to be had for some enticingly modest sum, and of charming homes found by this and that seeker after his haven of peace and quiet. But my little house is ever in the dim beyond and my hope grows fainter with the years. Maybe I am in search of the place that never was on land or sea, that exists only in my dreams.

Looking for That
Little Home in
the Country

I read the real-estate advertisements, and look at the little houses illustrated in the magazines devoted to home building, and see many cosy small houses that would quite satisfy my longings, but when I investigate the cost of building even the simplest of them I pause and wonder if the price does not call for gold bricks as a part of the foundation instead of just ordinary building-materials.

So I start again in my search for the abandoned farm that can be bought with a little old house all ready to be called home, with the expenditure of only a few hundred dollars.

The chimney may be falling down and the roof caving in, the sides full of holes for the winds and snows of winter to come in, but the lines are always "so picturesque," and the big fire-place and Dutch oven are there to recall the days of the real Americans who lived and shivered back in the time when there was plain living and honest thinking.

Far afield have I ventured in the search for my little house, and spent enough good

money to put new roofs on most of the tumble-down houses I have looked at from a distance with ever renewed hope.

I think I might qualify as something of an expert on the abandoned farm and the old house in the country, and I have acquired, with my experience, a somewhat cynical attitude as to the existence of what we used to speak of in polite circles as the New England conscience.

An agent will meet you at the station with a bus of an old vintage, and whiz you around the country roads until you are almost ready to buy any old place just to escape the bumping and the chatter about the small cost of making an old house new.

You start out with high hopes and end with the conclusion that all men who sell real estate are either prevaricators, to put it mildly, or are lacking in any well-regulated sense of what constitutes home sweet home.

I still wake in the night and hear the roar of the brook that hurried down a rocky gorge a short distance below the first bungalow I looked at, perched cosily on the side of a hill surrounded by lovely trees. The brook was a regular mountain torrent and sounded like a small Niagara. It made noise enough to wake the dead at night and keep him awake until the rosy dawn denied him even a cat-nap by day.

That bungalow was ready to admit all the winds that blew, and was warranted to keep the milk sweet in the good old summertime. It was only a short distance from town by the agent's motor, but walking was different; the short distance became the longest way round. I long since discovered that the asking price of all real estate is from a thousand to hundreds more than the agent expects to get, the selling price depending upon which of you can bluff the longest.

I escaped the bungalow, thanks to my modest purse and the sudden realization that in winter I should be cut off by a flood or playing a good second to Whittier's "Snow-bound."

Memories of the ideal place come back. "Three Winds" caught my romantic soul, and I felt sure that at last I was to find the one place in the world for me. It was high up on a heaven-kissing hill. The hill was there all right, with an impossible road even

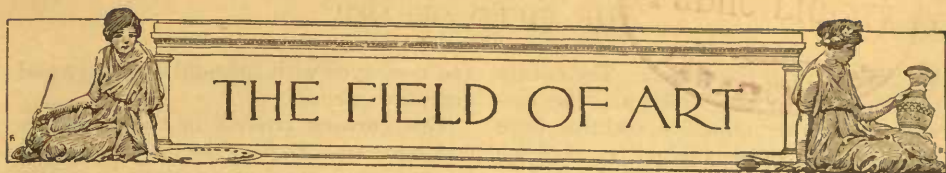
for a well-trained "Lizzie," and no doubt both will remain there for some time. The little house was also still there when last I inquired, still in its pathetic and deserted dilapidation, and still inviting the winds; only there were four or more and all blowing the pure hill air through the clapboards and the holes in the roof to keep the place sweet for the next victim of an alluring advertisement.

A later experience that I look back upon as perhaps the most unique of all was the afternoon I spent with the undertaker. It was a cold, raw autumn day to be rushing around in an open car that cried for mercy at every lump in the road, and I well remember how chilled and hungry I was at the end of the day. I saw more old houses with Dutch ovens than usual, and more roofs that had not been repaired or shingled since the Puritans landed on Plymouth Rock. Before the dark came down and I found a train that would take me back to my tiny but comfortable city flat, I learned that my genial agent person had already buried some thousand or more of the natives, and I recall that we passed the little cemetery under the cold gray skies several times—no doubt a gentle reminder that he would be ready for business if I became one of his fellow townsmen. That night, coming in on the train, I felt I had had a narrow escape from an untimely grave.

I go to seek my fate with a kindly feeling for the true sons of the soil, but come back wondering if there may not be something in the contact with that soil that robs men of some of those qualities that we city folks call human.

I advertise for a little place for a small purse and receive answers from people who want to sell me an "estate," or a house with fourteen rooms and five baths, for the modest sum of twenty or fifty thousand dollars.

Quite apart from the trifling matter of price my family is small, and I wouldn't know what to do with so many bath-rooms if I owned them. I suppose I might use them to raise goldfish or for the winter storage of coal. In spite of disillusionment and discouragement however, I do not give up, and maybe if I "don't weaken" I shall yet find my very own little house of dreams—"some day before I die."



Monhegan, Maine. By Rockwell Kent.
From a painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

American Painters of Winter Landscape

BY ELIOT CLARK

THE painters of landscape in America have deservedly won a place of high distinction, and within this sphere the painters of winter landscape have been preeminently American. For if the dominant influence in contemporary painting is derived from the French, the pictures of snow and the landscape of winter find little foreign exemplification. In our eastern States the climatic conditions are distinctive. The air is cold, crisp, and clear; the snow heavy and full. The country is in the grip of winter and man responds to the hush and silence of winter solitude. We are a northern people.

In our own artistic traditions we may

trace several general trends and manifestations. The earliest comes by way of England from the Low Countries. It is essentially a conventionalized landscape, introducing something of the local incidents of the New England countryside and old-time winter customs. Our early prints echo the same tradition. We see collected in one picture the various winter activities: sleighing, skating, small boys throwing snowballs, and the sense of the English Christmastide with merry-making, laughter, and the sound of bells. It is, in fact, the continuation of the English lore of the colonists; the content English in spirit, the compositional conven-

tion derived from the Dutch. The houses when introduced are American, the costumes and other objective features have local color; but the general portrayal of the landscape has not a distinctively local character. It is sentimental picture-making. Nevertheless it invariably has a certain human, homelike interest, and at times, in the hands of unsophisticated workmen, a simple and primitive frankness.

The second influence we may associate with the Düsseldorf school, the best masters of which followed the contemporary Scandinavian painters. In Germany it was a reaction from the artificiality of the Classicists and a return to northern traditions. Likewise in America it takes us away from the yearning for antiquity and the unanimated revival of ancient culture, and draws our painters to the solitude of nature. Although still following the foreign pattern, the study of natural forms at once gives a greater topographical accuracy and character; and our painters, although not as yet venturing to paint directly from nature, bring together local bits made from careful drawings, and their pictures assume a greater likeness to the natural aspect. In winter landscape the trees are carefully drawn, the infinite ramifications studiously followed, the outcropping brambles are minutely rendered, and the picture is painted, part for part, with conscientious accuracy. The sentiment of winter solitude is most often expressed with trees in barren silhouette against an ominous evening sky, and the snow in cool contrast, with a traveller or a hunter and the distant welcome of home. A subject since so repeated and hackneyed that we have come to call these pictures pot-boilers, but they are, nevertheless, imbued with human significance and association.

The Barbizon painters show us that it is not necessary to follow a fixed and conventional pattern, and that a purely local bit and aspect of nature may prove pictorially more interesting than the more scenic and panoramic composition of the studio. This at once stimulates an interest in the purely local character of nature. But, as with the Barbizon painters, we find in America few interpretations of winter landscape. Inness is an exception. In his later years he spent most of the winter at his home in Montclair, and his pictures of winter are derived from personal reactions to passing effects

and portrayed with splendid simplicity and dramatic intensity.

This growing interest in the visual reaction to nature rather than its more romantic and sentimental associations is greatly stimulated by the French Impressionists, and the consequent study of light. Snow becomes a theme, interesting not so much for its humanistic significance as for an æsthetic study in the relation and variation of white seen under particular conditions of lighting. Monet was one of the first to reveal the infinite variations of line within a dominant color, and paints his pictures of snow as an exemplification thereof.

Theodore Robinson, under this influence, was awakened to the colorful beauty of snowclad winter. Not by any means an imitator, he came to see color for himself and for itself, and the pictures which he has given us show a first-hand rendering of the subject. We remember his picture of snow which was given the Webb prize for landscape at the Society of American Artists. It hung for several years at the Metropolitan Museum. Small in size, it shows the universality and simplicity of the subject, and is realized with an extremely sensitive appreciation of relative color values.

With John Twachtman we reach a consummation. Supremely sensitive to visual reactions, and a constant student of the effects of nature, he was much more than a reporter of optical sensations. Abhorring the sentimental associations of claptrap poetry, he is, nevertheless, in the æsthetic sense, a true poet. His expression is based fundamentally on the relation of forms by means of spacing and color, and he sees in nature not its pantheistic significance, but its suggestion for æsthetic organization. Ignoring its human associations, he nevertheless makes his pictures essentially human. In this he is more than an impressionist. Winter landscape was perhaps his favorite theme, and it is rendered with sympathetic sensitiveness. One can see the contour of the hills and the rhythmic interchange of line; the outcropping rocks; the old stone wall that follows the easiest way over the hills; or the brook is revealed winding in and out of snow-covered banks, and withered brambles remind us of the earth underneath. Naturalistic accuracy of detail is subordinated to more universal relations, and the impression is produced by suggestion rather than by objective delineation.

Twachtman was, however, interested particularly in the delicate and ethereal manifestations of winter, when the snow is revealed by a hidden radiance, or, softly falling, dims the distant landscape. He sees its relations rather than its contrasts. The blazing effects of sunlight, the sun shining from the unclouded sky, the clear air, the

lar, the color is secondary. If Twachtman is a master of nuance Homer is a master of contrast. Homer stands alone. He may have some pictorial followers. But with the master the expression and the man were one. And after all, real art originates in the man and is a part of him.

If Homer was a solitary spirit and reflects



Reflections. By E. W. Redfield.

blue shadows, are for him too blatant, obvious, and virile.

It is with Winslow Homer that we come in contact with the vigor and rigor of winter, the uncompromising crudity of nature, and a sense of its utter unconcernedness with the affairs of man. It is this which gives to his themes a certain austere and heroic grandeur. His pictures, particularly of winter, are not in any sense ingratiatingly sympathetic, but they are stimulating and dramatic. Therein lies their true human significance. We are not enfolded within an atmospheric caress, but stand apart and see the inanimate, massive, heavily formed bulk of nature. Homer, too, has a remarkable instinct for spatial relations, which he uses for quite other purposes than Twachtman. He creates by contrasts. His line is angu-

the stern, sombre, impersonal forces of nature, Edward Redfield sees its joyous exuberance, its colorful illusion. Robust, frank, and honest, he has kept apart from metropolitan competition and activities. He lives in the country and knows his country. He is the painter of a locality. Although he has tried his hand at other subjects, both at home and abroad, he is essentially a painter of snow, and his best pictures are winter landscapes. His work is characterized by direct, virile brush work, unctuous flowing pigment rendered with great skill and freedom. His concern is in reproducing the visual aspect of nature, and his pictures are direct transcripts of particular places seen at particular moments. He works on a large scale and renders a fifty-times-sixty with the seeming ease of a sketch. In fact,

his pictures are sketches on a large scale. Conversant with contemporary movements, he has found his own way and is not lured into experimental bypaths. And he is happy in having found a method and a manner entirely compatible with his nature. Although he has profited by the experiments of the Impressionists and knows the seductive qualities of overpainting, he realizes that to reproduce the passing effects of na-

and sees the function of art in the reproduction of natural phenomena. He is a painter of power, virility, and verve. A brilliant craftsman, broad and firm in handling, he has a sure sense of the carrying power of pigment and the illusion produced at a given distance. His pictures are, therefore, seen to best advantage in well-lighted galleries. In subject he is versatile, but he is most happy in rendering snow, which allows of



Gleam on the Hilltop. By Gardner Symons.

ture one must work rapidly and finish the picture before the show is over. His work is, therefore, entirely objective. There is, in fact, no time for introspection and calculated niceties. Redfield has neither the æsthetic sensibility of Twachtman nor the dramatic power of Homer, but purely as a painter of local winter landscape he is unexcelled. If his visual impression is intensely active the emotional reaction is suppressed. Redfield aims at illusion, and no painter has succeeded better in producing it. His color is brilliant, active, and glowing. He works in the key of nature and does not seek to force the effect beyond its natural appearance. He is assuredly one of the foremost realists of his time.

Schofield follows similar aims and ideas,

sweeping brush strokes and simple effective masses. He has a fondness for white, gray, and strongly defined opaque textures, and is not so happy in the deeper, more colorful, and transparent range of the palette. In his forthright use of the brush and his direct attack he is particularly a painter's painter. One may feel, however, that his subject is too apparently chosen to exploit the painter's problem rather than for the inner need of human expression.

Gardner Symons records the cold, clear effect of New England winter. His line has the rhythmic flow of rivers and the curve of clear-cut mountains. He has a splendid sense of picture-making. He follows the mountains and ice-bound rivers, where dark evergreens make a deep effective contrast to

the golden glow of evening on distant snow-covered hills; momentary effects that cannot be recorded completely on the spot, but are carried out later in the composure of the studio. His later work shows a sympathetic and more poetic interpretation of the subject, in which the painter does not rely so much upon the immediate reaction of the moment, but brings together his impressions in a more universal whole. It is not the aus-

the country in which he lives. For many years he taught large classes at his home in Woodstock, and his influence is found in the work of many of our younger painters of winter landscape, notably John Folinsbee and Harry Leith Ross.

Hobart Nichols works nearer home. His pictures of snow have an intimate and colorful appeal. One feels something of the charm of a snow garden, with the



Forest Silence. By John F. Carlson.

tere, forbidding aspect of winter landscape that he renders, but rather the colorful beauty of sun-caressed snow, deep purple shadows, and the luminous turquoise of winter skies. His work, if not profound, is strongly realized and invigorating.

With John Carlson we leave the great snow expanse of the hills and the open sky and come to the shelter of the forests, where great trees rise column-like in the solemn stillness of the woods. The snow, undisturbed by winter winds, carpets the earth in soft enfolding forms, and the shadows create cool, clear patterns in effective contrast to the warm sunlit mantle. The greenish-blue of a late afternoon sky shows that the clearing is not far beyond. Carlson's work echoes the strong, robust quality of his nature. He lives in the country and paints

evergreen laurel and decorative trees that hide the distant sky. We are far from the harsh severity of bleak winter, and enjoy with the painter the magical mantle of changing hues that transform the sombre earth. His color is, at times, almost pastel-like in its delicate relation and purity.

Harry Waltman likewise paints the protected places of winter, where the brook winds under snow-covered banks and fir-trees find a friendly home. He is fond of the grays of winter, the variations within a dominant hue, and echoes something of the æsthetic charm of Twachtman. His pictures have style and distinction.

Walter Palmer bridges the old school and the new. Before the advent of large exhibition pictures, designed for great carrying power and telling effect, impressive white

areas standing out conspicuously against a varicolored wall; before the painting of snow became the theme of the many, the pictures of Walter Palmer were enjoyed by simple lovers of nature. He sees in snow its lightness, its illusive, soft, fairylike surface, that, chameleon-like, changes with the varying hues of light, and does not use it as a means of displaying personal pyrotechnics. His work is said to be photographic and pretty. It is. The first speaks for its veracity, the second its charm. If he does not attempt æsthetic valuations, if he does not express an emotional state, he is, nevertheless, entirely consistent within his self-chosen aims.

The eclecticism of modern painters cannot be better exemplified than by introducing the pictures of Rockwell Kent. If Palmer loves the somewhat lovely, pristine beauty of snow, Rockwell Kent would take himself to the utmost regions, where the severity of winter makes a man introspective and solitary. In his student days, working under William Chase, we see him as a delicate youth painting gentle landscapes with a fondness for pretty atmospheric colors; and then the tragedy and harshness of life intervene, and he is enthralled by the mood of a youthful recluse. His edges become hard and knife-like. There is something of a sentimental bitter-

ness in his mood. His pictures of the snow-bound coast of Maine are painted with decisive aim, and the clarity of the air gives the painter an opportunity of stating his theme with uncompromising crudity. But he is rather too conscious of this aim, and one feels the reaction from more humanistic feeling. The pictures of Alaska, apart from the Blake-like improvisations, show more calculated design, and the painter uses the precipitous mountainsides, with varishaped snow crevasses, for interesting æsthetic effects. Winter landscape seems attuned to his feeling. If in the work of Redfield and Schofield we find a vivid and striking representation of an optical illusion, a direct, virile rendering, which will within its own sphere probably never be excelled, in the work of Rockwell Kent we sense the aspiration for other attributes less visualistic and more introspective.

The American school has reached a brilliant consummation in realistic reproduction. Excellent craftsmen, our painters have been untiring students of the ever-changing effects of nature. The great world-changes and the spirit of unrest have made great scars on our civilization, and the joyous, sensuous interpretation of nature may be followed by the expression of less illusionistic manifestations.



Ice in the Glen. By Walter L. Palmer.



THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Encouragements and Perplexities

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

AMERICAN industry and American financial markets entered this autumn season in some confusion of mind, a result of the curiously mixed and conflicting influences which seemed to be at work in the shaping of the economic situation. The Stock Exchange, where the general course of financial events is

When the
Autumn
Began

apt to be first foreshadowed, at first resumed its autumn activities in much the same conviction as governed its rising prices during the summer months; then fell into great uncertainty, with declining prices. It was widely assumed in Wall Street at the start, not only that trade would expand because of the relatively small stocks of merchandise held in merchants' hands, and not only that prices would advance because of easy money, but that existing circumstances, in the banking field especially, meant something in the nature of "inflation."

By inflation Wall Street did not mean abnormal expansion of the paper currency, but more particularly such increase speculative in use of credit as occurred three years ago. Expectation of that result on the present occasion was based primarily on the position of the Federal Reserve, which now, as at all times, is the barometer of the banking and credit situation. The Reserve system's ratio of cash holdings to note and deposit liabilities has not maintained the high percentage of $80\frac{3}{8}$ which it reached in August; the larger borrowings which normally occur in autumn trade had already reduced the percentage to $75\frac{3}{4}$ in the middle of October.

notes) amounted at that date to \$1,600,000,000, the actual holdings of cash in the Reserve Banks' vaults (nearly all gold) were \$3,210,000,000. That is to say, a surplus reserve of 100 per cent existed.

The Huge
Reserve of
American
Credit

To put the matter in another way, the note circulation and the deposit account could both be doubled without reducing the ratio of reserve below the lawful minimum, and, since deposits in Federal Reserve Banks are commonly the result of loans rediscounted at such banks, the inference seemed easy that at least twice as much credit as was now outstanding might be advanced in the form of loans without overstraining the facilities of the system.

What Wall Street had in mind, in drawing such inferences, was undoubtedly the course of events during 1919. In November of that year, twelve months after the armistice, rediscounted loans of the Federal Reserve Banks had increased \$400,000,000, or 22 per cent, as compared with the year before; this without bringing the ratio of reserve below the legal minimum. Along with these increased loans, average prices of commodities in the American market had advanced 15 per cent from the low point of the year. There had been immense activity in every branch of trade, and on the Stock Exchange a prolonged and exciting upward movement of values.

Obviously enough, the question to be determined in regard to the present season's surplus credits was, what would stimulate the demand of borrowers for this great mass of available and largely unemployed resources. Mere existence of a large surplus bank reserve, an overflowing reservoir of available credit, will not of necessity cause instant return of rising prices, Stock Exchange speculation, and general prosperity. On such occa-

sions as 1908 and 1894, years immediately following a great financial panic, precisely the same phenomenon of superabundant bank resources arose, through release of capital previously tied up at high prices in the financial and industrial operations which had met with so unhappy a fate. But prosperity and active trade failed to return in those years, notwithstanding a 50 per cent surplus bank reserve and a 2 or 3 per cent money rate. The high bank surplus was a consequence, not a cause.

NEVERTHELESS, experience has also shown, in the United States especially, that underlying conditions of trade and industry change rather rapidly, and that when such a change has come from the after-panic depression, the great fund of unemployed credit gives ready opportunity for exploiting the new business revival, even in advance. In due course after the panic of 1893 and the subsequent trade depression came revival in European finance, rapid increase in the world's annual gold production, huge foreign purchases of American merchandise (largely because our prices were below Europe's), and a great rise in agricultural prices and American agricultural exports, the immediate effect of bumper harvests in the United States along with harvest shortage in Europe. The existence then of a great unused credit fund and of a low money market gave immense stimulus to the resultant recovery in the markets. Much the same influences had prevailed in 1879, when resumption of specie payments in the United States coincided with harvest failure in Europe, with great American crops, and with the existence of abundant surplus bank reserves.

The situation of 1919 will be even more readily recalled. There was not by any means so great a surplus of bank reserve and unused capital at the end of the war as existed a year after the panic of 1873 or 1893 or 1907, or as exists to-day. Real capital had been absorbed on a quite unprecedented scale in subscriptions to the later United States war loans, of which one for \$4,500,000,000 was put out in the spring of 1919 itself, or six months after

the armistice. But the Treasury had created artificially a situation somewhat similar to that of those earlier years, through virtually pledging that subscribers to the enormous $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent war loans of 1918 might be assured for at least a year that private banks and the Federal Reserve would advance money on the collateral of such bonds, and charge no more for it than the interest rate on the war loans.

THAT policy had been adopted for the purpose (a mistaken purpose, some thoughtful economists have contended) of inducing citizens to subscribe for more of the war loans than they had cash to pay for, trusting to the banks to "carry" them. But what happened when trade began to revive in the later spring of 1919 was that the same recourse—the obtaining of credit, first at private banks and then through rediscounts at the Federal Reserve of loans secured by United States government war bonds—was open to bankers, to merchants, to manufacturers, even to speculators in stocks and commodities. This recourse would not have been of any more use than the abundant credit facilities of 1894 or 1908, had not the financial and commercial situation been such as to give strong inducement for individuals to borrow for business purposes. But the situation was unusual.

Not only belligerent Europe, but the neutral foreign countries also, had been left almost bare of goods as a result of the war embargoes and the diversion of industry and shipping to war purposes. Their demand for quick replenishment was enormous, and a great part of the supplies which they needed were produced in the United States. Our export trade, facilitated through extension of long credit by American merchants and manufacturers to the foreign consignees to whom they shipped their goods, rose to wholly unparalleled magnitude.

Nor was this the only urgent motive for using available capital in trade. Purchases, both home and foreign, were made for the moment almost regardless of cost. The prices at which the merchandise held by the merchant or produced by the manu-

Reasons
for the
"Trade
Boom" of
1919

